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GIFT OF PUBLISHER

movie MIRROR

UTH WATERBURY EDITOR

JUNE

10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

JEAN HARLOW

e Thrilling Life Story
of GRACE MOORE

ADVICE TO JUNE BRIDES
from Hollywood's Most Successful Wives

PN1993
P515

WOMEN *Men Despise*

THERE are a half-dozen of them in every large office. If your luck's bad you often draw one as a partner at the bridge table. In movie theatres they sit next to you—or, what is worse, back of you. You see them lurking in the corner at parties, trying to look as if they were enjoying themselves. They're everywhere—these women men despise.

What does it matter that they are attractive and engaging if they commit the offense unpardonable? Who cares about their beauty and charm if between stands that insurmountable hurdle, halitosis (unpleasant breath).

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You yourself never know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. But others do, and judge you accordingly.

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Keep Listerine handy in home and office and use it systematically. It is a help in making new friends and keeping old ones. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE *checks halitosis* (BAD BREATH) *deodorizes longer*

movie MIRROR

VOL. 7, NO. 1 JUNE, 1935

Edited from Hollywood

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

ERNEST V. HEYN, Eastern Editor
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Editor

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IN THE JULY ISSUE

(Out May 27)

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S LOST CHILDHOOD

The first intimate, inside story of her early career, before she was hailed as the smash hit of the year. Marvelous pictures of the child star taken during those unknown days, and little known facts about Shirley, make this a feature you must be sure to read.

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HE LIVED A HUNDRED OTHER LIVES *But* COULD NOT LIVE HIS OWN...

Branded by the stigma of long prison years — today, a gentleman; tonight, a criminal; tomorrow, a fugitive from a man who stalked him as relentlessly as a tiger stalks its prey . . . no love, no peace, no pity; only struggle and flight from a sentence that never ended!

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Thrill to the tap, tap, tap of her dancing feet in "The Trocadero". See her sell kisses for $500 each. Cruise with her on "The Honeymoon ship". Romp with her in "The Dormitory Pajama Party". Hear her sing the blues. Gorgeous Jean Harlow teamed with William Powell is heading your way in the biggest musical show of the century with a throbbing love story as exciting as its title.

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RECKLESS

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ROBERT LIGHT
Produced by
DAVID O. SELZNICK
Directed by
VICTOR FLEMING
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Just Off Hollywood Boulevard

Here are stories, told for the first time, of the movie world's unusual but little-known local celebrities

By WALTER RAMSEY

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *Last month, we gave you the first of this series of stories about Hollywood and some of its famous-but-little-known people. This is the second. Month after month, millions of words are written about the Hollywood stars but this is the first time that these stories of the people "Just Off the Boulevard" have ever been told. We hope you enjoy them. Write and tell us which stories you like best and what people and places in Hollywood you would like us to cover. Address Walter Ramsey,* MOVIE MIRROR, *6715 Hollywood Blv'd, Hollywood, Cal.*

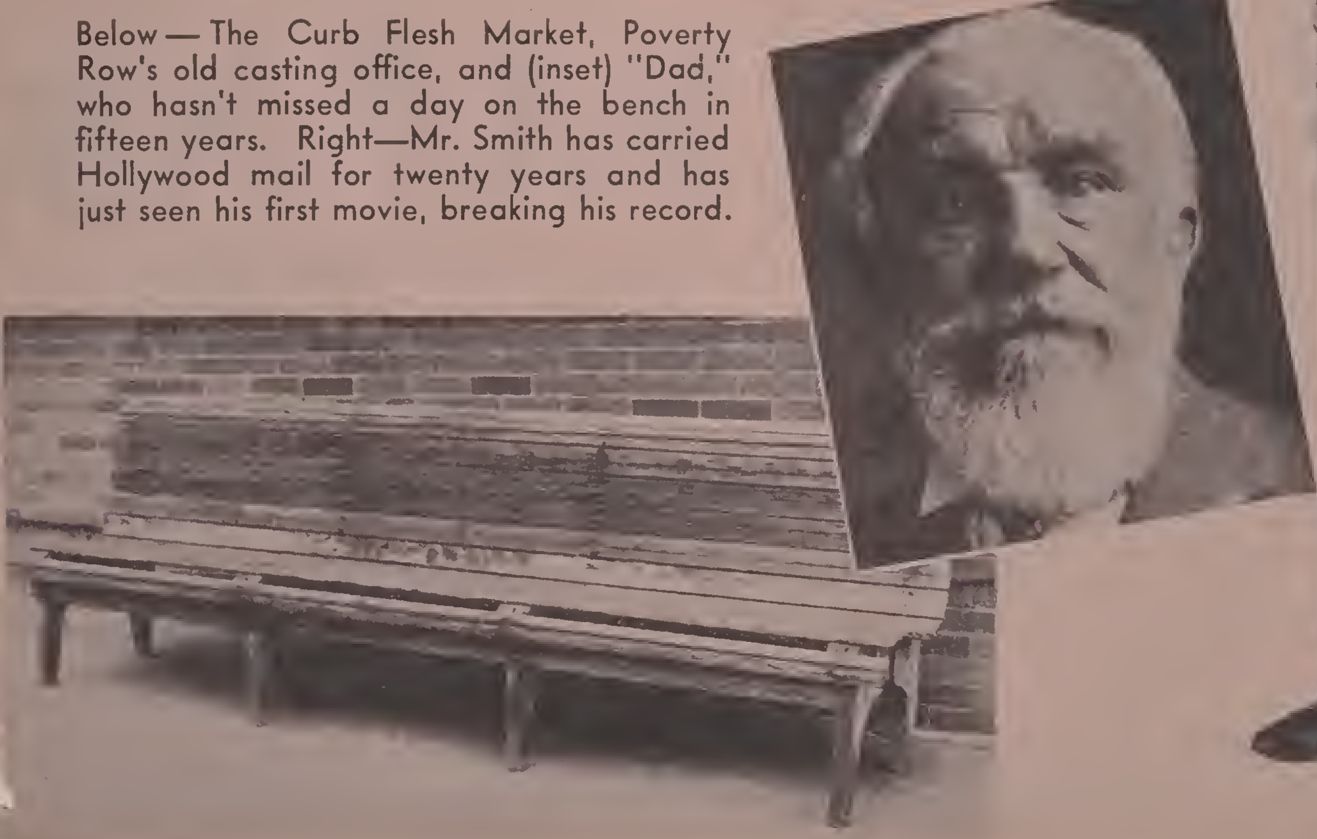
JEFF CHAMBERS is a tall, sun-bronzed man, about forty-five, with a sense of humor and a southern accent. Jeff guards the back gate at the M-G-M Studio through which about eighteen hundred studio workers pass daily . . . but no women are allowed.

Back gate guarding is tough, Jeff says. Once a truck-load of alligators spilled out as they bumped through the gate. Jeff had a sweet half hour that time. And then movie-crazed girls are always trying to sneak through the back gate in the hope of having some big director see them and give them a break in pictures. The other day a load of furniture stopped at the back gate while Jeff checked the items on the invoice. After he had looked the load over, he said to the driver: "The furniture can pass through okay, but you'll have to park the live-stock!" Jeff had spotted two very blonde young ladies hiding under a desk in the middle of the load.

Jeff claims he hasn't seen a movie star in the whole nine years he's been working at the studio, but he's wrong. He has seen one. An old Lincoln car drew up to the back gate recently and tried to drive through. Jeff stopped the car and told the lady in the back seat that she'd have to go around to the front gate. "No women allowed through this gate, lady," Jeff said.

(*Continued on page 79*)

Below — The Curb Flesh Market, Poverty Row's old casting office, and (inset) "Dad," who hasn't missed a day on the bench in fifteen years. Right—Mr. Smith has carried Hollywood mail for twenty years and has just seen his first movie, breaking his record.



THE LAW OF THE PACK . . . WAS HIS CODE OF LOVE!

Like his snarling husky, he heard only the call of his mate! For this was the grim, ruthless land of the Yukon . . . where men were primitive beasts . . . and a woman was a man's to hold as long as he *could* . . . his to keep as long as he desired!

CLARK
GABLE

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DARRYL ZANUCK'S
production of JACK LONDON'S
red-blooded story . . .

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with
LORETTA YOUNG
JACK OAKIE

Presented by JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

20TH
CENTURY
PICTURE

movie MIRROR JR.

CONDUCTED BY ANN RAMBER

My daily mail seems to be a barometer of all movie-goers' likes, both young and old, from every part of the country. Every other letter I receive, from you, and you and YOU, asks me about America's darling! And so I went to see her in order to give you first-hand information about her. Who? you ask? "Mugwell" is the name! Well, then "Woots"! I guess I can't blame you for not recognizing her nicknames, but "Mugwell" and "Woots" are the loving pet-names which her mother and father usually call SHIRLEY TEMPLE.

When I entered the set at the Fox studio where they are making "Our Little Girl" I heard Mrs. Temple say: "They're ready for you, Woots," and little Miss Temple, all smiles and dimples, and honey-colored curls, scampered over to the automobile where Joel McCrea, her screen Daddy in this picture, was waiting for her.

If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I would hardly believe that this little girl—whose sixth birthday was April 23rd—could remember the lines and the action that had been taught her by her mother the previous evening. Acting, to Shirley, is as easy as ordinary speech is to other little girls. It is plain to see that she loves it. She goes through each scene with the skill and artistry of a true actress. After her difficult performance we had almost forgotten that she is but a tiny girl, but we were reminded of the fact when Shirley mischievously honked the automobile horn which resounded through the high-ceilinged room with a deafening crash!

Then, too, if one listens closely, one can detect several little-girl pronunciations amongst her almost-grown-up vocabulary. One is "nafkin" for napkin, and another is "bessert," and Director Robertson thought Shirley's word for surprise so cute, that he let her use her own pronunciation of it in the picture—which is "surprisement." And when Shirley says it—it certainly sounds cute, so no wonder it was left in.

Not only are all movie-goers enchanted by Shirley but the entire crew and everyone on the set are her slaves. Mrs. Temple is a very sensible mother, though, and she doesn't let people spoil Shirley, much as they would like to.

As soon as Shirley finishes her scene she rushes back to the quiet corner of the set where her mother awaits her. There is a little table on which is a pastepot, some plain paper, colored crayons, pencils, and a blunt-edged scissors. Here, Shirley has a chance to play and do what she likes most of all—and that's creating. Shirley has a huge scrapbook at home in which she pastes cut-outs, colors them, and then writes in a description of what she has pasted there. At the studio, Shirley likes to make things she can later paste into her scrap book, or something that she can use to play with later.

The day I was there, she was making a basket—out of plain white paper, and the other materials that were on the table. Miss Geddes her teacher, told Shirley how to make it, then Shirley went ahead with it, making up her own color scheme as she went along. It was fun watching her chubby, dimpled little hands pasting and cutting the

(*Continued on page 90*)

Doll-like Shirley Temple does what all the great actresses do. She's inscribing her name in the cement of Grauman's Chinese Theatre.

REVIEWS FOR JUNIORS

We're very sorry, but there is only one picture suitable for you, this month. You mustn't fail to see it because it will make up to you, in part, for there not being any other one this month which we could advise you to see. It is:

LADDIE

A simple, sweet story with little Virginia Weidler, a newcomer. She's such a grand little actress and you won't want to miss seeing her as Laddie's little sister.

THE BLUE OF HER EYES—THE SCARLET OF HER LIPS

Bewitching Queen of Coquettes...carefree charmer...whose beauty blazed in conquest...while the world about her flamed! The private life of history's most glamorous adventuress...told against a background of raging conflict...tender romance!...A picture as deep as the human heart...as big as the mighty events through which its drama rolls!...Re-created on the Technicolor screen...its breathless beauty will burst upon the world in radiant life...and glorious color!

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Designed in color by ROBERT EDMUND JONES

The first...full-length production photographed in the gasping grandeur of NEW TECHNICOLOR! ...A new miracle in motion pictures...that promises to create a revolution...as great as that caused by sound!...The producers of "La Cucaracha" are proud to pioneer and present the first full-length feature filmed in the full glory of NEW TECHNICOLOR!

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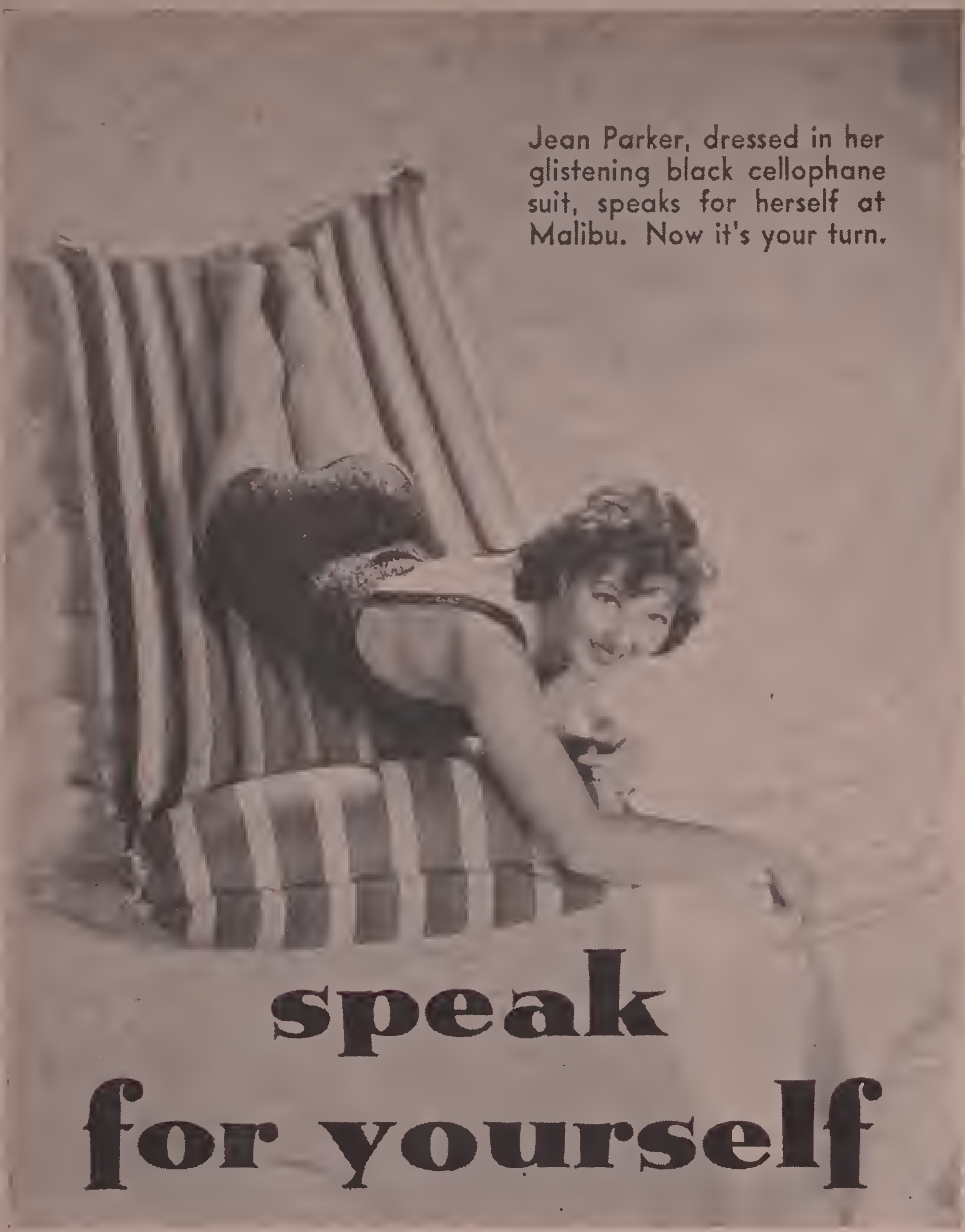

Jean Parker, dressed in her glistening black cellophane suit, speaks for herself at Malibu. Now it's your turn.

speak for yourself

$20 PRIZE LETTER

Hearing is Believing

I was never much of a movie fan even before I became blind, so it was not a great hardship for me to stay away from the pictures. However, I was always an ardent lover of music. Knowing this, a friend suggested that we see "One Night of Love." She said it was not necessary for me to see to enjoy this picture. She told me the story so I would not be too much in the dark at the performance.

I had not been in the theatre ten minutes when I settled back comfortably in my seat, closed my eyes and proceeded to absorb every note sung and every word spoken. Here was a picture that needed no straining of unseeing eyes and no nerves on edge for fear of missing some of the words. The story was unfolded, the glorious voice of Grace Moore bringing to us the beautiful music we all know and love so well.

It is my wish that every blind person could see this picture, as I did. Once is not enough. Every time I saw it I derived new happiness. One never tires of the gorgeous music. I have known some persons who saw this picture as many as twenty times and could have gone oftener.

I have been told by my "seeing" friends that when attending this picture they would close their eyes and experience just the joy of listening; they needed no vision. And that is another reason, outside of my own experience, why I say it is a picture made especially for the blind.

Mrs. Beatrice Birmingham,
Oakland, Cal.

MOVIE MIRROR awards Seven Prizes each month for the best letters—$20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about talkies, stars or stories. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address, "Speak for Yourself," 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

Those Academy Awards!

What is a great picture?

Judgments ought to be suspended until the end of a season, because the show goer is in no condition to render them while the takes are still fluttering before his eyes, the musical strains echoing in his ears. I've told the exhibitor hundreds of times, on my way out, that what I had just enjoyed was "magnificent," and many other superlative things. Yet I was fickle, and thereafter one offering succeeded another in my affections. I seem to delight in all for the time being.

Now I have two measurements which anyone may apply in determining his own selection of a great picture: Do you remember it? Would you go to see it again?

The Academy pundits have chosen "It Happened One Night" as the Award Picture of 1934. Entertaining little piece, as I recall it, on the whole, but the Colbert and Gable doings have faded, grown vague to me. The only scene I might reconstruct would be that one where they slept in the open and which impressed more by its setting and natural sound effects. You know, frogs, roosters, etc.

Now take "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." There was something I'd call great. I'll not soon forget how Frederic March personated the poet, Browning; nor Laughton's stern father role; and after these Norma Shearer as Elizabeth. I can see and hear them at this moment removed, as if on a visible, audible screen. By my criterions of greatness, pictures and performances of this quality are admitted to the highest rank.

Fritz Schumacher,
Washington, Iowa.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Confidence Man

Here's the kind of courage and confidence that makes men sit up and take notice. The man who caused the whole world to rock with laughter at his comic antics on the silent screen is defying all the rules of modern movies by continuing as a silent actor in a silent picture!

Strangely, it is said to be a modern comedy of the modern world, different from anything he has ever done. What's more unusual, he believes 100% in talkies and in further improvement of them. There's no doubt in my mind that the director and actor of "The Gold Rush" and "City Lights" will turn out another masterpiece. My hat's off to Charlie Chaplin!

Clarence M. Fink,
San Marino, Cal.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Magic vs. Depression

Of course, I know that Ferenc Molnar wrote "The Good Fairy" with his tongue in his cheek, (*Continued on page 95*)

At Last Fred Astaire TALKS about Himself

By STEPHEN GREGG

Hollywood's new song and dance man tells why he taboos publicity about his public and private life

WHEN Fred Astaire became an overnight sensation in Hollywood he was, no doubt, mildly surprised, but not nearly so surprised as Hollywood itself.

Mr. Astaire, despite his pre-Hollywood success as a stage star, had broken all the movie star success rules. He refused advance publicity. He demanded a private life. He wouldn't be seen at the right places and he refused to be interviewed on all the usual Hollywood magazine subjects.

To make matters even more complicated he didn't act like a movie star, think like a movie star, talk like a movie star or even *look* like a movie star.

He looks like—well, like a doctor. A successful one. His manner is confident yet modest. He talks in a quiet, sure manner. At such times as he is forced to mention the name "Astaire" or his success or his future in Hollywood, he always lowers his voice and runs his hands over his entire face (and sometimes his high forehead) as if he were trying to cover his embarrassment or a deep blush. I honestly believe he would rather rehearse an extra eight hours than answer one question about Fred Astaire. If you ask him a point-blank question about himself, you wake up hours later to realize that he has evaded making any direct answer. He knows all the answers—and he won't talk. *But why?*

That was it. WHY? None of the writers had ever thought to ask him WHY? when he refused to talk on a given subject.

"Remember," said the man in the publicity department, as we walked over toward Astaire's dressing-room, "that Mr. Astaire has to be back on the set in half an hour. In fact he never gives anyone more than thirty minutes." I said I'd remember; then we walked into the dress-

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The World's Largest Selling TINTS & DYES

how hollywood tried to tame HEPBURN

By EDWIN MARTIN

Unashamed of being a "colorful star," unwilling to be called "beautiful"—this unpredictable woman is like a leopard who changes his spots

A SLENDER young woman stood under the window below the RKO-Radio publicity office and yelled at someone above her.

She was dressed in a soiled pair of slacks, a pullover sweater and sneakers; there was a cowlick on the back of her straw-colored head, freckles on her nose, and fire in her eyes.

"Hey, up there, you lummox," she yelled.

A startled publicity man stuck his head out the window.

"What do you want, Miss Hepburn?" he replied, meekly.

"Throw me down that book of stills from my last picture, will you?" demanded the slight one with the loud voice.

"Can't do it. It would break the book. You'll have to come up and get it," taunted the p.a.

"You'd better throw that book down or I'll tear up the place," hurled back Hepburn.

"Try and do it," yelled the harassed press agent in desperation.

His reply was followed by a barrage of stones which came hurling through the window in no uncertain manner.

The press agent ducked, and stayed in hiding for the next five minutes while the bombardment continued and window panes, the light fixtures and even the heads of the writing gentlemen were endangered.

"What on earth is that?" asked an excited official.

ing-room and I shook hands with the most famous person Hollywood has known in years.

"Sit down here while I finish this phone call," Astaire said, pointing to a comfortable chair.

While he was finishing, I watched him. He's thin. His face is thin. His nose is thin. His hands are thin. In fact, his hair is even thin. He was wearing a blue high-necked sweater under his grey coat. His legs were crossed so that I could see the dancing plate on the toe of his shoe. While he was talking on the phone, I began wondering whether he has toe plates on his bedroom slippers, too. He doesn't relax worth a darn. Even while he's phoning, his hands move and he crosses and re-crosses his feet. I decided he was the nervous type, wiry, though; plenty of energy and all that. Then he hung up the receiver and turned to me. But, before he had a chance to speak, I pulled the little speech I had planned, the one I had hoped would get us off to a better start than usual. I said:

"We ought to get along, we both like the same people."

"Do we?" he said. "Whom do we both like?"

I told him—such good fellows as Jimmy Cagney, Robert Montgomery and Bing Crosby and he was off on a nice little talk about how much both he and Mrs. Astaire like them. Then, suddenly, as though it had just occurred to him that he was talking, he stopped.

"What was it you wanted to see me about?" he said as he gave his face a good stroking-over.

I told him about the idea, explaining just why the fans were anxious to know all about him. I mentioned the fact that he seemed to have certain subjects about which he wouldn't talk and that I was going to ask him to explain *why* he wouldn't.

He looked at me for a long moment as if he were trying to think of an out or attempting to determine just how far he might be able to trust me. Then he tipped his chair back until it looked as though it were going over any second, stroked his face twice, smiled, and nodded in my direction.

"All right," he said. "I'll tell you several things about which I dislike to talk, and my reasons." I wanted to yell "HURRAY" and click my heels—Astaire was going to TALK—but I didn't dare. So I started right in with the first taboo, and I think if you read the lines (and between the lines) you'll get a real character slant on Mr. Astaire for the first time since he became a star.

"I understand you won't talk about your marri . . ." (*Continued on page* 85)

Right, Fred demonstrates a number of new dance steps from RKO's "Top Hat," in which he again stars with Ginger Rogers. Left, in informal attire, the star is resting between pictures.

"It's just Katharine Hepburn with a mad on!" replied the blasé publicity man.

The official stuck his head out the window and narrowly missed getting a good old-fashioned Irish brick right on top of his head.

For five minutes the two talked back and forth to each other in language generally used by gentlemen—gentlemen who drive trucks—and by chorus girls in a fret.

Hepburn demanded that the man who refused to throw the book down be fired. The head of the department pleaded that the lad had a wife, a child, regular parents and aunts and uncles and everything and refused to fire him.

Miss Hepburn could either come up and get the still book or wait until he had a chance to bring it down, but he wouldn't come down until she stopped throwing those bricks.

The barrage stopped, and the head of the department went down the steps to the curb, waving a white handkerchief.

When the scared publicity writers had courage to peer out of the window, they saw an unusual sight—their boss was calmly eating a piece of candy, while Hepburn, sitting on the curb, was looking over the still book and smiling sweetly.

"Boy, oh boy," stammered a lad who wrote things in the paper about her picture. "We've at last got Katharine tamed—look at that!"

But he had evidently forgotten his Hepburn in his awe over the climax to this scene; other days were coming.

For four days he stayed away from the Hepburn set because he had written a story about her freckles and the soiled slacks which she insisted on wearing.

The fifth day he wrote a story telling of her beauty, of her thoughtfulness which at times creeps out from under her veneer of haughtiness, and he proudly wandered over to the set to ask how she liked it. A big mob scene was going on—three hundred extras were milling about as he approached the high camera parallel to which Hepburn was seated.

The bespectacled press agent went jauntily up to the camera stand. Hepburn watched him coming. A calm was in her manner—the same calm that is apparent just before volcanic eruptions and world wars.

Then all of a sudden it came: "Get that four-eyed son-of-a-sea-cook out of here before I walk off the set!" yelled Hepburn.

And four assistants escorted a bewildered press agent, who thought that the madcap of the screen could be tamed, from the set.

The picture was finished the next day, and the press agent went about in fear and trembling—fearful of his job. There was a party on the Hepburn set to celebrate the end of the picture, but he didn't dare go.

Hepburn sent for him. "I really shouldn't have sent for you and I really shouldn't offer you any of this cake after the sappy story you wrote about me," she said.

"Now, that story about my freckles was great, but that saccharine thing about my beauty was the bunk. But, anyway, what I wanted to tell you was that I recommended you to your boss this morning, told him what a good man you are, you mug!"

It was just another episode in the life of the enigma woman who, every now and then, the studio thinks has been quieted.

The Barrymores may calm down and go on fishing jaunts and Greta Garbo may emerge finally from her shell to dine at the Trocadero, but Katharine Hepburn refuses to be tamed. She is still like the leopard.

Sooner or later the studios get their temperamental ones to be nice to newspaper writers and publicity men and photographers, but Hepburn is sugar-and-spice one minute, and a raging tornado the next.

This uncertainty of Hepburn's is half her charm and it is probably this spirit which makes her what she is today—one of the screen's most sensational stars.

You've read stories about Hepburn's adventures with photographers—how they chased her all over a circus lot one day, trying to get a picture, how she eluded them after running through the ring and the (*Continued on page* 84)

Katharine Hepburn in a tame moment, when Director Philip Moeller (seated) is taking advantage of the calm to film a scene with Charles Boyer for RKO's "Break of Hearts."

MOVIES of

The perfect guide to all the latest motion pictures; ✓ for good pictures; ✓✓ for pictures you really shouldn't miss

Child - actress Virginia Weidler is the find of the month. Don't fail to see her in "Laddie," a fine family picture in which John Beal plays the role of "Laddie."

✓The Man Who Knew Too Much (GB)

You'll See: *Peter Lorre, Leslie Banks, Nova Pilbeam, Edna Best, Frank Vospers, Hugh Wakefield, Pierre Fresnay, others.*

It's About: *An Englishman and his wife whose child is kidnapped by an international spy ring.*

When Leslie Banks and his wife, Edna Best, stumble upon a plot to assassinate a foreign minister to England for the purpose of precipitating war, the spy organization involved kidnaps their daughter, Nova Pilbeam. The rest of the picture concerns itself with the husband's efforts to regain possession of his child without resorting to the police, who, nevertheless, come at the last moment.

For Peter Lorre (by the way, he'd make a wonderful Napoleon) and the striking comparison between American and English police methods, much can be said in favor of the film; the acting is superb throughout, and the direction sure. But in the climax, when the police surround a house full of gangsters and proceed in leisurely fashion to smoke out the criminals with one-shot rifles, the American spectator may squirm in his seat, wishing for a machine gun to get it over with.

Your Reviewer Says: Its thrills make it well worth an evening.

Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert head a superlative cast in Walter Wanger's magnificent but morbid "Private Worlds" — one of Hollywood's most adult pictures to date.

A truly great realistic film, Warner's "Black Fury" boasts superb acting by Paul Muni, shown here between William Gargan and Karen Morley, who also do excellent work.

✓✓Black Fury (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Paul Muni, Karen Morley, William Gargan, Barton MacLane, John T. Qualan, Vince Barnett, Tully Marshall, Sarah Haden and others.*

's About: *The strike-breaking racket and how it worked Coaltown when miner Paul Muni finally woke up to his sponsibility.*

Stark drama, down-to-earth realism, he-man stuff. That's close as one can come to describing this truly great ture. We might add to that by saying that Paul Muni uals his performance in "I'm A Fugitive" and that this picture is on the same plane as the convict production.

When the strike-breaking racketeers decide to break up the unions in Coaltown, they use Muni for the dirty work. He falls for their story partly through ignorance and partly through a fury brought on by the fact that his future bride, Karen Morley, runs off with Bill Gargan (company policeman) on the eve of their wedding. The strike is called when most of the miners rally to the banner of Muni. Then the hired thugs march in to "break" the strike they have caused.

Marvelously staged and beautifully photographed, "Black Fury" reaches heights of realism and drama seldom attained. Against the drab background of dirty mines, hard labor, large families fighting for food and the dingy tenement-like houses is played this strong story of human

the MONTH

THE three best pictures of the month are "Les Miserables," "Black Fury," and "Private Worlds." Each is definitely what must be called an adult picture. None can be unreservedly announced as entertainment, since they have in common unusual backgrounds, terrific emotion and genuine purpose. They offer, however, three very unusual evenings in the theatre, and each in turn is perfectly acted. You will want to see: Fredric March in "Les Miserables"—in fact, the whole cast is perfect; Paul Muni in "Black Fury;" and Joan Bennett in particular, but the whole stellar cast generally, in "Private Worlds."

The two disappointments of the month are George Arliss in "Cardinal Richelieu" and Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler in "Go Into Your Dance." Both productions are fine as far as production goes, but as stellar vehicles they miss that fine excitement and stimulus you expect.

The best family film of the month is "Laddie," with a new child picture-stealer, Virginia Weidler. The best mystery film is "Star of Midnight."

Ruth Waterbury

Here they are—Fredric March and Charles Laughton, who are given a chance to match wits and talents in "Les Miserables" for the glory of Twentieth Century.

Al Jolson sings and Ruby Keeler (the Mrs.) dances as they co-star in "Go Into Your Dance", but the results are pretty routine, unless you're wild about musicals.

At last, "The Thin Man" has a rival—but it's still Bill Powell who gives a grand performance in a grand film—RKO's "Star of Midnight." Ginger Rogers, too, is perfect in this picture.

relations at the bottom of the ladder. Muni, never once straying from his characterization, is superb. Karen Morley gives a fine performance as the faithless sweetheart who returns in time. Tully Marshall, Sarah Haden, William Gargan, John T. Qualen——in fact, every member of the large cast out-does himself to make this an exceptional picture. Propaganda? Yes, it seems to have that flavor, so you will either rave about it or against it.

Your Reviewer Says: Strong stuff——by all means see this if you like down-to-earth drama.

The Mark of the Vampire (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Lionel Barrymore, Elizabeth Allan, Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwell, Jean Hersholt, Henry Wadsworth, Donald Meek, Ivan Simpson, Leila Bennett and others.*

It's About: *A murder mystery, vampires who suck the blood from their victims, bats, rats, owls and spiders.*

Those of you who have been waiting for a picture that will chill your blood one minute and make you giggle with suppressed horror the next are in for the evening of your lives.

When a murder takes place in the old Castle, all the ageless fears and superstitions of the natives return with a vengeance! The bodies of the dead begin to walk the country side, coffins are found to be empty from sun-down to dawn, bats fly and rats crawl. But when the vampires, who have supposedly killed the owner of the Castle, begin to visit his daughter, Elizabeth Allan, the police inspector calls for the services of Lionel Barrymore (a professor of occult sciences) to aid in clearing up the mystery. The last half of this thriller is a surprise, so we won't give you the lowdown.

For the thrill-minded, this epic may seem to hang together. But for the more level-headed in the audience, it will seem un-hinged and slightly berserk as far as story and continuity go. Jean Hersholt comes through with a good performance, and Barrymore, while slow to enter the story, does his usual best. Miss Allan and Mr. Wadsworth try to be romantic but nothing much comes of it. The others in the cast are up to standard.

Your Reviewer Says: Story-conscious patrons please skip; all others, especially the blood-and-thunder addicts, may get a chill and a thrill.

✓✓Private Worlds (Walter Wanger for Paramount)

You'll See: *Claudette Colbert, Joan Bennett, Charles Boyer, Joel McCrea, Helen Vinson, Esther Dale, Guinn Williams, others.*

It's About: *A hospital for the*

(Continued on page 101)

Preview flashes from SHIRLEY'S greatest picture.."OUR LITTLE GIRL"

by Jerry Halliday

"COME ON OVER AND SEE MY STATUE!"

Forgotten (for the moment anyway) are Shirley's dolls and pretty dishes. Shirley is still telling friends about the nice, fat man . . . (Irvin S. Cobb to you) . . . who traded a bee-you-tee-ful statue for a hug and kiss! Dear little girl, I wonder if you'll ever know the happiness you bring to millions of people. Special Academy Award? That's nothing to the good wishes the whole world sends you!

She plays at being happy to rebuild a shattered dream!

CONGRATULATIONS, FANS, here comes Shirley! How you'll thrill to this human story of a child and her parents whose happiness is suddenly threatened! And how the tense, dramatic climax will stir the heart of everyone from Granddad to Junior as Shirley's love triumphs over a family crisis. A *"must-see" picture!*

Rosemary Ames and Joel McCrea give true-to-life performances as the parents who grope in the dark shadows of misunderstanding.

If there can be anything more adorable than Shirley alone, it's Shirley with Sniff, her loyal companion.

•

SHIRLEY DANCES AND SHE SINGS . . . TOO!

•

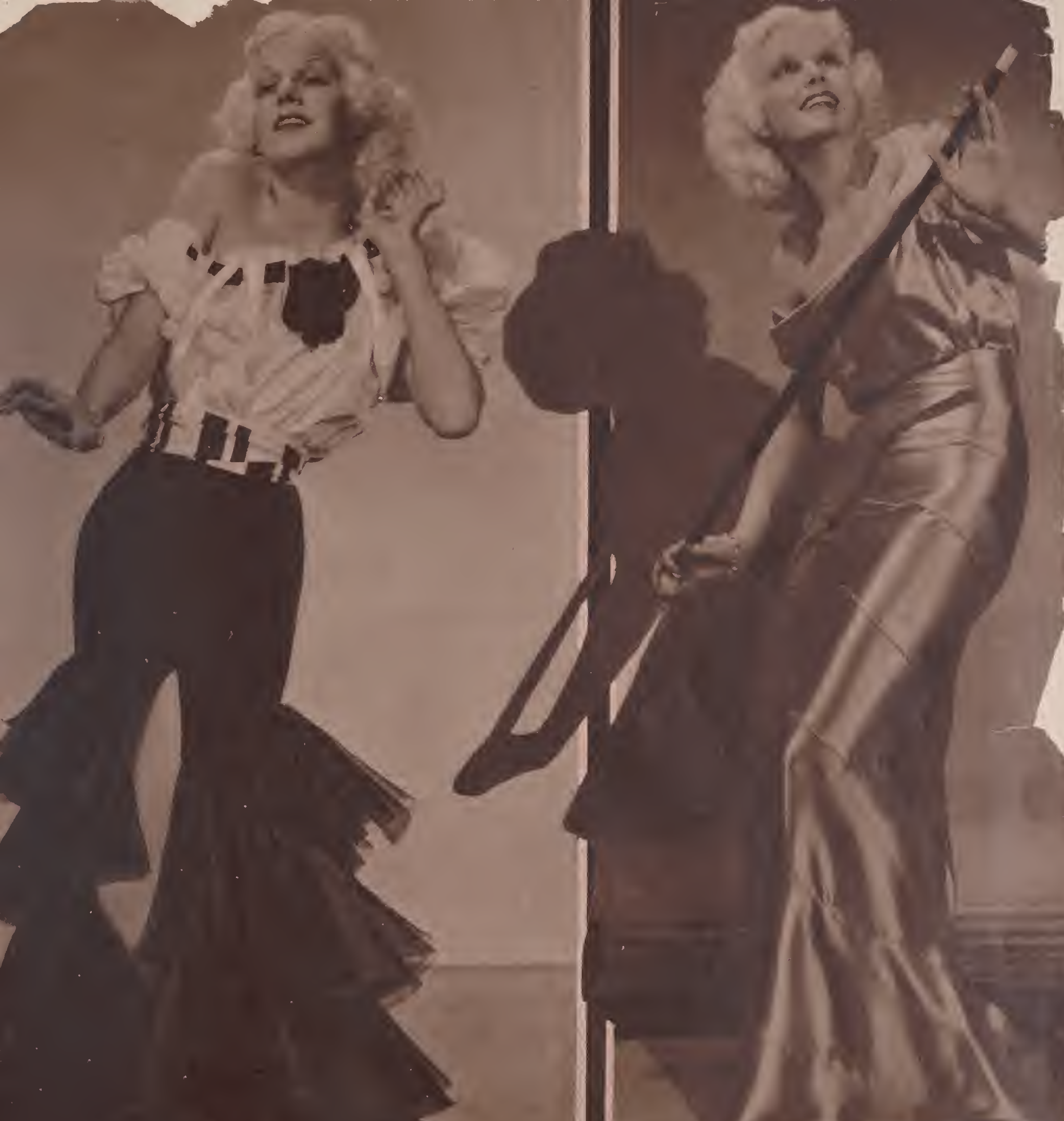
You'll love Shirley's lullaby, "Our Little Girl."

Shirley
TEMPLE
in
'OUR LITTLE GIRL'

ROSEMARY AMES
JOEL McCREA
Lyle Talbot • Erin O'Brien-Moore

Produced by Edward Butcher • Directed by John Robertson • From the story "Heaven's Gate" by Florence Leighton Pfalzgraf

FOX



JEAN HARLOW

Another star has turned to dancing. Jean Harlow, for the first time, dances in the M-G-M picture "Reckless," co-starred with William Powell. "La Trombosa" is the new dance creation and look at those captivating costumes! The one on the left is a black split skirt with ruffles and a white taffeta blouse. On the right, Jean in a shiny satin evening gown marks time with a walking stick.

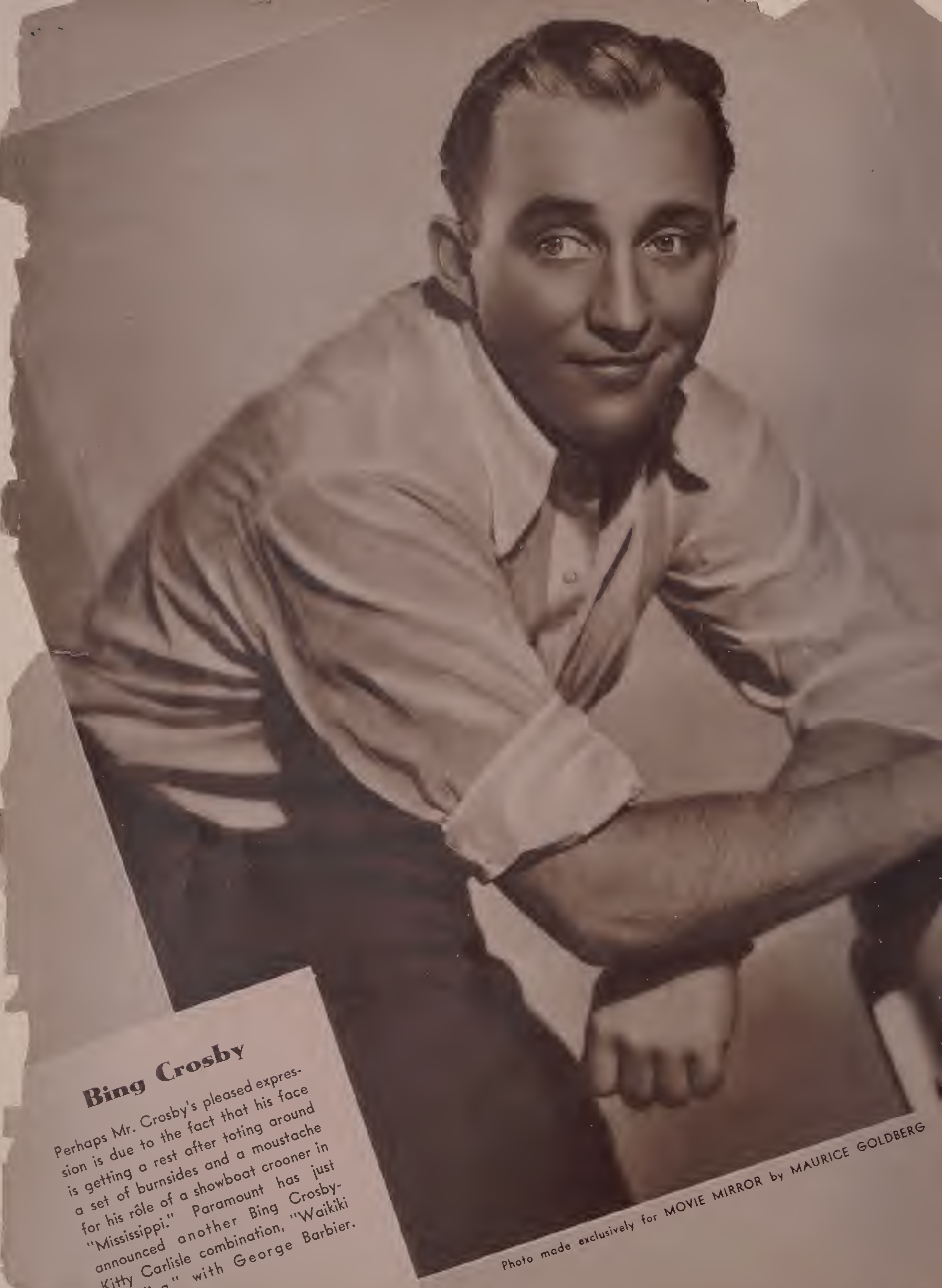


Photo made exclusively for MOVIE MIRROR by MAURICE GOLDBERG

Bing Crosby

Perhaps Mr. Crosby's pleased expression is due to the fact that his face is getting a rest after toting around a set of burnsides and a moustache for his rôle of a showboat crooner in "Mississippi." Paramount has just announced another Bing Crosby-Kitty Carlisle combination, "Waikiki Wedding," with George Barbier.

ORCHIDS TO SALLY (UNTIL SHE SMILES)

"Pink Tooth Brush"—

Makes her avoid all close-ups... dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.

EVERY woman knows what wonders a smile can work . . . what a flaunting little banner of loveliness it can be.

But do you realize what a shock of disappointment follows a smile that gives a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums — of the damage that neglect of "pink tooth brush" can lead to?

DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

You can't afford to take chances — to ignore a warning that threatens your smile and your dental health. Dental science has explained and stressed that warning— "pink tooth brush." Foods that rob our gums of exercise — soft and creamy dishes that tempt our palates but lull our gums to sleep—those are the reasons for the modern plague of tender, ailing gums.

If your tooth brush even occasionally shows "pink"—do the sensible thing. Don't let yourself in for serious gum troubles — for gingivitis, Vincent's disease or pyorrhea. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today and follow regularly this healthful routine. Start today!

Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gum tissue and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter—your gums healthier — and your smile will be lovelier with Ipana and massage.

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. KK-65
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City__________ State__________

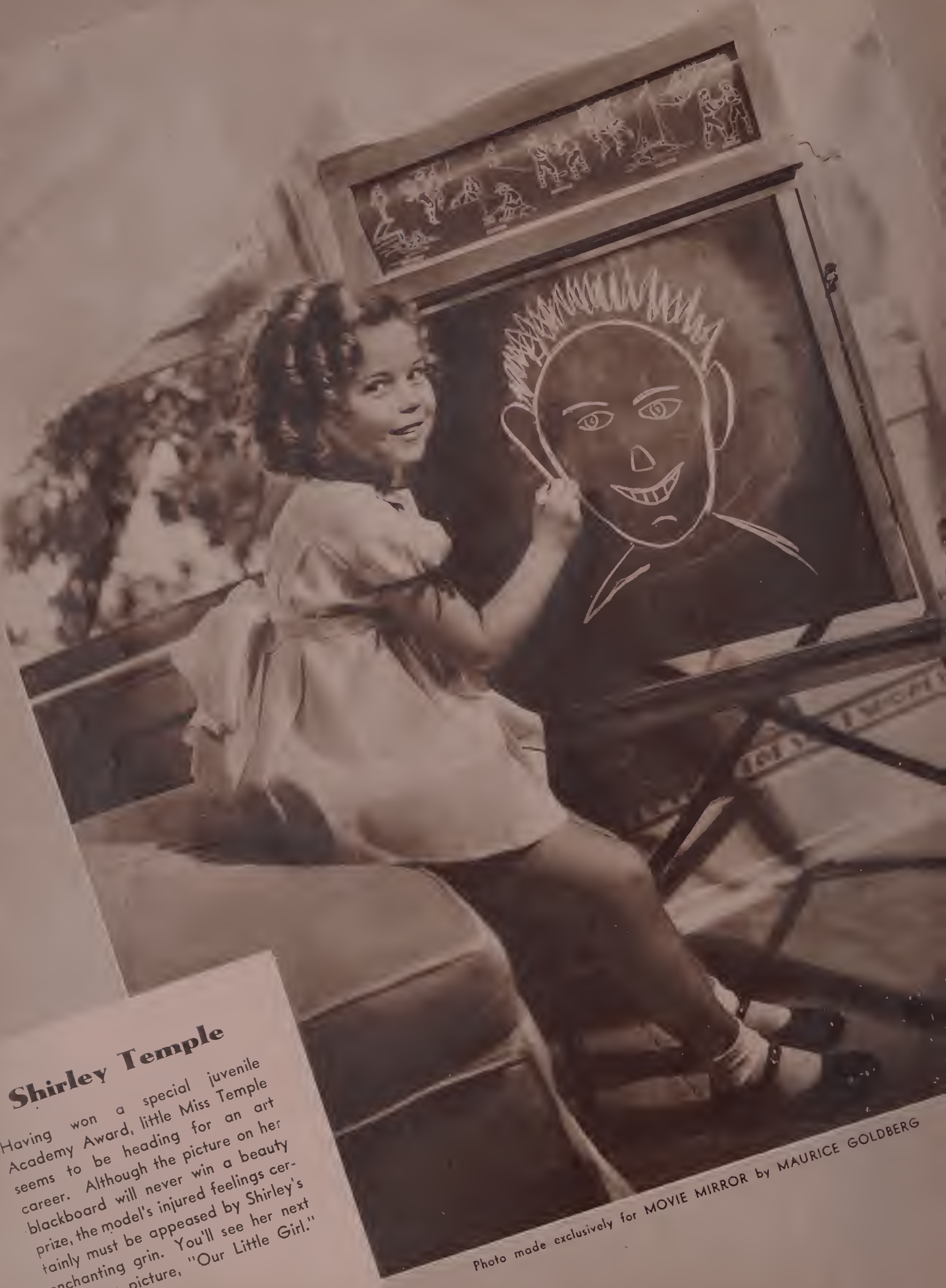
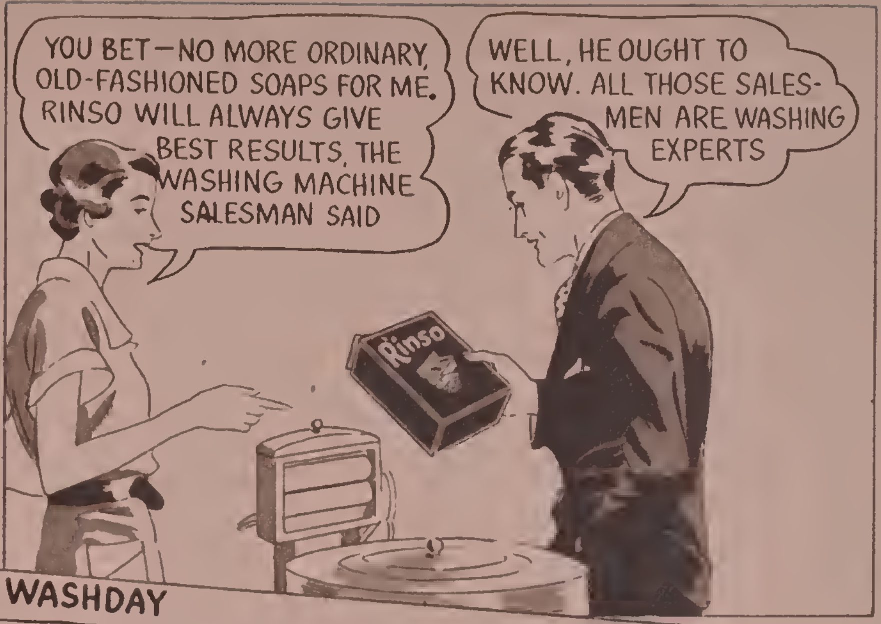


Photo made exclusively for MOVIE MIRROR by MAURICE GOLDBERG

Shirley Temple

Having won a special juvenile Academy Award, little Miss Temple seems to be heading for an art career. Although the picture on her blackboard will never win a beauty prize, the model's injured feelings certainly must be appeased by Shirley's enchanting grin. You'll see her next in a Fox picture, "Our Little Girl."

OH, DARLING! ... MY NEW WASHER IS BEAUTIFUL. I'M CRAZY TO TRY IT
AND ARE YOU CHANGING YOUR SOAP, TOO?


YOU BET—NO MORE ORDINARY, OLD-FASHIONED SOAPS FOR ME. RINSO WILL ALWAYS GIVE BEST RESULTS, THE WASHING MACHINE SALESMAN SAID
WELL, HE OUGHT TO KNOW. ALL THOSE SALESMEN ARE WASHING EXPERTS
Rinso

HE SAID RINSO GIVES THE BEST SUDS AND WASHES CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER. THAT'S WHY 34 MAKERS OF WASHING MACHINES ENDORSE IT
Rinso

NEXT WASHDAY

DARLING—SEE! YOUR OLD SHIRTS LOOK BRAND NEW. AND THIS NEW, COLORED ONE DIDN'T FADE A BIT. THOSE RICH, CREAMY RINSO SUDS WERE THE LONGEST-LASTING I EVER SAW

IF YOU have no washer, you'll appreciate Rinso even more; for Rinso's creamy, active suds *soak* out dirt—get clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter without scrubbing or boiling. This safe "soak-and-rinse" method makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. You'll save money.

And Rinso suds (so rich *even in hardest water*) make dishwashing and *all* cleaning easier. Kind to hands.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

The biggest-selling package soap in America

CUT OFF FROM GOOD TIMES UNTIL—

NOT A THING WRONG WITH YOU, ALICE. YOU'RE JUST BLUE AND DESPONDENT. GO OUT MORE. MAKE FRIENDS
BUT, DOCTOR, I CAN'T SEEM TO. I'VE TRIED SO HARD AT THE OFFICE. BUT THE GIRLS ARE COOL AND DISTANT

ALICE, ARE YOU ALWAYS CAREFUL ENOUGH ABOUT "B.O."? I FIND SO MANY DON'T REALIZE HOW EASY IT IS TO .....

CAN I HAVE BEEN GUILTY? IS THAT WHY THE GIRLS....? I'LL GET SOME LIFEBUOY NOW AND ALWAYS PLAY SAFE!

"B.O." GONE — girls (and men) like her!
HAVING LUNCH WITH US TODAY, ALICE?
TOMORROW SURE! BUT TODAY PHIL CALLED UP AND....

WHAT'S THE SECRET OF YOUR LOVELY COMPLEXION?
A SECRET EVERY SMART GIRL KNOWS

IT'S Lifebuoy, of course, as *millions* know! Its rich lather deep-cleanses; purifies pores; freshens dull, lifeless complexions. Yet tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps".

Never take chances with "B. O." (*body odor*). Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its lather is abundant in hardest water. It purifies, deodorizes, protects! Its own clean scent rinses away.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

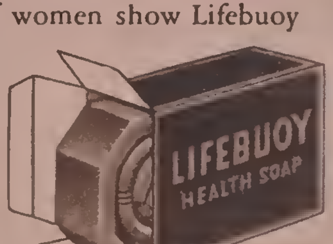


Photo made exclusively for MOVIE MIRROR by MAURICE GOLDBERG

Joe E. Brown

Joe E. Brown lays aside the leather jacket and peaked cap he wears as Flute in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to don spring checks and lounge in the sun. Baseball fans, take heart! Joe's next picture is "Alibi Ike" in which he portrays one of Ring Lardner's baseball mugs as only Joe can. It's a Warner Bros. production.

"Only in Kotex can you find these 3 satisfying comforts!"

CAN'T CHAFE . . CAN'T FAIL . . CAN'T SHOW

"Three exclusive features solve three important problems every woman faces. I explain them to you here because there is no other place for you to learn about them."

Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

CAN'T CHAFE . .

To prevent all chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute Kotex is worn. But, mind you, sides *only* are cushioned. . . the center surface is left free to absorb.

CAN'T FAIL . . .

There is a special center layer in the heart of the pad. It has channels that guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad–thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use . . . makes Kotex keep adjusting itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 *times* more absorbent than cotton.

CAN'T SHOW . .

Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always. No "give away" lines or wrinkles . . . and that makes for added assurance that results in peace of mind and poise.

I'VE always felt that the real facts on this intimate subject were withheld from women. So here I present information every woman should know.

I realize that most sanitary napkins look pretty much alike. Yet they aren't alike either in the way they're made or in the results they give. For only genuine Kotex offers the 3 exclusive advantages I explain on this page—the 3 features that bring you women the comfort and safety you seek. And with Kotex now costing so little and giving so much, there's really no economy in buying any other kind.

5 times as absorbent

The Kotex absorbent, cellucotton (not cotton), is 5 times as absorbent as cotton. It is the identical absorbent used in the majority of our leading hospitals.

NEW ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS!

No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort . . . and the low price.

Women who require extra protection find Super Kotex ideal. It costs no more than Regular. For emergency, Kotex is in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery . . . QUEST, *for Personal Daintiness.* Available wherever Kotex is sold. Sponsored by the makers of Kotex

Inside Stuff

By PETER ABBOTT

The very smart social set gathered together at the Trocadero. Left to right—Mrs. John Fell, David Niven, Dorothy Fell and Randy Scott (the last two a bright, new romance), Mrs. Fred Astaire and her dancing husband. Success of "Roberta" pleases everyone.

Now that he's sailed for Europe, perhaps those smiles of Maurice Chevalier and Kay Frances are not quite so gay! They've been at the Ambassador Hotel.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS by HYMAN FINK

HOT NEWS: **Ann Sothern** romance bulletin: **Roger Pryor** out, **Chevalier** in **Europe,** and **Gene Raymond** the latest in attendance.

Louise Henry—Conrad Nagel looks like a hot romance now. And **Anita Louise—Tom Brown** looks like a cold romance now.

Ziegfeld Follies note—M-G-M has bought the rights to "one a year for five years."

Charlie Chaplin may direct **Peter Lorre** in "The Good Soldier Schweyk."

Alice White and **Cy Bartlett** have split after a short marriage which followed a long romance.

Jack Benny will portray **Walter Winchell** in "Broadway Melody, 1935."

Irving Berlin is writing the complete musical score for **Fred Astaire's** next film, "Top Hat."

Prince Sigvard Bernadotte of Sweden may direct at M-G-M, says Dame Rumor.

Mary Ellis is now at the Drury Lane Theatre in London, having finished "Paris in Spring" for Paramount.

Lawrence Tibbett is returning to Hollywood soon for pictures at Twentieth Century.

Amos 'n' Andy have been in Hollywood and Palm Springs for a "rest," but got none.

George Arliss refuses to play that John D. Rockefeller role and has left for England.

The **Garbo-Brent** romance is said to be "progressing."

Lon Chaney, Jr., formerly a director, has signed a contract for three years at eight pictures a year.

Merle Oberon is to do "The Dark Angel," **Vilma Banky's** great success, which is being remade by Goldwyn.

Jeanette MacDonald was forced to call the Fire Department to retrieve her neighbor's pet monkey, which was tearing shingles off Mac's roof.

Noel Coward hit all the Hollywood high-spots in the few days before he sailed for China.

The **Jean Parker** romance with **Pancho Lucas** is cold, but that with **Bob Taylor** is hot.

Alice White has been sued for $30,760 on a traffic accident.

That **Noah Beery, Jr.** romance with **Cecilia Parker** is on again.

George Brent has got his final citizenship papers.

Stan Laurel is leaving Roach, breaking up that team of **Laurel and Hardy;** Hardy will be teamed with **Patsy Kelly** in "Mr. and Mrs." idea, with **Spankie McFarland.**

John Boles is now leading **Temple** and **Gaynor** in Fox fan mail, with his some two thousand letters a week.

Harold Lloyd will play the lead in "The Milky Way" for Paramount, this being his first outside production.

The **Lyle Talbot** romance with **Peggy Waters** is definitely off again.

Despite rumors that the **Dick Powell-Mary Brian** romance is cold, his personal musical arranger did the score for Mary's personal appearance tour, and Dick saw her off at the train.

Bob Montgomery's fall from his horse may make a slight limp necessary throughout "No More Ladies."

Buddy Rogers is being tested for a comeback by RKO—and going about with **Mary Pickford** again.

John Beal will do a stage play in New York.

* * *

CONNIE BENNETT is fightin' mad and as usual when Connie's mad, she's going to SUE!

THE LAST WORD FROM HOLLYWOOD

When a lad and his lassie hold hands together quite openly as Irene Hervey and Robert Taylor do at the Trocadero, all the guessing is taken out of gossip columns!

Here *la belle* Bennett goes ahead and puts up a $100,000 mansion in Holmby Hills and before she can move into her swanky palace along comes a neighbor and puts up a comparatively inexpensive little house on the hillside so closely adjoining her's that it gives the appearance of being situated in the Bennett backyard.

You can't really blame Connie for her peeve but then you can't blame the neighbor for not spending $100,000 on his home, either. Connie isn't. She is suing the realty firm which sold the lots in the first place!

* * *

UNA MERKLE'S favorite actress is Sylvia Sidney. How's that for a study in opposite attraction?

* * *

WHEN Clark Gable's step-daughter was recently married to a young doctor in Houston, Texas, Pappy Gable was on deck to give the bride away. But the bride isn't all Clark gave away.

The honeymoon trip. . . .

The bride's fur coat. . . .

And a diamond bracelet were among other little items from the screen's leading heart throb who must be a family man at heart! Nice going, Daddy dear!

* * *

A RECENT New York date line carried the story that little Rochelle Hudson was in town to "acquire sophistication" before Fox launches her on a starring career.

But we have perfectly good reasons for believing Rochelle was in New York for a far more romantic reason. Name? Mr. "Buddy" Eichelberger, very, very prominent in Los Angeles social circles. Ever since the gentleman's divorce

—HERE!

Does your hair THRILL HIM *in a "Close-up"?*

Let the right shampoo bring out the beauty appeal of YOUR TYPE *of hair*

Soften dry hair with this treatment

Use Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo and begin today a scientific home treatment to make your hair glow and stay charmingly in place.

Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is prepared *especially for dry hair*. Besides olive and other fine oils, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silky and more manageable.

Treat excessive oiliness this way

Use Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo. It is gently astringent . . . *made especially for oily hair*.

Give yourself this tonic Packer treatment once or twice a week at first . . . until your hair develops its birthright of shining fluffiness. Packer's Shampoos are absolutely safe. They are made by the makers of Packer's famous Tar Soap.

PACKER'S SHAMPOOS

OLIVE OIL for DRY hair

PINE TAR for OILY hair

That's a serious expression, Thomas Meighan wears. Our photographer snapped Mr. and Mrs. Meighan while they were at the new Victor Hugo café.

Here's a new quartette—Frank McHugh, Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell and Robert Armstrong. They are broadcasting over KFWB. Wonder how the radio audience enjoyed their singing efforts!

from his socialite wife he has been seen in the company of Rochelle, and from where we sit this looks like wedding bells in spite of complications.

The chief rumored hitch is parental objection on the part of Eichelberger's family.

When Mr. Eichelberger took his recent departure from Los Angeles to New York *via* the Panama Canal it was freely hinted in the social columns that the trip was urged for the simple reason of putting as much ground as possible between Pasadena and Hollywood.

But no sooner had his boat docked in New York than we read that Rochelle was very affectionately greeted by a young man who threw his arms around her and kissed her as she stepped off a California train with her mother.

Wonder if Mrs. Pasadena has ever met Rochelle? She's one of the nicest kids in this town!

* * *

LYDA ROBERTI and William Seymour are going so many places and doing so many things together they'll be coupled in a romance rumor if they aren't careful.

* * *

THE most pursued gentleman in these Hollywood hills at the present moment is Nelson Eddy! The local gals went quite mad about him after his big-time debut in "Naughty Marietta."

The funniest story concerns a popular blonde who didn't know Nelson, but that didn't keep her from calling him on the phone all hours of the day and night inviting him to Sunday soirees and cocktail parties.

The whole thing bored the blonde actor who was polite, at first, and then broke down and delivered this little speech:

"Madame, I am not interested in coming to your home. I don't know you and I don't think I would like you!" What's more he meant it.

The blonde thought he was kidding. She's been going around telling everyone what a gorgeous sense of humor he has! Look out, Eddy! She's just waiting for you to return from your tour!

* * *

EDDY is the most down-to-earth grand opera star we've ever met. He's about as high-hat as a longshoreman. He calls women "dames" and men "guys" and young women "dolls" *a la* Damon Runyon!

* * *

GLAMOUR NOTE:

When Florenz Ziegfeld was alive, it was an unheard of thing for Billie Burke to have her hair shampooed in a beauty parlor. The late Ziggy loved his wife's hair and insisted that she have the coppery-gold ringlets shampooed at home.

Whenever it was possible he was present at these occasions.

One afternoon as the operator was about to rinse the lovely locks in vinegar, Ziggy excitedly demanded that she stop, ran from the room, and returned in a moment bearing a bottle of champagne!

"The sunshine in your hair deserves nothing but the best" . . . he insisted and proceeded to rinse Billie's hair in a quart of champagne.

From that time until his death his wife's hair was rinsed in champagne, the very best obtainable!

* * *

WALLY BEERY'S little adopted daughter, Carol Ann, has had so much publicity with Wally that an important Eastern manufacturer of children's clothes has offered a grand sum for the privilege of putting out a line of "Carol Ann" frocks!

And remember that Carol Ann has never appeared before a movie camera.

* * *

IN the midst of all the divorces, and rumored romances and salary disputes that usually make up the bulk of Hollywood gossip, it rather warms our heart to repeat the following story about Warner Baxter and his mother.

The devotion between these two is a lovely thing.

In the fifteen years that Warner was on the stage, he never failed to write his mother every day. When movie fame came along bringing the star his first permanent home, he immediately sent for his mother and established her in a charming apartment near him. Every night at ten o'clock he calls her on the phone. Nothing is allowed to interfere with that call. Every Thursday night they dine together.

Last week Warner had to be away on location at Bakersfield for certain outdoor scenes for "Gaucho Lover," when Thursday rolled around. He had

Even though his hat was turned down and his coat collar turned up, the disguise did not protect Fred Astaire from the pen! Autograph hunters caught up and he paid the penalty.

planned to make the two-hour trip back to Los Angeles to keep his usual dinner date with his mother, but at noon the director gave a night-work call and the star was forced to wire his mother he couldn't make the trip.

At eight o'clock, disappointed and tired and exhausted after the hard day's work, he stepped into a hotel dining room . . . and right into the arms of his mother!

"We haven't missed a Thursday dinner together yet," she laughingly explained, "and we aren't going to!"

She had driven 125 miles to keep that date!

* * *

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is the latest Hollywood lady to join the ranks of the "We Haven't Got Any Eyebrows" club started by Jean Harlow and Marlene Dietrich.

Poor Claudette didn't want to go eyebrow-less, but the studio cameramen insisted, just as they insisted she bleach her hair a little bit for a softer photographic effect.

The morning after they took off Claudette's eyebrows in favor of narrow pencil lines, she wept as she gazed into her boudoir mirror.

" . . . and I used to think I looked so nice and *normal* when I woke up in the morning," she wailed. "Now I look like one of those surprised mental cases from 'Private Worlds!' "

EAD THE NEWS HERE!

Don't choose your laxative *blindly!*

BLIND Man's Buff is no game to play . . . in any matter pertaining to your health.

When you need a laxative, you must know *beforehand* how it will act on you.

Harsh laxatives will cause stomach pains, upset you, leave you weak. Laxatives whose sole virtue is gentleness may fail to be thorough.

You must have *both* thoroughness and gentleness . . . you must have pleasant, painless, complete relief from constipation. Never be satisfied with less from a laxative.

Why America uses more Ex-Lax than any other laxative

Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take. Yet its action is so gentle . . . so completely without stomach pains. Ex-Lax doesn't leave you feeling weak, doesn't upset you. Ex-Lax is not habit-forming — you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And Ex-Lax is not a punishment — it's a pleasure to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Ex-Lax has no unpleasant after-taste and no bad after-effects.

Millions of people have found this out. And last year alone, 46 million boxes of Ex-Lax were bought!

And . . . that "Certain Something"

So many imitators have tried to produce a chocolated laxative that would equal Ex-Lax. But they couldn't. Why? Because Ex-Lax is more than just a chocolated laxative. Because the exclusive Ex-Lax process gives Ex-Lax a "certain something" — a certain ideal action that words just can't explain and that *no other laxative has*. But once you try Ex-Lax, you'll know what we mean, and nothing else will ever do for you.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

F65 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name...

Address..

....

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

The whole Warner crowd turned into the bar at Pat O'Brien's party to celebrate purchase of his new house. In a gay scene, from left to right we see Pat, Joan Blondell, Mrs. O'Brien, Jim Cagney, Gracie Allen and George Burns.

Cocktails make Helen Vinson happy and Bill Atkinson thoughtful. Or, is there another reason for Bill's serious mood? They are often seen together, here and there, in Hollywood's popular day and night spots.

NORMA SHEARER writes the most beautiful hand of any star in Hollywood. No wonder Norma likes to write her personal correspondence instead of leaving it to a secretary.

* * *

IF a certain big time star doesn't quit changing her birthdate on her studio biography so often she's going to be "under age" pretty soon and somebody else will have to sign her new contract!

* * *

BRIEFS FROM THE HOLLYWOOD SCENE:

MARY BRIAN dining at the Brown Derby with Guinn (Big Boy) Williams. . . . Conrad Nagel showering plenty of attention on a very young, and very beautiful, Los Angeles socialite at Eaton's Steak and Chop House. . . . Guy Lombardo breaking into the strains of "A Little White Gardenia" as Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone enter the Cocoanut Grove. . . . Joan and Franchot not only danced the number in acknowledgment of the tribute but hummed a soft duet under their breaths as they swayed about the floor. . . . Peggy Fears stepping out high, wide and handsome with Felix Rollo during Marlene Dietrich's visit to New York. . . . Norma Shearer reluctantly refusing an invitation to attend a swanky party at The Trocadero. . . . Norma is attending no more public parties until after the birth of the expected Thalberg heir. . . . Will Rogers getting a two-hour vacation from the "Doubting Thomas" set and spending it in the air flying over Los Angeles with Wiley Post. . . . Eddie Lowe lunching with Mary Carlisle and dining with Marian Marsh the same day . . . Eddie *must* prefer blondes. . . . Dixie Lee Crosby starting a riot of rumors when she was glimpsed in the baby department of Bullock's-Wilshire, buying infant-sized caps and booties . . . *don't get excited* . . . "the little stranger" clothes were gifts for a friend. . . . Ginger Rogers, envy of a whole gang of luncheon friends, eating all sorts of fattening foods and swearing she won't gain a pound. . . . Grace Moore ordering two dozen blue buffet service plates because she's "mad about blue plates" . . . . Sally Eilers showing up at Nan Howard's tea party in the cutest hat of the season . . . a little black number with a great big pompon!

* * *

IF her Fox contract would permit, little Shirley Temple could start out on a personal appearance tour that would earn her $15,000 weekly!

For one radio broadcast she has been offered $5,000!

Yet both of these staggering offers were turned down by Mr. and Mrs. Temple because all of Shirley's time and strength and effort must be concentrated on making movies before she grows too large for the baby class!

Shirley is the most amazing box-office problem in Hollywood. Her "baby appeal" is a good fifty per cent of her selling appeal. Every inch she grows and every pound she puts on tend to decrease her value. Two years from now she might not be worth $1,500 to theatre managers who are scrambling for her services at unbelievable figures today!

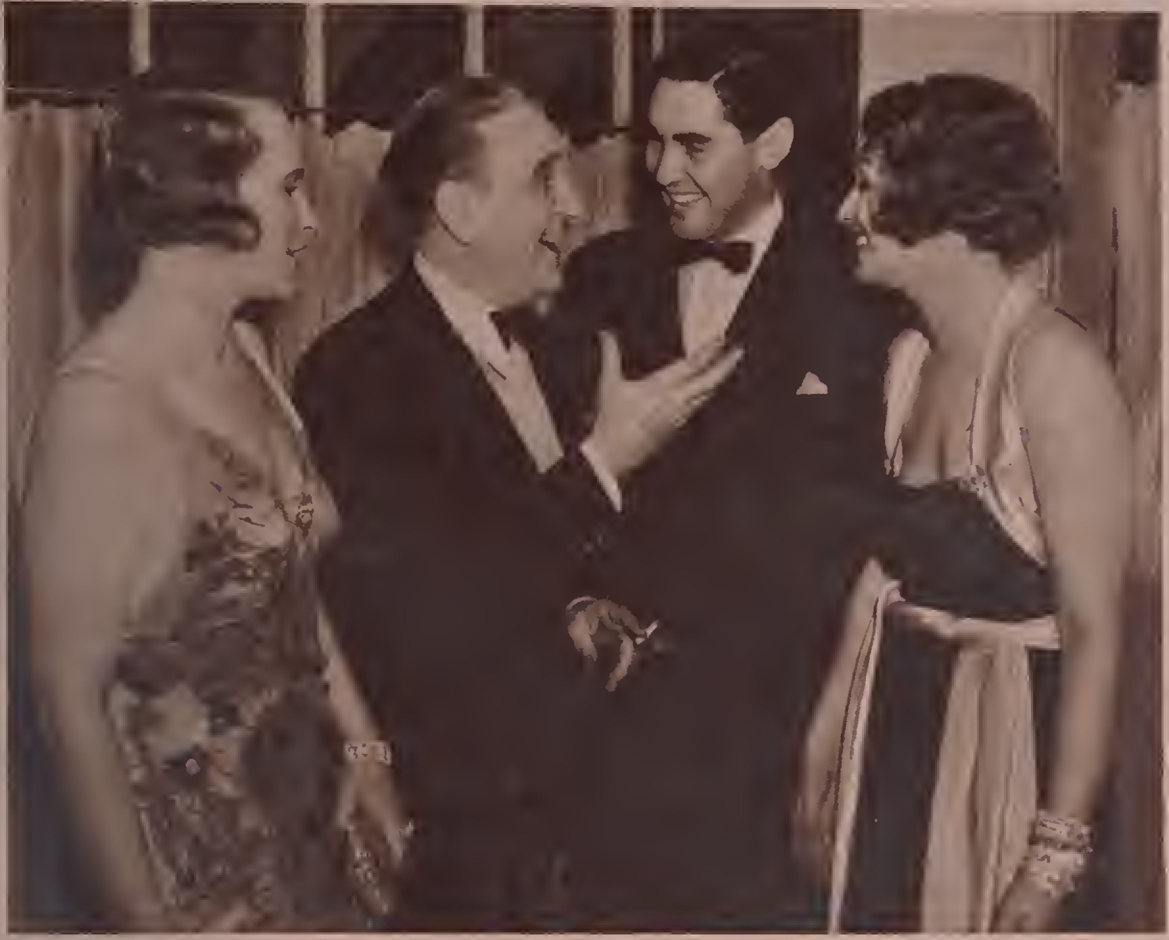
Too bad little Shirley couldn't be triplets and do radio and stage and movie work at the same time!

* * *

THERE may have been colder preview audiences than the one that greeted the unreeling of Dietrich's "The Devil Is a Woman" at the Westwood Theatre but we've never witnessed it! Usually, the enthusiastic first nighters tear the house down when a big star name flashes on the screen. But the combination of Dietrich and Von Sternberg on the title sheet aroused only the professional guests to a polite round of half-hearted applause. The paying customers "sat on their hands."

The silence at the completion of the film was almost embarrassing!

The fans, however, got plenty of thrills in the lobby following the showing. Charlie Chaplin, his two sons and Paulette Goddard were among those present as were Mae West, Conrad Nagel, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow, Bill Powell and Ernst Lubitsch.



It must be a good story that draws such pleased smiles from Mrs. Morgan, Frank Morgan (the story-teller!) Phil Reed and Hazel Forbes. The Trocadero is the right place for gaiety, as all Hollywood has learned.

THERE was much excitement when a lusty-voiced fan started yelling "Garbo . . . Garbo" as a blonde girl with a long bob made her way to her car. The pack made a dive for her . . . and was Helen Vinson embarrassed?

Dietrich was nowhere to be seen. One gossip was spreading the word that she had been present, but walked out in the middle of her own preview.

The only thing colder than that preview audience is the team of Dietrich and Von Sternberg!

* * *

LIONEL BARRYMORE, reporting for scenes in "Mark of the Vampire" found that Oliver Marsh was "sitting in" for the day as cameraman.

"You know Mr. Barrymore?" inquired Tod Browning, the director, performing the introductions.

"Sure he knows me—La Belle Barrymore!" grinned Lionel.

* * *

WE found out it was none other than Virginia Bruce who influenced Pinkie Tomlin (object of her affections) to buy the twelve-cylinder car with the liveried chauffeur. Some influence!

* * *

STEFFI DUNA works her head off at the M-G-M studio in the daytime on "Mystery in Room No. 309." At nights she's equally busy studying American history, English and other subjects at the Hollywood High Night School.

How that girl does want to pass her citizenship examinations. Even above stardom little Steffi wants to be American.

* * *

THE Joel McCreas are looking for a new house boy. It happened at dinner the other night. The Oriental youth inquired: "Havee more chicken?"

Joel and Frances shook their heads.

"That's good," he chortled, "there are not no more!"

* * *

THE movies are mad at the state of California again and are pulling their age-old threat to pull up stakes and abandon Hollywood for Florida. Taxation, of course, is the reason for the big hue and cry. Whenever Sacramento even looks as if its in a taxable frame of mind at least three Hollywood producers run down to Florida and start looking at land sites.

Producer Joseph Schenck was the first to threaten to move out of the state and take his Twentieth Century productions with him. When the local press called "Wolf" and hinted that Mr. Schenck was just trying to throw a scare, he got so mad he wired Zanuck to cancel a $250,000 building improvement scheme on the studio lot!

If this doesn't scare California Mr. Schenck will probably think of something else . . . but in the meantime we'll just bet you the movies never move away from Hollywood.

(*Continued on page* 108)

★ JEAN HARLOW, *Starring in M-G-M's "Reckless"*

Is Make-Up in Color Harmony Jean Harlow's *Secret of Attraction?*

Florence Vondelle Interviews JEAN HARLOW

"Color in make-up must mean color harmony," says Jean Harlow. "And of course, Max Factor, who creates all the make-up used by stars and studios, has the perfect answer in powder, rouge and lipstick harmonized in color for each type."

1. "To harmonize with my complexion colorings . . . platinum blonde hair, very fair skin and blue eyes, Max Factor's Flesh Powder is perfect. So soft and fine in texture, it blends naturally with the skin, creating a satin-smooth make-up that I know will cling for hours."

2. "Rouge should impart a lifelike, delicate flush of color . . . and I find Max Factor's Flame Rouge the correct color harmony for my type. Creamy-smooth in texture, it blends easily and clings perfectly. And here's a hint . . . pat it on lightly; blend with fingertips to gain an added softness of coloring."

3. "Lip make-up is so important . . . it must be moisture-proof; it must be permanent in color; it must harmonize with your colorings, your powder and your rouge. So I use Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick . . . Flame is my color harmony tone: I make up the upper lip first, press my lips together, and then fill in the natural contour."

★ You May Now Share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the stars of the screen by Hollywood's make-up genius, and now featured by leading stores at nominal p . . . Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; M Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Sup Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

Mail for your COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAX FACTOR,
Max Factor's Make-Up Studio,
Hollywood, California.

SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder in my color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose 10 cents for postage and handling.

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

★ Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"* FREE. 25-6-69

NAME

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Meet 'em at the BIKE RACES

1. The field for the 6-Day Bike Races for the benefit of the Screen Actors Guild which brought all Hollywood's sport fans to the Olympic Auditorium. 2. Virginia Pine and George Raft with the Raft bodyguard, Mack Grey, and Mack's new heart flutter, Lucille Ball. 3. Judging from their expressions, Bill and Mrs. Robinson are not betting on the same entry.

4. Wesley Ruggles and Arline Judge, otherwise Mrs. Ruggles. 5. Lee Tracy and Hilda Title, who has Lee's heart-mending contract. 6. Ralph Morgan and Otto Kruger forget their cigars during a tense moment. 7. Mr. and Mrs. James Cagney and Brother Bill; leaning on the rail is Wally Ford; Charlie Starrett occupies the adjoining box; his companion ignored our camera.

④

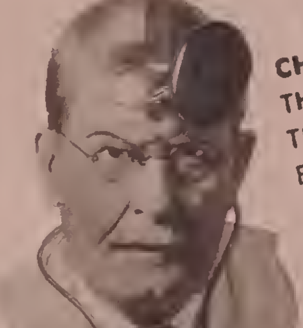
⑦

I was sallow and sort of logy

• Everything I ate seemed to give me gas—I just couldn't get my system regulated properly. My little boy suffered from constipation, too, and didn't like the taste of castor oil. His teacher advised me to give him FEEN-A-MINT. He thought it was just nice chewing gum and took it without the usual fuss. It gave him such a prompt and complete movement that I chewed one myself. That was over a year ago and I want to tell you that FEEN-A-MINT has been a welcome friend in relieving constipation. I wouldn't have any other laxative in the house.

Used by over 15,000,000 people

Our files are full of letters telling what FEEN-A-MINT does for people. Doctors know that FEEN-A-MINT does a more thorough job, and does it gently, because you must chew it—and chewing spreads the laxative evenly through the intestines so that more complete relief comes without straining and griping. Try FEEN-A-MINT yourself—you'll join the 15,000,000 people who are boosters for FEEN-A-MINT—15 and 25¢ at any druggist's.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE... THEN IT MIXES WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES AND SPREADS EVENLY THROUGH THE CLOGGED SYSTEM. THAT IS WHY FEEN-A-MINT GIVES MORE THOROUGH RELIEF. ESPECIALLY ADVISABLE FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

FOR BETTER RESULTS
CHEW YOUR
LAXATIVE

Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

CHOPSTICK

Above — Charles Farrell looks over Lew Borzage's shoulder (she's Frank's sister-in-law) and Tony Winters has her eyes on Pat Ellis seated by Johnny Brown.

Below—Mrs. Borzage, the hostess, John Mack Brown, Charles Farrell, Frank Borzage, Kay Francis, Dick Powell, George Brent and the Japanese entertainers.

An Oriental night in Hollywood made squatters out of our movie stars! Right—George Brent and Kay Francis click chopsticks and share their rice.

PARTY

Dick Powell is tempting Olivia de Haviland with a morsel of food. Is that little fellow Cupid fluttering between them? Our own Hyman Fink snapped these photographs.

Below—Mrs. Borzage (leaning over) is in the act of passing a dish of sukiyaki from one of the Japanese girls to Frank Borzage. On the right, Kay Francis assists while George Brent looks on.

WOMEN . . . rejoice! Your old haunting fear of "accidents" can now be a thing of the past!

For—in the Modess laboratories —a new type of sanitary napkin has recently been perfected. A napkin that combines three *safety* features to give

Complete protection from embarrassing "accidents"!

You can actually *see* and *feel* every one of the three new features. Get a box of the new "Certain-Safe" Modess. (You won't be risking a penny . . . see Money Back Guarantee below.) Read the printed slip inside. Look at the diagrams and compare them with the napkin itself. Even before you wear the new "Certain-Safe" Modess you'll understand how and why it brings you dependable protection against . . . (1) striking through, (2) tearing away, (3) incomplete absorption.

Wear the new Modess once, and you'll ask for it always!

SPECIAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you've been buying another brand of napkin just from habit...here's a challenge! *We'll refund your money if you try the new Modess and don't like it!* Get a box. Wear enough napkins to make a thorough test. If you aren't completely satisfied, return box and remaining napkins to Modess Corporation, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. We'll send you every penny you paid, plus postage!

MODESS—STAYS SOFT—STAYS SAFE

The True Life Story of Grace Moore

Her first conscious memory of Life was dramatic Death! Later, the lean, lanky child saw herself as a singing missionary. Then, the dream changed, leading her to gallant adventure in New York

By WALTER RAMSEY

THE only thing more musical than Grace Moore's singing is Grace Moore's laughter. The full, throaty sound of her mirth filled the living room of her Beverly Hills home where I sat, toasting the afternoon with the finest Burgundy, as my exciting hostess began telling the incidents of one of the most vivid life stories ever lived by an American girl.

The sunlight poured extravagantly through the Venetian blinds, creating an almost artificially theatrical atmosphere in the background. After two or three seasons of the down-to-earth brand of Hollywood celebrity, I was stirred to gratitude for the richness of the setting. Here was color. Why, even the flowers that filled the many enormous bowls to overflowing were a profusion of spring blossoms of every color, not the stilted "all whites" so popular at the moment. Next to the tall wine bottle stood a crock of little-known, imported cheese with a plate of salty crackers handy. A large platter of carved crystal held every variety of *hors d'oeuvres.*

On the opposite side sat the operatic toast of two continents, Hollywood's newest box-office sensation since the release of "One Night of Love," a witty and cosmopolitan woman, Grace Moore. She was wearing white lounging pajamas trimmed in ermine and, after she had settled herself on a couch covered by two magnificent leopard skins, she remarked: "So thoroughly movie-starrish, isn't it? Satin, ermine and leopard?"

I said: "It might have been five years ago. But since then, they've gone in for pants and common sense. All the color is gone."

She said: "Then let's revive it!"

I believe if anyone can, Grace Moore will tone up Hollywood, will enrichen it with new color!

She is a luxurious personality; the product not of synthetic Hollywood and her typical Cinderella story, but of events so vivid and contradictory that you wonder that so much could have happened to one person in such a short span. She is an enigma—being, at once, both Continental and American. She is a Yankee success story mellowed and balanced by triumphs in an older world. Yet she is no more the product of Milan or Paris or Vienna or Berlin than she is of New York and Jellico, Tennessee. In her short life thus far, Grace Moore has been a Ward-Belmont sub-deb, a cabaret singer, a Greenwich Village artist, a musical comedy star, a great prima donna of the Opera and a Hollywood movie queen. She's known hunger, poverty and despair, remembering it all as vividly as her début at the Metropolitan when the audience, in frenzied appreciation, rose to cheer her with loud "Bravas." Even at the height of her operatic glory, she has never lost track of defeat—and she was to meet it again in her first Hollywood experience. She has known more blinding triumphs than Hollywood could ever offer her, yet she takes, I think, more pride in this newest success than all the combined former dancing girls who have arrived at stardom via the chorus route.

But transcending everything, all triumphs, all temporary defeats, there is her all-absorbing passion: her *Voice!* It dominates and intensifies all of the events in her days like an obbligato, a beautiful and necessary overtone to the opera of her life. It is the guiding force of everything that has ever happened to her, that ever will happen, big or small.

Grace Moore lives because she sings—and because she sings she has lived abundantly! Life has responded to her song just as ardently as did Europe, then New York, and eventually Hollywood. But first, Jellico.

"*MY first conscious memory of Life is of dramatic Death!*" Grace said.

She was just past her third birthday, beginning to lisp out her first words, when she clung to her father's hand on a Pullman platform in the middle of the night and watched the rescue workers carry the blanketed bodies of the train wreck away.

Before this, her world had been a series of vague impressions: of the gay, warm woman she called "Mother" who patiently told her to say that her name was "Gracie Moore" and that she lived in "Tennessee" (which was very hard to say); of warm rooms and lilac bushes that grew in the yard; of black people who seemed to be ever happy and smiling; of the tall man who was "Father" and of two very loud, very healthy little boys who were her brothers and who teased her a lot. But it wasn't until all the excitement of bundling her up and getting her on the hissing, black train with her father, and all that talk about visiting a mysterious uncle over in Carolina, together with the goodbyes of mother and the squeals and yells of Richard and James, that anything was really definite to her.

The train was exciting. It tore with such speed through the night. It whistled, shrieked and groaned. She loved it—and paraded back and forth between the careening cars as often as she could coax her father to take her. She didn't want to go to bed. Even though her father insisted, she pleaded for just one more walk through the swaying, noisy train.

"Please, daddy, *please*, daddy," she begged, pulling at his coat sleeve. In exasperated amusement, her father rose and took the chubby hand of his little girl.

If he hadn't, there would have been no life story of Grace Moore to tell! For ten minutes later, their Pullman was a smoldering mass of wood and cinders and the night was fearful with the cries of the agonized victims.

Gracie was too young to know what the awful crash had meant, too young to know that Death had been riding in their Pullman just four coaches away. But she knew that her father's strong arms shook as he pressed her to his heart; that in spite of the cold, great beads of perspiration stood out on his face as they waited in the undamaged vestibule and watched the red lanterns swinging outside and heard the rush and the noise of the rescue-workers, busy at their terrible task.

That train wreck, that awful, early glimpse of death, created a bond between Grace and her father, a bond of the heart that was never

Above, ten months after Grace Moore was born in Jellico, Tennessee. Right, the reverse side of the baby picture gives us some statistics about "Gracie": Aged ten months; eyes, blue; hair, light. Ordered by Mrs. R. L. Moore.

Lot No. .... Picture No. ....
Colors or ~~Black and White~~ } Cross out ones not wanted.
~~Bust or~~ Full Figure........
Separate or together........
Age, No. 1 .... of No. 2........
Color eyes, No. 1 Blue No. 2........
Color hair, No. 1 .... No. 2........
Town .... State ....
Remarks ....
Name signed on contract ....
Mrs. R. L. Moore
Street No. ....
Extra charges for extras........
Solicitor ....
Name of one to be enlarged ....
REX MFG. CO. 192-194 E. MADISON ST. CHICAGO.

to be broken. Later in life, their wills were to clash, but never their hearts. Even after they were back in Jellico and two or three uneventful years had gone safely by, she was never surprised when her father would suddenly whisk her up into his arms and embrace her so deeply that the little hair-ribbons on her blonde head would wobble. As she grew older, she realized that they had been too close to death to be ungrateful for life.

"I think the train accident marked the beginning of Father's success in life," she told me. "Before that time, I've been told, we were none too well off, living in one of those little, brown houses that are so numerous in all towns. But things moved more swiftly for Father, after that. And before I was seven years old, we had moved from the modest, brown house of my birth to the house that was the goal of everyone in Jellico: *the Big White House on the corner!* I don't suppose there is a small town in the country that doesn't have one."

By the time Grace reached the fourth grade in school, the name of R. L. Moore was one to reckon with in Jellico. His banking and financing business had thrived and he held the controlling interest in a chain of wholesale drygoods stores and had already begun to acquire the first of his many knitting mills.

GRACIE grew into a tall, lean, lanky child with unruly blonde hair and a positive gift for making noise. By this time, the family had been increased by the addition of another brother, Martin, and a sister, Emily. With the exception of "noisy" little Gracie, their lives were serene and orderly. Frequently, when she was noisy, she was actually singing hymns she had learned in Sunday school and church but quite as often she was just yelling.

Whatever Gracie did, so did the rest of the kids in the small neighborhood. She was the strong one, the ringleader, the boss. Almost every afternoon they would put on "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the Moore backyard. Of course, Gracie was the leading lady, else she wouldn't play. The only other player whose role was always the same was Jabo, the son of the Moore's colored cook. Jabo was always a *slave*. They would tie him to the tree and pretend to beat him with an old leather belt. Sometimes the leading lady would step out of character long enough to help with the beatings.

(In Jellico on a recent concert tour, Grace Moore waited back-stage as usual to sign programs of the audience—for which she collects 25c, and after doubling the amount, turns the whole over to the fund for disabled musicians. She was surprised to see a black hand come through the mob with a program and a quarter. This was unusual for a southern Negro; they are generally so timid. She called for the owner of the program to come forward and there stood Jabo. A little older, slightly grayed, but still Jabo. "But Jabo," laughed the prima donna, "you haven't grown an inch since I last saw you!" "No'm," grinned the little black man, "I think I got my growth stunted playing your slave when you was little!" He was joking, but the incident is a bright bead on the necklace of her memory.)

THERE wasn't a single moment of her grade school days that Grace Moore didn't hate. When she was old enough to write, she would pen excuses for herself, presumably from her mother. When this ruse eventually failed, she would merely leave the classroom on one pretext or another and just fail to return.

Her kingdom was the great outdoors. In the spring, she would go on her absent-without-leave excursions from the school, wandering barefooted through the clover fields—her head thrown back, trying to mock the clear notes of the thrushes. Or she would stroll *(Continued on page 87)*

Ah, folks, here's a classy number (the car), the first Cadillac in Jellico. In the picture, Gracie doesn't show the excitement she felt.

Below, Gracie's graduating class in school. If you'll look closely, you'll see her, third from the right, in the third row. She hated every moment of grade school days.

You'll Want to Know FRED MacMURRAY

And here's your chance to meet the handsome lad who leaped into the movie limelight in "The Gilded Lily"

By JULIE LANG HUNT

HOLLYWOOD is frankly embarrassed by the thunderclap success of Fred MacMurray.

Quite innocently, I am sure, this MacMurray person turned his first screen appearance in "The Gilded Lily" into a triumphant picture theft, thereby kicking into a cocked hat the favorite stump speech of all our eloquent movie producers.

It is an excellent stump speech, too, with all the vital statistics and facts nicely correlated to prove that no one could aspire to screen recognition without stage experience, Broadway experience, stock experience, technical experience. But why go on? You must know the oration by heart.

And just when all the executives were letter-perfect in this little talk for radio broadcasts, news-reels and interviews, along comes this Mr. MacMurray and stumps the stump speech, if you know what I mean.

Fred MacMurray is shockingly and unbelievably bereft of the slightest tint of stage experience, down to and not including high school dramatic club experience, and his undeniable filching of "The Gilded Lily" from such a veteran as the divine Colbert herself, relegates to the ash heap Hollywood's most impressive harangue, titled "No Amateurs Wanted."

Above, Fred at the age of three. Below, during those days when he played saxophone in orchestras and kept a handful of extra jobs, besides studying commercial art.

Dramatic critics on the whole refuse to believe that MacMurray is unsullied by past dramatic training. Some of the more acid press reviewers claim the whole set-up is a publicity stunt, and suggest that careful digging in the vicinity of the MacMurray past should reveal nothing less than a Theater Guild background and a decade of London "legit," plus one-night stands from Maine to California.

It is true that an energetic dredging of Fred MacMurray's twenty-six years reveals much that solves his sudden accident of talent but nothing that smacks of professional miming, unless he is qualified because of musical ability.

Recently I spent a long and rainy afternoon with Hollywood's most brilliant "find" of the year, sifting out the circumstances, the people, the forces in his life that have finally shoved him blindly over the barriers to success.

We discovered (I say we, because Fred had never thought of the fact before) that his amazing acting ability is made up of one very small part inherited talent from an artistic father, and one huge immovable lump of determination to reach a financial safety zone.

The first important biographical clue that fell through the sieve was the fact that Fred

(Continued on page 71)

ADVICE TO June Brides

NOW that the honeymoon is over, the gifts unpacked and the last picture hung up in that little dream house, along comes Hollywood to offer the best gift of all. Advice for a happy marriage. Yes, I said Hollywood, for not all marriages in movie town are the on again, off again kind. Built on a firm foundation of good common sense, some of the happiest marriages in all marriagedom are found right here in Hollywood. And being the wife of a Hollywood actor is just as severe a test as any marriage can stand. Certainly it requires twice the skill and thinking to keep a man happy in marriage knowing hundreds of other women are casting covetous eyes in his direction, in a town, famous for its beautiful women.

Warren William is one of Hollywood's handsomest actors, sought after by women of every age and type. Yet, for twelve long years, through lean days and prosperous ones, he's remained steadfast to one woman—his wife. What is the secret behind this happy marriage? What are the rules applied by Mrs. William?

Harold Lloyd is a handsome, young multi-millionaire, a sure target for every beautiful schemer in Hollywood, a man who could almost claim the earth if he wished. Yet one little blonde woman has shared his all through twelve years of happy Hollywood marriage. The Lloyds are just a boy and girl who began their careers together and who still share each other's joys and sorrows. How has Mildred Lloyd accomplished this?

Otto Kruger has become known as the man with the greatest sex appeal on the screen. "It would take at least eight women to make me happy," Otto once declared. Eight? He's spoofing. It's taken exactly one—one dark-eyed lady, Mrs. Kruger. Contrary to all his extravagant statements concerning his need of lovely ladies about him, he wants only the woman who bears his name. How has Otto Kruger's wife taken the place of not only eight women but of all women in this man's life? What are her rules for a happy and lasting marriage?

Edward G. Robinson is believed by many to be one of Hollywood's greatest actors. His success, his magnificent talent, draw about him charming women as a flame attracts moths. Constant praise, flattery and adulation add to the problem. Yet one woman has solved the problem and solved it well for eight years. Why again, we ask? There must be some formula, some plan behind these unique marriages, particularly in Hollywood where most marriages fail.

"It's better to be a golf widow," declares Mildred Lloyd, shown with Harold (upper left of charmed circle). Below — Edward G. Robinson agrees with Mrs. Robinson's "Learn to give in."

Let the women themselves tell you what they learned.

"To begin with, every woman should know her man," says Mrs. Warren William. "Know his faults as well as his virtues and don't, as soon as the wedding bells have ceased their pealings, begin making him over. A remodeled job is never a success. You fell in love with 'John' as he is. A remodeled 'John' may be someone you wouldn't even care for. But know and understand your man and act accordingly. This may not be romantic but it is intelligent.

"If he's stubborn, as my husband is, for example, don't make the mistake of trying to drive him. Recently I was trying to force Warren to do something I felt very important to his career. 'You've got to do it, Warren,' I

"You fell in love with him as he is," counsels Mrs. William, who appears at the upper right with Warren. Below — "Keep your spirits up; weight down." —Mrs. Otto Kruger.

urged, disregarding his temperament. 'You've just got to.

"He looked at me for a long second and then said, very quietly, 'You should know by this time you can't drive me. No one can make me do anything I don't want to do.'

"I did know it, of course, and knew something else, too. I had gone at the whole thing in a tactless manner. Tact is one of the necessary ingredients of a happy marriage and there is never a problem arises that can't be solved by the use of it.

"From the very beginning, look past those first delirious days to the blessed companionship that comes through happy marriage and build toward that goal. Do the things he wants to do, even when they prove distasteful to you. All of our married life Warren's whole idea of pleasure has been to pilot some sea-going boat through endless miles of ocean. Frankly, I admit now for the first time in my life, I have never cared for it. But I've gone willingly every time he's suggested it.

" 'You don't really care about the water, do you?' a friend asked me the other day.

" 'Of course she does,' " Warren spoke up gruffly, " 'she always goes with me.'

"Certainly I felt repaid for all the long hours I had spent at sea and knew I had cemented one more link in the marriage chain that binds a man and a woman.

"I would strongly advise giving up a career. A woman must be the homemaker and be free from her own worries when a man comes home tense and nerve-torn from a busy day. Certainly a tired business woman is in no condition to smoothe the troubled male ego.

"Peace, just peace, is happiness, remember. And there can be no peace unless one is willing to be the peacemaker. It sounds trite, I admit, but men are little boys grown up. Always remember, when things go wrong, he didn't set out deliberately to make you unhappy. If he says he loves you, believe it. Know it. Don't keep asking him over and over. Nothing will drive a man crazier than that.

"Nagging, I believe, is a woman's greatest vice and nothing can kill a man's love and respect for a woman as quickly. A man speaks his mind once and forgets it. A woman keeps on speaking it. Learn to say what's on your mind and let it go at that.

"I believe a wife should breakfast with her husband every morning. And be at the door to say goodbye and send him off with a cheery smile. It's a little ceremony between the two of them and it becomes dear to both.

"When a man comes home tired, grumpy, cranky (and they all do, you know) don't throw (*Continued on page 96*)

Given with the utmost candor by Hollywood's most successful wives who believe marriage offers career enough for women

By SARA HAMILTON

Woman's Five Chances for LOVE

JEANETTE MACDONALD is startlingly the same as she is on the screen. She has the same quiet, amused wisdom which marks the lovely princesses and queens and widows she plays. Still very young, Jeanette seems to have discovered life for exactly what it is.

"Life never lets us down unless we let down," she says. And enthusiasm lights little fires in her eyes, green as the sea where it lies quiet and deep.

We were lunching, Jeanette and I, in her sunroom in Beverly Hills.

"We have," she said, "at least five chances to be attractive personalities. We have five ages when the stage is set all over again for us. That's why I say life doesn't let us down unless we let down. For if we do, we naturally haven't a chance of commanding the stage that is set for us. Or of winning any of the prizes which are to be had as a reward for an excellent performance—popularity, success, or love. And love is something every woman wants. You know it!"

There were orchids in a silver bowl. And the light caught by the clear diamond on Jeanette's engagement finger broke in tiny shoots of fire.

"First," she said, "there's eighteen. First and best. When we're eighteen our interest in boys is new and high. And so we have every chance of being lovely. A woman in love glows. That's not sentimental but a biological fact. With glands stimulated, hair and skin and eyes benefit. Even the voice of a woman in love is warmer, fuller.

"Eighteen's best, to my mind, because it brings the first love. And with our first love we think, 'Ah, this is paradise! There never was anything like this before. There never will be again. No one ever felt like this before. And no one ever will again.'

"Other loves are grand. But they're tinctured with a

as seen by JEANETTE MacDONALD

"Life never lets us down unless we let down" is the inspiring advice to those of her own sex who feel about love as this screen star does

y ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

knowledge which eighteen happily and innocently lacks.

"However wonderful an age as this is it brings danger. It's so seldom the love of eighteen is given opportunity to strike down roots. If nothing else happens cold economics get in the way. Life today isn't exactly in step with Nature. A boy can't marry just because he wants to.

"And when love affairs fail girls are too inclined to brood, to handicap themselves as personalities by their self-pity and tears, and their doubts as to whether life ever again can be worth the living.

"Unhappy, of course, we're bound to have some bad times. They can't be avoided. But if we're smart we have them in private. If we're smart we're careful not to bore other people to the place where they avoid us, so that opportunities to get about and be equal for tomorrow and the new things it's so sure to bring, are closed to us.

"Then comes twenty-five. At twenty-five the stage is set for us a second time. We still have the charm of youth, but it's a different youth. At twenty-five we're so sure of ourselves. We remember the pain of eighteen and think we have lived. We have the sparkle of a superficial sophistication.

"All of this provided we haven't given up the ship, of course. All of this provided we've stepped along.

"Twenty-five is about the normal marrying age these days. But whether we marry or whether we don't, it's our job as individuals to get ready for our next age.

"At thirty even more has happened to us unless we've gone through the intervening years a living corpse, giving nothing and, therefore, receiving nothing. At thirty we should have a personal philosophy minted from our own experiences and observations. At thirty we really should find our stride.

"Besides knowing now what we want from life we still have time to get out and get it.

"And then, then there's forty!"

A soufflé, light and brown, was served. And wine was poured.

"It's Chateau Yquem for a special treat!" Jeanette was as enthusiastic about the dry golden wine as someone might be who could have it only once in a blue moon. She hasn't, obviously, allowed luxury to sate her any more than she allowed difficulties to embitter her. Whatever life brings she finds it thrilling because it's life. And if there's a happier point of view with which to chart the years I've never heard about it.

She raised her glass. "To forty! The most difficult of all ages to handle. Forty is an interesting age. But so dubious. When we adjust ourselves, it's splendid. At forty we're less easily hurt than we used to be. We've found still more interests and to them we bring the richness of experience. At forty we should have understanding for ourselves and for others. We should be as attractive, in a different way, as we were twenty odd years before at eighteen.

"However, if at forty we're trying desperately to hold on to a youth which already has left us, then it's depressing. No good can come of it. Instead of being the interesting, seasoned individual we might be at this age and therefore provocative, we're stupid and worse yet, ludicrous.

"When a woman becomes (*Continued on page* 83)

Jeanette MacDonald is a woman in love, and the object of her affections is Bob Ritchie. Jeanette thinks that love is the most important thing in life.

THEY WORK HARD FOR A Laugh

By GEORGE MADDEN

Dick Arlen once capitalized on the well known rivalry between sailors and marines. His friend, Bing Crosby, happened to be playing a gob in a picture—and so—.

Illustrated by
HUBBELL REED McBRIDE

HOLLYWOOD'S screen comedians, backed by small armies of directors, gag men and "comedy constructionists," supply laughs by the millions to millions of the world's movie-goers.

But not all the laughs that originate in Hollywood are carried to the far corners of the earth via celluloid. Many a hearty guffaw is never heard outside of the vaguely defined boundaries of Cinemaland.

They work hard—these Hollywoodians. And they play with equal fervor. Perhaps that's why Hollywood is the paradise of the practical joker and no effort or expense is too great for a laugh.

The humor is sometimes rough but never malicious. It frequently resembles the off-the-diamond comedy of a baseball club in the spring training camp but it is part of the unwritten code that the joke must never leave a welt on the hide of the victim.

For instance:

Not so long ago the engagement of a prominent young film executive, scion of one of filmdom's pioneer families, was announced to the daughter of a reigning monarch of movieland. The wedding date was set; the invitations were mailed. Then the gagsters went to work.

A bachelor dinner was planned by studio friends of the bridegroom-to-be, to be held on the customary wedding eve. One of Los Angeles' leading hotels was selected as the place and an elaborate menu, both edible and drinkable, was ordered for the occasion.

At this point the most versatile property-maker in one of the studios was called into action. To him was assigned the task of preparing a copy of every article of food on the menu with just this restriction: No part of this strange meal was to be edible!

The dinner guests assembled. The future happiness of the couple was generously toasted until all hands were merry and bright—and hungry. Dinner was served. But when the guest of honor attempted to sip his consommé he found it curiously solid; it resisted his best hungry efforts. The fish course was adroitly compounded of rubber; the steak a marvel of painted wood. Not one bite of food ever reached his palate during the entire evening. And every man jack of the diners, each of them eating voraciously and fully acquainted with the plot, carefully maintained a straight face. They inquired solicitously about the honor guest's apparent lack of appetite and insisted that he drink every wine course as toast after toast was proposed.

And so far, far into the night. (P. S. The wedding went through on schedule but many guests commented on the unusual pallor of the bridegroom.)

TO Jack Oakie, perhaps more than any other individual in the film capital, goes the distinction of being both the leading perpetrator and the chief victim of Hollywood humor. For instance, there was the time not so long ago when Jack was toying with the idea of buying a house for himself and his mother in the Toluca Lake community where Bing Crosby, Dick Arlen, Mary Brian, W. C. Fields—all Jack's good friends—and other film favorites have their homes. One bright day the entire community found itself placarded with signs which read: "Keep Poison Oakie Out Of Toluca Lake."

But Jack can give it as well as take it. As the town's leading exponent of the spontaneous wisecrack, he is accustomed to waves of laughter following in his wake. At a recent party the guests plotted to unhorse him; all hands agreed among themselves to "dead pan" all of Oakie's witticisms. Thereafter his funniest sallies were met with polite stares—but no laughter.

Unabashed, the resourceful Oakie promptly turned the joke on the jokers. Slipping away to a telephone, he called the Central Casting Bureau, booking office for the extra talent of filmdom. And at the regular rate of studio pay, he hired a small army of well-dressed minor players to join the party with instructions to follow him about constantly and laugh uproariously at every Oakie wisecrack—an expensive but highly successful stunt.

INNUMERABLE are the anecdotes which cling about the memory of the late Wilson Mizner, playwright, scenarist and raconteur extraordinary. But one of his pranks that still rocks Hollywood with reminiscent laughter was staged at one of the lavish "world premieres" at Sid Grauman's famous Chinese Theatre in the heart of the film community.

All Hollywood, attired in its best bib and tucker turns out for these affairs. Rolls-Royces by the score clog the Boulevard and the actor, director or writer who doesn't own a chauffeur-driven motor hires the most lavish available equipage, with liveried driver to match, for the evening—just another Hollywood custom.

To this particular premiere Mizner invited a screen beauty who likewise dearly loved a laugh. To her he outlined his "gag." She ordered a stunning gown and commandeered all available jewelry for the occasion. As the long queue of glistening limousines crawled to the theatre entrance, Mizner, resplendent in tails and topper, was discovered at the wheel of what was unquestionably the most dilapidated Ford ever seen in the movie capital. Mizner had purchased it that day on a second-hand car lot for the sum of fifteen dollars. Beside him was the beautiful and bejeweled lady aforementioned.

The Ford panted, roared and clanked its way forward. When it arrived at the carpeted entrance to the Grauman Theatre, Mizner alighted, assisted his guest to descend and strolled nonchalantly into the house, leaving his "motor" perilously leaning at the curb where it effectively blocked all of the snooty cars in its wake.

A panic-stricken theatre employee, foreseeing a terrific traffic snarl, rushed after Mizner (*Continued on page 109*)

Amazing, the lengths to which Hollywood's famous practical jokesters will go—just for a guffaw at somebody's expense!

KEEP POISON OAKIE OUT OF TOLUCA LAKE

There was the time when Jack Oakie was toying with the idea of buying a house for himself and his mother at Toluca Lake. So his "pals" got together and fixed things up for him just dandy. Read about their joke in this amusing story.

Here's why Bill *will never*

FOR SALE: Your dream house come true! Must be seen to be appreciated. Operates entirely by push-buttons. Amusement room complete with gadgets. Too many rooms to count. Fine neighborhood. Library of world's dullest books thrown in free! See Wm. Powell, owner. On premises or in wine cellar.

BEFORE you start looking through the Sunday paper for this remarkable advertisement, it would be best to explain a few pertinent matters. Believe it or not, Bill Powell's new house was built for sale.

It is, in fact, his Big Investment.

But due to one unfortunate Powell characteristic, this imposing old manse is more likely to be regarded as the crowning achievement in a long line of get-poor-quick schemes which dot this financier's spectacular career. The trouble is Bill couldn't say no to the gadget makers.

"You are gazing upon the country's greatest example of no sales resistance," he told me. "I should have thought of that, of course, before I started to build what will doubtless be referred to in years to come as 'Powell's Folly.'

"In fact, I've always found it difficult to say 'no'. It is to this faculty that I really owe my great success in not becoming a millionaire. No matter what financial enterprise is afoot, salesmen head their list with Bill Powell. I am the prize prospect. In fact I have so stimulated trade that many of the leading statisticians credit me with ending the depression. I'll bite at anything.

"I began modestly enough, like many others, by investing in utilities, and was a screaming success during the crash, dropping practically every cent."

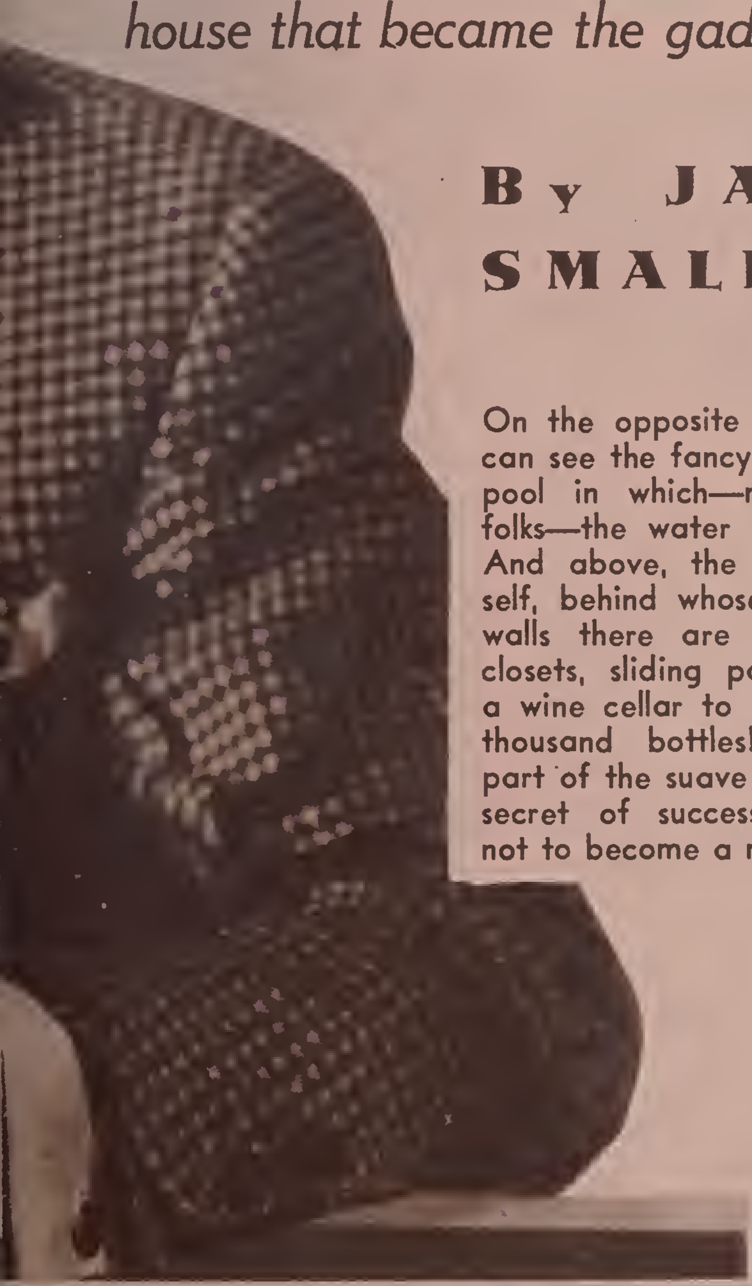
Having successfully reduced a fortune of $125,000 to a bare $25, or thereabouts, Bill saw that he had a real penchant for this sort of thing, and looked about for more fields to conquer.

How he managed to top even this amaz-

Powell be rich!

It's his crowning achievement in a long line of get-poor-quick schemes—"Powell's Folly"—the house that became the gadget makers' paradise!

By JACK SMALLEY



On the opposite page you can see the fancy swimming pool in which—no foolin', folks—the water is heated! And above, the manse itself, behind whose gracious walls there are concealed closets, sliding panels, and a wine cellar to hold three thousand bottles! It's all part of the suave thespian's secret of success—in how not to become a millionaire!

ing accomplishment in hectic days to come, was fully and frankly revealed to me by Bill when I went out to ask him for his success story. He was engaged at that time in the production of "Reckless." This title hasn't anything to do with Bill's various financial investments; rather it concerns a young lady named Jean Harlow who Bill and I both were ready to admit grows more recklessly beautiful every day of her life.

Jean, raising no objections to my taking away her leading man, we withdrew to a quiet corner of the set where Bill unfolded the precious formula for avoiding wealth.

"After the now historical market crash, in which instead of mopping up I was mopped up," Bill said, "I determined to invest in some gilt-edged securities, the kind that says: 'After such and such a time, we promise to pay to the holder of this bond in gold. . . .'

"That word gold always did strike my fancy. There's something substantial about it. Just roll it off your tongue like this—go-o-old. Nice, huh? Now, a financier like myself has to follow the inside track of various trends, and the first thing I knew there was a trend toward inflation. Such rumors began to get me down. Those were good, solid dollars I had put over the counter in exchange for gold bonds, and I didn't want anyone to start making little ones out of big ones with my money.

"But imagine my consternation, when I went for my dollars, to discover that we were no longer on the gold standard! 'Oh, we forgot to tell you, we've changed all that,' the banker informed me.

"Again I had managed, with my financial genius, to avoid riches. I decided that I'd look into state bonds. Getting out a map I counted 48 different states, all with bonds to sell. And I reasoned this way: if one state got into financial difficulties, there would be 47 others to come to the rescue. So I invested.

"BUT just when I was rubbing my hands and gazing fondly at my pile of paper bonds, another blow fell. They passed a law on me. The law said that if a state owed say a billion dollars, they'd legally limit the bill to a half billion. Somehow or other I managed to be in the half that was cut—I'm sure of that, because my bonds always seemed to be doing prat falls, as they say in the movies.

"Being just a hard working actor trying to get along, I had been looking into the future. Not everybody can look into the future and predict things so well, I'm sure, because I saw that some day this once proud

(*Continued on page 98*)

Ginger Rogers

Glamorous Ginger prefers her leading men long and lithe. Fresh from co-starring with Fred Astaire in "Roberta," she went into RKO-Radio's "Star of Midnight," with William Powell. Now she and Fred are together again in "Top Hat," the musical for which Irving Berlin composed the tunes.

She KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED

And because she knew how to get it, Joan Bennett has come into her own as one of our leading actresses

By SHEILA WORTH

Her thrilling work in "Mississippi" proved that Joan has discovered and made use of a secret as old as love itself.

RECENTLY something amazing has happened to Joan Bennett. The youngest, the shyest of the Bennetts she has come into her own in Hollywood. Long overshadowed by the spectacular doings of her older sister Constance, she seemed a shallow, immature blonde whose purpose on the screen was merely decorative. You sensed little genuine feeling in her.

But a little more than a year ago, with "Little Women," came the turn. She gave a delightful performance, and in competition with the dynamic Hepburn. In the year since, besides taking time out to have a baby, she has continued with thrilling work in "Pursuit of Happiness," "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head" and "Mississippi." Until now, gathering more and more admirers among the discerning, she bids fair to overtake Constance.

Joan's private life has become happy, too. And this in a town which scorns simple domestic pleasures. This is why she has improved so tremendously in her work.

Snapped at the Beverly Wilshire—one of Hollywood's really happy couples—Mr. and Mrs. Gene Markey.

It is rather breath-taking to realize that she is only twenty-four. Her life to date, streaked with hectic joys and equally perplexing plunges into misery, has been so full. Yet, to look at this Joan who philosophizes so intelligently, you can hardly imagine that she has gone through anything. She has the bloom of eighteen.

ELEVEN years ago, when she had just reached her teens, Joan made the decision which accounts for her being as she is today.

At that time her mother and father divorced. Youngest of the three daughters in the extremely temperamental Richard Bennett family, Joan was terribly hurt by the separation of her parents. She had grown used to their fireworks. But she yearned for a regular, normal home life.

At heart she was different from them. *She knew what she wanted and made up her mind to get it.*

In those bewildering days Joan figured it all out. As a child she had been taken on tour, not acting, but tagging along with her parents. Then, while they were busy on Broadway, she had been sent to a boarding-school up in the Connecticut hills.

Connie was six years older. At the time of the parental split the irrepressible Constance had already become the gayest of the gay young set in New York City. She had married a college student in haste and the venture had been as quickly annulled. She was flaming youth.

All around the idealistic young Joan were evidences of the heartbreak which too fast a pace brings. Very deliberately, and to herself, she made a vow. (*Continued on page 93*)

Revealing THE HIDDEN WAR

Come behind the scenes of the most serious internal film conflict Hollywood has ever known

WAR and rumors of war between the actors and producers have at last reached the point of open hostilities in Hollywood.

Behind the smoke screen of apparent amity between these two ruling classes in Hollywood now stands revealed two armed camps prepared for a fight to the finish.

For the first time in the history of pictures, the actors have joined the American Federation of Labor and combined with Equity, the New York theater actors' union, declaring their intention to show a united front to the producers. They have drawn up a list of demands calling for new types of contracts, limitation of working hours, and other far-reaching changes.

Thus fortified with powerful allies, Hollywood screen actors are ready for war, carrying the banner of the Screen Actors Guild and representing a united force.

And ready to meet them are the producers, banded under the leadership of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, with all the power of the studios and the distributors under their flag. They are determined to defend the fort against the invasion of actors who, the producers maintain, should remain in their own provinces instead of attempting to dictate business policies.

"We insist that trained executives are the best judges of how to manage the employment of actors and the production of pictures," say the producers. "We're risking the stockholders' money, not the actors' money. We intend to go on running our own business."

For each argument put forward by the producers, the actors have an answer. The preliminary skirmishes hold all the excitement of open warfare.

To reveal to the public what has been going on in the secret councils of war in these two opposing camps, we have gone directly to the leaders of both groups with the proposal that an unbiased report on the conflict be given. Robert Montgomery acted as spokesman for the artists, while the producers' side of the story was obtained by questioning a number of studio executives.

At present both sides are deadlocked, with the matter in the hands of Sol Rosenblatt, the deputy administrator of the NRA codes affecting pictures. Whether or not a treaty can be arranged depends on final arbitration between the camps.

A surprise move, however, on the part of the producers, which came just before this story went to press, threatens to change completely the battle lines of the two armies.

In place of the contract which will have expired before this is read, producers offer a new five-year plan which, if all indications are true, will be ratified and signed by joint committees of producers and actors within the producers' organization known as the Academy.

At first glance it would seem that the proposals of the producers would have spiked most of the Guild's demands. One point, and this to the Guild is the most important, remains undecided and it may well be over this that the first siege guns are fired. The producers still refuse to recognize the Guild as an organization through which to arbitrate actors' claims, the one thing the Guild feels is most necessary to its successful existence.

Briefly, the major proposals of the producers included in the proffered five-year contract are as follows:

1. Abolition of the "deal" contract, which comes under heavy fire from the actors later in this article.
2. Enforcement of the twelve-hour rest period, another bone of contention which formed one of the chief demands of the Guild (this is discussed more fully later on.)
3. Holidays with pay and no work, still another Guild demand.
4. Reduction of Saturday night work.
5. Arbitration through the Academy, optional with the actor, compulsory with the producer. (This is the point over which the really big clash is likely to come eventually.)
6. Make the day call binding. (An actor who has been given a call for a day's work may be given a cancellation order a few hours before he is scheduled to start work.)
7. Pay for excessive make-up time.
8. Reduction of the "On or about" clause from forty-eight to twenty-four hours. (According to this, no actor can be called more than twenty-four hours ahead of time for work at the studio.)
9. "No strike" clause ruled out.

Reduced to simple terms, the producers are battling to keep an open shop and are willing to make these concessions to get it because, with all the companies suffering from vast losses through the depression, increased costs are out of the question.

"The actors are trying to make a trade out of a profession," said one producer. "It can't be done. It ruined the theater; it will ruin the screen. Every proposal made by the actors would increase already burdensome costs, and in the end would cut down production. No production, no salaries—so where would be the gain? An actor is like a doctor or a newspaper man; rigid working hours are impossible. We compete for services of these people, and are willing to barter in the open market for talent. Salaries for actors are determined by demand, and you'll find many an actor who got $30 a week on the stage getting $300 on the screen. As for working conditions, this is like no other business in the world and cannot be governed like a soap factory. We understand its complications; the actor does not. We insist on controlling our end of it, no matter how hard we must fight to do so."

In the (*Continued on page* 80)

between the Actors and Producers

By JOHN LITTLE

On the other page you see Eddie Cantor and Ann Harding — on this page, Jim Cagney and Bob Montgomery. All four stars play a vitally important part in the struggle.

BACKSTAGE

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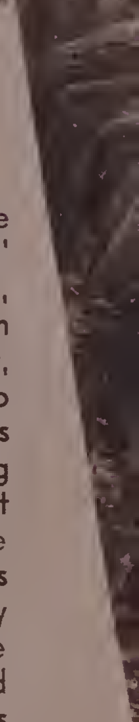
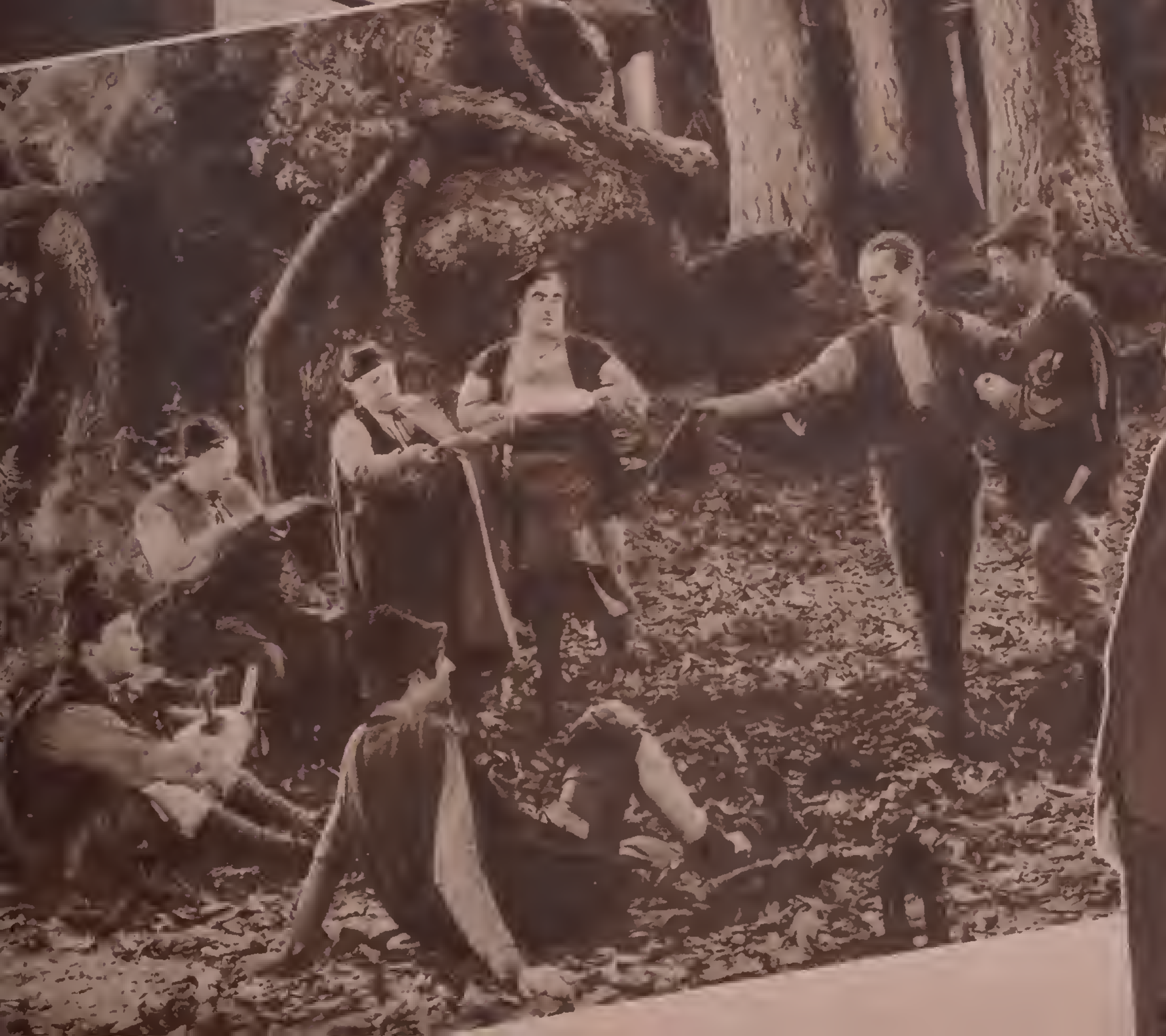


Those who know and have been on the set, say this is anything but a "highbrow" film. It's a lively, amusing, romantic one, entertaining for both young and old. In the upper left is director Max Reinhardt, seated, watching the lighting effects. To the right of him is Jean Muir, who plays Helena, knitting while on the set, waiting for her cue. Below her is Reinhardt again, explaining something from the script to Anita Louise. That's a donkey's head they are putting on Jimmy Cagney (lower left). He's going to surprise movie fans in his half unreal makeup. And who is this? Victor Jory, of course, as Oberon. Just above are Dick Powell (Lysander), Jean Muir (Helena) and Ross Alexander (Demetrius) rehearsing for Stanley Logan, who's the dialogue director.

AT MAX REINHARDT'S

Midsummer Night's Dream

At the top (other page), Anita Louise as Titania is with little Sheila Brown, the fairy. Above, Mickey Rooney (by now out of the hospital) who plays the part of Puck, despite having broken his leg during last winter. Upper right—eight fairies in a hill-top ballet. Just below is a scene in a sound stage forest with whole live trees transplanted, sparkling with glittering Christmas tree stuff; real running brooks, the beds of which are lined with shining dust, and real grass—an enchanted forest that far surpasses a real one. In this delightful setting we find (left to right) Hugh Herbert (Snout), Frank McHugh (Quince), Otis Harlan (Starveling), Dewey Robinson (Snug), James Cagney (Bottom), Joe E. Brown (Flute); in the foreground is Arthur Treacher (Ninny's Tomb). In the lower right-hand corner, Mr. and Mrs. Max Reinhardt (seated), cameraman Hal Mohr (standing) and co-director William Dieterle (on the platform) all watch the rehearsing of a scene in this film fantasy.



Look at the girl at the left—and then remember that Margaret Lindsay, at nineteen, lived in a tenement and had to deny herself every luxury and many conveniences in order to reach her goal.

You'd think that Margaret Lindsay came to Hollywood from the lap of luxury—but actually she existed on $26 a month which permitted but one meal a day. An inspiring document that tells . . .

She Ate At The AUTOMAT

By BEN MADDOX

NO one in Hollywood has ever heard this part of Margaret Lindsay's past. *About the time when she was struggling along in New York City on just $6.50 a week, existing in a two-by-six tenement room, and eating at the automat . . . !*

She finally broke down and told me because she is fed up with people saying, "But of course *you* don't understand what it means to have to start from scratch!"

Hollywood knows Margaret as a beautiful, luxurious-looking girl who is on the verge of stardom. The discerning bachelors vie in rushing her. She is the only chum Janet Gaynor cares to have.

Film folks recall that she was an Iowa deb who crashed pictures by pretending to be British. Before this hoax worked she had graduated from Washington, D. C.'s most exclusive finishing school and had then attended New York's foremost dramatic academy.

There was never any rubbing of shoulders with stern reality before she achieved stardom.

Yes? That's even what I thought, too, and I believed I had the inside track on Margaret Lindsay for it was to me that she confessed her English "act." After I wrote that scoop I did other stories—until there was nothing left to report on her. A sheltered girl who'd been lucky was what she summed up to be, from all previously known accounts.

Then we got to talking, again. Seriously. Was *I* surprised when she opened up with this entirely unsuspected chapter of her early efforts.

Today she has everything she wants and is praised on all sides. *But four years ago, when she attempted to begin her climb up the theatrical ladder, she quite definitely failed to click. And she struggled!*

"I have never told a soul out here; but I do realize what a girl is up against when she wants terribly to become an actress and has no entree. For once *I* was very much in that position. I existed on $26 a month and faced all the problems and difficulties a novice is plunged into!"

SHE was nineteen. Well-bred and talented, yet excessively shy. Standing up for her own rights panicked her. Rather than argue, she invariably agreed. Her mother had often declared that Margaret babied herself, and predicted that she would never be a true individual until she learned, somehow, to command her own destiny.

Her first twelve years' schooling had been in a convent. From its cloistered walls she went to the swanky school in Washington. She was allowed to mix only with the elite. The drama training in New York City was more cosmopolitan, but only moneyed boys and girls took it.

So, when her initial term there (*Continued on page 105*)

Photo made exclusively for MOVIE MIRROR by MAURICE GOLDBERG

Claudette Colbert

Claudette Colbert stretched her New York vacation to include the premiere of her "Private Worlds," a Walter Wanger production. Then she scurried to Hollywood for Paramount's "The New Divorce," which answers the clamor that she be teamed with Gary Cooper.

What Hollywood

JEAN HARLOW:

"The personality spark."

MERLE OBERON:

"The man of importance."

DOLORES DEL RIO:

"The cosmopolitan poise."

JOAN BLONDELL:

"Give me a quiet man!"

ALL right, man and boy, this month it's your turn! In the last issue of Movie Mirror, Hollywood's male connoisseurs of femininity spoke forth very frankly on what they considered the most interesting, palpitating and eye-catching attributes a woman might have, with emphasis on first impressions. The FIGURE won. Graceful hands and thin ankles ran second. Closely after came EYES. Then LIPS. Then HAIR and PERSONALITY. Some of the boys noticed CHIC. And one even mentioned HATS!

This month, we are turning the tables just to let you know which masculine qualities rate highest in the eyes of Hollywood's glamorous women. We didn't expect the girls to go into swoons over strange men's eyes, lips or the fascinating waves in their hair. And they didn't. In fact, the consensus was quite definitely away from Greek gods or even Arrow Collar ads. The ladies were as frank (almost) as the gentlemen previously had been. So, if you've often wondered, in your duller moments at the *Damma Flappa House* or the *Rotary* luncheon: "Would *I* go great guns in Hollywood with say, Jean Harlow on one arm and Lupe Velez on the other?" there is really no time like the present to learn.

What do the Hollywood gals look for in a man? And if so, have you got it? In a few cases, the answers we received to our question were not "up" to what we had expected. In those cases, we took the trouble to give you our own, personal-and-private ideas on the subject. Thus, by reading between the two lines, you may get the right dope. But before we go into our dance, we wish to make it quite definite that whenever we quote a lady who is already bound with the bonds of matrimony, the lady is talking for fun and not for keeps—at least as far as her husband and this article are concerned!

Now, is everybody ready? Okay. *Give*, gals!

LUPE VELEZ—near divorcée and whooper-upper: "Great beeg tall men for Loopee, the beeger and taller the better. Handsome? Poof! What do I care for looks? I hate pretty men. But if hee's beeg and strong, that is important. I get a beeg thrill out of walking down the street beside a tall man. Eet makes me feel leetle and dependent and I *like* to feel leetle and dependent." (Nothing to add.)

JOAN CRAWFORD—actress, dancer and gardenia-wearer: "If a man is presentable in physique, appearance and grooming, I think the most important indication of his personality is his voice. If you were to put ten acceptable men in a drawing room and allow me to walk in blindfolded, I am sure I could, just by listening to their voices, choose the most interesting one among them!" (An interesting voice might have trouble paying for that many gardenias, and how do you tell from his *English* whether he would be able to read a French menu? And I've heard that some of the boys have a difficult time *talking* a good tango!)

DOLORES DEL RIO—Mexican beauty and sun-bath addict: "I immediately look for indications of the artist. Tapered hands, serious attitude, and generally a cosmopolitan poise and conversational ability can indicate this in men even though they, themselves, might not even suspect that they are of the artistic type." (It *would* be the gal with the best figure and the most gorgeous olive skin in the

Women See In Men

By JOHN CHATTERTON

Our most glamorous stars answer the males and confess what particular masculine attractions they look for

JOAN CRAWFORD:

"Most interesting voice."

GRACIE ALLEN:

"I look for his wife!"

MARLENE DIETRICH:

"He must be an artist."

BETTE DAVIS:

"I look for the defects."

whole town who would be going around looking for the "artist," and me with my short, stubby fingers and low brow, not to mention my lack of seriousness!)

BETTE DAVIS—actress and knitted-shorts wearer: "All right, I'll let you think I'm being obvious for the moment. I *do* find myself attracted to handsome men, that is until they prove themselves either brainless or humorless. However (and this, lads, is the catch) I find myself attracted to handsome men for a very perverse reason: because I like to look for *defects*. A scar on an otherwise handsome face truly fascinates me. A crooked smile on a well proportioned face seems, to me, more interesting than would a straight one." (I'm going to take my *cowlick* out to call on Bette some day, if my wife doesn't read this and clip it off while I sleep!)

JEANETTE MACDONALD—red-headed woman and singer extraordinary: "I've heard it said that men think they can tell a great deal about a woman by looking at her mouth. Let me assure the gentlemen that this trick of reading character and personality works both ways. At least, that's the method *I* use. I pride myself that I can tell a cruel man, a humorous one, a selfish one, a happy one or a sad one merely from the expression around his mouth. It makes no difference what other qualities he may have to recommend him!" (On more than one occasion, Jeanette, I've studied the mouth of that man who calls at your house and I can't decide whether it's happy or humorous.)

MAE WEST—actress-singer and corset-makers' delight: "I can't say that I look for, or at, anything particular in a man. I take in everything at a glance!" (But, Mae, we asked, don't you mean to say *Tall, Dark and Handsome?*) "No, I couldn't stop there. That wouldn't include all the weights, sizes *or* colors. Besides handsome is, as handsome does, or something." (What you mean, Mae, is that we should tell the boys to *Come Up Some Time* and you'll handicap 'em after they get there. Right?)

MERLE OBERON—artiste, charmer *de luxe* and *how*: "I am always attracted by important men. Why deny it or beat about the bush? Most women are, if they would only admit it! A man who has mastered his field—whether it be banking, writing, medicine or what—is a conqueror; and conquerors have always mattered to women! Their attentions flatter us more than any other. Give my Important Man a sense of humor and to me he would be irresistible." (Just for my own records, Merle, would he be any more important if he had conquered banking or, let us say, magazine writing? Don't tell me, let me guess.)

JEAN HARLOW—comedienne and professional blonde: "I look for that *spark*, that certain something that spells personality in a man. (*Continued on page 99*)

Maureen O'Sullivan is a firm believer in the nightly use of the brush to keep her hair soft and lustrous.

THE CROWNING GLORY OF *Beaut*

Do you know how to care for your hair both before and after a permanent? And what to do for that stubborn case of dandruff? I'll be glad to help you with both of these hair problems, or any other beauty problems that are worrying you; heavy hips, blackheads that simply *won't* budge . . . so many little things which mar beauty and which you can clear up for yourself when you know how. Write me in confidence, all about it, and let's get together and find out what we can do. And don't forget to enclose that stamped, self-addressed envelope I'm always crying for!

Write your private beauty consultant, c/o MOVIE MIRROR, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Gloria Mack

MAYBE it's old stuff to call hair "woman's crowning glory," but it is still true that a glorious head of hair can make a striking, beautiful creature out of an otherwise plain and unattractive girl.

Of course it takes time and thought to bring out the natural beauty of your hair, but so does anything else worth having. And nowadays you have so many things to help you do this.

Many startling advances have been made in methods of beautifying the hair, as there have been in cosmetics.

Grandmother used to feel simply too ultra when she went in for that new process, the marcel wave. This was the invention of Monsieur Marcel who tried to copy in straight hair the beautiful, natural wave that was in his mother's hair. Women of those times were so grateful for this new aid to beauty that they raised a statue to the Frenchman in the town where he was born.

Today, when we want artistic curls, we get them from the permanent wave machine operated by electricity. So far as I know, a statue has yet to be raised to the inventor of *that*, though I think he deserves it.

But! There was one thing grandmother did which has no modern substitute and never will have. She brushed her hair. She brushed it, *and* she brushed it. No girl of her generation who made any pretenses at all to being well bred, ever went to bed without giving her hair at least fifty strokes, and many girls brushed their hair for five minutes by the clock, night and morning.

How many of us do that today? I certainly hope lots of you do, because: it doesn't cost anything; it takes only a little time; it will give your hair health and cleanliness and a fine, polished sheen—four excellent reasons why you should wield that hair brush vigorously.

Use a good stiff brush with long, uneven bristles. Such a brush is not cheap to buy, but a hairbrush of quality is cheap in the long run because it will last for years. Wash such a brush at least twice a week in soap-suds, putting it on its side to dry in the sun if possible. About halfway between shampoos, it is an excellent idea, especially if you live in a city, to fit a little pad of absorbent cotton down over the bristles and brush with that. You will be surprised at the amount of dust this extricates from your hair.

Brush your hair down, and then start around the neckline and brush toward the top of the head. Take little strands and brush them individually. Make long parts, from front to back and sideways and brush *them*. Give your hair a regular workout every night and watch it shine!

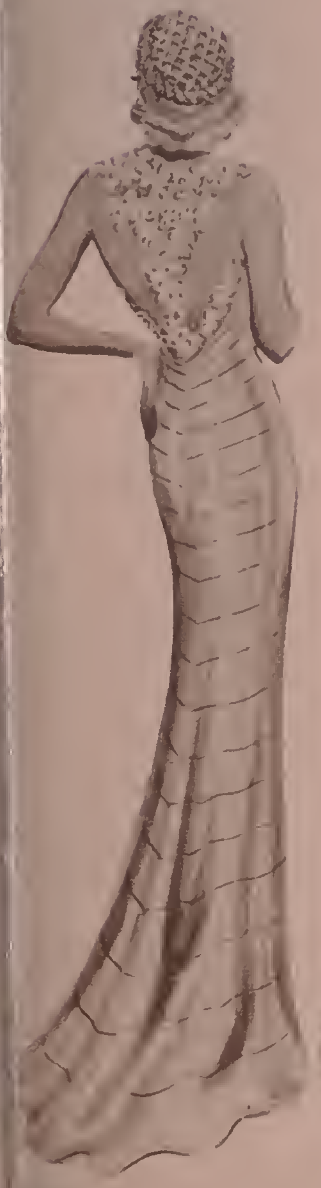
MANY girls say they dislike brushing their hair very much, because it spoils the wave. Naturally curly hair will be only the curlier and prettier for good brushing. There's a way of taking care of the other kind of waves which I'll tell you about, and don't you know that the better the health of the hair, the better it will hold a wave? You simply can't have healthy hair (*Continued on page 107*)

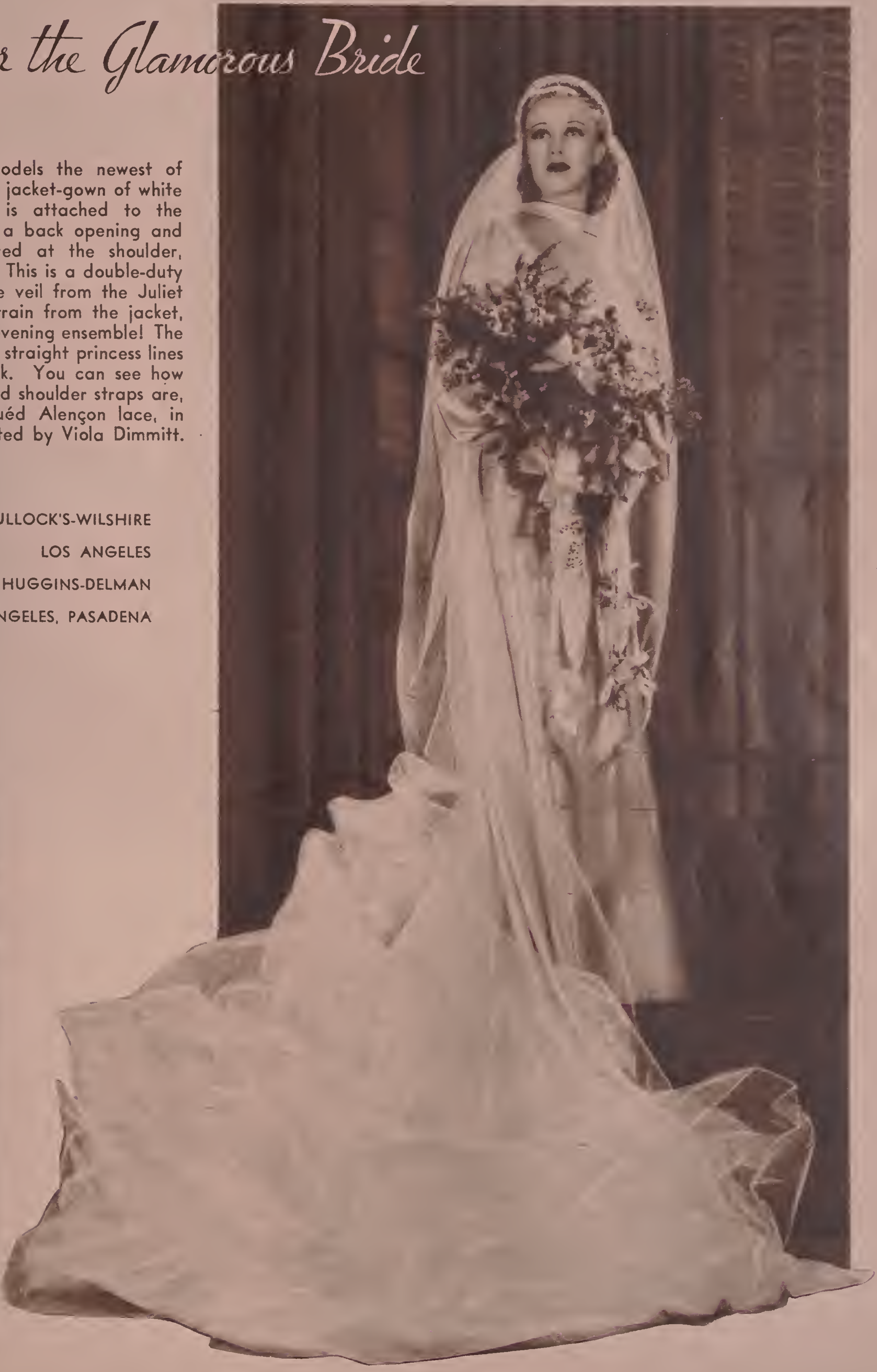
star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters

Clothes for the Glamorous Bride

Ginger Rogers models the newest of bridal costumes: a jacket-gown of white satin. The train is attached to the jacket, which has a back opening and puff sleeves, shirred at the shoulder, tight at the wrist. This is a double-duty gown—remove the veil from the Juliet cap, unsnap the train from the jacket, and you have an evening ensemble! The gown beneath has straight princess lines and a square neck. You can see how lovely the back and shoulder straps are, with their appliquéd Alençon lace, in the sketch. Created by Viola Dimmitt.

COSTUMES — BULLOCK'S-WILSHIRE
LOS ANGELES
SHOES — HUGGINS-DELMAN
LOS ANGELES, PASADENA



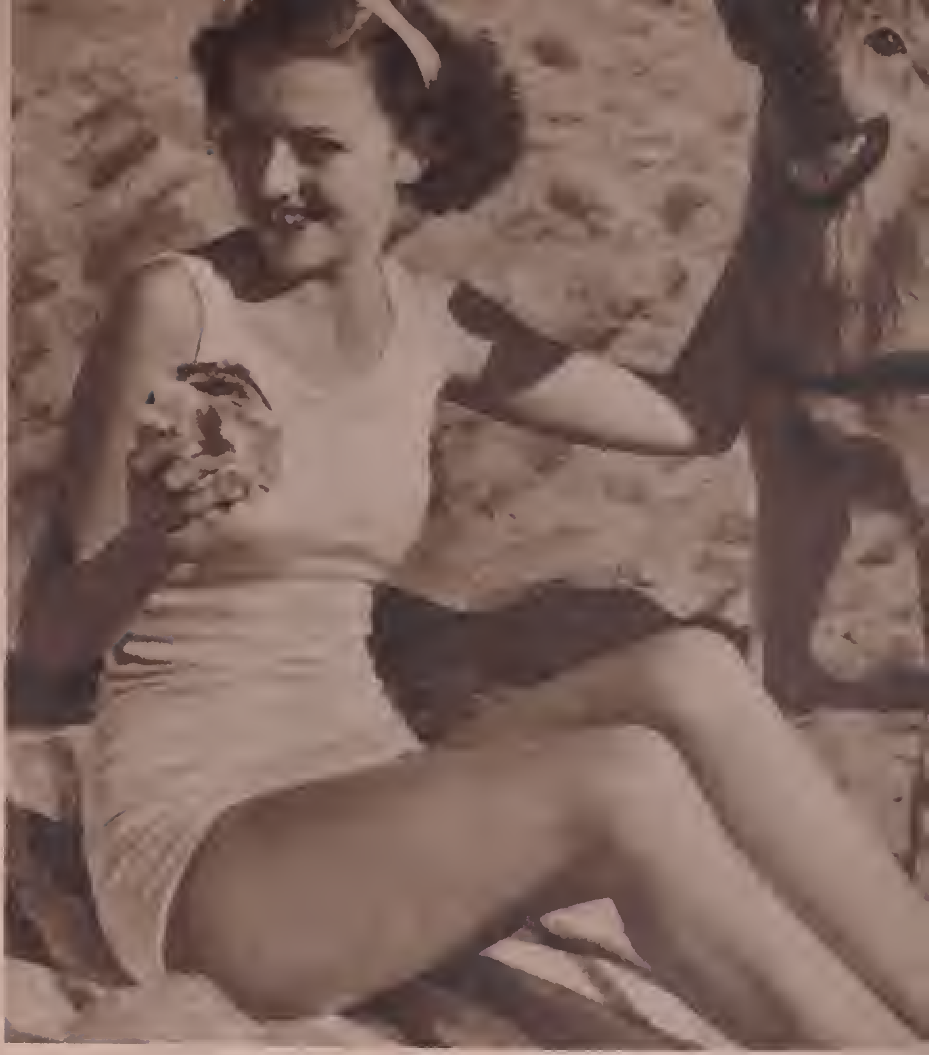


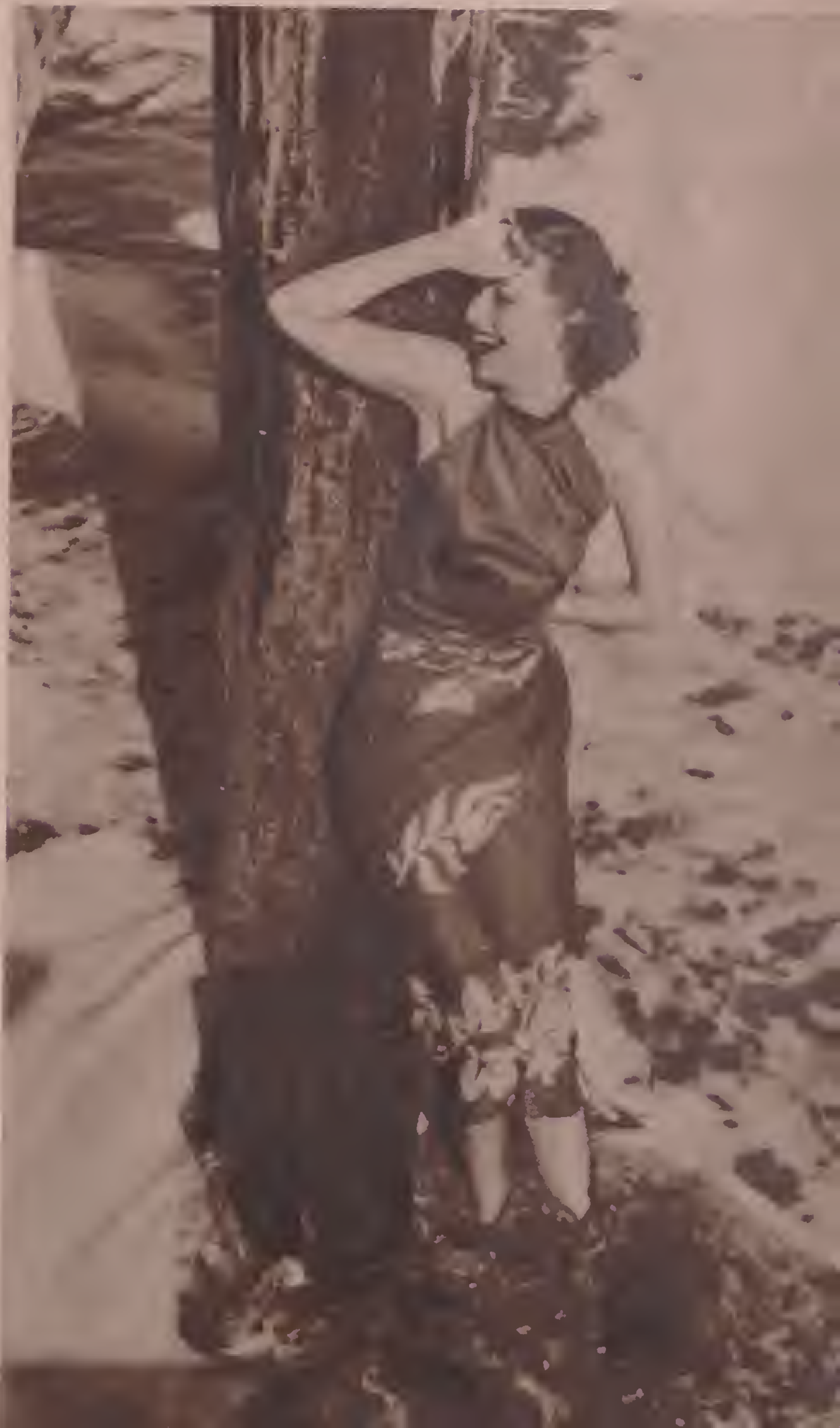
Beauty at the Beach

Fashions In Action Modeled by

Oh, yes, you see those stunning bathing suits in the shops. But you don't see them on smart young things who know their way around, who really swim, who get the dates! There simply isn't any suit smarter than one like this white sea-satin made in classic lines (you can also get it in wool). It makes a girl's figure look beautiful, particularly if she's tanned, and Betty Furness shows it off to perfection.

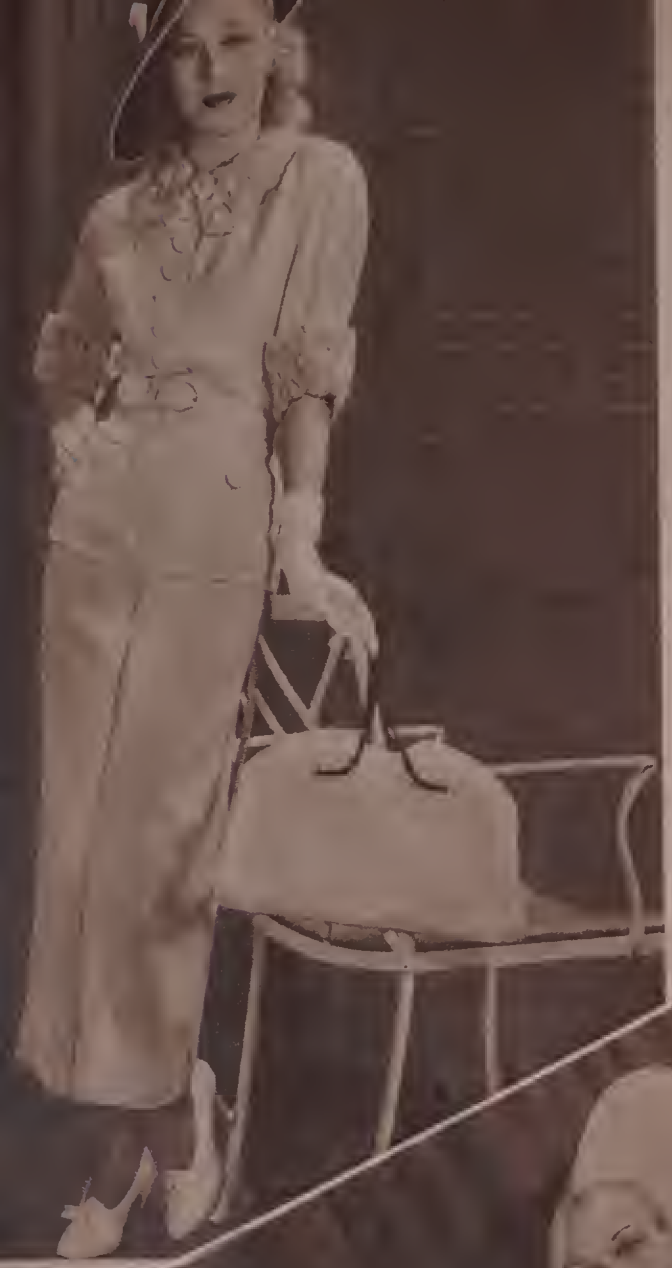
These gay action camera shots on a California beach were taken by Tommy Evans (sh! he's Madge Evans' brother!)



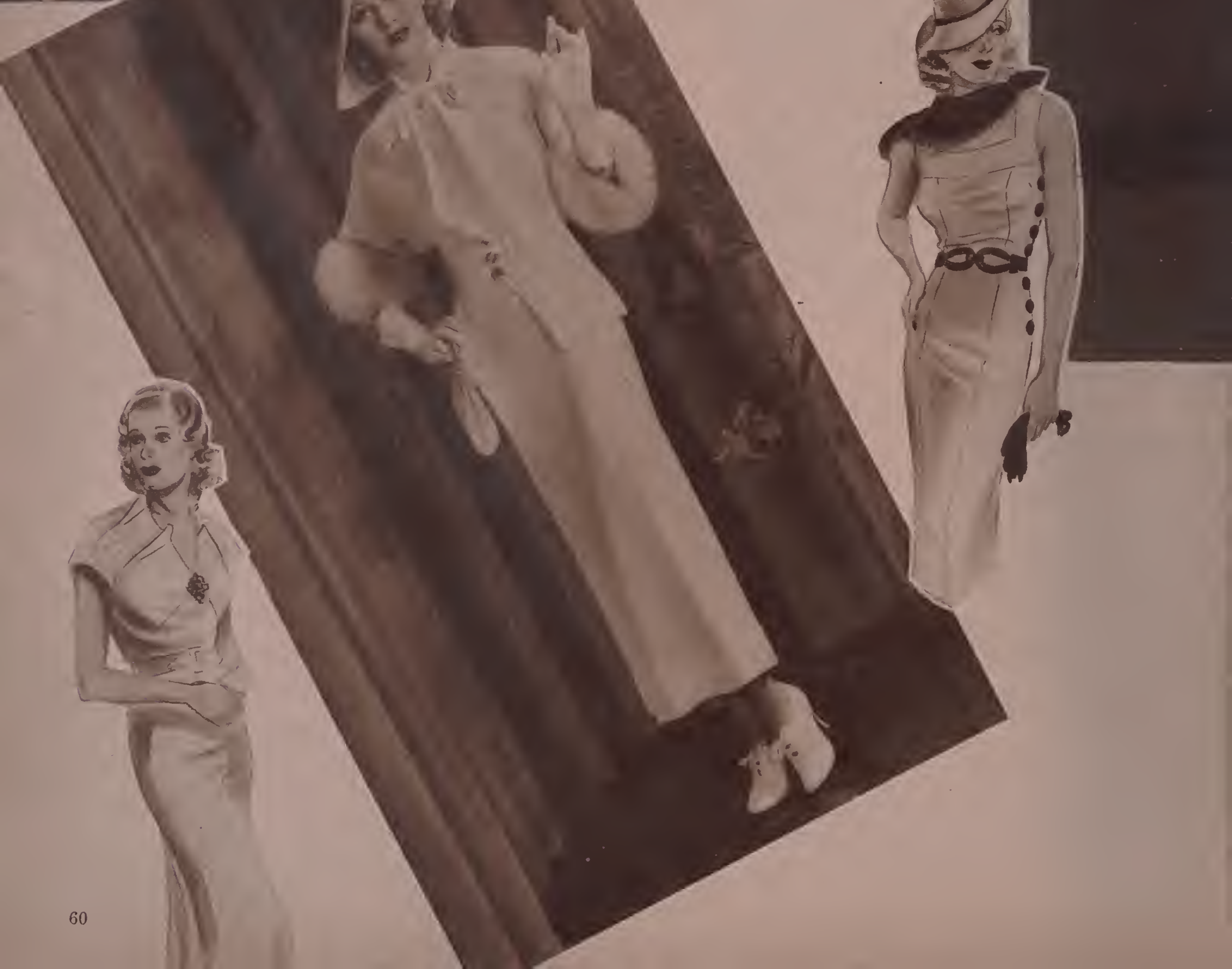


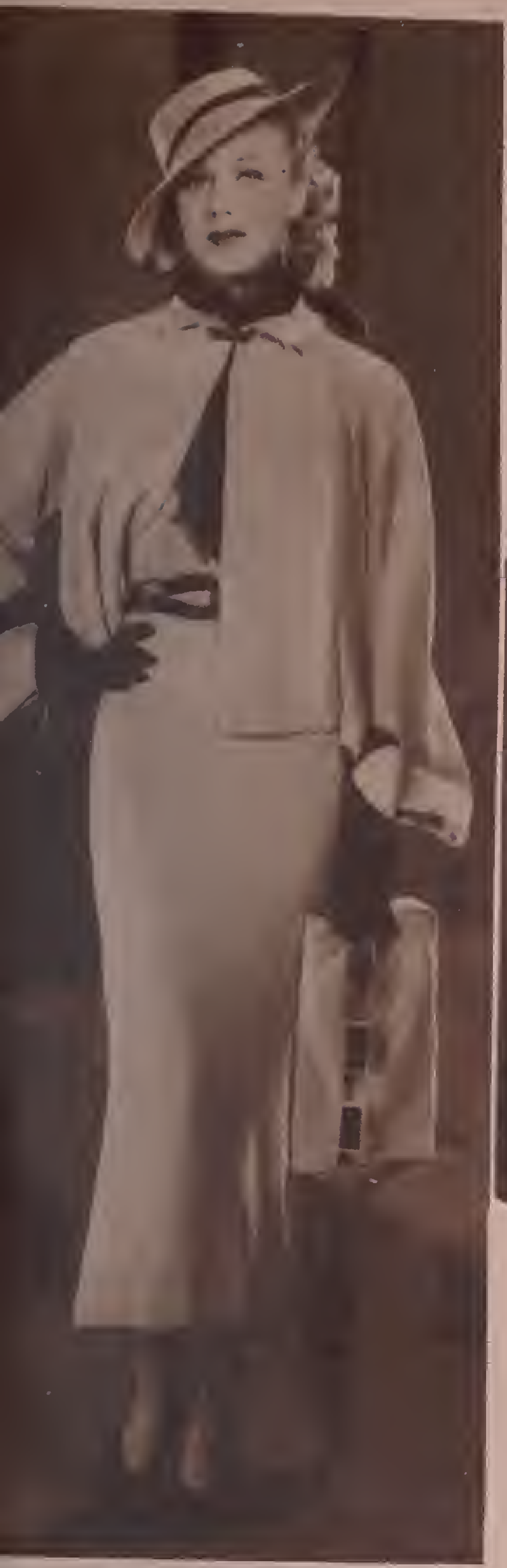
Betty Furness

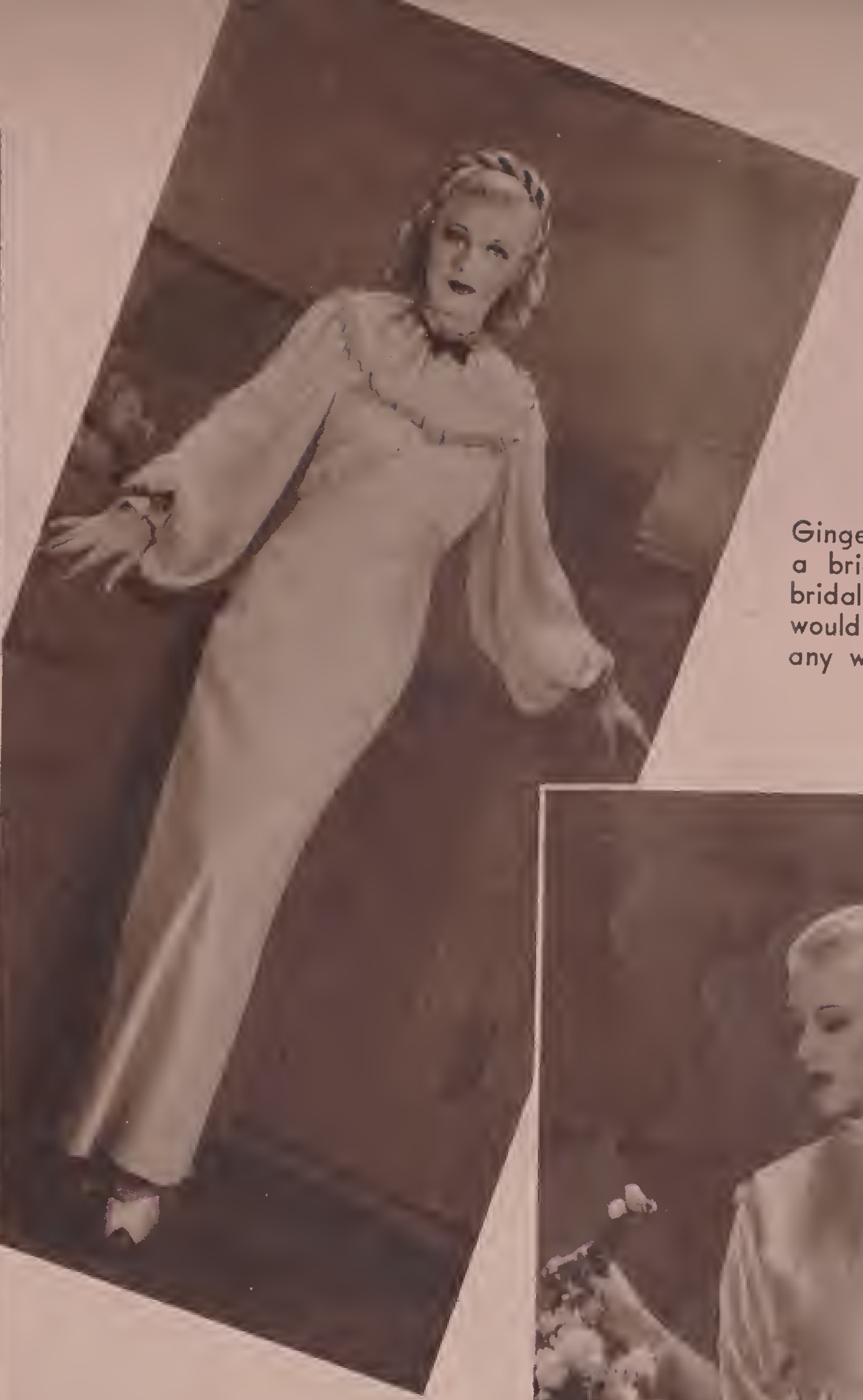
Lower right—The more South Seas you go this season the smarter, and pretty Betty goes all the way in an authentic Tahitian costume of red-and-yellow South Sea Island cotton (sprawling yellow flowers on a scarlet ground). The skirt is a plain wrap-around that ties about the waist. The bandeau is a bandana, carelessly knotted. Upper right—Just an old California custom. hot hamburgers eaten from little paper sacks while seated on the sand. And at the top—Naturally a girl has to wear something to the beach for that interval before and after swimming. Here's a cute number, a box-coated suit of turquoise blue linen, dark brown blouse and a blue hat.



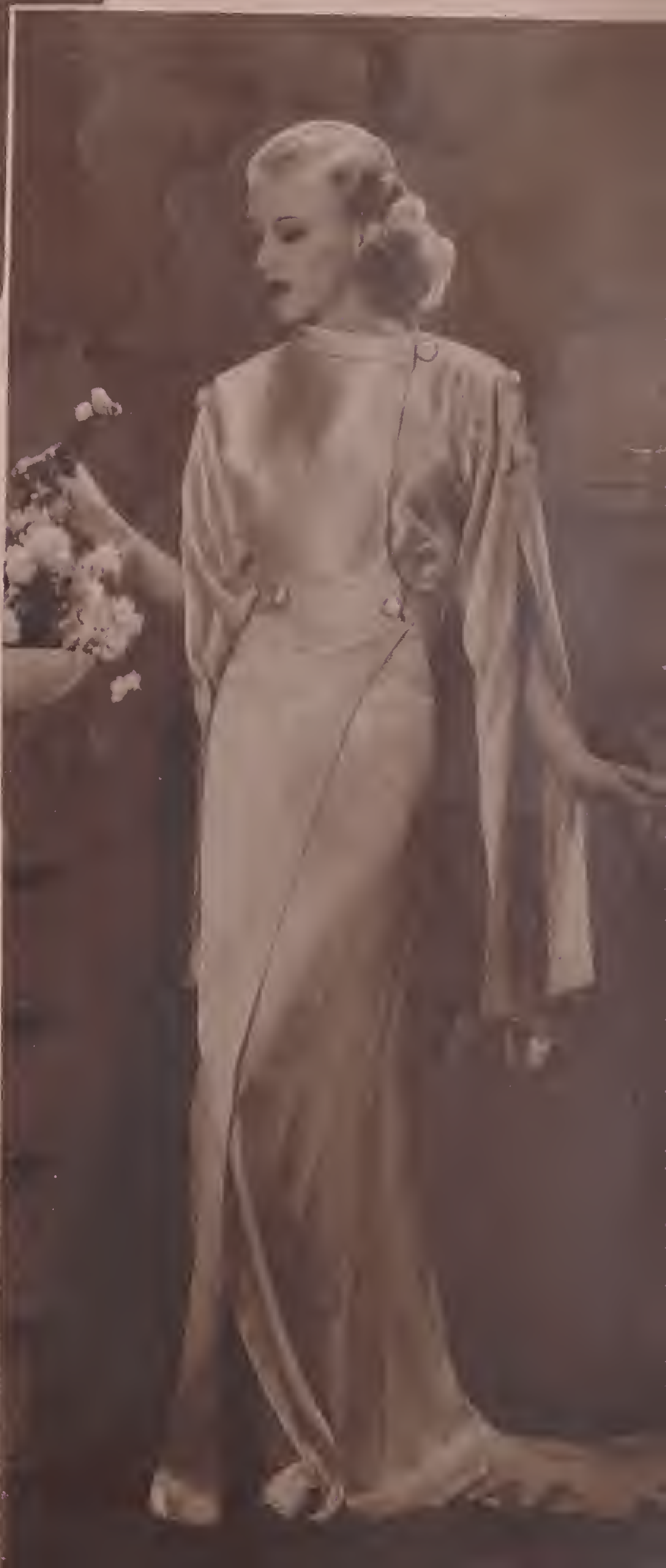
Left—Pink is a favorite color for afternoon. Ginger selects it here in a spectator sports dress of crêpe with rosebud collar and cuffs of Val lace, dyed to match. Her hat is of navy-dyed leghorn, her white linen bag with navy kid trim is O! so large (because large bags are the rage) and the two-tie oxfords of white suède have perforated backs. You'll need a dressy suit for afternoon (perhaps to be married in, if you have a simple wedding). The one below is of white matelasse in a rosebud pattern. The fox-trimmed jacket is held at the waist by Dresden-blue stone buttons, and the white panama-lac hat is trimmed with huge blue cornflowers and velvet ribbon. (The corner sketch shows the cunning dress underneath).







Ginger Rogers, recently a bride, selects simple bridal costumes that would add light and life to any woman's wardrobe.



For a "going-away" bridal costume, or for general sports wear, Ginger chooses the yellow basketweave cotton ensemble above, with its navy trim and accessories. With it she wears a matching Toyo panama hat having the very new folded brim. Her bag and gloves are of chamois and taffeta. Ginger can surprise you by removing her short box jacket to reveal a chic sports frock with square neckline, navy buttons, taffeta triangle scarf and kid belt. Upper right—her bridal nightgown is one of the new formal ones which may even be worn as a dinner gown at home (yes, really, people do that!) It is of pink satin with yoke and sleeves of crêpe trimmed in dark Alençon lace and brown taffeta ribbon. Her negligée (right) is also of pink satin. Its high neckline, which closes with satin-covered buttons, is lined with powder blue chiffon, as are the graceful sleeves. Both make an attractive, shimmering ensemble.

The human story of a beautiful, courageous girl, trying to fight her way back to stardom and happiness

COMEBACK

By DALE EUNSON

She was conscious only of the sharp pain in her temple at first. Then she felt strong arms lifting her, heard a voice, Corey Preston's voice, sobbing.

ILLUSTRATED BY
J. HENRY

“As soon as the other studios hear you haven't re-signed with Goldman, they'll besiege you with offers,” her mother had said unconcernedly, but long, dreary months had passed, and Joyce Wells was still at leisure. So far as Hollywood knew or cared, her career was ended—at twenty-three! Never before that ill-advised vacation in Europe had Joyce had any time for herself, for play, for relaxation; as far back as she could remember she had worked hard—and successfully. Since that accursed trip, she had not worked at all, and there was no money coming in.

Midge, her mother, refused to worry, but she entered into the game of keeping up appearances. Midge was not at all a bad sort; she was just—well, easy going. “It was my fault,” Joyce told herself sternly, “for burdening her with my financial affairs, in the first place, but she did want so much to help in my career!” For Midge had secretly invested most of Joyce's savings in a friend's new shop, which so far had paid no dividends.

That, too, had happened while Joyce was on her ill-fated trip, which had only one bright aspect. It had been on shipboard that she met Tad Rutledge. *There* was a situation to make one laugh—or cry! Tad was now on his way to stardom at her own old studio, while Joyce was at leisure. It had been her introductions, her casual loan of five hundred dollars (how much larger the sum seemed today!), that had given him his start. Wouldn't it be horrible now if she should be reduced to asking him for that money? No, it would just be comical—thank God, she still had her sense of humor! She needed it, to combat her sense of fright when she felt herself falling in love with handsome, exuberant, ambitious young Tad Rutledge.

Corey Preston was her only other hold on sanity in these uncertain days. Poor Corey, though, had lost his job on the same day she received her own dismissal. But he, as a director, was getting a few independent jobs. As a former star, she was never offered even these meager opportunities. Joyce knew what demands she made, had always made, on Corey's friendship and loyalty, and was overwhelmingly grateful for his sympathy and help. She would have been shocked and stunned to know what demands she made upon his love, for somehow he had never told her. His was the role of guardian and comforter, and he told himself he was content with merely this.

On top of the sudden blasting of Joyce's hopes, two major and widely varied catastrophes developed, one affecting the whole motion picture industry, the other, Joyce alone.

There had long been a rumbling, unorganized feeling against the bad taste exhibited in certain motion pictures. Various uncoordinated factions which had been crying such terms as “licentious,” “filthy,” “pandering to the lower instincts,” “dangerous to the younger generation,” “immoral,” and downright “dirty,” at last organized under the leadership of the churches and threatened to stay away, in large, indignant bodies, from theatres exhibiting pictures which they deemed unclean. The bludgeon of purity, as is not unusual in such wholesale righteousness, swung wantonly, indifferent of the guilty or guiltless it struck down. The result, during the summer months of 1934, was a sudden rush to cover by all the producers, who did not dare show their heads again until they had concocted a solution, one part antiseptic and the other peroxide, into which all scenarios could be dipped, bleached and brought forth wrapped in immaculate swaddling clothes. This could offend nobody but an intelligent minority who had always recognized bad taste for what it was, but regarded vulgarity as a minor, harmless sin and realized that at long last motion pictures had been daring to deal with adult problems.

In spite of the fact that Joyce had not appeared on the screen in a year, the righteous remembered her, even if producers did not, and named her as one whose pictures had been “objectionable.” And now whenever Joyce's agent approached one of the studios in her interests, producers met him with smudged hands (from blue-pencilling questionable scenes) raised in horror at the thought of investing in an actress whose screen virtue had once been slightly tarnished.

But this had no immediate effect upon Joyce's position. It merely changed indifference to active antagonism. The thing which brought her up suddenly into the full realization of actual necessity came from a much closer, more personal, quarter—from Midge, on Joyce's twenty-fourth birthday.

Midge, against Joyce's wishes, decided that this birthday should be no different from any other. She was not a penurious person either with her own or anyone else's money and she would as was customary give Joyce a gift. Joyce found the wristwatch which Midge had bought for her beside her plate at breakfast, and while she scolded her mother good-naturedly for the loving extravagance, she passed it off easily. She would have to see that Midge did not do things like this in the future, but there was no point in frightening her with a prospect of immediate poverty because of her action.

Joyce was wearing the watch, a thin platinum trifle sprinkled with tiny diamonds, when the telephone rang. It proved

(*Continued on page 73*)

How JOHN BEAL Conquered Fear

Far from handsome, not tall enough for his chosen career, the boy fought alone against his brooding fear. Then along came ambitious Helen who taught him how to win

By HARRY N. BLAIR

"I'VE always been afraid of people," said John Beal, quietly, his usually placid brow wrinkled in thought. "I used to feel that they didn't like me; that they avoided me."

The boy who played the title role in "The Little Minister" and is now to be seen in "Les Miserables" and "Laddie" was in a retrospective mood. His gaze wandered outside the dressing room window to the broad expanse of the studio lawn. His reward had come at last.

John Beal was thinking back over the years to the time when he was little Alex Bliedung, son of a department store owner back in Joplin, Missouri. Difficult, adolescent years, and he a sensitive boy striving to find expression for the great dramatic instinct which welled within him.

Being the only son, it was natural that his father should wish young Alex, christened James Alexander, to continue the Bliedung business. The boy, not wanting to blast his father's hopes, kept to himself the realization that he could never follow a business career.

In the quiet of his own room, Alex pondered on the future. He knew that he wanted to be an actor, but how to overcome his extreme shyness? That was his problem. The mere thought of stepping out before thousands of people terrified him. Once he had been obliged to recite before the class, and that was bad enough. Despite the familiar faces, he stumbled over the lines which he had spoken so well before his admiring parents, in his own home.

THERE was also another seemingly insurmountable difficulty. The boy knew that, far from being handsome, he was not even good looking. The face which was later to take on character and individuality, then seemed downright homely. The pictures of actors which he scanned so eagerly, all seemed of classic proportions. Alas, his own nose was inclined to be puggish, his mouth too big while his eyes, aside from lacking distinction, were weak to the point where he was obliged to wear gold-rimmed specs! To top the dilemma, he was small for his age and knew he would never be a tall man. No wonder John Beal brooded!

Perhaps because of his physical handicaps, he fought all the harder for the success which was later to come his way. It was love, however, which brought out the fight in the erstwhile shy young man, whose grandfather was a rip roarin' Irishman by the name of Jim Harrigan!

Spurred on by ambition to (*Continued on page 106*)

Above, in "Les Miserables." Right, with Virginia Weidler in RKO's "Laddie."

MISS DE MUMM'S TAILORED HOSTESS COAT BY HATTIE CARNEGIE DEMONSTRATES THE COOL ELEGANCE OF THE NEW PIQUÉS FOR SUMMER

"Camels certainly make a difference_"

SAYS

MISS MARY DE MUMM

IN NEWPORT, where she made her début, Miss de Mumm is one of the most popular of the smart summer colony, just as she is among the most fêted of the younger set during the New York season.

"Both in the enjoyment of smoking and in its effect, Camels certainly make a great difference," she says. "Their flavor is so smooth and mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. And I notice that Camels never affect my nerves. In fact, when I'm a bit tired from a round of gaieties, I find that smoking a Camel really rests me and gives me a new sense of energy. I'm sure that's one reason they are so extremely popular."

People do welcome the renewed energy they feel after smoking a Camel. By releasing your latent energy in a safe, natural way, Camels give you just enough "lift." And you can enjoy a Camel as often as you want, because they never affect your nerves.

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New York*
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, *Chicago*
MRS. LANGDON POST, *New York*
MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE, *New York*

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READ THIS LETTER FROM A YOUNG BRIDE

then write us to send you the 213 new recipes *absolutely free*

"Just six weeks after my marriage to Bob, I made a discovery which shook me from head to foot. At first he hinted; then he openly criticised. All I could cook was eggs and steak, so he said. And he was right. Bob was dissatisfied with my cooking.

"Silently I wept. It was not until the next day that I decided upon a plan. I remembered reading in your magazine an offer of simple and easy to prepare recipes. I wrote for them.

"The recipes came a few days later and with trembling fingers I prepared Chicken a la King for Bob's dinner. I followed the directions carefully. The results were miraculous. When Bob finished his second helping he arose very ceremoniously and said, 'The cook is dead, long live the cook'!

"Now every night is coronation night in our home, Bob says, and I am so happy, for I owe it all to those recipes which you sent me."

(*Signed*) *Mrs. Robert Adams.*

This letter from Mrs. Adams is typical of the thousands we receive every month from young housewives. To be exact, in the last twelve months, 64,500 letters have come in asking us for recipes, advice on home making, beauty, styles and many other questions which vitally affect every young housewife. Cooking problems are often the most difficult for the young housewife to solve and many interesting requests come in for help in the kitchen.

Some of our readers want ideas for breakfasts or teas or even formal dinners. Others want recipes for just a single tasty dish. Whether the request is simple or complex it receives the same careful and individual attention.

Most surprising of all is the fact that the recipes are not expensive. They are prepared for every day use—not special occasions. No unusual ingredients are required. You will find almost everything you need right on your pantry shelf.

And this service is *free* to all our readers. All you need do is enclose a self addressed envelope with your letter. We want you to get acquainted with this new free service—it really and truly is yours for the asking.

As a special get acquainted offer we would like to send you the 213 recipes which have appeared in this magazine during the past six months. Send for them and surprise your husband. You'll be surprised, too, to find how easy it is to make every meal a banquet. Fill in the coupon now and mail it together with a self addressed envelope. We will send you these 213 recipes for delicious dishes absolutely free of charge.

Free 213 New Tasty Recipes

Food Editor, Macfadden Women's Group,
1926 Broadway, New York City

Please send me the 213 recipes without cost or obligation. I enclose a self addressed stamped envelope.

Thank you.

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PAULINE
NELSON

CONGRATULATIONS and all the happiness in the world to those of you who are going to be married this spring! I know some of you are, because you've asked me about what would be good to serve at the wedding breakfast.

That's why I turned to my files under *W* and sought for Wedding Cake and Wedding Traditions, and then looked for other good things. A wedding breakfast is a special occasion and everything should taste extra-special good. When I had everything together, the menu looked so delicious I used it for a luncheon with friends last week. You can do the same, except that you won't use the fancy ice cream shapes and the cake is frosted, not decorated. Brides aren't the only people who rate good food.

Why the party which follows a daytime wedding is called Wedding Breakfast, I don't know, but it is, even if it is served as late as five o'clock. And a funnier fact is that the very same menu can be served during the evening. It is then called Wedding Supper.

You can, and should, indulge yourself to the limit in decorating the table with a great deal of white and pastel colors, favors, fancy nut dishes, charming place cards, a simple or elaborate centerpiece of which the bride's cake is the important part, flowers (oh! lots of flowers, please), and white ribbon in streamers and bows.

You may use either a hot or a cold first course. For my luncheon, I chose Consommé Bellevue, which is a splendid appetizer and wonderfully easy to make and serve.

CONSOMMÉ BELLEVUE

Use one-half clam juice, and one-half chicken broth. Combine, heat, and serve with a dash of whipped cream which is faintly dusted with paprika.

Other appropriate soups are clear mushroom, or one of the excellent canned tomato bouillons. For a cold first course, use melon balls, a fruit cup, or chilled strawberry juice which is so pretty with a table decoration color scheme of pink and white.

You'll want something to go with the soup. Have you ever made Oven Puffs? Well, you should learn how, because they are not only different but they can be used for so many occasions—with soups, to accompany cocktails, and at tea parties—grand little things. And it's such dainties that make the reputation of a hostess. I'll send you directions for Oven Puffs if you'll write to me for them.

For the main course, you may use chicken, sea food or sweetbreads. Chicken mousse is a welcome variation from the eternal creamed chicken, and has the advantage of being prepared very early in the day, which is a big help for a lot of us when we are planning a party.

CHICKEN MOUSSE

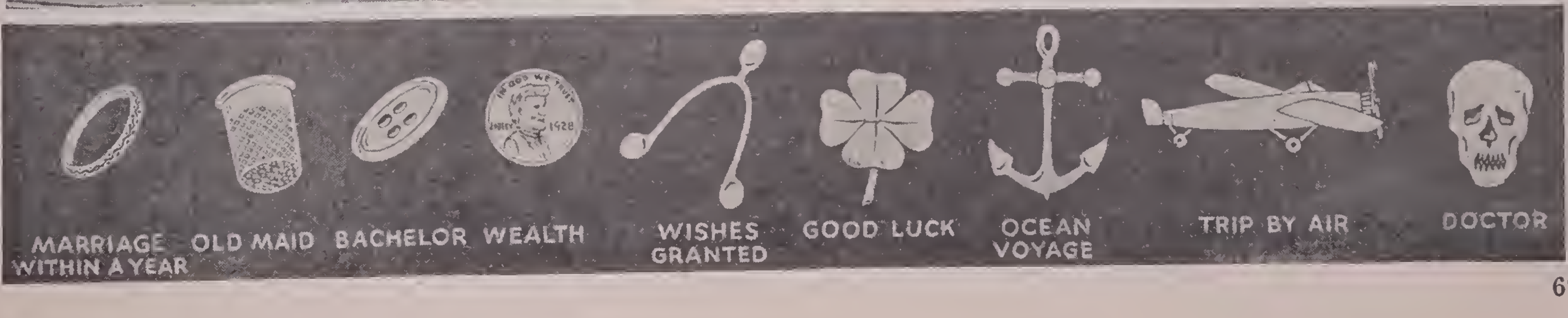
1 tbl. gelatin	1/8 tsp. paprika
1/2 cup water	1/8 tsp. nutmeg
3 tbls. butter	2 cups milk
3 tbls. flour	2 cups chicken cut fine
1 tsp. salt	1 cup cream
1/8 tsp. pepper	parsley or watercress

Soak the gelatin in the water. Melt the butter and stir in the flour and the seasonings. Add the milk gradually, stirring constantly over the fire

(*Continued on page* 91)

Gene Markey and Nancy Carroll, left, watch bride Jocelyn Lee and husband James Seymour as they cut an elaborate wedding cake.

You don't need to be having a wedding to enjoy this good food! Write to me for the recipes of Lobster a la Newburg; and the Bride's Cake with the fluffy frosting. Oven Puffs too, you ought to have, and if there's anything I haven't explained clearly in the article, you just ask me about it and any other cooking problems. Write to Pauline Nelson, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Don't forget to enclose that stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Homemaking

DEPARTMENT
CONDUCTED
BY
HAROLD
GRIEVE

The first complete story of Colleen Moore's magic castle now on tour

Miss Moore and Mr. Grieve discuss the tour.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In place of his usual article on interior decoration this month, Mr. Harold Grieve agreed to write about Colleen Moore's amazing doll house, for which he was the consulting decorator. In collaboration with Miss Moore, he worked out the materials and colors to be used. If you have ever had an idea of owning a dream house, of living in a world of fantasy, this will tell you all about it. Even if you haven't, I'm sure you will enjoy reading about one of the most amusing ideas that has ever been made into something real—and remember that all this loveliness has been created to work for charity, for all the receipts of the tour of Miss Moore's doll house will go to hospitals for the benefit of crippled children. R. W.*

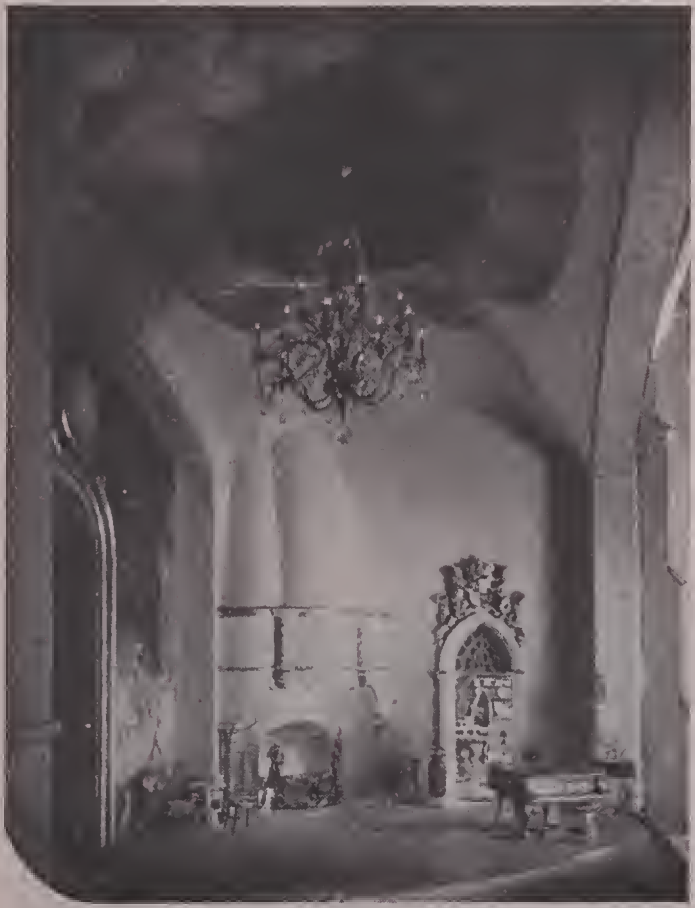
THE most amazing house I have ever seen belongs to Colleen Moore. And the most astonishing thing is that the house is a doll house.

It was nine years in construction. Before any of you start questioning why Colleen should spend nine years building a doll house, remember this: All of us surely have the right to spend our own earnings on what gives us the greatest satisfaction. Since her father, Mr. Charles Morrison, built her first doll house out of a cigar box when she was two years old, Colleen has adored doll houses. Others might have spent their money on clothes, automobiles, antiques or yachts. Colleen has spent her fortune on a doll house, a magic palace for a fairy Prince and Princess.

Nine years ago when she, her mother and father went to Honolulu, Colleen said to her father, "Let's build one last doll house—a fantastic, beautiful one that will live forever."

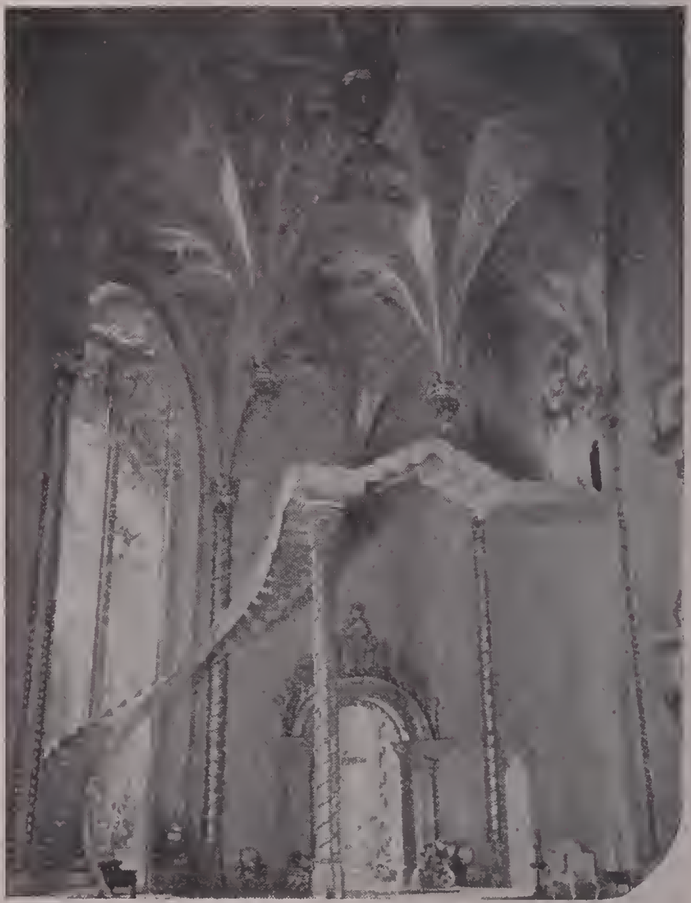
It was her idea to build a castle with each room done like a room out of a fairy story, a Knights of the Round Table dining room, for instance. Colleen realized it would be selfish and extravagant to build such a house unless it was to serve a purpose. She was interested in two types of charities, those devoted to crippled children and those for the aid of cardiac sufferers. Then and there she decided to build the house and exhibit it for their benefit.

Upon Colleen's return from Honolulu work was immediately started. And now the house is completed. It is a castle belonging to an Irish Princess, who has recently been married to a Russian Prince. (*Continued on page* 92)



A clever trick of the camera makes these pictures look full size, but the scale is really one inch to a foot. Left — The drawing room is lighted by a gold chandelier strung with real diamonds, its bulbs the tiniest in the world. The floor is quartz, the furniture silver.

Right—For the great hall, world-famous artists have created murals depicting Colleen's favorite fairy-tale people. The Pied Piper peers from beneath the staircase.



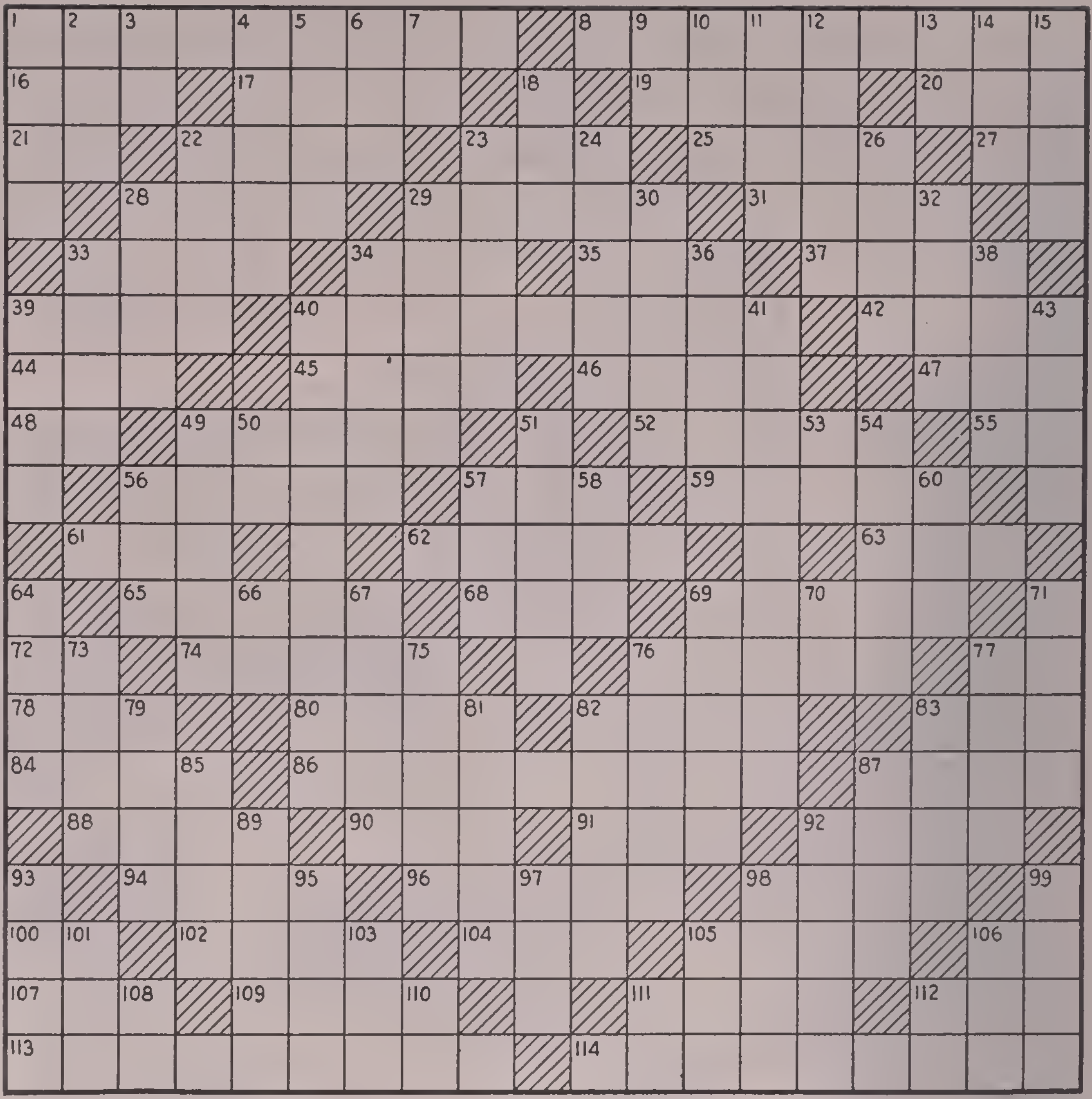
Last time the gang was all together

This day will never come again—save it with snapshots

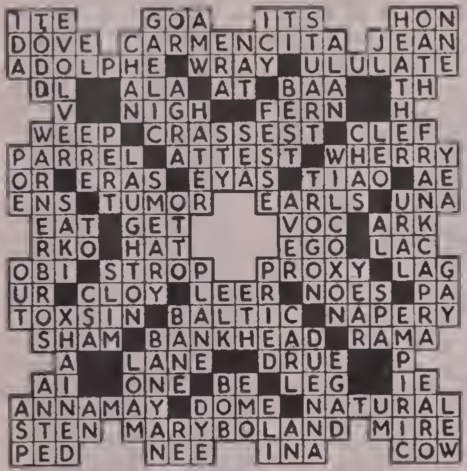
Everybody wants a print. And so often a snapshot like this becomes even more precious as the months go by . . . Snapshots are so important, don't take chances. Any camera is a better camera when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. You'll be proud of your pictures. Always use Verichrome . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

MOVIE MIRROR awards $20 for the best original puzzle submitted in March, to Mrs. L. Paduano, 2422 Prospect Ave., Bronx, N. Y. Why not try your luck? You may win the same amount. You must create a new and original puzzle. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. She starred in "The Merry Widow"
8. Star of "Have a Heart"
16. Erwin's girl friend in "Have a Heart"
17. Italian coin
19. Her last name's Lane
20. Girl's name
21. Inside
22. He had a part in "The Good Fairy"
23. Fred MacMurray stars in "--- 99"
25. Pellet
27. Note of scale
28. Good feelings (French)
29. German biblical critic (died in 1875)
31. ---- B. Francis
33. You get this when you play pinochle
34. Age
35. Vehicle
37. Twelve months
39. Used to play cowboy parts
40. An instrumental prelude (plural)
42. She played in "We Live Again"
44. Month (abbr.)
45. Submerged
46. Penned up
47. To perceive
48. All correct (colloq.)
49. To make dull
52. Approaches
55. To perform
56. Cures
57. Club
59. To follow
61. --- Callaway
62. Donald ----- (has a beautiful voice)
63. Color of Janet Gaynor's hair
65. He was a lawyer in "David Copperfield"
68. Ambition
69. Tom ----- is a cowboy actor
72. Like
74. To cut
76. A blow in the face as boxing
77. Pronoun
78. Indian
80. Song
82. Star of "Flirtation Walk"
83. She played in "Of Human Bondage"
84. Path
86. He played in "Sweet Adeline"
87. An auxilliary verb
88. Eggs of an insect
90. To place
91. Law term
92. Anna Sten's first American picture
94. Periods
96. Bellows
98. Kind of vegetable
100. Title of picture "Nellie!"
102. Refined
104. Dolores Del ---
105. Star in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"
106. Note of the scale
107. Wrath
109. Part of a church
111. To injure
112. He's a very fast talker
113. He starred in "Wings in the Dark"
114. He played in "The Perfect Clue"

DOWN

1. She played in "Gentlemen Are Born"
2. She played in "The Party Is Over"
3. He got his nose pulled in "The Return of Don Juan" (initials)
4. "Charlie Chan"
5. He played in "The Love Captive"
6. Land measure
7. Note of scale
9. Ruby Keeler's husband
10. To clean
11. Charles Lamb's pen name
12. Her biggest hit was "Bad Girl"
13. Birthplace of Abraham (bibl.)
14. He played in "The Gay Bride"
15. He was in "Fugitive Lady"
18. Star of "Belle of the Nineties"
22. Star of "The Best Man Wins"
23. Star of "Forsaking All Others"
24. To cup again
26. Toward the sheltered sides
28. He was in "Kentucky Kernels"
29. Star of "Right to Live"
30. She played in "Our Daily Bread"
32. Felines
33. She was in "The Lemon Drop Kid"
34. Agnes in "David Copperfield"
36. The deceased star of "The Big Parade"
38. He played in "Maybe It's Love"
39. Ex-husband of Sally Eilers
40. Tarzan's mate in "Tarzan and His Mate"
41. Barbara -------- (poss.)
43. Modern electric sign
49. Belonging to Mrs. Ben Lyons
50. State (abbr.)
51. She played in "Bordertown"
53. He played in "Wagon Wheels" (initials)
54. More positive
56. He has dancing feet
57. Snake
58. He's the real McCoy
60. Ever (poetic)
64. Star of "Bordertown"
66. Pronoun (pl.)
67. Sears (variation)
69. Small nails
70. Chinese coin
71. A vegetable
73. He starred in "Babes in Toyland"
75. A horseman
76. Kindles
77. A flat table-land
79. Girl's name
81. She played in "The Man With Two Faces"
82. He was in "The Merry Frinks"
83. He played in "Bright Eyes"
85. A school in England
87. Douglas Fairbanks' ex-wife
89. Pain
92. Star of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
93. Charles ---- Sales
95. Deface
97. What we breathe
98. Director ---- Laemmle
99. He was in "The Prizefighter and the Lady"
101. Man's name
103. Lou Tellegan's last wife
105. A girl (slang)
106. Mrs. Crosby before marriage
108. Denoting hesitation
110. Printer's measure
111. Expression of laughter
112. Leila ----- (initials)

You'll Want to Know Fred MacMurray

(*Continued from page* 37)

was raised in a home ruptured by divorce and harassed by money hazards.

The second leading clew had to do with his mother's employment and Fred's early grappling with such adult problems as housekeeping and the routine of odd jobs to make ends meet.

When he was born in Kankakee, Illinois, it seemed Fred's future would be an exact duplicate of that of several million other Middle-Western boys who are sent to college, set up in business, are married and become the fathers of more lusty Middle-Western boys.

MacMurray, senior, was an orchestra and concert violinist and, before MacMurray, junior's, fourth birthday, he was training those far too immature baby hands to handle bow and strings. He remembers that when his father and mother separated (he was about six years old then) the incessant practicing suddenly ceased and his joy was riotous.

"I DIDN'T realize for a number of years that my parents were divorced," Fred told me. "I can remember that quite suddenly I was sent to live with my grandmother, my Aunt Hazel and my Uncle Arthur in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin.

He was almost eleven when his mother took him to Madison to live with her in a tiny furnished apartment, and there life became abruptly less carefree and sometimes a little grim.

At eleven Fred was scraping against the reality of tight money. And probably because he is half Scotch, he worked up two good daily paper routes and a magazine delivery service that paid for his sweaters and knee breeches and school supplies.

He missed practically every crescendo of boyhood, marbles and mischief, tobogganing and tumult, Boy Scouts and baseball.

"When I finished my paper routes at night, I hurried home to set the table for dinner and straighten the apartment. You see, my mother worked as a stenographer all day and we divided the housework between us. Honestly, I never once felt sorry for myself.

"During vacation I always found a job in the local pea-canning factory," said Fred, recalling further details from his work-crowded youth for me. "But when I entered high school I required more money and wanted my afternoons to be free so that I could compete in athletics. This problem was solved by the purchase of a saxophone. I taught myself to play it because there was no money for lessons. I limped along fairly well because I was soon working with the school and town dance orchestras."

And when he graduated from high school, Fred MacMurray was presented with a medal from the local American Legion, given annually to the student with the best four year record in scholarship and athletics. Just how he managed to excel in football, track, baseball and basketball, and work until all hours of the

YOU LITTLE ANGEL—YOU DON'T BELONG IN THAT DRESS—IT'S FULL OF TATTLE-TALE GRAY.
WE'VE SIMPLY GOT TO TELL IDA WHAT'S AILING HER CLOTHES. I'M GOING TO TRY A SCHEME.

KATE: "Look, Ida. That wash of Mrs. Palmer's is full of *tattle-tale gray.*"

JOAN: "And how! That dingy color almost shouts that her soap didn't get out *all* the dirt."

IDA: "You know, Kate — my clothes look terrible—but what can I do?"

KATE: "Just change to Fels-Naptha—*and dirt can't stay* behind. Smell!—that *golden* soap holds *lots* of naptha."

ERNIE: "Wh-e-e! All dolled up for Dad."

IDA: "It's an old dress — but it looks so nice and white now—you'd think it was new. I could hug Kate for making me change to Fels-Naptha Soap."

IDA: "Hey, you little rascal! Don't you muss up mother's silk things. Those are my best stockings and undies — and Fels-Naptha is the only thing that's gentle enough for them."

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

FELS-NAPTHA Soap is *two* dirt-looseners instead of one.

Richer golden soap and *plenty of naptha* added! Fels-Naptha doesn't skip over dirt like "trick" soaps do. It gets ALL the dirt—even the deep-down, stuck-fast kind. It gets clothes beautifully white!

Fels-Naptha is *safer,* too—*gentle* as can be to daintiest things. And it's kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar.

Get some Fels-Naptha today. It's great in tub, basin or machine! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. © 1935, FELS & CO. NRA CODE

READ **FREE** OFFER BELOW

New!

AN EMOLLIENT MASCARA

that gives lashes new glamour

If you don't agree on these three superiorities, your money back without question. Louise Ross

THIS introduces my final achievement in cake mascara, my *new* emollient Winx. I bring women everywhere the finest lash beautifier my experience can produce—one with a new, soothing effect that solves old-time problems.

It has three virtues, this new emollient Winx.

(1) It has a greater spreading capacity, hence it hasn't the artificial look of an ordinary mascara.

(2) Its soothing, emollient oils keep lashes soft and silky with no danger of brittleness.

(3) It cannot smart or sting or cause discomfort. It is tear-proof, smudge-proof, absolutely harmless.

I'm so confident that I've won leadership in eye make-up that I can afford this offer.

Give your lashes a long, silky effect with Winx Mascara. Shape your brows with a Winx pencil. Shadow your lids with Winx Eye Shadow. The result will delight you, giving your face new charm.

Buy any or all of my Winx eye beautifiers. Make a trial. If you are not pleased, *for any reason*, return the box to me and I'll refund your full price, no questions asked.

Mail coupon for my free book—"Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS,
243 W. 17th St., New York City

Name..M.G.-6-35
Street..
City..State..............

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

night, is just one of those things you will have to figure out for yourself.

The saxophone and the pea-cannery saw Fred through two years at Carroll College (also in Wisconsin) where he gathered a few more football laurels and worked at least three nights a week with the town's hottest dance orchestra.

If he missed the usual joys of boyhood so did he miss practically all the pleasures of adolescence. He cannot remember a girl friend in high school or college. There was no time for them.

He can only remember that at the end of his sophomore year his mother went to live in California with his grandmother, who had moved to Los Angeles from Beaver Dam and that he decided to take over the responsibility of her support.

And this decision brought Fred to Chicago in the year 1930 where, in spite of the gaunt warning of bread lines and the ill omen of tramping, unemployed thousands, he set out to find a job.

He had no friends in that windswept city, but he had his saxophone and a prodigious belief in himself. Within a week he had found a pair of jobs, in a city that was obviously jobless.

"I ANSWERED want ads—the few there were—until I found a place in the basement of a large department store," he told me. "I sold sporting goods because I told them I was an excellent golfer, which was a very white lie. Then I was lucky enough to be signed up as a substitute musician with an orchestra syndicate, and I filled in with a different band every night. I did this for about a year and then was placed with a regular dance band."

When he graduated to full time orchestra work, he left the department store, but immediately enrolled in the Chicago Art Institute to study commercial drawing because he could not permit his three free afternoons to be wasted in recreation.

A year later he decided to join his family in Los Angeles and was soon playing in the orchestra pit of Hollywood's Warner Brothers Theater. During this period his mother broke her hip and Fred was faced with the problem of earning extra money and earning it fast. Because his days were free, he applied for film extra work to make up his new and mounting deficit. But at no time did he do anything more technical than to walk, run or trot with five hundred fellow extras.

"During the year I worked at the theater, this acting idea took hold of me," Fred admitted. "I had nightly opportunity to watch pictures and for the first time I studied the work of practically every star in the industry. For some reason, I believed—in fact I was certain—that I could step in front of a camera and act. Don't ask me why I believed that, I just did, and in spite of my frozen terror when I had to say two words before an audience."

The extra work came to nothing as extra work usually does and Fred joined the California Collegians, a comedy band, that was on its way to New York to join the musical review "Three's A Crowd." Fred's stage debut was a continuation of his usual routine saxophone duties. He was one of twenty musicians and not once did he have an opportunity to perform alone. So much for the claims of the unbelieving motion picture reviewers concerning Fred's hidden experience.

The Collegians were a hit and were signed at the end of the season for the run of "Roberta." Now for some dim reason, dim even to Fred, he was singled out during the run of this musical by a Paramount talent scout. Fred admits that during every performance he was buried to the eyes by two piccolo players, a bass viol and the rear of a grand piano.

Of course, Fred owns six feet three inches of the best assembled anatomy Hollywood has seen in many a lean year, and he can claim a devastating iron jaw, a pair of excellent blue eyes and a head of authentically curly black hair. But I still cannot understand just how that studio scout singled out Fred.

Well, Fred was tested, hired, and given the usual six months' contract with options. He was sent to Hollywood where his mother, his grandmother, his Aunt Hazel and his Uncle Arthur welcomed him permanently to another big house.

The studio welcomed him vaguely and then apparently forgot Fred's existence before the contract was a week old. It's just an old Hollywood game, you know. But those maligned gentlemen in the front offices might have heard belated whispers concerning Mr. MacMurray's distinctly footlightless past, and they were probably giving the victim of their own mistake the famous silent treatment.

But on the very brink of Fred's option time, along comes this "Gilded Lily" opus requiring two leading men both of the six foot, handsome variety. And along with the picture comes an unbalanced budget that prohibits the hiring of more than one high salaried six-footer and, presto, Fred MacMurray slips before a camera.

He is still confused by the enthusiasm over his masterstroke. He knew right along that he would make the jump. He had to, he told me, because now the safety zone must be large enough for a third tenant—the girl he loves.

But the engagement of Fred and Lillian Lamonte is another story—a long story and a beautiful one. But even the briefest facts carry with them the brightness of loyalty, youth and courage. They fell in love during the run of "Roberta," and Lillian was and still is Fred's first girl friend. She blithely tossed aside her stage future and followed him to Hollywood where she is now earning her living as a mannequin in a smart gown shop. They expect to be married soon.

OF course, the studio has had one of those heart-to-heart talks with Fred concerning this matrimonial business. I am sure he has been told that attachments of the heart are unhealthy for rising young stars and practically incurable when mentioned in the presence of the press.

But Fred MacMurray is a man destined to ignore with impunity such things as proverbs, maxims, axioms and yes, even Hollywood's stump speeches.

He has his course set and his sails trimmed for a swift journey to stardom, with stopover privileges for marriage. I know he will finally make a happy landing on that not-so-distant safety zone.

And I know all this because I spent a long and rainy afternoon sifting out the circumstances, the people and the forces that have shoved Fred MacMurray over the steepest of the hurdles to success.

Comeback

(*Continued from page* 63)

to be Mr. Bolton of Bolton and Harms, where Midge had bought the watch.

His voice was suavely apologetic. "I dislike having to bother you over such a trifle," he said, "but a few days ago Mrs. Wells, your mother, gave us a check for a watch, and it has been returned to us marked 'Insufficient Funds'. We realize it is just an oversight, but I thought you would want to know immediately."

"How much is the check for?" Joyce asked.

"Five hundred dollars."

"Will you send it right out to me, please? There must have been some mistake. In the meantime I'll get in touch with the bank."

She hung up and called the teller at the bank. "Will you please give me my present balance?" she asked. "I understand you did not honor a check signed by my mother."

She waited a short interval, and then the teller spoke: "I find it is $207.00, Miss Wells."

"Are you sure?" she gasped. "There must be some mistake."

"I'm quite sure. But if you would like to come in and go over the books with us we shall do everything we can to straighten up your account for you. Did you receive your statement last month?"

JOYCE had received it, but had laid it aside unopened. Since she had been taking care of the household needs herself she had kept strict books of her own, and had been sure of her figures, at least within a few dollars. She knew that there should have been several thousands in her account!

She went to the desk in the library where she had deposited the last bank statement and the cancelled checks. She tore open the large brown envelope and hastily thumbed through the checks. The figures on two of them fairly leaped from the paper at her. One was for $2,000, and the other $2,500, both signed "Mrs. Frank Wells" and endorsed to "Henri, Men's Furnishings of Distinction."

Holding them between her fingers as if they were too hot to touch, she ran to her mother's room. She entered with such a rush that Midge dropped the magazine she was holding, and stared at her in astonishment.

"Whatever is wrong, Joyce?" she explained. "Your face is white as a sheet."

"Oh, Midge, how could you have done this? You know I asked you to be careful of money."

"What, Joyce? What have I done?"

"These checks. Four thousand five hundred dollars. Oh, Midge."

"Oh, that," she sighed disappointedly. "I wanted to surprise you tonight. I had another present for you—a quarter interest in Henri's shop. He came to me for more money, and I said, 'Not another cent do you get unless you take Joyce in as a silent partner.' And the cute thing agreed to it. Wasn't that grand? You're in business."

Joyce sank down into a chair, her muscles turned to water. She started to speak, but the words would not pass her lips.

"Oh darn! Darn! Double-darn! Every time I get him part way up, he falls down again! I'd like to break his old ladder in a trillion pieces! I will not be quiet—and I won't be good! I'm mad!"

"Bath-time? . . . Oh . . . Well, that's different. Will you let me spank the water—and poke a hole in the soap? And do I get some soft, smooth Johnson's Baby Powder all over me afterward?"

"Hurray! When I'm under that dandy powder shower I could just squeal for joy. And I never have a rash or a prickle or a chafe, do I? What do I care if things go wrong in my work!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . and wherever I go, babies forget their troubles! For I keep their skins smooth and soft as satin—I'm satin-soft myself! I'm made of finest Italian talc—no gritty particles as in some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root either. Your baby will appreciate Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Why offend him with Unwanted Hair?

Get Rid of It!

Every trace of hair can be instantly removed, and all fears of stimulated regrowth eliminated. Don't delay any longer. Make your skin alluringly feminine—hair free, with

ZiP

PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM

You simply spread on and rinse off. You will marvel at this white cream which is as delightful as your choicest cold cream.

•

Announcing my two new creations

- **ZiP Depilatory Powder**
- **ZiP Depilatory Liquid**

both of which are delightfully fragrant and quick and simple to use.

•

For destroying facial hair, use ZIP—IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT the only registered Epilator available for eliminating unwanted hair. Write for Booklet. Treatment or free demonstration at my Salon.

Madame Berthé, SPECIALIST
562 FIFTH AVE., (46th ST.) NEW YORK

ZiP
Spray Deodorant

Immediately effective. Dries instantly. Effectually checks perspiration. The atomizer bottle insures your deodorant remaining fresh and sanitary.

Nothing she could think of seemed adequate. She should, of course, never have arranged for the joint account, but it had seemed heartless suddenly to refuse Midge the right to sign checks when she had for so many years signed them all. She wondered if Midge were out of her mind, or if she herself were. It was all too crazy, too absurd, that the very last of her earnings should scurry after the original sum which had sunk into an utter stranger's gamble. Of course, Midge had only been thoughtless, irresponsible. But Joyce realized at last how cruel, even criminal, thoughtlessness can be.

She took the watch from her wrist and held it up before her. At least she would make Midge do one thing to impress the exigency of their situation upon her.

"You'll have to take this back, Midge. Your check for it hasn't been honored at the bank. There's just $207 in our account. Think of that, Midge, consider that for a while. I'm broke, Mother." Joyce had not called her mother "Mother," in many years, and it startled Midge more than anything else Joyce had said. "I'm broke, Mother, broker than the poorest little fifteen-a-week stenographer in the country. Those girls know where more is coming from—I don't know where, or when, I'll earn any more. I just want you to understand that, to realize it once and for all. Now we won't ever mention it again."

JOYCE realized that the time had come when she must give up all thought of saving face. Now that very real want was staring her in the face she went to Castleman and told him that she would accept any offer from anybody—surely he should be able to get her a job in one of the "quickies," those pictures made on a shoestring by small, independent producers in a week or ten days on discarded sets rented from the major studios. In such pictures today appear the leading men and women of yesterday and the stars of day-before-yesterday. They receive little money for their work, and out of it they must furnish their own wardrobes—yet rather than give up Hollywood and the always hoped for opportunity to make a comeback, the picture people of other days take such parts as are offered, work perhaps three or four weeks out of the year, and still hover about the outer fringes of the picture colony, hoping, always hoping. They have all had their day of glory, and without exception they are unwilling to face the fact that it will almost certainly never return.

Joyce would have sold her house, if there had been any buyers. But she had bought it at a boom price, and it was still only half paid for. She asked Corey Preston his advice, and he told her that all the money received for it—if any—would go to the company which held the paper on it, and that she might as well have the use of it. So she and Midge stayed on, waiting for word from Castleman. The maid of all work was bid a tearful goodby and John, the chauffeur, told that he would have to go, too, since there was no way of paying him. But he would not go—there were no other jobs now, he said, and if Joyce would feed him, he would stay and work for her. If she could pay him later it would be fine, if she could not . . . well, that would be all right, too. He liked Joyce, and would not desert her simply because she was up against it.

It took Castleman two weeks to get her a definite offer, and when it came it was for even less than she had expected—one week's work at $500, she to furnish five changes of costume—three evening dresses, one wrap, a sports suit, and a tea gown. Since she was to play "the richest girl in the world," they would have to be clothes of distinction. There was irony, too, she thought, in her playing "the richest girl in the world" just at the present time—she with less than $150 in the bank. Hollywood was full of ironies these days. Another one was that she owned a fourth interest in a men's haberdashery shop. And now she had to spend at least three hundred dollars to buy clothes for herself.

She had not heard from Tad for more than two weeks when he telephoned her and asked her to go with him to a party at Milton Beaselys. She had read in Louella Parsons' column in the *Examiner* that his three months' contract had been renewed at a great advance because Goldman had been so pleased with his work as a leading man, and that he was being groomed for stardom. Fan mail had already commenced to pour into the studio as a result of his first small part, and Tad was being exploited as Goldman's latest discovery.

Yet, out of the ceaseless whirlpool of Hollywood gossip as she had been, word had reached Joyce that Tad Rutledge was not unimpressed with his sudden success, and that he had been drinking immoderately. "What blonde young actor, SCION of an old Southern family was EJECTED from the El Mirador Club last Tuesday night?" queried one gossip reporter in an evening paper. Another anonymously written column sighed wistfully: "We hope Joyce Wells, former Goldman star, isn't losing any sleep over that sensational young juvenile, Tad Rutledge, whose heart appears to be as big—and fickle—as all Hollywood."

THE sound of his voice made her realize that she had given him little thought lately. She felt selfish, and a little neglectful, that she had let her own problems so preempt her every thought. She did not like Milton Beasely nor his parties, but she remembered suddenly that she was in a measure responsible for Tad's being in Hollywood, and that she might have been taking that responsibility too lightly. She had felt hurt that not once, since the night he had told her he loved her, had he mentioned it again, that he had, indeed, seemed deliberately to avoid her lest she remind him of it. She felt now that she had been neglecting a moral obligation, so she tried to dissuade him from going to the party.

"Gosh," he said, "I've got to go. You know Beasely's got a lot of money in Goldman Features, and I can't afford to offend him. Of course, if you don't want to go . . ."

"Oh, I'll go," she said hastily. "Only I thought it would be more fun if you just came up here and we could spend a quiet evening. I'll be working next week."

"Where?"

She told him. He paused a moment, then: "Aren't you striking your banners, Joyce?"

It made her angry for a moment, but she controlled the exclamation which rose to her lips, and said: "After all, one must eat, Tad, banners or no."

Again that pause, and finally—"I see. Of course. Well, I'll call for you tomorrow night at eight-thirty."

Something about his voice made her think that he was not now quite so enthusiastic over her going with him as he had been before she told him about her Poverty Row job. She tried, to tell herself she was imagining things, that she was looking for motives and reactions which weren't there simply because she was sensitive. But the impression remained.

WHEN Tad called for her, Joyce saw at once that he had been drinking. She hoped that the drive in his open roadster to Malibu would clear the fuzz out of his brain, and some time before the evening was over she determined to ask him for a return of at least a part of the money she had lent him. Now, if ever, she needed it, in order to buy clothes for the picture she was to make.

As she climbed the car Tad patted her knee familiarly, and said: "H'aya, toots?" He had, Joyce realized, learned the patois of the studios quickly.

The ride to the beach was uneventful and a bit silent after Tad had related reluctantly a few details of his existence the past few weeks. He was worked to death; he seldom had a chance to go out; the cameraman had been careless of his lighting in his new picture; the sound man had made his voice sound like Janet Gaynor's; there seemed to be a conspiracy at the studio to keep him from showing to the best advantage; he hadn't a chance to do good work because they made him play such mollycoddles; he wanted a part . . . Joyce finished it with him:

"That you can get your teeth into," and laughed.

He looked at her sullenly out of the corner of his eyes. "What's so funny about that?"

"Oh, Tad," she said. "That from you. Why, don't you know that every ham actor in the world has said that? It's the worst bromide in the profession."

He drove on in silence, but occasionally she could catch a glimpse of his face as they passed a street lamp, his set jaw, his narrowed eyes. Finally she said: "You're not mad?"

"No. I'm not mad," he replied, but he did not look at her, and drove a little faster. She found it hard to see the road ahead. The fog had commenced to drift in from the ocean, and cars approaching along the beach road appeared suddenly out of a luminous cloud and shot by them dangerously close.

A number of times she resolved to mention the money, but found it hard to break through the shell of his reserve. She would, she decided, have to take him aside sometime during the party and speak to him. Once she broke the silence to say:

"You won't drink much tonight, will you?"

But the only answer she got was a harsh laugh, and:

"Don't be like that! What do you think I am, a high school squirt?"

She could scarcely believe this was the same boy who had come to California

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with her such a very short time before, as age is reckoned. But after they had reached Beasely's beach house, she thought, as the evening progressed, that his eyes were not the same. They still crinkled about the corners when he smiled, but there was a boldness about them that somehow embarrassed her. His easy laugh, which had been so pleasing, so flattering, was now conscious of its flattery.

Joyce saw little of him after the first hour. She tried during that time to remain near him, to keep him from drinking, a task she found impossible when finally he turned directly upon her in derision after she had asked quietly: "Do you really think you ought?" and uttered the one word: "Cop!" And tossed off the remains of his highball.

She looked at him a moment, and then walked out into the garden. She wanted to be alone, but there was no place to be alone. Alongside the house the swimming pool was flooded with colored lights and a few hardy souls, or those made hardy by liquor, were splashing and diving. Milton Beasely caught up with her and grabbed her about the waist. "Come on out and have a swim, baby," he suggested. "It'll put roses in those cheeks.

She tried to wriggle politely out of his grasp, but his fingers were tight about her. "I haven't a bathing suit," she finally said.

"Listen, folks," he yelled at those in and about the pool. "The li'l lady says she ain't got a bathing suit. We can't make her feel con- conspichus. Let's all take off our suits and make her feel at home."

JOYCE heard a chorus of giggles from the pool. She saw one pink arm flash up and pull a strap off a gleaming shoulder, and a moment later the same hand hold up a dripping suit. As she watched she felt Beasely's finger on her shoulder fumbling at the support of her gown. She twisted her body quickly, escaped from him, and stood rearranging her clothes. She realized a moment later that she should have dashed back into the house, for immediately she seemed to be surrounded by Beasely and a group of male bathers. She thought: "This can't be happening to me. This is a scene out of a picture—a bad picture." The illusion was all the more striking since one of the bathers was an actor who had once made an attempt on her before the camera.

"Now that ain't no way to act," Beasely's voice said. "That ain't no way at all, is it fellows? We wouldn't do anything to hurt you—it's all just a little innocent fun. Be a sport. Now don't you think if the little lady's afraid of the water we'd better do something to drown her fears? She might be in a ocean wreck someday and have to jump in the water, an' wouldn't she be in a jam if she was afraid? Whadaya say, boys?"

She did not hear the answer, but felt herself being carried, stumbling and clawing, to the pool's edge. These practical jokers would, she knew, throw her fully clothed into the pool without the slightest hesitation. She could not cry out, for the humiliation of being discovered by a gossip writer she had seen inside the house would be worse than the ducking she was about to receive. She heard Beasely begin to count: "One . . . two . . ."

And before he could say three, another hand was upon her, pulling her to her feet. She heard Beasely grunt in fury, like a bully cheated of his fun, and say:

"See here, Preston. Stay out of this."

But Corey had her on her feet now, his arm supporting her.

"Stay out of this!" he hissed between clenched teeth, "Stay out of this! Just try to stop me."

Joyce was afraid that they would, but she turned with him and walked back towards the house. At any moment she felt they might be overpowered and both thrown into the pool, but no one came after them, nothing but Beasely's voice: "O. K., Preston. I guess you don't want to work for Goldman again, do you?" And Joyce remembered that Beasley owned a considerable share of Goldman stock.

COREY PRESTON had telephoned Joyce's home shortly after she had left for Malibu with Tad, and Midge had told him of Joyce's plans for the evening. Corey had seen Tad drinking heavily an hour before at the Athletic Club and, having heard of Tad's inability to drink like a gentleman, had decided to drive down to Malibu in case Joyce needed him.

She wiped her eyes with a wisp of sodden handkerchief, and smiled up at him. "Corey," she said, "Why are you so good to me? There's nobody else in the world who'd do that for me—except my father."

Corey took her two hands and looked directly into her eyes. "Don't you know, Joyce? Don't you really know?"

She was not silly enough to pretend now that she couldn't see in his face the answer to the question she had asked. And it was a shock, too, for she suddenly realized that she had seen that same look in his eyes many time before but in her blindness, her overweening ambition, she had closed her heart to it. She had been so very young when she had first met Corey —only seventeen—and he seemed much older, so much out of the question. then, as far as a lover was concerned, though he had been only thirty at the time. To seventeen, thirty is middle-age, and Corey had been a nice middle-aged man who could advance her career. Somehow that first impression had remained, though she had long recognized the kindness, the great compassion and understanding with which he met everyone's problems. But now it seemed ridiculous that she had never realized he might feel differently towards her than the multitude of other men and women whom he had aided in their climb.

She gripped his hand tight in her own and whispered:

"Oh—I didn't know."

And then she was in his arms, and a great peace enveloped her. Her body ceased its trembling, and his lips were warm and tender on her mouth. And Joyce knew at long last the content of a heart that has found its haven. She had loved before, but always she had held something in reserve. She had had to, for she had always been the strong one. Men had come to her because they needed her, needed more than love. Tad had done that, too. But Corey came to her because she needed him. She realized now how many times he had done this, and she had always been dazzled by another's good looks, pretty speeches or urgent demands.

THEY stood thus qnietly a long moment. There was no one else in the room where Corey had brought her, but they could hear the wail of the orchestra through the door, the high-pitched, hysterical laughter, the crash of a broken glass.

"Get your wrap," Corey said at last. "Let's get out of here."

She stood at arms length from him, looking up at him as if seeing his face for the first time. She whispered: "I'm so glad I've found you at last," went to the door and opened it, turned to him once more and said: "Wait here. I'll be right down."

She felt like a coward to be sneaking off without at least telling Tad what she was doing, but she could not help wishing that she would not see him. The party was getting on—she could tell by the voices, the tousled hair of the women, crumpled moistened shirt fronts, couples lolling about in pairs in the big chairs and in corners, a girl dancing alone with a man's opera hat on her head. She picked her way gingerly across the room and mounted the stairs sweeping in chromium curves to a balcony which led into a long hall. When she reached the top of the stairs she gave the scene below a swift glance, but Tad was nowhere in sight. Down the hall before her, four doors gave into bed-and dressing-roms, in one of which she had left her wrap. She turned the knob in one of the doors, and pushed it open before her.

Joyce stopped short, suddenly rigid. She stood in the hall light, but the room was dark. Out of it came a woman's shrill giggle and Tad's voice thick with liquor: "Looking for your wandering boy? Go b'low an' wait. Taddy'll be right down."

If she hurried she thought that she could get away without his seeing her. She ran to the next room, found it to be the one where she had left her wrap, took a hurried glance at herself in the mirror, dabbed a bit of powder on her nose, and went out. Afterward, she realized that if she had not stopped to powder her nose the thing which happened never would have happened.

For Tad was coming out of the first bedroom, struggling with his dinner coat, as Joyce stole into the hall.

"Gotta take little Joycey home," he was mumbling to someone behind him. "Gotta take little Joyce home—c'mon, toots."

Joyce thought that she could get by him without his seeing her, but his arm shot out drunkenly and caught hers. "Just in time to catch little fox, wasn't I? Joycey trying to shneak away without her Taddy, what?"

Joyce said, "Please, Tad," but he smiled vacuously and gripped her tightly, lunging along at her side.

"Please what?" he managed, enunciating precisely. And then going on in a loud voice: "So you're trying to get away from me and go off with that Preston fella. Well, I guess nobody ever told you about us Rutledge men. We always see our women home." And repeated pompously, his lips fumbling over the words, "A Rutledge always sees his woman home. Yessuh!"

AS they descended the stairs no one below paid them the slightest heed. Joyce thought: "If I can just break away from him at the foot of the stairs." But

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**Thrilling Words—
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IT'S WONDERFUL to win love—even more wonderful to *hold* it! So don't let Cosmetic Skin steal away your good looks. Stale make-up left choking the pores causes tiny blemishes, dullness, blackheads, perhaps—signs of this modern complexion trouble.

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RUBY KEELER
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when she tried he laughed at her and caught her to him. "Let me go," she whispered. "Let me go, Tad. You don't know what you're doing."

But they were moving now among the dancers, Tad slipping on the waxed floor. "A Rutledge always knows what he's doing," Tad muttered.

Once more she tried to break away. "Don't make a scene," she said angrily.

"Who's making a scene? You're making a scene. Who d'you think you are? If you come to a party with Tad Rutledge you go home with him."

They were moving farther and farther from the room in which Corey waited. It was incredible that she should be dragged from a house by a drunkard and put in a car with him, but apparently the Beasely guests were accustomed to such scenes.

And then they were outdoors. The fog cooled her hot cheeks, seemed to wrap them in a blanket of silence, blotting up the noise from the house behind them. If she could only get into the car before him, get to the wheel, perhaps drive around until he fell asleep, as she was sure he would soon. She jerked his faltering footsteps around to the left of the car, opened the door and got in.

"You go around to the other side, Tad."

He said: "Oh, no, you don't. Shove over." And, his hand still tight on her wrist, he slipped in under the wheel beside her, shoving her over. "I always drive better when I'm a little bit tight."

A little bit tight! She wanted to scream. As they miraculously missed the fenders of the other cars she did yell, "Corey—Corey!" But she was sure no one heard, for the fog already enfolded them.

They turned to the right and became part of the traffic. She felt the car lurch forward with a roar, felt the seat pressing against her back as the machine accelerated. The road was wide, but she could see no more than thirty feet ahead. "Please be careful," she murmured. "You can't see."

"Who says I can't see," he shouted, and again she felt that lurch of the car as his foot pressed lower on the throttle. Lights appeared ahead, turned the vapor to liquid fire, blinded her, and then swept by with a roar. Once she heard a voice from one of the cars yell—"Get over, you fool!"

Tad laughed and shouted: "Missed you! —get you next time!" and raced on.

Joyce felt as if her blood would burst through her throbbing temples. The wind was a roar in her ears, her hair blown straight back, whipping like a flag. Tears shot from her eyes and coursed down her cheeks, already wet with fog. She sat very still, giving herself to the madness of the car, gripping nothing, for she felt her only salvation in the event of a crash was to be perfectly relaxed. The big machine held the curves, bolted out like a runaway on the stretches, roared up the hills, dropped down the stretches dizzily.

She racked her brain to think of ways to stop him, but whenever she spoke her words added fuel to the fire already consuming him. Once she thought she saw his eyes closing, and her hand reached stealthily for the key, but he brushed it roughly away with his own and cried: "Keep your hands off!"

And so she resigned herself to the crash which she felt must be near. He was singing now in a deep and sonorous voice, "Bright College Years" and the sound of it seemed soothing to his nerves, for slowly the pace of the car slackened, and he swayed from side to side, swinging to the slow rhythms of the song. Joyce did not speak, but now she dared breathe without clamping her teeth shut on her terror, and was conscious for the first time that the wind had blown her wrap off.

SHE pulled it about her again as they left the beach road and began to negotiate the curves in the canyon which leads up to Brentwood. Here the fog lay concentrated, weighted fold on fold, the headlights at a loss to pierce it. The windshield wiper ticktocked back and forth, but Tad could see nothing. Slowly he relaxed his foot on the throttle, but they were still travelling thirty miles an hour when he lurched over the driver's door to look around the corner of the windshield.

As he did so his coatsleeve caught the hand throttle, and the machine leaped as if shot from a bow. He tried to right himself, Joyce screamed and grabbed at the wheel. She felt the car careen as it left the road, saw the headlights suddenly define a tree directly ahead, heard the crackle of the frame as the wild machine leaped from the shoulder of the road to the opposite bank, and then felt herself hurled forward into the crackling glass.

She was conscious only of the sharp pain in her temple at first. Then she felt strong arms lifting her, heard a voice, Corey Preston's voice sobbing over and over: "Joyce—my Joyce . . . Thank God you're not killed."

"How did you get here?" she groaned. "Corey, good Corey!"

"I was trying to follow you. Can you move your arms?"

"Is Tad—hurt?"

"No, just drunk. Hardly scratched. Can you move your arms?"

She moved them. There was an excruciatingly sore spot in her left upper arm, but she could move it. Instinctively she lifted her hand to the pain in her temple. It came away warm and sticky, as if it had touched blood. She felt the waves of nausea creeping over her, paralyzing her senses, she was falling into a deep pit, falling with the horror natural to every actor. She tried to struggle up to Corey to ask him something, something she must ask him. "My face," she murmured. "My face."

He took her in his arms and kissed her mouth hard, pressing her limp body against him muttering in her hair, "Come back, Joyce. Come back to me."

They were alone in a dark world. He did not know whether the injury or the thought of the injury had made her faint again. But he could taste blood on his lips.

Fate stepped in and laid a heavy hand on beautiful Joyce Wells. But it could not crush the proud, courageous spirit of a girl who determined to replace her name on the list of Hollywood stars. Read in the last installment published in the July issue how Joyce conquered all the odds against her.

Just Off Hollywood Boulevard

(Continued from page 4)

The lady was surprised but she ordered her driver to turn around and go to the front gate. The lady was Garbo.

I WALKED by *The Curb Flesh Market* today, and all the benches were empty but one. "Dad" was sitting alone. "Dad" has been sitting on that same bench every day for fifteen years.

For a long time, now, the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Gower Street has been known as *The Curb Flesh Market.* In the old days, the corner did a lot of business because there were five or six small studios on Poverty Row—and none of them could afford a casting office. When the director of one of their quickies needed an actor, he merely walked to the *Market,* looked over the gang parked on the benches, picked out the best he could find and took him back to the studio for a scene.

"Dad" has a hunch that all the little studios that used to cast at the corner are gone—but he doesn't know for sure. So he just sits there as usual. He is about eighty, with a white beard way down to here. His suit used to be blue but the sun has changed all that. It's green now.

I made up my mind, after I left "Dad," that I wouldn't go around by *The Curb Flesh Market* any more. I'm scared the next time all the benches will be empty.

AFTER that, I went down to the Paramount Studios. Soon after I arrived Eddie O'Hara came out of the gate in his Yellow cab. I asked him to tell me about his favorite little racket he used to use in Hollywood. Eddie said:

"Yah, I used to clean up with it. In them days, hardly a week passed but what some tourist would ask me how to get into the studios. I couldn't help 'em until I got the bright idea about the calling cards. That *was* a racket."

It seems that Eddie had noticed that a newspaper or magazine representative never had trouble getting into the studios. So he got the idea of having some cards printed: *Mr. E. B. Smythe, Editor, Manchester News.* Eddie figured the boys in the publicity department would drop everything just to entertain anyone with a card like that. He was right. Sometimes he got as high as $25 for a card. Sometimes as low as $10.

"It was great until the studios issued press cards—that spoiled it," he said.

I RODE up as far as the Post Office with Eddie and was just going in when Mr. Smith stopped me. Mr. Smith is the letter carrier who brings my mail. In fact, he's been bringing mail to somebody in Hollywood for twenty years or more.

Generally he is smiling but today he wasn't. For twenty years he had boasted that he had never been to a movie. Imagine what a record he was making!

But that's all over now. "The record is smashed," Mr. Smith told me. Last night, a bunch of the boys ganged up on him and took him to a movie. It was "Lives Of A Bengal Lancer."

. . . . Read how Miss Jean Healy reduced her hips 9 INCHES!
"Why Jean! What a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"
"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder".
"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial . . .
"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".
"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy".
"The massage-like action did it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away".
"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds".
"Jean, that's wonderful, I'll send for my girdle today!"

Reduce . . .
your WAIST THREE INCHES AND HIPS IN TEN DAYS
with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE *or it won't cost you one cent!*

You Can TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE For 10 DAYS at our expense!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY, and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

■ The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere knead away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce, in order to regain your youthful slimness. Beware of reducing agents that take the weight off the *entire* body . . . for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

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■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce *you.* You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense!

Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

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Address ....
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☐ *Check here if you also want FREE FOLDER describing a Special REDUCING BELT for MEN*

"Drink to me only with thine eyes" . . sang the poet*

BLACK
BROWN
BLUE

MAYBELLINE eye beauty aids will make YOUR eyes lovely enough to sing about—

Poets and artists have always paid high tribute to the most important feature of woman's beauty—her eyes. The fascination of long, dark, curling lashes, softly shaded eyelids, and well-groomed brows have made even the plainest woman appear charming and most attractive.

Blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now darken your lashes into the appearance of long, dark, lustrous fringe, with Maybelline Mascara, and presto—the artist in you will bring out the poet in HIM!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

BLACK OR BROWN

BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GRAY VIOLET AND GREEN

COLORLESS

BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

*Ben Jonson

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

The War between Actors and Producers

(*Continued from page* 49)

other camp, the besiegers have drawn up a "Bill of Rights" in which they demand many of the things the producers are now offering them in the contract described above, such as abolition of the call bureau, a new standard contract for free lance and day players, the twelve-hour rest period, and abolition of the "deal" in which producer bargains with the actor over the amount of money to be paid for his services.

In commenting briefly on the new proposal of the producers, Bob Montgomery, first vice president of the Screen Actors' Guild, on whose shoulders falls much of the responsibility for directing operations in Hollywood, had this to say: "Regardless of other conditions or concessions, we insist on recognition by the Academy and upon a proper body to enforce the terms of the contracts. Otherwise, who will see to it that these new rules are carried out?"

"It isn't too late for peace," Bob declared, "but we must and will fight for the rights of the actors. We're not fighting for the big fellows, they can fight their own battles with producers. It's the small bit player, the extra, and the younger generation of actors whose rights must be protected.

"NEGOTIATION with producers is useless unless it is entered into with the understanding that, if agreement results, a contract will be executed. The producers' final proposal to the Guild was that they were willing to negotiate a contract with the Guild; but that the Guild could not sign it—it must be signed by individuals. That of course denies us the right to collective bargaining, and destroys the Guild.

"The Guild has a defensive as well as an offensive value. From time to time producers have attempted to put over various proposals to the detriment of talent, such as the ten per cent cut, the fifty per cent cut, the General Booking Office, and salary control. There is no reason to suppose that they won't make similar attempts in the future.

"According to Mr. Rosenblat's report on the Code regarding working conditions of actors receiving from $1,000 a week to $4,000 a week, 79 per cent of the 1,563 actors and actresses employed during 1933 earned less than $10,000 each, and 58 per cent of this group (not extra players) earned less than $2,000 a year. Only 63 actors and actresses earned more than $50,000 during 1933. Figures compiled by the Guild on earnings of actors for 1933 show:

25	earned from	$9,000	to	$10,000
23	earned from	8,000	to	9,000
38	earned from	7,000	to	8,000
42	earned from	6,000	to	7,000
64	earned from	5,000	to	6,000
82	earned from	4,000	to	5,000
108	earned from	3,000	to	4,000
158	earned from	2,000	to	3,000
332	earned from	1,000	to	2,000
432	earned from	0	to	1,000

"Those yearly salaries tell the true story of the actors' condition in Hollywood. The Guild is not fighting for the 25 who made between $9,000 and $10,000 so much as for the 432 who earned less than $1,000. The Guild is quite aware that the high-salaried star can and does choose his own working conditions, but the under dog cannot hope, without a powerful army behind him, to improve his status. We propose to limit the working hours for actors, under conditions that will allow for production emergencies.

"We want a standard contract for free lance actors that will protect them, and a new standard contract for day players, the abolition of the Call Bureau, and the compulsory arbitration of all disputes under the rules of the American Arbitration Society. Surely those are fair demands, and we agree to abide by arbitration.

"Producers should realize that the Guild, given the same powers as Equity, is their best protection from irresponsible actors.

"Remember that Equity can discipline a stage player with a year's suspension from work if he violates his contract, or willfully breaks rules. No Hollywood producer would have such stringent powers of punishment upon the actor as the Guild itself. What screen star would dare to show up too drunk for work if he knew he faced a year's suspension as penalty? Self-discipline for actors would save producing costs up to $750,000 a year.

"Let me emphasize that this is not a salary fight so much as a battle for better conditions. More stringent rules for actors would raise the ideals of our profession. More consideration for the needs of actors would give the producers better pictures and would actually result in huge savings. We are not asking them to spend more, but less."

TO go back into the history of this conflict, I interviewed Kenneth Thomson, secretary of the Screen Actors' Guild. He, like Bob Montgomery, is a busy man. Bob took time during his lunch hour while working in "Vanessa: Her Love Story" at Metro to explain. Ken held up rehearsals on a radio broadcast to add further details.

"A small group of actors got together to start the formation of a Guild, which has now grown to number 80 per cent of all actors in Hollywood," he explained.

A salient in the actors' offensive is the issue over long hours. Many companies work on the "quickie" schedule, requiring actors to be ready for shooting at 6 A. M., work until midnight or later, and be ready again the next morning at six, with the result that tired-out players cannot give good performances. Twelve hours rest between shooting periods is demanded by the Guild, which still permits producers to work players for twelve hours out of the twenty-four. "This is the only industry we know of in which you have to work Sundays for getting Christmas Day off," Bob pointed out.

"When, after the bank holiday in March, 1933, producers cut actors' salaries 50 per cent, we realized we had no protection, no organization to fight for our rights," Bob continued. "The producers had won the opening phase of what was to develop into a strongly contested affair. They attempted to follow this up with a United Booking Office under their control. Actors, agents, authors, all combined at once and managed to defeat this plan, which was, of course, designed to cut salaries.

"Then the NRA code came along, and in it producers saw an opportunity to put their plans into effect. They wanted a salary control clause, and an anti-raiding clause—that is, a clause to prevent one studio from taking contract actors from another studio. Oddly enough, the producers do not show a united front—they long had agreed not to raid other studios, in search of talent, but none of them would live up to it. Now they thought that they could pass the onus on to Uncle Sam and make this plan effective. It was agreed among them that no actor could be approached by another studio until six months after the actor's contract had ended!

"You can imagine what this would mean to an actor. Six months idleness before he could sign with somebody else! Here was a challenge to the rights of the actors that demanded immediate action.

"Eddie Cantor, our president, went immediately to see President Roosevelt at Warm Springs, and by presidential decree this clause was made inoperative in the code.

IN addition, the producers planned to seize control by a clause licensing actors' agents. What would happen then? The agent who obtained a higher salary for his client might easily lose his license.

"Figures show that actors—on the average, mind you—are not overpaid. They are underpaid. Irving Thalberg, the Metro producer, in a published article declared that Hollywood gets only from seven and one-half to ten cents from every dollar taken in at the nation's box-offices. The Guild figures show that actors receive only 18 per cent of that amount—and Mr. Rosenblatt's figures also bear us out—which means that an actor gets only one and three-fifths cents out of every motion picture dollar!

"Another great evil against which the Guild is determined to fight, is the custom of making deals with actors. Suppose you are an actor who is valued at $300 a week. A producer wants you in a picture, but says: 'We only need you two days next week, a day the third week, and the fourth week we can use you two days. We'll give you, say, $400 for the job.'

"That means, of course, that you cannot work during those three weeks at any other studio. Instead of earning $900, you make $400. You would be better off at a lower salary and continuous employment. We are determined to obtain for actors a guarantee of continued employment—even at the cost of lowering salaries.

"At present we are deadlocked with producers. But our recently completed contract with Equity, and our move to enter the Federation of Labor, will bring a difference. So far we have made gains —we won the battle over salary control and anti-raiding clauses in the Code; Eddie Cantor was appointed by the President to act as actors' representative on Code Authority, and we have collected some $15,000

BLEEDING GUMS
Film combines with minerals in the saliva . . . to form hard, sharp deposits, which may cause soreness and bleeding of the gums.
TOOTH DECAY
Film is judged one of the chief contributing causes of tooth decay. It glues "decay" germs to the tooth enamel.
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Film absorbs stains from food and smoking. To remove these stains you must remove the film.

When FILM may lead to all three

remove Film this special way

DON'T fool yourself about film! It can be the forerunner of one or all of the troubles pictured above.

"But in removing film, why use one dentifrice rather than another?" you may ask. On that point, too, you need have no doubts. Many tooth pastes and tooth powders may *claim* to attack film. Pepsodent's *sole duty* is to REMOVE FILM—and to keep film off teeth *safely*. To both the dental profession and the public alike, Pepsodent is known as the "special film-removing tooth paste."

Common sense reason for effectiveness and safety

To convince you of film-removing power, Pepsodent depends neither on advertising tricks nor "hard-to-believe" claims. We state facts only—facts brought out in scientific study. You know about that sticky coating that constantly forms on your teeth. Dental authorities agree that this stubborn coating, which we call film, should be removed daily.

And, now, in Pepsodent, is a revolutionary cleansing and polishing material, recently developed. This material is unexcelled in film-removing power. No other leading dentifrice contains it! And is it safe? So safe that in impartial tests Pepsodent has been proved the least abrasive . . . therefore *softest*—of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders.

So, between visits to your dentist, remove ugly, dangerous film daily with Pepsodent. No grit in Pepsodent. No risk of harming precious enamel as with mere "bargain" ways.

To help keep breath pure

In many cases, offensive breath may be traced to decaying food particles between the teeth. Daily brushing with Pepsodent Tooth Paste helps remove these food particles . . . thus acts to combat one of the most common causes of unpleasant breath.

10% more Pepsodent
in the new tube—dealers are selling it at
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YOU GET MORE! YOU PAY LESS!

PEPSODENT *the Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste*

Take a movie star's beauty advice

JOAN BLONDELL, Warner Bros.' Star, see her now in TRAVELING SALESLADY

WHEN you get a **DUART** Permanent Wave you will see the operator break open a **SEALED** individual package of Duart pads for your personal wave. No question then—you know they are genuine Duart and have **NEVER BEEN USED.** You know also that your hair will be waved with exactly the same kind of materials used to create the beautiful waves worn by the Hollywood stars. Look for the beauty shop near you that features Duart Waves. Get the vital protection of the sealed package of Duart Pads. Prices may vary with the style of coiffure desired and the artistic reputation of the operator.

FREE BOOKLET shows how to dress your hair like the stars

Twenty-four pictures of famous stars showing how to copy their smart new coiffures. Hollywood's noted hairstylist, Perc Westmore, created them exclusively for Duart. Sent **FREE** with one 10 cent package of Duart Hair Rinse. **NOT** a dye nor a bleach. Just a tint. 12 shades—see coupon.

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☐ Golden Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Blonde
☐ White or Gray (Platinum)
☐ Ash Blonde
☐ Black
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Golden Blonde
☐ Light Golden Blonde

in salary adjustments for extra and bit players, not to repeat the other gains just explained. And remember this—the Guild is not fighting for more money for the stars, not a bit of it. The Guild is made up of public-spirited citizens of Hollywood who believe in fair play for the small actor as well as the large ones."

How powerful is the Screen Actors' Guild can be judged by its staff of officers.

Next to Bob Montgomery comes Ann Harding, second vice president. James Cagney is third vice president. Ken Thomson, secretary, Richard Tucker, assistant secretary, Lucile Gleason (one of the original founders of the Guild) treasurer, and Jean Hersholt assistant treasurer.

The board of directors, which passes on all matters, is made up of George Arliss, Mary Astor, Ralph Bellamy, Arthur Byron, Joseph Cawthorne, Berton Churchill, Dudley Digges, Leon Errol, C. Henry Gordon, Miriam Hopkins, Boris Karloff, Claude King, Jeanette MacDonald, Noel Madison, Fredric March, Frank Morgan, Ralph Morgan, Chester Morris, Alan Mowbray, Edward G. Robinson, Ivan Simpson, Spencer Tracy, Arthur Vinton, Warren William and Lois Wilson.

AND the advisory board includes Nils Asther, George Bancroft, Charles Butterworth, Clay Clement, Frank Conroy, Gary Cooper, Henrietta Crosman, Marion Davies, James Dunn, Norman Foster, Clark Gable, James Gleason, Lilian Harvey, Murray Kinnell, Otto Kruger, Bela Lugosi, Ben Lyon, Victor McLaglen, Adolphe Menjou, Paul Muni, Bradley Page, Franklin Parker, Dorothy Peterson, Jessie Ralph, C. Aubrey Smith, Charles Starrett, Lyle Talbot, Genevieve Tobin, Thelma Todd, Lee Tracy, Morgan Wallace and Leon Wayeoff.

Allied with the Actors Guild is the Screen Writers' Guild, another local organization headed by Ralph Block, the president. Their problems are somewhat similar.

This, then, is the formidable array which has been marshaled to oppose the producers.

And what is the producers' side of the story?

"Producers are working for somebody else, remember," one of them told me. "It's their job to hold down expenses. Their bosses are the stockholders who looked over the books for 1932 and saw half a billion dollars chalked up as losses. By cutting corners wherever possible, producers this last year have begun to come out of the red.

"Any move to increase costs of production will be fought strenuously, for the simple reason that this is a business requiring that outlay at least equal income.

"We fail to see the point that actors are downtrodden, that actors can work only certain hours, that conditions can be materially changed without hurting the industry.

"Jimmy Cagney, for example, recently announced that if he had to go on working for $750 a week he'd quit and become a doctor. I have since wondered how, as a doctor, he could earn that sum weekly. Another actor says he will make only four pictures a year. He is paid for forty weeks of his time under his contract, and the producer could, if he had the grinding power of a Simon Legree, such as actors say he has, force that actor to make pictures all during those forty weeks. He could burn up the actor, if conditions were so bad. But the producer is stuck.

"In answer to the argument over anti-raiding clauses, consider what happened at Paramount. Warners took away William Powell, Kay Francis and others in that famous raiding party, and left Paramount—who had built them all up—holding the bag. The actors were to blame as much as the studio. That's the sort of thing that starts wars!

"This is a cash business. Such huge sums are needed to operate that the industry must count on getting the money taken in at the country's box offices within three weeks. If there is a bad slump one week at the box office, producers in Hollywood feel the cash grow tight three weeks later.

"I do not think that actors have such a hard time of it. In the old days on the stage, an actor might rehearse three months without pay, go on the stage for one night, and have the play fold up. Here the actor starts drawing pay the minute he signs, even if he never speaks a line. Metro, confronted with the problem of one actor's losing pictures, found it cheaper to pay him and let him remain idle than put him in production.

"As for unfair hours, remember that players work when they work, and then they have plenty of time for loafing. It would be hard on the industry if during a scene a whistle blew and the actor quit work. Days of preparation might have made him ready for his scene, and finally the lights, cameras, sets are ready—and a whistle blows. Why, you wouldn't expect a newspaperman to quit at six o'clock if at that moment he ran across a murder, would you?

"During the national financial crisis, producers asked actors to give up half their salaries for a few weeks and save the industry. The howl that went up still echoes. Yet it seems to me the big actor making five grand a week could get along on half that for a short while and not be turned out of house and home."

THAT is the producers side. And thus the controversy wages. It is war to the finish.

Who will win in the long struggle ahead, no one can predict. Producers declare they will make new stars if the old ones quit. They say that, after spending a couple of hundred thousand dollars to build up a star, they have a right to hold that star to a contract at lower wages until they get their money back.

Actors counter with the argument that if an actor is the one who pulls the money into the box office, rather than the producer, then the actor should receive more just rewards.

It appears certain that the battles are yet to be fought, and when the smoke clears away, and peace once more settles upon war torn Hollywood much bad feeling between the actors and producers will have been removed.

Woman's Five Chances for Love

(*Continued from page* 41)

ludicrous, she defeats herself. For, ninety-nine times out of the hundred it is a misguided effort to remain attractive to men that is responsible."

"And what is the fifth age at which we have our chance to stake our claim to an attractive individuality?" I asked later.

"Fifty-five, I should say," Jeanette announced. "And it can be splendid, too. I'm sure of this after watching my mother and my mother's friends. At fifty-five we aren't dissipating our energies in a dozen different ways. At fifty-five we get over being tired, as tired as we're likely to be underneath, while we crowd our lives with all the interests, emotions, experiences and work which the previous years demand. At fifty-five (provided we haven't lost ourselves along the way), we're calm and philosophical.

"I don't wonder at all that so many men and women marry these days (for the first time or for the second time) when they're half way through their fifties or even older. Men and women who have lived so that every year has enriched them can be more attractive late in life than they ever were before. After all, and I'm sure of this, it's up to us what the years do to us regardless of the pain, or material loss they bring. For in the end it isn't what happens to us that makes us or breaks us so much as our own reactions."

THERE was Jeanette's love of life brightening her eyes. And I thought how very much she was like her own "Naughty Marietta" who sings "Life is new and thrilling." It's all of that to Jeanette. And not because it's been smooth or easy——for it hasn't. After all, it wasn't on the arm of any wealthy and indulgent husband that Jeanette came from the conservative Philadelphia home in which she grew up, to her present home where doors, once hung in old French palaces, open into a series of luxurious rooms. Jeanette made her own way.

It was, as you know, via the chorus that she made her way. She suffered all the inevitable knocks and set-backs, standing up to the years of unceasing study which pave the road from obscurity to fame.

Jeanette is eager to go on to other triumphs. Besides meeting her studio schedule she works every day on her singing. She practices what she preaches and is getting ready for the years ahead. At every age when the stage is set all over again for her she is determined to give a splendid performance as an individual.

And it isn't only professionally that she has her eye on future years. Frightfully important in her personal life is Bob Ritchie. When his name is mentioned, as it constantly is when Jeanette is in the conversation, her love for him leaps into her eyes. And always at the sight of his diamond on her finger her mouth breaks into a little smile.

For again like the lovely princesses and queens and widows she plays, Jeanette is far too wise to let any other interest in the world crowd out love——Love that's the very heart of life!

IS THAT HOW YOU SELECT YOUR SHADE OF FACE POWDER?

The Wrong Color Can Make You Look 5 to 10 Years Older!

By Lady Esther

If there's one thing you want to "try on", it's your face powder shades. You may not realize it, but it's a known fact among artists and make-up experts that the wrong shade of face powder can make you look older than you really are.

Many a woman's age is unjustly placed at 5 to 10 years more than it actually is simply on account of the color of face powder she uses. There is no greater error than to choose your face powder color on the basis of "type" or coloring. Matching isn't what you want at all, but flattery—enhancing of your natural gifts.

Seek to Flatter — Not to Match!

Many a brunette who uses a brunette or dark rachel powder wants another shade altogether. The same with blondes. Many a blonde who uses a light rachel or a beige really requires a darker tint. You must remember that the color of your hair doesn't govern the color of your skin. A brunette may have a very light skin, while a blonde may have quite a dark one, and vice versa.

The only sensible and practical way to choose your face powder shade is to "try on" all the five basic shades which colorists agree are sufficient to take care of all tones of skin. And this is the opportunity I give you, *at no cost to you!*

My Service to the Women of America

In order to help you solve the all important question of which shade of face powder for *you*, I will send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder absolutely free of cost. When you try on all five shades, as you must, you will discover whether you have been right or wrong in your shade of face powder and whether you have been benefiting or suffering as a result.

Many times it's the woman who is most sure of her shade of face powder that is most astonished with the results of this test. Many times it is the shade that a woman would never suspect that proves to be most youthifying and flattering.

Mail the coupon or a postcard today and learn for yourself whether you are doing yourself justice or injustice in the shade of face powder you are using.

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(*You can paste this on a penny postcard.*) (13)

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Floral and delicate.

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PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids

How Hollywood Tried to Tame Hepburn

(*Continued from page* 13)

animal cages and the crowds like a girl in a Mack Sennett comedy, before she finally escaped them.

Then that time at the Hollywood Bowl when an alert newspaper photographer, attending the concert to take pictures of the stars, pushed his camera up over the edge of her box only to have her knock it out of his hands.

It was only a few days afterward however, that she posed as sweetly as an ambitious film child for the cameras that greeted her when she stepped from the train in New York so the publicity laddies didn't know what to think.

Someone devised what sounded like a clever plan to get candid camera shots of the star, please the newspapers and magazines and still not cause her any inconvenience.

One of the crack cameramen from the still department, armed with a graflex camera, followed her for days, trying to get those pictures.

FOUR weeks later he cornered her, when he thought she wasn't looking, and snapped several pictures. But the eagle eyes of the star caught him and pursued him across a dozen sound stages yelling to him and threatening to break his camera if he didn't destroy those plates. They were destroyed.

One never knows what Hepburn is going to do. She never does what is expected of her. She will hob-nob with an extra and snub an executive.

One day she looked up from a marble game she was playing with little Billy Watson, the child actor, to berate a publicity man for something a feminine columnist had written about her that morning, something over which the p. a. had no control.

"I just dare you to bring that young lady out here some time," she grinned, and returned to her marble game.

Five minutes later she picked a sorrowful looking extra out of the mob to play a bit, just because she heard he was an old timer who needed money.

Ten minutes later she heard the boys were taking up a collection to buy themselves a radio so they could listen to the baseball games while on location, and sent out and bought a radio for them herself.

Although Hepburn liked John Beal and fought to have his part enlarged and to have some of his best scenes kept in "The Little Minister," she did not like Francis Lederer very much, until after the disagreement which caused him to leave "The Break of Hearts."

Employees were fearful that Hepburn wouldn't like Charles Boyer, the young Frenchman who succeeded Lederer, either, but they became fast friends, and she would spend hours sitting at his feet, listening like a little child to his tales of France. For once Hepburn preferred to listen instead of doing the talking.

Once when a new press agent was introduced to her with a big build-up by a fellow publicity man, she looked the lad over calmly and said "All right, I'll break your spirit!"

She has always refused to make personal appearances, yet there came a time when the film caught fire in the middle of a preview showing for a Parent-Teachers' Association.

Without warning, Hepburn leaped upon the stage and gave a spirited and charming talk, apologizing because the film had been damaged and the showing could not be completed. She told them the rest of the story and some humorous incidents about things that happened while it was being made. When the wave of applause had died down, ten press agents were reported to have fainted.

She refused to make some beach pictures one day, and then jumped in a pool and showed everyone up by doing fancy dives. She got rid of her limousine and now rides at breakneck speed about town in a Ford station wagon.

When she made a recent cross-country trip, the publicity men, thinking it would make good stories, tipped off the newspapers in the towns she passed through. Although all the big hotels were covered, there was no Hepburn. Later it developed that she was travelling across the country in her Ford station wagon, stopping at auto camps with her friend, Laura Harding, as her sole companion.

Her next best friend is Adalyn Doyle, who was her stand-in until she battled for her and won her a role as an actress. Then she gave the stand-in job to Adalyn's sister, Patsy. Her favorite star is W. C. Fields, and her favorite pet is a forlorn and bad-tempered monkey whom she yells at to make him yell back.

HER working crew swears by her and it's a dangerous thing to say anything against her on the set. Her charities are many and are always anonymous. She gives lavish presents to everyone from the doorman to the property boy after each picture, but she never gives anything to the publicity department.

Often she treats the entire cast and crew to lunch on location, having Laura Harding bring it out in the Ford truck, and dishing it out to them herself from the back end of the truck.

She has gone in for tap-dancing, and recently when she heard the publicity department was sending out stories about her apparent dislike for pretty clothes, she threw away her slacks and sweater and began appearing around the lot in beautiful creations designed for her by Bernard Newman, the famous RKO fashion designer.

Hepburn is vital, irresponsible, fiery, dynamic. She is an individualist, believing in living her life as she sees fit, and in doing what she wants to do. Maybe it is this same spark that makes her so dynamic on the screen, so different.

She can be as soft and as tender as she can be vitriolic. She is probably the most liked and the most hated star in the business.

But she hasn't been tamed, and never will be. Crawford has gone in for quiet elegance, Jean Harlow is a home girl, Shearer is a mother. But Katharine Hepburn is a colorful star, a wild woman and a fine actress.

Fred Astaire Talks About Himself

(*Continued from page* 11)

"No," he said, before I could get the word completely out of my mouth. "I won't talk about my marriage at all. In the first place, my wife is terribly shy of publicity and I feel the same way where personal matters are concerned. You know," he smiled, "I've been a reader, off and on, of fan magazines for a long time. I liked to know what the picture people were like, what they did, about their parties and fun; but I've never enjoyed reading about a person's private life. Maybe I'm wrong but that's just the way I feel about it. Besides, I've already received several letters from fans who have actually thanked me for not revealing the intimate details of my private life."

"Ummmmm," I muttered, being rather stunned by the truth, logic and length of his statement. "Well, here's another. WHY is it that you refuse to compare your dancing partn. . . . . .?"

"Because my dancing partners are all different," said Mr. Astaire with his usual speed at anticipation. "Each of the girls who have danced with me (when he said "me" he stroked his face again) has been excellent and I see no reason why I should be forced to make any sort of statement as to their relative merits. Of course, I shall always look upon Adele (his sister, who married Lord Charles Cavendish) as one of the greatest personalities that the stage has ever known and she in turn admires Ginger Rogers, so—"

"WHAT are the chances of your sister . . ."

". . . coming over to do a picture with me?" he finished. "I don't think she will. After all, despite the rumors, I can see no reason why she should ever *want* to come, unless it would be for the lark or visit, as she has often promised. She has retired from her career and is very happily married. I can't see, honestly, why she should want to. However, I can't see . . . ."

"Okay," I said. I was getting anticipation trouble myself. I had to. I had only half an hour. I mentioned the next taboo:

"Famous names," I said, quick-like. There! For once I had got the entire question out before he could stop me. It kind of startled him; his chair came forward and the two front legs hit the floor with a thud. He smiled his *"Touche."*

"I can't abide people who are forever bringing up the names of famous people. It seems so unsportsmanlike, unethical, as though they were trading on the other person's fame for their own benefit. So, you can readily see why I refuse to make a list of all the famous persons I have known and tell all I know about them. Once, a story got started (I don't know for the life of me *how*) to the effect that I had taken out the Prince of Wales and treated him to a cabbage dinner. Can you imagine me doing such a thing, or, if I had, mentioning it in print afterward?"

"Splendid," I agreed, remembering my chagrin when, upon returning to my home town (Kalamazoo), I was asked questions that seemed to assume that I spent at least three hundred and sixty days out of each year in the company of Garbo. "But why

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do you refuse to go into your private life for interviewers?"

"My private life is not under contract!" he said with all the vehemence he could muster. "I am quite sure the fans would fail to be interested in my private life if I were a failure, so why should I go into it when I'm a . . . a . . . when I have done well?" (His face got two or three good strokes about here.) "It isn't of much interest, anyway. When I am working on a picture or even when I am preparing one, I work from nine in the morning until at least five in the afternoon. Dancing is hard work; so hard, in fact, that I often find myself falling asleep between courses at dinner. I usually go to bed about nine o'clock in Hollywood."

"Just in Hollywood?" I asked, wondering what would happen to our swell night-life reputation if there were more Fred Astaires in movies.

"YES, just in Hollywood," he said, smiling. "I've found Hollywood to be the only nine o'clock town I've ever worked in. But then, I change my whole mode of living here which is about the best reason. In New York, I work late in the evening and as a result, sleep half the next day to make up for it. Here, I do my work in the daytime and sleep at night. Even if I didn't feel too tired to do much playing around in the evening, I don't suppose I would. I don't go in much for parties."

"But don't you ever . . ." Mr. Astaire scowled. I stopped. The guy was getting to be a mind reader. "Well, well," I continued with my usual aplomb, "what about your reaction to magazine writers? What have you against us?"

"Nothing," he said with good-natured emphasis. "Nothing at all against you, as a class. Many of you got the wrong impression because I refused to allow any publicity before my first picture had been released. I don't think it is good luck to ballyhoo a thing before you know how it's going to turn out. I *didn't* know. For me, Hollywood was a gamble. I was well established on the stage . . ." (Time out for a quick face stroking and one or two quick stabs at the brow.) ". . . and I felt that a failure in Hollywood might jeopardize my stage career. I wanted to say as little about it as possible at first, so that, if I should not find pictures as good a medium as the stage, at least there would have been little said in advance.

"Some writers resented the fact that I refused to allow them to come out on the set while I was doing my preparatory work on the dances. Some of them mentioned it. But they failed to realize that the work I do before the picture begins is exactly what a writer would call his 'first draft.' Those dances are *my* first draft. I doubt if those same writers would allow me to judge their writing ability by the first rough draft of a story. So often there are changes in a writer's story after he has written it the first time. It is equally true of my dances. I don't want to be judged by something in its formative stage and besides that I cannot concentrate when people are watching me rehearsing or putting new dances together."

"My half hour is up" I smiled, glancing at my watch. "You are supposed to be back on the stage . . ."

"Don't run away," he said. "Maybe we could think of something to say. Look, see this letter I just got. It's from a young fellow who wants to go on the stage and he's asking me to tell him the best way to do it, wants me to advise him. I don't know how to answer that kind of letter. Get hundreds of them, too. Each case is so individual that I hate to take a chance with another human life. My advice might happen to work out badly in a number of cases.

"Here's another letter asking how I learned to *act* so fast, how I happened to *sing* in pictures, and how they *faked* that shot of me playing the piano in 'Roberta?' It was not faked. Yes, that's the sort of questions I'm asked in every mail. Which makes me wonder why the motion picture fans are so anxious to know about my private life when they don't even seem to know about my PUBLIC life. I've always done quite as much acting and singing on the stage as dancing. Yet people never cease to think it strange that I act, *too*, and I sing, *too*, or that I actually play the piano. I've always done it."

"DON'T forget," I smiled. "That Hollywood discov . . ."

"You're absolutely right! No matter what you've done before you come to Hollywood or for how long Hollywood always does the discovering! Well, I suppose I'd better be running along to the set and to work, else 'Top Hat' won't get away on schedule. Thanks for coming around; come any time. Now that you know what I won't talk about, maybe . . ."

"Maybe I can figure something you *will*," I smiled.

As I walked from the dressing room, though, I decided that I couldn't. I think I know quite a lot about Fred Astaire, already, maybe more than he thinks I do. I like him, too, even when he strokes his face. Fred's almost as good a face-stroker as he is a dancer.

WE'RE SORRY, CONNIE!

In a recent issue of MOVIE MIRROR, we printed a picture of Constance Bennett with a party of friends at the Santa Anita races. In our caption we erroneously stated that Miss Bennett's "arm entwines Gilbert Roland's neck," when in actuality the hand described was Irving Netcher's. We regret the error.

The True Life Story of Grace Moore

(*Continued from page* 36)

down to the brook and wade for hours. Once she took her clothes off (under a culvert) and went swimming in the swift, cold water, but only once. Right in the midst of her enjoyment, she heard the sound of men's voices approaching. She was under the culvert like *that.* The men passed without knowing of her existence. After the voices had ceased she tried to dress, but it was a long process, her hands shook so. She realized, later, that the shaking had been partly due to the cold air but some was from fear and embarrassment.

At ten, religion came into her life, not as it frequently does with imaginative children who are impressed with stained-glass windows and the swelling of the choir, but *violently!* For the next five years, it was the guiding passion of her life. At an age when most girls are becoming confusedly conscious of boys or clothes, Grace had not a moment for either. She was like a crusader in her zeal! Hers was the spirit of the revivalist missionary.

WHEN the real missionaries came visiting to the First Baptist Church of Jellico, Grace's were the largest eyes, the most attentive ears and the most devout heart in the audience. She listened to their tales of conquering the devil in some heathen country with a fervor almost unnatural in one so young. Nor was it an idle interest. She began teaching the junior Bible class.

And when her father bought the first Cadillac car in Jellico, Grace was in heaven. She immediately commandeered it (albeit, against some rather strong arguments from her brothers) for the purpose of driving far into the Tennessee hills and recruiting new members for her Bible class. Many of the families she visited were still-owners, but that made no difference to her. These hill people took a strong dislike to the fact that she allowed a colored man to drive such a gorgeous car. Hardly ever did she make the complete round trip into the hills, without having one of the tires shot off.

Religion became the warp and woof of her existence. She could quote her Bible texts glibly (she had to . . . she spent most of the generous allowance her father gave her on prizes and rewards for members of her class who could do as well). She worked and planned carefully against that day when she could enter the ranks of those who battle to save souls. At fourteen, she was given a Sunday school class of her own and was made director of the choir. She inspired them so with her own singing that it wasn't long before she had three hundred young voices. Grace sang the solos.

The tall slender girl must have inspired the hill people and the town people more than she realized. Even the music-loving Negroes would gather outside the white folks' church, listening respectfully to the glorious-voiced girl who sang of the River Jordan and the Kindly Light. Her voice was untrained, but it

Tom's Mother said she was careless..

AND SHE WAS!

BETTY: What's the matter?

BABS: (in tears) Tom's mother told him I was careless! And I did so want to make a good impression.

BETTY: I don't like to say it but I'm afraid I agree with her.

BABS: Just because I had that little bit of a stain under my arm?

BETTY: Yes! Your dress will never be really fresh and new-looking again.

BABS: But everybody has trouble sometimes with perspiration.

BETTY: Of course! That's just why you shouldn't risk a dress even *once* without Kleinert's Dress Shields.

BABS: I'll sew some in this very day! Then my dresses will last longer, too!

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was strong and sure—filled with the message she was bringing these people who were her friends and neighbors. She had already decided to become a missionary but now she had come to the conclusion that she would be a new kind of missionary—a singing missionary! If mere words could conquer the heathen, she argued, what couldn't she do for them with her singing!

From that moment, her campaign to study music began. Her mother, impressed by the religious strain in her daughter, was a willing ally. But her father was impatient with the idea.

"A SOUTHERN Lady," he would chide her, "attends a fine Southern school—comes home after graduation—settles down with a fine Southern boy and raises a family." There were stormy scenes between Grace and her father, neither willing to give in to the other.

In the end, Grace accepted her father's dictum that she attend the exclusive Ward-Belmont at Nashville. She accepted with reservations (silent ones) in that she figured she could either talk him into a musical education via the mails—or she could run away!

Oddly enough, she was happy at Ward-Belmont. It wasn't nearly as stodgy as she had expected and there were many others in her hall who had artistic ambitions almost as strong as hers. They would gather around and read the *Etude* together and look up advertisements of schools for music and voice. In fact, Grace might have been happy to stay at Ward-Belmont for the entire finishing if one of the teachers hadn't taken her to an opera. That changed everything.

Geraldine Farrar sang "Carmen"!

Something turned over in the heart of the music-drunk little girl that night as she watched the colorful artiste in her flaming role. The stirring opera tore at her soul with a challenge so overwhelming that her eyes were filled with tears and she sat throughout the entire performance with her fists clenched so tightly her nails scarred her palms! She wanted to sing. She wanted to soar on the wings of song as Farrar was doing. Sing! No longer to convert the heathen Chinese, but upon a stage with brilliant lights playing upon her, weaving her into a creature of fire, imagination and glory!

Thus Farrar became the climax of her fifteen-year-old life. From then on, every moment she spent at Ward-Belmont was unhappy and restless.

Her letters became almost threatening in tone: if she could not leave W-B and begin study for her musical career immediately she would——she would run away! She was no longer a child. She had a mind of her own and, what's more, it was made up. By this time, Grace had also heard Mary Garden.

She was particularly surprised when her father arrived in Nashville to "talk over" the situation with her. A year of Grace's persistent campaign had worn down the good man's resistance. Despite his continued belief in the Southern-school-for-Southern-girl idea, he had investigated Wilson-Green Academy of Music (her choice, expressed in her last eighteen letters) located in Chevy Chase near Washington, D. C.

"I reasoned that Wilson-Green was not only a good school," laughed Grace Moore, "but it also had the advantage of being near New York City, my ultimate goal. If I could get as close to New York with Father's permission, I might be able to actually get to the Big City sometime, whether I got his permission or not!

"Father was still mentally resisting the musical career even after we got on the train for Washington. Not a word did he speak all the way down there. I couldn't be unhappy, though, because I felt that I was on my way at last. When we got off the train, Father took his crushed spirit in hand again. I wanted to take a taxi out to the school but Father demanded that we take the street car! Imagine my feelings when we had to get off the car two blocks from the school and walk there with our luggage! I thought I would be a marked girl from the start but I wasn't. Father was such a handsome man and possessed such charm that he made a hit *for* me."

She was a wonderfully adept pupil, throwing herself into her studies with an abandon that delighted the musical hearts of the whole academy. Soon, Grace Moore was the acknowledged prima donna of the school musicales and her fame was climaxed when she was selected as the star pupil to appear in a Washington concert with Giovanni Martinelli!

But at the end of the first year, restlessness again beset her heart. She and her closest chum, Blanche Le Garde, began skipping the boy-discussions that had proved so much fun when she first arrived. Blanche had confided that she wanted a career behind the footlights—and from the moment of that confession, Grace had talked of nothing else but New York. One night, over a bottle of milk and some cheese and crackers, they took stock of their available cash. $25.00! Why, it wouldn't even get *one* of them to New York—much less two.

"MY father has a close friend in Washington," said Grace, suddenly struck with an inspiration. "Are you willing to run away from school, stay at a hotel with me until we can locate him and try to borrow enough money to get us to New York?" Blanche was not only willing—she was insistent.

The next two days held the excitement of a nightmare for the two runaways. It had been easy enough to get away from the school, but the leading hotel in Washington had been a bit more difficult. The clerk had refused to register two such young guests. In the end, they had been forced to try a smaller, cheaper hotel. When Grace finally made connections with Colonel D., that worthy gentleman was on the verge of bursting a blood vessel! "Where are you hiding, you little scamp? Your poor father and mother are wild. The school wired them that you had run away—"

"Please, don't give us away," Grace pleaded. Five minutes later, the Colonel was at their hotel.

He proved to be a gentleman of imagination—not to mention a bankroll. After hours of pleading and argument, he finally agreed to lend Grace $300—but only on the grounds that he be permitted to wire her family that she was all right. Grace was to wire them the moment she arrived in New York—and she was to go immediately to the Martha Washington Hotel. It was safe.

New York at last!!

If the two girls had followed their natural inclinations, they would have danced and sung on the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway with the sheer joy of standing there. Now, Grace felt, she could really begin her life's dream. For the first time she was free. Why, it would be no time at all until she would make her début at the Metropolitan—and, of course, she would charter a private car to bring her impressed

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family to the scene of her triumph. Oh, it was going to be grand!

But, with hotel and restaurant bills, three-hundred-dollar stakes have a miraculous way of disappearing—especially with such healthy and hungry young ladies. As they watched it shrink day by day (and no prospect of a Metropolitan début in sight) they wisely decided to take up their abode in Greenwich Village. Here the great artists lived.

THE various geniuses were really very nice to the children. They were so friendly. Every night they would come into the girls' room and eat sandwiches and drink milk. They even advised Grace about money matters. They agreed with her that she was cut out for nothing but opera—but in the meantime, while she waited for her début, she would be wise to get a little something to tide her over. One of the geniuses knew a man who was putting on a burlesque show. There was a possibility that he might be able to use a singer.

Burlesque was not at all what Grace had in mind—but then, with but $5.00 in the family pocketbook, one could not afford to be too choosey.

She walked fifty blocks uptown to the theater. It was dusk when she arrived and she felt strangely blue and a little timid as she slid through the stage door and stood watching the rehearsals.

She must have been there an hour, before a very squat little man with an enormous cigar in his mouth, finally took notice of her.

He said: "What do you want, girlie?"

Grace mentioned the name of the Greenwich Village genius who had recommended her. She wanted to sing, if he pleased, in his new show.

The eyes behind the cigar squinted as he looked her over.

"C'm'ere," he commanded. "Pull up your skirts and let's see your legs!"

A hot flush burned brightly in her face. Only once before in her life had she experienced this same feeling—the time when she was swimming under the culvert without her clothes and the two men had come so close.

"I sing with my *voice*—not my legs!" she shouted—and the next sound to break the ensuing stillness was the crash of the stage door slamming behind her!

It was Grace Moore's first manifestation of professional temperament. She had behaved like a Southern Lady. Her father would have been proud of her! But outside, in the chilly fall air, she felt no sense of triumph. New York—busy, impersonal, hurrying New York—whizzed by her. Unheeding. Unknowing. Unmindful. She was very tired and lonely. For the first time in her life she was frightened!

No star in Hollywood has had a more colorful, romantic and inspiring life than Grace Moore. Her engrossing details of her rise to fame, her achievement of genuine happiness and success, must be read by every devotee of Hollywood and its glamorous people. Don't miss the continuation of Walter Ramsey's brilliant life history of this beautiful and talented star—in next month's Movie Mirror, for sale on all newsstands May 24.

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Movie Mirror, Jr.

(Continued from page 6)

parts of the basket. Every now and then she would ask her mother's advice about the color scheme—a most important problem in decoration.

Shirley likes pasting and cut-outs almost better than any other games. Of course, she loves her dollies. She has a great many of them, and when her little friends come in to play, they usually play house in preference to other games.

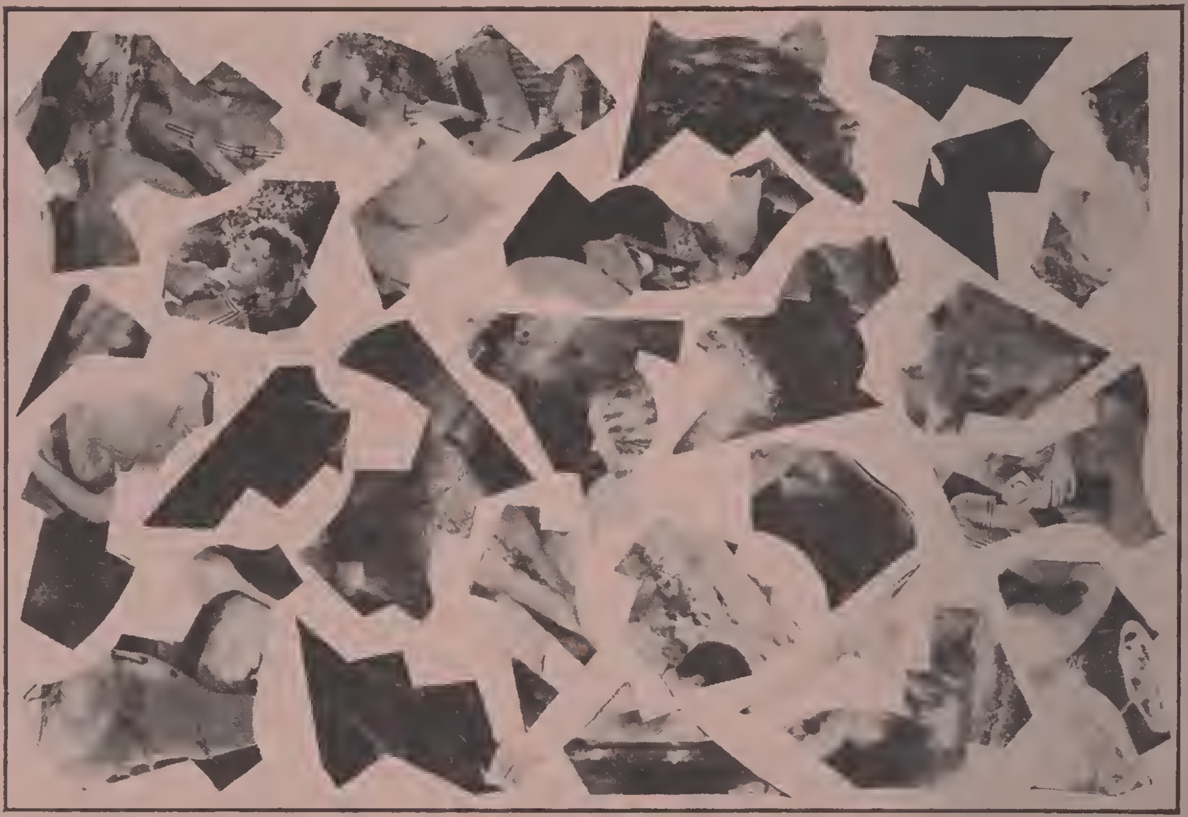
Little girls come to play with Shirley from far and near, and although Shirley's mother likes Shirley to have her playmates around the house, oft-times she is a little skeptical about letting so many children into their home at once.

Shirley is a friendly little person and welcomes everyone. So one day, recently, Mrs. Temple spoke to Shirley about this, and told Shirley the reason she didn't want to have too many children there, or have strange children, was because one never knew if they had a contagious sickness or not.

THE next day a small group of Shirley's playmates came over and Mrs. Temple sent them up to Shirley who was in her playroom. Shirley greeted them as usual—and in a few seconds Shirley's little voice came floating down to Mrs. Temple's ears. "Well," said Shirley, being the soul of diplomacy, "is everyone well at your house?" Then a chorus of "yes-es" could be heard throughout the house. So, convinced, Shirley joined in the business of playing house.

Mrs. Temple told me this incident while Shirley was changing costumes in her dressing-room, which is a portable little house of one room, with dainty curtains on the windows, Shirley-size chairs, and pictures of little cherubs hanging on the walls. Mrs. Temple's soft brown eyes grow even softer when she talks about Shirley. And every now and then her gaze strays to wherever Shirley, her little baby, happens to be—little "Woots" to her. To the rest of us she is a charming little girl and an excellent actress.

If you would like instructions as to how to make the little paper basket that Shirley was making, write to me, asking for them, and I will gladly send them to you, free of charge. The baskets make cunning receptacles for candy and nuts, if you are having a party.



Shirley Temple Cut-Out Contest

Wouldn't you like to win one of the fine prizes listed below? All you have to do is put the above cut-out puzzle together and send us a short letter telling us who is your favorite movie star and why.

That's easy, isn't it? And we'll give you a hint—Shirley Temple is in the picture. That should make it simple for you. Neatness and accuracy count, so do it carefully. Don't forget to give your age.

First prize, $10; second, $5.00; and the ten third prizes are $1.00 each. For the next best cut-outs, we shall give each child a picture of Shirley Temple. Sorry, but no puzzles can be returned. Address your cut-out:

MOVIE MIRROR, JUNIOR,
6715 Hollywood Boulevard,
Hollywood, California.

Cooking

(*Continued from page 67*)

until it is thick and smooth. Add the gelatin and stir till it is dissolved. Now put in the chicken and let it cool. Then whip the cream and fold it in. Turn into a mould and let it remain in the refrigerator till it has set. Serve it on a platter garnished with watercress or parsley. This will serve twelve.

Lobster à la Newburg is a rich and awfully good main course. You can use either fresh or canned lobster, and I'll be glad to send you my pet recipe for this, if you'll mention it when you write me.

Green peas, either fresh or canned, may accompany the main course. You also want celery, possibly stuffed, radish roses and green and ripe olives arranged attractively on flat plates. These should be prepared early in the day and chilled before they are served. People sometimes put small ice-cubes with these, or use a bed of crushed ice under the celery and olives to keep them crisp.

Dessert just has to be ice cream and cake. Maybe you have your own recipe for home made ice cream but a Wedding Breakfast seems to call for ice cream in fancy moulds. Caterers supply these in different shapes and colors. If you prefer to use your own ice cream, why not dress it up a bit and serve it in meringue cases? Do you know how simple it is to make meringue glacé at home?

MERINGUE GLACÉ

2 egg whites
⅔ cup confectioner's sugar
¼ teaspoon vanilla
small pinch of salt

Beat the egg whites and the salt till they are very stiff and dry. Continue beating, adding about two-thirds of the sugar. A word of warning here . . . use a wire whisk for this beating, not a rotary beater. Fold in the rest of the sugar, add the flavoring. You drop this in rounds the size you want your meringue cases, on oiled paper laid over a dampened board. Keep your oven very low for meringues, not more than 275 degrees F. at the most. They should be baked for about forty-five minutes, until dry and firm. Take them out, scoop out the moist insides from the bottom, and put them back in the oven for a moment to dry out. They should be used within twenty-four hours at the outside, as they get tough if allowed to stand.

Place one meringue top side down, and fill it's hollow with a scoop of ice cream, covering this with a second meringue. You may top it with whipped cream decorated with a cherry and some angélique, if you wish.

And cake! That means the bride's cake, which decorates the center of the table during the breakfast. For this, you use a white cake and white, fluffy frosting. If you haven't the recipes for these, let me know, because I have grand ones.

And here I am at the end of my space and I haven't given you an old, old recipe for the best wedding cake you ever ate, which the guests take home with them. Well, when you write to me, you remind me of it, and I'll send it along.

Is there Romance in Your Arms?

June nights and romance! Those breathless little meetings . . . with you in his arms . . . as he whispers those sweet nothings which only you and the moon can hear . . .

● So close, so intimate . . . surely, at such times, there is nothing so appealing to a man as the delicate, unspoiled charm of a woman's arms. Don't ever dare risk offending! When nights are warm . . . take care!

Even if your skin is sensitive there's a safe way for you to prevent underarm odor—and perspiration stains. A way to keep yourself as lovely and unspoiled as moonlight.

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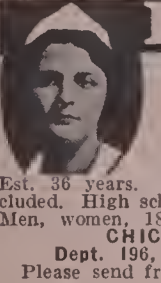

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BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Homemaking

(*Continued from page 68*)

The castle is constructed of aluminum and copper with each room built as a separate unit. There are over two hundred thousand pieces of metal mitred and fitted together with such mechanical ingenuity that the castle may be taken apart by the removal of only twenty screws. The exterior is of sandstone. It is crowned with sky-sweeping turrets and battlements quite like the abode of fairy folk.

Inside, the castle is equipped with mechanical wonders. A cathedral organ, fifteen inches high, actually plays by an elaborate electrical system of remote control. Water tanks hidden in towers supply running water in the baths, fountains and kitchen. Operated by an electrically-run centrifugal pump, the tanks, on emptying, play beautiful chimes in the belfry. All lighting with the exception of flood lighting in the courtyard is indirect. More than four hundred tiny-watt bulbs are used in the house. Even the singing birds in the garden are operated electrically.

You do not enter this remarkable castle. Instead, you walk around it, looking into the open-faced side of each room. An elevated platform enables children to see into the upper rooms perfectly. There are eleven rooms, decorated with priceless tiny silver and gold pieces of furniture, collected in every part of the world. Each piece is in scale of an inch to the foot.

The great hall, which is the art gallery of the castle, is of fantastic beauty. Above the onyx floor engraved in gold there floats a fairy staircase. Suspended as if by invisible threads, it gracefully twists and turns to the second floor balcony. The walls are hung with paintings by world famous artists, Willy Pogany, Ramos Martinez, Hugo Ballin and others, all friends of Colleen. On the ceiling are murals depicting the fairy tales of Anderson and Grimm.

The rose quartz floor of the drawing room is inlaid with silver and gold. Murals of Cinderella reaching and leaving the ball cover the walls; from the ceiling, decorated with pastel murals, hangs a solid gold chandelier strung with real pear-shaped diamonds. The twelve lights in the chandelier, which are the size of grains of wheat and set into sockets the size of pinheads, are the smallest in the world.

In the library also fantasy predominates. The bookcases are equipped with flying staircases leading to the top shelves. On each staircase, at different levels, are reading couches of fairy size in cockle-shell design. The Prince and Princess have seven hundred volumes in their library, the largest of which is an inch square.

Colleen has included a chapel. Its inlaid, engraved ivory floor, carved altar, rich paintings, stained glass windows and high vaulted ceiling reflect dignified nobility and true cathedral beauty.

Between two heavily designed pillars of bronze and gold stands the miniature organ. The console is of mother-of-pearl and ivory and above rise the golden pipes six to eleven inches in height. The organ has all the manuals and stops of a large organ and was a year's work for the artist.

King Arthur's dining hall, in cast stone, has a floor of inlaid imported woods and a bronze coffered ceiling through which fifty-two tiny lamps shed indirect light. At the carved oak Round Table places are set for King Arthur, his knights and fair Guinevere. Each chair is decorated with the imaginary coat-of-arms of a different knight. We can almost see the little knights picking up their monogrammed knives and forks, a half inch long, and King Arthur raising his golden goblet in a toast to Guinevere.

A doorway leads into the cheery kitchen, made fairy-like with murals of the Mother Goose friends of the Prince and Princess. It is a snug, warm spot. On the glowing copper stove the evening stew simmers and the tea kettle hums. The larder in this fairy kitchen is well filled and the store room bulges with supplies.

On the second floor are the Prince's and Princess's bedrooms and baths, reached by a stairway from the drawing room. The prince, being Russian, has his room furnished in his native Russian manner with a lacquered ceiling, hand carved furniture and a prevailing color scheme of blue, enlivened with cinnamon, yellow and peacock. The bed and wardrobe are of walnut with figures from the Russian tale "Tzar Salten" carved in relief. A miniature white bear rug, with gaping jaws and gleaming teeth, decorates the floor. A screen and two chests add princely elegance to the room. The chests weigh a pound and a half each, and are of solid gold! On one of the chests the Prince has his collection of gold cannons and on a wall rack are the swords which he has carried in battle. Adjoining is his bath of marble and gold.

By an entrance hall we enter the lovely boudoir of the Princess. The floor is inlaid mother-of-pearl in shell pink and white. The walls are in pastel murals of Peter Pan in his gayest moods. The chandeliers are gold, the picture frames set with real emeralds and diamonds, and the furniture is of Battersea gold and enamel and carved ivory. The Princess's bed, made in the shape of a gold boat, is draped with a cobweb lace bed-spread.

The Princess keeps her crown in a gold chest on a solid gold table. It is, of course, gold, encircled with pearls and decorated with a star of diamonds and an emerald shamrock, just right for an Irish Princess.

Her bath is green glass—green again in fond remembrance of dear old Erin. The walls are carved with the story of Undine and the mother-of-pearl cove ceiling is supported by crystal columns.

Silver cupids in cockle-shell chariots drawn by silver sea horses, pour water into the Princess's green glass sunken bath, illuminated from the depths.

Now that the house is completed Colleen, and her mother and father are going to take it on a tour of the cities of the United States and to the capitals of all foreign countries. In this way, many of you will drop for a short while the mantle of adult years and follow again your screen star who, as she has often done, will transport you for a brief interval out of the push of your crowded world into fairyland.

She Knew What She Wanted

(*Continued from page* 47)

Fame would never tempt her. Nor would fine flattery or the bright lights. *"My ambition in life is to be, above all else, a good wife and mother."* That she said to herself. The rest of her ambitious family would have laughed at such a statement.

Joan stayed on with her mother, who gave up the stage to become a play broker. Their fashionable apartment was a center for the pleasure hunting, high-tensioned theatrical smart set. An exclusive French finishing school seemed appropriate for the budding Joan, and so she was sent to Versailles. Later her mother went abroad and transferred her to a private school in London.

There wasn't the slightest acting bug lurking in Joan's serious young head. She had seen too much of the theatre and what havoc it could play in women's lives. Instead, she specialized in school in interior decorating. It was the first step in her plan for wifehood.

Then, although old for her years in an abstract way but completely inexperienced in actualities, she fell desperately in love. She was at the private school in London. He was John Martin Fox, handsome son of a wealthy Seattle family. His father had given him money to back some plays abroad.

Entirely dependent on her own judgment, an ocean's distance from her mother, Joan was literally swept off her feet by this impetuous young gallant. They had a lovely wedding in St. Luke's Church, there in London. Joan was sixteen.

Her only wish was to make a fine success of their union. Jack Fox's ideas about plays were all wrong and eventually they returned to America. His father wanted him out on the West Coast, so they settled in Beverly Hills. Not in the expensive district where Joan now resides, but in a modest little apartment south of Wilshire. Her husband's family thought he had fooled around enough and that it was time for him to do for himself.

They were poor, but he got a job with a stock broker. The birth of a daughter, Diana, sent Joan into seventh heaven. She was blissfully content. She was thoroughly domestic, taking care of the baby, keeping house, doing the cooking and sewing.

This was her goal, being a good wife and mother. She didn't mind struggling.

It wasn't the lack of money which separated them. They simply found that they couldn't agree on settling down and being responsible young parents. Joan was all for it. It was her husband who wanted fun and the bright lights.

WHEN they finally divorced, Joan displayed the stamina which is belied by her utterly delicate appearance. She was left with no money, and a baby three months old. She had too much pride to call upon her own family for aid. Somehow she had to earn money to support herself and the child.

It was only then that she thought of acting.

"I remembered that my ex-husband had

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This is to certify that the average circulation of MOVIE MIRROR for the six months' period July 1st to and including December 31st, 1934, was as follows:

Copies sold	311,316
Copies distributed free	2,440
Total	313,756

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
(Signed) Wesley F. Pape, Secretary.

Subscribed to and sworn before me on this 4th day of February, 1935.

LAURENCE A. HAGAN,
Notary Public, Queens County.
Queens Co. Clk's No. 581, Reg. No. 1332.
N. Y. Co. Clk's No. 260, Reg. No. 6H192.
Commission Expires March 30, 1936.

had a business deal downtown with the elder Mr. Selznick, and that one Sunday he had invited Myron, the son, out for dinner. Myron is one of Hollywood's biggest agents, and he said to me then, 'Why don't you try pictures?' I laughed, for that was the farthest thing from my plans at that time."

Over the elaborate, silver-laden luncheon table in her beautiful Beverly home, Joan went on with her story for me. "Months afterwards, when I had to get something to do, I recalled that conversation. I went to Myron and he proved the sincerity of that offer. He got me a bit in a picture at Pathé, and didn't even charge me the customary commission.

"Jacqueline Logan was the star. I'll tell you who played a bit along with me. A girl named Jane Peters. She's Carole Lombard now!

"They asked me to put the baby in the picture. In fact, offered her a nice job in it. But of course I wouldn't think of it for a minute. My children are going to have the best of life!

"While I'd grown up in the midst of a theatrical whirl, I'd never done any acting myself. I managed to get through that bit adequately, I suppose. Then father wired me. He was opening in 'Jarnegan' on Broadway, and said there was a role in it for me.

"Stepping into a Broadway production was a daring move, but I've always been rather adventurous. More important, however, was that it meant a pay-check. I had no notion how long the show might run. Whether it would be a flop and over in a month, or have better luck. So, until I was certain, I decided to leave the baby in Los Angeles."

Parting from Diana was a terrific emotional strain. But it was for her good that Joan was going East. To make a go of acting so that she could provide for this daughter, raise her with loving, protecting care.

The venture was lucky. Joan was "discovered" by Hollywood when she appeared in the play. Impressed by her prettiness and potentialities, they rushed her West again. To be leading lady for Ronald Colman, no less.

Back where she'd started from, but suddenly a major heroine, Joan proceeded to make the best of her fortune. If she was not a marvelous actress the reason is now obvious. After all, she'd not had much ground-work. But she was bright enough to hold on to her place in the cinema sun, gradually acquiring ease before the cameras.

HER private life, however, continued to predominate with Joan, as it always will. For a while she was definitely upset. Her quick rise threw her into the maelstrom of film society and she began going places with John Considine, attractive young producer. Theirs was not destined to be a peaceful friendship. After tempestuous quarrels Joan recognized that he would never fit into her design for a calm future. By now she had learned that harmony is the background for her kind of love.

While convalescing in a Los Angeles hospital from injuries received in a riding sequence in a picture, Joan first became interested in Gene Markey. They had met briefly before, but she had been too preoccupied particularly to notice him. Gene, though, had fallen in love with her at first sight.

The ending of her disturbing romance with Considine and the hospital confinement after her painful accident had given Joan a jolt. She sensed that she had come dangerously near to drifting off her course.

Along came Gene at the critical moment. His cheery, nonsensical humor buoyed her up. One of the most intelligent men in the film capital, he has a flair for fun and, observing her state of mind, made a point of making her laugh with him. Five months of Gene's good-natured courting and she was positive that he was the right man at last.

That she was correct is apparent to all who know the Markeys. They will celebrate their third wedding anniversary shortly. A sophisticated, talented scenarist and author, Gene has undoubtedly been largely responsible for Joan's blossoming into a first-class actress.

I AM sure it's her private life which accounts for her evolving into the person of emotional depth that she is today.

Joan Bennett is performing with zest and understanding on the screen because she is, primarily, the good wife and mother she determined that she would be. A second daughter, Melinda, was born nearly a year ago. *And Gene and her two girls come first!*

Sitting there opposite me, a vision of blonde charm, she said, "I have a real liking for acting now, of course. But I shall never let it interfere with my design, my ideal for life. At present I can combine the career with my husband and children. Gene is writing pictures, so he and I have everything in common.

"I want to have more children, though. And when Diana is in her middle teens I intend to abandon my career, if it has not already abandoned me. Because a girl deserves the companionship and guidance which only her mother can bring her.

"I plan for my daughters to go to the same boarding-school in Connecticut that I attended. Then I want them to study in Switzerland. I've the place picked out now. Only there's to be a difference from my own school-days. I intend to go abroad with them. Be near-by, know all their friends.

"By then, too, the others—Melinda and those children we *hope* to have—will be growing up. Gene and I will have saved enough so that we'll be independent and can afford to be with them, wherever it is most advantageous for them!"

At twenty-four Joan Bennett has remained true to that long-ago vow she made to herself. What is more, she has proved it is a good way of life for a girl who wants happiness. Her sister Constance's career has been spectacular where Joan's is constantly building. But take the career away from Connie and I seriously doubt if much happiness would remain. Take the career from Joan and it would make slight difference. She would gladly abandon it at any moment that it threatened her life with Gene and the children.

Still very young, she has discovered a secret as old as love itself.

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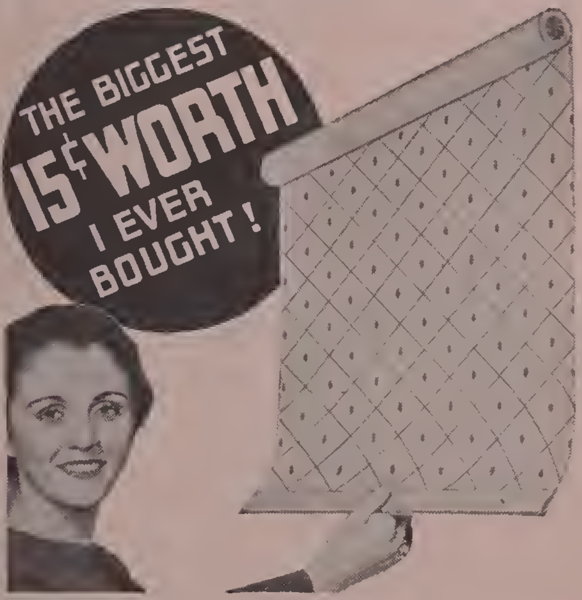
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Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 8*)

and I heard Margaret Sullavan's audience receive its amusing satire with guests of involuntary adult laughter from the first perfect moment when a lady with a long nose and flapping skirts lifted a limp wrist and said to the orphans, "Dance with more freedom."

The picture gave back to me, unchanged, my own adolescent dreaming. No bit of it was lost. Pigtails became curls. Beauty snared (unwittingly), while honest effort triumphed (without humor) and romance tempered tenderness with most delicious fooling. Sometimes I think we all grow old, like horned toads, with a warty crust, denying magic, which is perhaps more real than depression. Why not believe in magic?

Miss M. Trimble,
Evansville, Ind.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

An Open Letter to Hunters

I thought "Sequoia" was just another one of those animal pictures with a dull, dusty irritating background, but I was wrong. It's much more than that. It is one of the most beautiful pictures ever made. It is so cooling to look at—I could almost feel that early morning breeze and smell the cedar in those giant trees. I thrilled to the sounds made by the different animals and birds. Malibu and Gato will always live in my memory for they have won my heart.

Those who love to trap and kill these lovely creatures should see this picture for the great lesson it teaches. The only disappointment is, it wasn't in color.

Here's hoping they make many more pictures like "Sequoia" the marvel picture of the year.

Louise Spencer,
Dallas, Tex.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

The Withers—Piper Romance

I don't give a darn how many people acclaim Clark Gable as the lover of all ages, nor do I care how many brickbats I bring down on my defenseless head, I'm going to speak my mind. I think that good old homely Edna May Oliver and lovable, with-no-claim-to-beauty James Gleason make the cutest pair of lovers on the screen. I have seen all three of their late mystery pictures and honestly I'd rather see James kiss Edna May by kicking her in her act of espionage than Gable and Crawford emote a full half hour.

Mrs. H. W. Heaton,
Los Angeles, Cal.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Airing a Grievance

Recently I have been getting provoked at movie producers for pulling what seems to me to be a bonehead play. Why, oh why, must we hear all the song hits from good pictures before the pictures themselves are shown? In my opinion this is only depreciating the value of the pictures. A few days ago I went to see "Here is my Heart." It was extremely interesting, but when the long song sequences came along to my mind they sounded flat. I had heard and danced to "June in January" and "With Every Breath I Take" for so long that these scenes held no interest for me.

Who cares under what attractive circumstances the song is presented if he is hearing it for the thousandth time? Right now we are listening to that grand tune "The Lullaby of Broadway" and everyone, every where, is humming it, but don't you suppose we'll be sick and tired of it by the time we see the picture? Certainly. This is my one and only peeve about the perfect pictures we've been having lately. Why can't something be done about it?

Olivia Moore,
Westwood Hills, Cal.

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Advice to June Brides

(*Continued from page 39*)

fuel on the fire by demanding to know why and harping on it.

"Keep away, you modern brides, from cocktail rendezvous and luncheon dates with other men. If you're hungry for a bit of flattery and 'John' hasn't said anything nice to you for a long, long time, don't go out looking for compliments from other men.

"Didn't he say to you 'I'd rather have you for a wife than any other woman in the world'? Well, he meant that. Today and tomorrow and all through the years keep with you that lovely compliment.

"Wives learn to overlook many things, or rather not to see them at all. Pretty young faces that tempt and may even captivate for a while, are not seen by patient wives. The years of peace and companionship ahead can't be sacrificed for hurt pride. Hurt pride for the moment, remember, is better than a lifetime of loneliness and regrets."

"IT'S so hard to advise when every case is an individual one," said Mrs. Harold Lloyd, her three lovely children grouped about her ready for a dash to Palm Springs. "I'd say a happy marriage all depends on how well the wife understands her man. I know I've made being a wife my career. I gave up my career in pictures and I've never regretted it. Harold's work was my work and that has enabled me to understand the demands on his time that otherwise I might have failed to understand. I'll say this, a wife should never interfere in a husband's business. When Harold comes to me with a problem or asks me to read a script I'm glad I know enough about it to give my honest opinion, which I know he values, but I never offer advice unless I am asked.

"Be a golf widow and like it. It's better to be a golf widow, remember, than a grass widow. If he likes to bowl, golf or play tennis, insist that he play as much as possible and don't complain if it carries him past the dinner hour. Nothing can take away the pleasure of a game as much as a cold reception at home.

"Don't force your husband to attend parties, dinners, dances if he'd rather stay home. Quiet, peaceful evenings at home can do wonders toward bringing and keeping harmony in your family. Live simply, whether it be in a tiny bungalow or a mansion. Keep close to the real and simple but worth while things of life. I don't believe in long separations for married couples. Harold and I have never been apart for more than two or three weeks at a time. And above all else, raise a family. Nothing binds two people more closely together than children."

Mrs. Otto Kruger, an attractive brunette, said to me, "It is really true that the first year, even though it is the honeymoon year, is the hardest, because it's the period of adjustment and getting to know each other. I was an actress and a successful one when I married Mr. Kruger and after our marriage we actually found ourselves growing jealous if one of us reaped more attention or adulation than the other. It even reached the quarreling stage when, thank heavens, we realized how silly it was and, by talking it over sanely and sensibly, escaped our first pitfall.

"From the very first, I began looking ahead to those other years. Years when I knew I'd be tired of a career, if it weren't already tired of me, and weary of all the things that seemed important to me then. To those years when a woman wants just a home, her husband and her children. I knew the time to build for those years to come was right then in that first year, and with that goal in mind I was able to carry on through trials and misunderstandings that might have proved fatal otherwise.

"So many girls go into marriage today with the wrong attitude. 'Oh, well,' they shrug, 'it's just another experience. If we don't make a go of it we'll call it off.' Too often they do call it off, remarry, call that off, and never find happiness.

"Please, never go into marriage with such negative ideas. Go into it determined to make a go of it and it will last.

"It isn't all sweetness and light. It's give and take, the good with the bad. It's a hard road half the time, but it's life.

"Our sixteen years of married life have been dotted with dark days, dark times, happy days and happy times. I remember one dark spot in particular. It was the day I was ready to leave the hospital with our new baby. Otto didn't come at the appointed hour and the hours dragged on. Later, they telephoned a friend would call for me and I knew something ominous and dreadful had happened. Taking my baby in my arms, I stole out to a taxi and home. I'll never forget standing there with my baby in my arms and being told Otto was desperately ill. He held his own through the next day and gradually improved. When he grew entirely well, we found the play they had promised to hold for him had been given someone else. It was a bitter blow for both of us with a new baby, with debts and expenses.

"OUR greatest pleasure comes from an evening alone reading before the fire, attending the movies or going on long evening drives together, both singing away at the tops of our voices. We've never needed others about us to be happy or contented. And that's important, I think.

"Keep up your spirits and keep down your weight. Keep alert. And don't play bridge with your husband. More marriages are wrecked over a bridge table than over a blonde.

"When it comes to other women, understand your man and trust him. A mild flirtation never hurt any man and a wife should feel pleased that her husband is attractive to other women. In fact, nothing really matters as long as you know in your heart he's your man for always."

"Marriage," says charming Mrs. Edward Robinson, "depends almost entirely on the woman. Women are brighter than men when it comes to an intuitive sense and a knowledge of what must be done to preserve a home.

"I'd say this to June brides: Don't hang on too closely to a man if you want to keep him. Let him go out with his friends two or three nights every week. Insist on it. Soon he'll be wondering just how and why you can get along without him. You see the very freedom you give him brings him only closer to you.

"Be a sweetheart always and don't ever be taken for granted. Wear your prettiest, laciest things about your bedroom and don't store them away in some forgotten box. Dress as your husband would like to see you. Simple sport clothes for the street and plenty of frills for the house. And don't forget a dash of perfume.

"I don't believe wives should have separate sleeping rooms. But I do advocate a room, if it's only a two by four, in the house for a man's own. Full of pipes, guns, poker tables or the things he loves to have around. A room he can go into and close the door knowing it's his very own. Encourage him to entertain his friends at home, disappear yourself, making sure, of course, that the ice box is full of tempting things men love.

"When you entertain friends, do it well. Nothing warms a man's heart so much as knowing his wife is a gracious hostess.

"DON'T be gossiped about. It isn't worth it. Don't make a point of attending cocktail parties alone or imbibing too freely, inviting men's open remarks. It's a bitter pill for a husband to swallow. Be dignified and yet not a prude.

"I would say yes to a woman giving up her career. I did when I married Mr. Robinson and I've never regretted it. One of my dearest friends is a famous motion picture star. We were chatting the other day when she suddenly said, 'When I come here, see your beautiful home, your darling baby, the happiness that is yours and Eddie's, I wonder if I'm not making the biggest mistake of my life to choose a career first. Some day they'll be tired of me. What will I have to live for then?'

"Look ahead, little brides of June, to the years when you'll be forty and fifty. The days when home and husband mean everything. Look ahead and think.

"Marriage takes a lot of giving in. Men are more selfish than women. Men are like small boys in their stubborn ways so it's up to the woman to give in nine times out of ten. And learn to do so graciously.

"What every woman knows I believe, is how to hold her husband. If she doesn't, she mustn't complain if she loses him. We all know the world is full of unscrupulous women; women to whom the words wife, home and children mean less than nothing. If by any chance your husband (and all men are pretty much alike) should slip a little or even a great deal, it isn't the end of the world, you know. So don't step down from your place by his side.

"I wouldn't step down for any woman. I helped make this home the thing of beauty it is, I have given my husband a son and I have given him happiness and understanding. No husband stealer could or would give him as much. Therefore I would refuse to abdicate.

"Don't make the mistake of being too sure of yourself. Keep alive. Study French or music or have some outside interest, if possible. And stamp out with a tactful foot, any mother-in-law complex.

"Live alone and never with a relative. And turn over your life, little bride, to making yours a happy, lasting marriage. It's so worth it."

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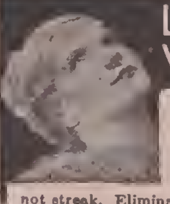

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Here's Why Bill Powell Will Never Be Rich

(*Continued from page* 45).

carcass would become wrinkled and bent. To be able to foresee something like that is a pretty handy accomplishment that not all Hollywood actors seem to possess.

"So I said to myself, 'Bill, so far you have been very successful at not becoming independently wealthy, and now it is time to retire from such a pursuit. Let the others try to do that; you just concentrate on laying aside something for a rainy day. No use being a hog about it, you know.'

"EXPERIENCE had now taught me that stocks and bonds are unreliable affairs and even if you put a pile of dollars under the loose board in the living room floor you might wake up to discover they were worthless. I could picture myself going down to the Itsy-Bitsy Bakerie in Beverly for a loaf of bread, and having the blonde behind the counter say sweetly: 'That will be $8,000. Anything else today?' That happened in Germany, you know. I had nightmares in which a dollar became worth a mil and nothing I could do would prevent it.

"While lying by the pool one day my big inspiration came. As usual with my financial inspirations, I was not aware that I was heading into difficulties. But I reasoned this way: A dollar might shrink, but not a shingle, and you can't pass a law to make hens lay eggs the size of a baked bean. Eureka, I would become a farmer!

"But the more I investigated that brilliant project, the duller it grew. A movie actor may be able to attract the public to the box office, but can he lure a hen into a nest? They don't have any longer hours on a farm than in a studio, but I knew darn well I couldn't hire a stand-in behind that plow. A farm would have to be a long way from the studio, so I couldn't carry on acting as a sideline, either.

"Still and all, I wanted to invest in something that had three dimensions, instead of flat bits of decorated paper. I looked into the apartment house situation, but that would require managers, janitors, not to mention tenants. I would probably be put out within a year for not paying their rent.

"And then the very thing came to me—why not put my money into a house and lot? That flash of genius should forever qualify me as an authority on how not to amass millions. However, my reasoning was sound enough, if I hadn't overlooked my lack of sales resistance. No one can deny that Southern California is the place to live; it's the most attractive land in the world. Rich people no longer go to the Riviera to build homes, they come to Hollywood.

"Well, I would build a house that would be sure to appeal to any of them, so that I could always hang up a 'for sale' sign and get at least a large share of my money back. Moreover, I could enjoy my investment. And if I sat tight and kept my eye on the gate, some nimble-fingered financier couldn't abscond with my property, and certainly the thing wouldn't shrink right under my nose."

Jean Parker and Bob Taylor who are sharing a romance as well as a table.

MR. POWELL paused with a sigh, as he recalled this fine line of logic. Presently he resumed, in that deep and pleasing voice, the story which brings to a climax his splendid failures.

"What happened then," he said, "surpasses the tale of Ulysses and the sirens. No sooner had I become a home builder than a swarm of gadget makers began to beckon me from my plotted course. I had purchased my property after inspecting dozens of plots and reading hundreds of ads. I learned to talk the language of the want ad like a professional; knew just what they meant by an '8-rm bung 10 yrs pay, pvt yd' and so on. I was particularly intrigued by one ad that mentioned a 'spacious loving room' but it had 'o'stuffed furniture.'

"Well, I chose a spot between Mr. Cord (autos) and Mr. Doheny (oil), figuring that their residences would not exactly fall into the classification of eyesores, and nobody could complain of the neighbors. Hobart Bosworth had a house on the land which went with it, and he and I figured that with a bit of stucco here and there it would look as good as new.

"But I reckoned without my lack of sales resistance. The architect started removing this and that from the house until one day I strolled by to discover only the basement was left, and somebody was filling that in.

"'Maybe I'm wrong, but I thought I was building a house, not tearing one down,' I protested. Nobody listened. Then came the gadgets. Having a complex on secret panels, I wanted everything to slide out of sight. By touching a button, for instance, a wall disappears and a rowing machine swims into view. Somebody else sold me on the idea of heating the water in the swimming pool.

"AS you may perceive, my knack for avoiding the accumulation of riches was again becoming active, for I fell for everything. But I figured this way: Here is my lifetime investment, I am putting hundreds of men to work, and if I want to sell it, the house must have something in it that will appeal to everyone. It has.

"I've got concealed closets, handy for holding family skeletons. There's an indoor grill in the amusement room for roasting reputations, and should you be the type to attract burglars, the touch of a button from any room will flood the entire grounds with lights, start a siren going, call the police department and shoot off Roman candles. Entering the grounds, you touch a button on the car dash, and a photo-electric cell makes the gates swing open, the drive light up, and opens the doors of the garage. In the garage you touch another button and all that stuff goes into reverse. The basement is refrigerated and rigged up as a wine cellar to hold 3,000 bottles.

"At last I surveyed my handiwork. By pushing through the throngs that came daily to inspect the place, I managed to get several fair views of the house. But I had done my job too well.

"No sooner did I make discreet inquiries to see if my place could be sold, than the tragic truth began to become apparent. There are, for instance, a great many two- and three-bottle men in the country, but where could I find a 3,000-bottle man? Those who inspected the place complained bitterly because, after pushing buttons to bring you in and deposit you in the garage, there was no robot to pick you up, carry you into the house, slip you a snack from the icebox, tuck you into bed and kiss you goodnight.

"It begins to look as if another of my schemes had backfired, and I'll probably have the place on my hands for years to come, plus a few more gadgets each year."

All this was very interesting. Upon his conclusion of this recital, I told Mr. Powell that now I was convinced he was capable of giving me authoritative rules for avoiding wealth; in fact, he was the best man I could have found for the job.

"May I have your five rules for not becoming a millionaire actor?" I wheedled.

With an expression much like the one you saw on his resigned face when he was prevailed upon to solve the mystery of "The Thin Man," Bill proceeded. . .

"RULE ONE. Make all your money in a couple of years. Then you'll have to pay back most of it in taxes. The government and the state must believe that an actor's good years go on forever. A sausage maker, for instance, can claim depreciation on his factory, but an actor, whose factory is his aging body and wearying brain, can't claim any depreciation. He pays—and pays.

"When I feel useless, I sit back and think of the good I'm doing my fellow citizens by not becoming wealthy. Taxes in the last three years have handed back many thousands of my earnings to the government. By going in for all the gadgets, my house has had factories turning out push buttons overtime, and when I think of the army of men who swarmed over the frame of that house I complacently figure that I've done my bit to boost business and fill dinner buckets during the depression.

"Rule two, I think, should involve just doing what is required of a Hollywood actor. I must have an accountant—a certified public one—so that my income tax will satisfy Uncle Sam that I'm not doing him out of any money.

"Then, you've got to wear clothes that will impress a jury if you've got to be a district attorney in as many movies as I've been in, and of course a detective like Philo Vance must be dressed in the height of something or other.

"Somewhere in my budget must be an allowance for entertaining a fair lady, for I've never noticed a hermit complex in my makeup. Servants, of course. And fan mail. There is an item! When I signed with Metro I agreed to bear that expense myself.

"As for the other rules, just lump numbers three, four and five under the heading 'House.'"

"Your success should be an inspiration, Mr. Powell," I declared, "to all young actors looking forward to making their fortunes. Who knows but you may by your good example, bring others to the same pretty pass."

"Poor souls," Bill replied compassionately. "But honestly, all this sounds as if I might be unhappy or something. You know, money isn't so important as all that. It's fun to be active in one of the most advertised businesses in the world, where there's never a moment of monotony, and the job in itself is interesting.

"And you're bound to be conscious of the world of friends you are making, that you are making life a bit more pleasant for a vast audience. We all like to be approved, and you get that here as in no other calling.

"True, I once looked forward to retiring. That isn't Nirvana at all. The pleasurable business of acting in pictures is a great compensation, whether you grow wealthy or not. When my business manager points out that by only working in four pictures a year, I'd clear about as much as I would doing six, after deducting the tremendous tax on an income in the upper brackets, I realize that the money isn't so all important. Why not work—giving the salary back to the people? And there's the picture crew, the writers, the prop boys, all drawing pay when an actor goes into a picture."

Maybe that genial tolerance and friendly, humorous philosophy of William Powell should have been the subject of this success story, after all. Because in that he can safely be regarded as Hollywood's grandest success.

What Hollywood Women See In Men

(Continued from page 55)

Appearance has little to do with the qualities that fascinate me in a man. Tall or short, heavy or thin, it doesn't make the slightest difference, if he has that spark of vitality and personality so necessary to an interesting man. I like older, more experienced men better than young ones." (Be that as it may, I've looked over your record, Jean, and I find one thing that is absolutely necessary to your favorite men, whether they have that *spark* or not. That little item is the moustache! Don't wait for me. It may take months!)

KAY FRANCIS—usually-bachelor-girl, actress: "Vitality. Spring. Power. Health!" (Short and sweet, what? I'll bet the boys around the drugstore back in Kalamazoo will be brushing up on their SPRING before the week's out.)

IDA LUPINO—baby star, baby stare . . . baby: "If a man doesn't look me straight in the eye, I don't want him. You can have him!" (But if he looked at your IDA, he'd miss LUPINO!)

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN—leading "Mick" ingenue: "I like that *scrubbed* look. Careful grooming, but not too careful. Blonde men seem to achieve this effect easier than very dark ones. After that, I like well-cared-for teeth." (*Before* that, my pet, I should like to inform you that you've given us a rather good description of Mr. Farrow, your present "heart," which I think is darned mean considering all the guys in line.)

JOAN BLONDELL—comedienne and devoted Mamma: "Give me a quiet man! I can't stand bluster and hey-hey. And there's nothing worse than the *cute* type! A serious, worth while man always seems

"Give me fresh air and plenty of it.. but –

—You can't whiz along the road to health on fresh air and exercise alone. It takes a well-balanced diet to really keep you going at full speed. And here's my recipe for a breakfast that gives you a flying start: Delicious Shredded Wheat and milk, heaped high with fresh fruits or berries."

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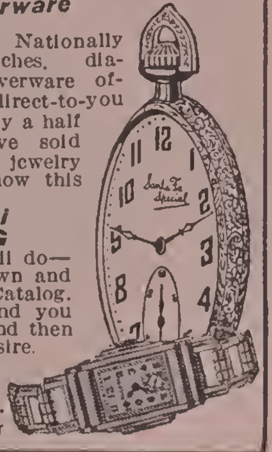

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Put one on—the pain is gone!

to give himself away by using his eyes, his voice and his deportment to stay away from the spotlight!" (Who made that noise like a wife?)

ELISSA LANDI—movie star and novelist: "Hands, hands, above all else, a man's hands! Faces and clothes can lie and sometimes do. But a man's entire history is written in his hands. He cannot escape the story they tell. Of course, I don't mean smooth skin and perfectly-modeled fingers. A strong, work-worn hand may convey more charm and character than a perfectly groomed one. I think men instinctively realize how much their hands reveal. A great majority are really self conscious of them!" (Don't Lux at me, teacher, I didn't raise my hand.)

VIRGINIA BRUCE—actress, divorcée, mother and swell: "I like men who like me! That's simple enough, isn't it? It makes no real difference to a woman whether a man is tall, short, handsome or homely, well-groomed or in his shirt sleeves, if he gives her the little courtesies and special attentions that tactfully say: *'I Like You!'"* (No comment necessary, eh, Virginia?)

JEAN MUIR—George Jean Nathan's favorite pupil: "It matters terribly to me that a man should be well proportioned, especially that his feet should fit his body. I detest tall men with little feet and I think most women feel the same way. But a big head on a small body or a small head on a broad pair of shoulders affects me the same way." (You like a balanced diet, too, I'll bet.)

ISABEL JEWELL—trouper and big-hearted kid: "Wonder why it is that I'm always attracted to men who have small, even squinty, light blue or gray eyes? I haven't found any reason for it. It's just a fact. I hate large, soulful eyes in a man. They give a face such a vacant, thoughtless expression as far as I'm concerned." (If you've got what it takes, you're just plain lucky; Isabel is one grand gal.)

MARLENE DIETRICH—Continental and Hollywood mystery: "I could never be attracted to any man who wasn't an artist." (Seiber, Von Sternberg, Felixe Rolo, Chevalier, Fritz Lang, please note.)

LORETTA YOUNG—actress, beauty and sister: "I am always attracted to a man who otherwise acceptable, seems to need me. I doubt that I could ever care for a man who didn't have at least one problem I could help solve." (Man and boy, you've had some solving to do in your time, too. Maybe it's about time for you to find some grand chap who has the same idea about you!)

GRACIE ALLEN—radio-movie star, wife and nitwit: "What do I look for when I meet a strange man? Well, the *first* thing I look for is his wife!"

There you are boys. You have heard the low-down. Can you take it? The gals didn't seem to allow their ideas to fall into groups the way the men did (figures, eyes, etc.), but they were all rather definite at that. So, when you've saved up that fare money, don't forget to take a last glance at this soul-baring dictum—it gives you two strikes on the Hollywood gals before you start!

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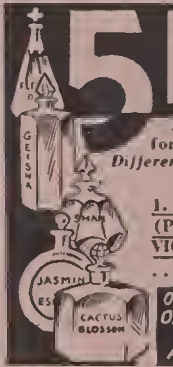

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Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page* 15)

insane (yes, honestly) and a group of doctors and what love does to them.

This picture is given a double check because MOVIE MIRROR regards it as not only one of the most interesting productions of the season but one of the most interesting ever to be made in Hollywood. It has its moments of beauty, laughter and love. It also has, however, a theme that will scare many people, a solemnity and a horror which may be moving or shocking, entirely depending upon your temperment. So you must choose for yourself whether or not you care to see it.

The story concerns a beautiful woman psychiatrist, Claudette Colbert, a handsome male psychiatrist, Joel McCrea, who work side by side, and his pretty little wife, Joan Bennett, whom both of them love. When Charles Boyer is appointed head of the hospital, Joel flirts with Boyer's sister, to avenge himself on the man, entirely forgetting what the flirtation will do to his wife.

The cast is magnificent. Claudette gives a subtle performance of great beauty, Joan Bennett will electrify you, Charles Boyer will become your next great interest, Joel McCrea is quite perfect as the bewildered, revengeful young husband, and Helen Vinson, our favorite siren, couldn't be better.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll get a thrill out of this, if you can take it at all.

Cardinal Richelieu (20th Century)

You'll See: *George Arliss, Maureen O'Sullivan, Edward Arnold, Cesar Romero, others.*

It's About: *That famous historical figure, Richelieu, who ruled France with an iron hand and saved the country for King and Church.*

This time Mr. Arliss saves France (instead of England) and is a famous Cardinal (instead of a politician); thus, the background has changed but Mr. Arliss has remained, as ever, the savior. And despite the fact that he is supposed to be very French and extremely Catholic, Mr. Arliss remains, in our opinion, very Protestant and quite as English as in past performances.

Edward Arnold, as *King Louis*, gives an excellent performance and Cesar Romero finally gets a role equal to his talents. Maureen O'Sullivan suffers, somewhat as Mr. Arliss does, in that she is slightly too Irish for the background. The remainder of the cast is well chosen and very capable. The strength of the picture, however, lies not in the performances but in the grand photography, the perfect staging and the luxurious production it affords the audience. Likewise, the story is more of an adventure in historical meanings than in entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: If you like Mr. Arliss.

✓✓Star of Midnight (RKO)

You'll See: *William Powell, Ginger Rogers, Paul Kelly, Gene Lockhart, Ralph Morgan, Leslie Fenton, J. Farrell MacDonald, Russell Hopton.*

It's About: *Murder on a light-hearted, comedy scale with Bill Powell continuing his "Thin Man" stuff.*

Saturday Night's Millions who have been watching for another "Thin Man" had better start standing in line. This picture has the same punch, the marvelous comedy touches, practically the same entertainment value and Bill Powell. What could be sweeter?

When a newspaper man is murdered in lawyer Powell's place, he turns detective, with his girl friend, Ginger Rogers, to aid him. Yes, they do almost as much highball-drinking in this one, too. Bill is on the spot with a flock of gangsters, but Paul Kelly (also a hoodlum) is forced to become his bodyguard because Powell is the only man alive who can help Kelly stay out of jail for income tax evasion.

The comedy and sparkling funny dialogue throughout are worth the price of admission. Powell works just as well with Ginger as he did with Myrna Loy. Paul Kelly, Gene Lockhart and Russell Hopton are excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: See it. You'll rave and laugh, then rave some more. It's real entertainment.

Go Into Your Dance (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Al Jolson, Ruby Keeler, Glenda Farrell, Helen Morgan, Patsy Kelly, Sharon Lynne.*

It's About: *The "comeback" of a disposed stage favorite, together with the usual musicomedy gags.*

Warner Brothers have succeeded in rounding up all the old, trusty gags and situations for this Jolson-Keeler musical.

Al plays the role of a Broadway sensation who has a cute habit of running out on shows that are hits until finally the stage producers get together and ban him from Broadway. He decides to stage his own comeback and borrows the money from a gangster whose wife, Helen Morgan, likes Al — and, besides, she wants to get back on the stage herself. Ruby Keeler plays a hoofer who has teamed up with Al to help him stage his return to Broadway, only to make the mistake of falling in love with him.

Mr. Jolson gives a good account of himself; Ruby Keeler says all her dialogue with shouts and dances a bit; Helen Morgan throws her mouth out of joint while singing her one song ("The Little Things You Used to Do") and gets little chance aside from that. The comedy of Patsy Kelly holds up the entire scene whenever she's given the chance—which wasn't often enough for us. The music is better than usual, in fact there are some tunes you may find in the Hit List.

Your reviewer Says: It will do if you simply must see a musical.

✓✓Laddie (RKO)

You'll See: *Virginia Weidler, John Beal, Gloria Stuart, Donald Crisp, Dorothy Peterson, Gloria Shea.*

It's About: *The homespun life and romance of a middle-west farmer boy—fol-*

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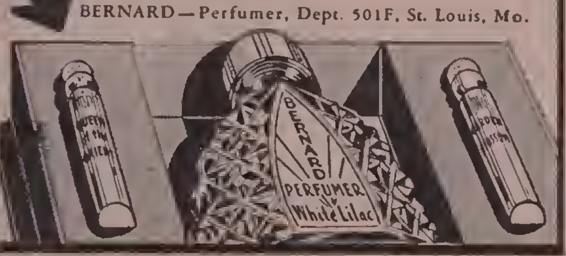

lowing the original novel by Gene Stratton Porter very closely.

Those of you who enjoyed "Little Women" and "Anne of Green Gables" will certainly relish the simple, down-to-earth entertainment offered by this famous story. But even if you didn't particularly enjoy those first offerings, we advise you to see this one because "Laddie" presents one of the sensations of the year as far as grand acting goes. Introducing:

Virginia Weidler, only competitor Shirley Temple has had since her debut. Little Miss Weidler portrays *Little Sister* to *Laddie* (played by John Beal) and we think she was the whole show. There is a real difference, however, between this newest child actress and Shirley Temple: Shirley gives a doll-like, actress performance while Virginia Weidler leaves no impression of "acting"—merely relying upon her intensely human "realness" to make her an over-night sensation.

The story is the farmer-boy—rich-girl romance against an actual farm background. John Beal's *Laddie* was rather well done, albeit a bit stiffly at times. Gloria Stuart as *Pamela,* the rich English girl, was barely adequate; while her father, played by Donald Crisp, was an exceptional characterization.

Your Reviewer Says: Wholesome, sweet entertainment of the best sort.

Baby Face Harrington (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel, Harvey Stephens, Eugene Pallette, Nat Pendleton, Ruth Selwyn, Donald Meek and others.*

It's About: *A typical "Casper Milquetoast" who gets involved with gangsters and is zoomed to the skies as "Public Enemy No. 2" by reporters.*

When Charles Butterworth, a very timid husband, loses his job and his $2,000 insurance fund and is finally thrown in jail for theft, the newspapers play him up as "Public Enemy No. 2." Especially does he hit the headlines by escaping from jail when a gang of hoodlums open the bastille to free one of their own.

Charlie Butterworth, one of the best "occasional comics," is a bit over his head in trying to carry an entire picture, and his wife, Una Merkel, isn't given a chance to hit her stride. Eugene Palette as the Sheriff, Nat Pendleton as P. E. No. 1, and the rest of the cast are adequate.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't worry too much about it—you'll find it on a double bill, anyway.

✓Farewell to Love (GB)

You'll See: *Clive Brook, Madeleine Carroll, and an all-star British cast.*

It's About: *A small-town German doctor who attaches himself to the king of Denmark and dramatically influences the destinies of that nation and of its queen.*

This is a fine engrossing historical drama which tells the story of dynamic and clever Dr. Struensee, who although of peasant stock raises himself to the position of virtual dictator of the nation (near the end of the 18th Century).

Clive Brook's acting, in this meaty role, is the high spot of the movie, although more care should have been exercised by the director in photographing him. Concentration in this direction is on Madeleine

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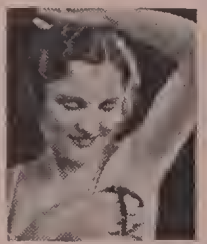

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Carroll who in many shots is exquisitely beautiful as the English-born queen of dissolute young King Christian VII. Inspired by the enlightened Doctor, she works for the welfare of the downtrodden, then falls in love with Struensee.

Your Reviewer Says: If you enjoy costume drama this is your dish.

✓✓ Mr. Dynamite (Universal)

You'll See: *Edmund Lowe, Jean Dixon, Esther Ralston, Victor Varconi, Verna Hillie, Bradley Page, others.*

It's About: *Three very mysterious murders and how the newly-named Dashiell Hammett detective clears them up.*

Fast-moving, fast-talking mystery stuff that never lets you off the edge makes this picture one of the better bits of entertainment of the month.

Dashiell Hammett's detectives are never allowed to take up a lot of time and space running down false clews, and this is no exception. Eddie Lowe as *Mr. Dynamite* goes about solving his three murders in the usual "Thin Man" manner, never missing a trick and managing at the same time to keep the laughs ringing throughout the theater. Jean Dixon (where has she been all our life?) plays the detective's secretary, and the sparkling dialogue she springs on the audience is a thing to rave about. Others in cast are good, too. Due credit must be given to Hammett's story and Alan Crosland's direction.

Your Reviewer Says: By all means—mystery entertainment tops and comedy touches by the carload.

✓✓ Les Miserables (20th Century)

You'll See: *Fredric March, Charles Laughton, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Rochelle Hudson, Frances Drake, John Beal, Florence Eldridge, Jessie Ralph, others.*

It's About: *The life of a former convict, Jean Valjean, and the police inspector who never forgot a face or his duty.*

Not for some time has a picture succeeded in so completely dividing Hollywood into pro and con. There are those who look upon this picture as a sure winner of the next award from the Academy, and there are others who are frankly bored with the whole proceeding.

Beautifully produced, gorgeously photographed and, in most instances, competently acted; yes, we must give it its due. We are also forced to admit touches of exceptional direction, and certainly must call attention to the herculean task performed by writer Lipscum in adapting this lengthy and unwieldy work of Victor Hugo's. But entertainment? If you like to cry and be depressed, if you enjoy your drama drawn out to a fine point, then you will like this picture. If, however, you have an entirely different meaning for the word entertainment, we feel sure you will be at odds with "Les Miserables."

Fredric March as Jean Valjean, the paroled convict who tried to start life anew, gives an excellent performance, and Charles Laughton's police inspector is forceful. The remainder of the cast is adequate.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll either rave or rant. Be sure which side you're on before you spend your money.

✓ Reckless (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Jean Harlow, William Powell, Franchot Tone, May Robson, Ted Healy, Nat Pendleton, Rosalind Russell, others.*

It's About: *The Broadway dancer who marries the socialite son of a rich family, only to prove that oil and water won't mix.*

Brimming with hokum and studded with laughs, this picture will hit the average audience right where its entertainment lives. To make it all the more interesting, the story is lifted right out of the sensational headlines of a famous case.

The story of the picture is of a Broadway dancer who marries a playboy son, only to find that he can't take the adverse criticism from his family and friends. He commits suicide, leaving the girl to fight the battle alone. A baby is born, and the girl faces the terrific opposition of clubwomen and purity leaguers, who have ganged up to prevent her from earning a living. Thence to that happy ending when she returns to her first love.

Jean Harlow as the Broadway dancer does right well by herself, and her dancing and singing will move her up a notch. Jean's acting in this picture seems ahead of her recent efforts, too. Franchot Tone made his role of the rich playboy convincing, and just the right tone of honest snobbishness is maintained throughout. Bill Powell, who plays the thankless role of Jean's first love, is witty, as usual, and holds up his end in grand style. For the life of us, though, we can't understand burying such a star in such a small role.

Your Reviewer Says: Breezy hokum, grand music and good dancing. Better see it.

✓✓ Four Hours to Kill (Paramount)

You'll See: *Richard Barthelmess, Joe Morrison, Helen Mack, Gertrude Michael, Dorothy Tree, Roscoe Karns, Charles C. Wilson, others.*

It's About: *A convict who, while awaiting the train that is to take him to prison, escapes and finally gets the man who squealed.*

This story is enacted in the lounge in a New York theater during the period of a play. A convict on his way to the electric chair is brought here by his keeper when they miss their train and have four hours to kill. Other characters, some from the audience and others from the staff of the theater, are thrown into close and tangled intimacy in the lounge at the same time. There are a boy and a girl in love being separated by a hard-boiled gold digger. There is a philandering wife finding out how worthless her lover is. There is a bewildered old couple, and finally there is Richard Barthelmess as the convict on his way to his death, who is determined to avenge himself on his worst enemy—and who does.

Dick is up to his highest standard. Charles C. Wilson as the police keeper gives a performance almost on a par with that of Barthelmess. Roscoe Karns, whose wife is having a baby and who telephones the hospital every five minutes, does some marvelous acting. Joe Morrison, Helen Mack and Gertrude Michael all measure up well in small parts.

Your Reviewer Says: Go, by all means.

Turn the page for Tips on Talkies.

No takers

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Tips on Talkies

All reviews in *italics* are especially suitable for children. Those marked with ✓ are the good pictures, while ✓✓ indicates extraordinary films which you can't afford to miss. The issue of MOVIE MIRROR in which the original, detailed comments on the pictures appeared is shown by the month in parentheses.

✓AFTER OFFICE HOURS (M-G-M) A newspaper story in which Clark Gable is the editor who hires and fires Constance Bennett while trying to solve a murder. A trite story, but Gable will make the feminine hearts flutter, as usual. (May)

✓✓ALL THE KING'S HORSES (Paramount) Opera star Mary Ellis, in her first picture, appears in a delightful version of the old mythical-kingdom story, studded with some grand singing, dancing and Carl Brisson. (May)

✓BAND PLAYS ON, THE (M-G-M). A fine football production with Robert Young, Stuart Edwin, Leo Carrillo and Betty Furness. (March)

✓BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL (M-G-M). Robert Montgomery, magazine editor, falls for Ann Harding, whom he was intending to publicize in his paper, and therefore calls the whole thing off. A sparkling yarn for sophisticates. (March)

✓BRIGHT EYES (Fox). Shirley Temple, an orphan, is loved by Charles Sellon, lemon-faced millionaire, and James Dunn, daring young aviator. The plot is hackneyed and beyond reason in places, but Shirley Temple fans will go for this in a big way. (March)

CAR 99 (M-G-M). A fast action picture, high-lighted with some fairly good situations—chases, gangsters, machine guns and some swell back-stage glimpses into the radio-patrol greatly over-acted by the cast, a few of which are Fred MacMurray, Ann Sheridan and Sir Guy Standing. (May)

✓✓CLIVE OF INDIA (20th Century). After many soul-stirring scenes, Ronald Colman as Clive, conqueror of India, and Loretta Young, as his wife, find happines together. (April)

✓COUNTY CHAIRMAN, THE (Fox). Will Rogers, supported by Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor, once again plays the town's Good Samaritan. April)

✓✓DAVID COPPERFIELD (M-G-M). A gloriously faithful reproduction of the time-honored Dickens classic, perfectly performed by the entire cast, a few of which are: Freddie Bartholomew, Roland Young, W. C. Fields, Edna May Oliver, Lennox Pawle and Frank Lawton. (April)

✓✓DEVIL DOGS OF THE AIR (Warner Brothers). Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien, ace flyers in Uncle Sam's Marines, are in the same old roles of scrapping buddies, but there are some exciting flying scenes in this, especially one in which Cagney saves a burning plane. The younger you are the better you'll like it. (May)

(*Continued on page* 113)

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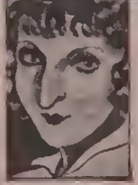

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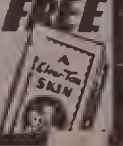

She Ate at the Automat

(*Continued from page* 52)

ended, she made up her mind. She would go out and buffet the world.

Instead of returning home to Dubuque, Iowa, where her father was a prosperous druggist, she wrote that she was going to visit awhile with a school acquaintance.

"I arranged with this friend to forward my letters. Then I took what money I had, which wasn't much, and struck out.

"Since I had to make my money last until I could find a job acting, I got a cheap room. It was in a tenement. An awful place, as I think back. The building was old and dirty and my tiny room was away up on the fourth floor. There was a miserable bed, a chiffonier, and a hard chair. The heat simply wasn't. I had to bundle up in my coat whenever I stayed in. There was no private bath, of course. To telephone I had to run down the four flights of rickety stairs.

"MY money didn't permit any luxuries, so I went down to the landlady's room in the basement to wash and iron and clean my clothes. I soon learned to get along without beauty parlor help, waving my hair on combs and applying soap instead of expensive creams."

It was being thrust into an entirely new world. *She ate only one meal a day.* "I couldn't splurge! I slept late, had a glass of orange juice about 1 p. m. and then went job-hunting. I wound up at the automat for a two-bit dinner."

She discovered shortly that being a nobody was no joke. There was one advantage she did have—decent clothes.

They didn't help, though. Making the rounds of the theatrical offices was terrifying at first. Mustering up enough courage to talk spiritedly with blasé office boys was the hardest task she'd ever encountered.

"It was the walking that got me," she reminisces. "I lived near 72nd Street, and I used to walk clear down to 42nd in order to save a nickel." You must try walking thirty blocks before you get to where you intend to apply for a job to fully appreciate this!

The nearest she came to acting was an offer to walk-on during a crowd scene in "Once in a Lifetime." This chance came during her first month. She rejected it, holding out for a part.

"I tried, then, to get a job as a model. I hadn't the faintest conception of how to model, except what I'd remembered seeing in movies. I pirouetted valiantly—and almost landed a job."

DURING this three months' adventure one man fell in love with Margaret. She liked him, too. But she wasn't silly. She did some heavy thinking and comprehended that they weren't actually suited to each other. There was a sad parting.

"At the end of three months my money was gone, so I had to go home."

She had been beaten. That is, on the surface it seemed so. The truth is that this experience was to bear profitable fruit. It taught her so much.

After spending the summer in Iowa she went back to New York to continue her dramatic school course.

"But on the day I arrived I ran into an old friend of the family's whose help scurried me right up the ladder!" He owned a stock company in England and, listening to Margaret pour out her ambitions, he had an idea.

"American studios are crazy about foreign actresses," he reminded her. "Come abroad and acquire English mannerisms. I'll cast you with my company in a number of rôles. You can master our ways and come back here with a chance of being noticed."

Their plan succeeded. An apt mimic, within five months Margaret Lindsay was English to the core. Given stage parts, she completely justified her own faith in her ability. The producer thereupon wrote to an influential Broadway agent, tipping him off to the fact that Britain's finest bet was arriving shortly in New York.

When Margaret walked down the gangplank, the spirit of Miss England, she was warmly welcomed and within a week the agent secured her a *lead* in a Broadway production. Less than a year before she couldn't even get a line to speak!

Rehearsals were delayed and, in the meanwhile, the agent interested Hollywood scouts in her. Universal insisted that she leave the play cast and go West on a contract for them. The irony of the following six months was that they considered her *too* English to be a hit in America! Leaving them, she did "Cavalcade" with genuine Britishers. After which she told the truth about herself, abandoned her affected voice, and signed her present contract with Warners.

"Another thing no one here knows about me is how economical I am," she admitted to me, in finishing this revealing conversation. "When I arrived here I started Hollywood life by being tighter than tight with my money. I didn't want to stay alone, so I found a nice woman from whom I could rent a room and I lived there for $25 a month. I went out to Universal on the bus and had to get up early because it runs only every hour in the morning!

"I didn't so much as buy a car until I'd signed with Warners for leads, a year and a half ago. Then I purchased a second-hand Ford for $285; I sold it after a year's use for $225!"

SHE saves half her salary. All this talk of a screen star having to spend so much is nonsense to her. "I'd live more cheaply if I could see a way to have more. We don't have to be extravagant. It wasn't so bad being so short on cash that time in New York, because I knew I could go home—as I had to. *But I've changed. I've tasted success and I'll never be a failure again! I do know what it's like to be a nobody—and it's likely to be a horrible life.*

"Anyway," she concluded with a grin. "I ate so many two-bit meals at the automat that I'm going to make sure of three square meals a day—henceforth!"

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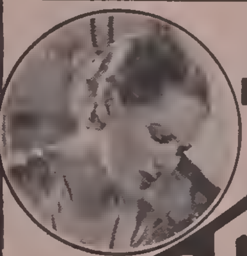

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How John Beal Conquered Fear

(*Continued from page 64*)

achieve success in a field where physical appearance is of unusual importance, John had scant opportunity to pay attention to girls. Those he admired would never give him a tumble and the mere thought of striking up an acquaintance with the average girl terrified him.

"Love sneaked up on me," is the way he explains it.

The girl was Helen Craig and when John first met her, in Philadelphia, she was stage manager of a show in which he was an humble bit player. He was attracted by the dynamic personality of the girl, aside from her undoubted prettiness. Despite her youth, she was a whirlwind of competent action, not only directing things backstage but also looking after the box office and everything else.

Their eyes met. She, disheveled, was slumped in a chair, prone with exhaustion. The show being set and the hour too early for the crowd to arrive, John startled himself by asking her out to dinner. He couldn't believe either his nerve, or the possibility of her accepting. But she did and in the gloomy vastness of the railway station lunchroom, the two ate their meal in almost complete silence.

ONCE back in the theatre, the young couple lost sight of each other in the confusion of getting the play under way. It was, of all things, a revival of "Ten Nights In a Barroom" which Jasper Deeter was presenting as one of his rare excursions into the commercial theatre.

John had left his job as understudy to Ross Alexander in the Broadway success, "That's Gratitude," in response to a plea from Deeter. Which was gratitude, for the latter had cradled Beal's career ever since the boy had graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, much in the same manner that he had developed Ann Harding several years before. Both had served their apprenticeship at the Hedgerow Theatre, a remodeled barn near Philadelphia, presided over by Deeter.

This man sensed the wealth of talent which John Beal possessed. It was he who helped give courage and confidence to the aspiring actor. "Looks be damned!" Deeter would storm. "You can act, man! You have the power to sway the emotions of the crowd. To make them forget everything, their worries and troubles, in the spell of your performance!"

A season on Broadway had taken some of the fight out of Beal. He was tired of being turned down by producers. He was fed up with living in a cheap hall bedroom on West 91st Street. It was good to get back with Deeter and work under his direction. The atmosphere at Hedgerow would help boost his shattered morale. Also he was pulled back there by the thought of being close to Helen Craig, though the girl had never noticed him during his first season there.

They learned to work and plan together so that with John it is always "Helen and I." The great courage of the girl, through their mutual love, was somehow transmitted to the boy.

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“Helen's confidence in me was the one thing which spurred me on,” John admitted. “I was doing my best—not for myself, nor for the plaudits of the crowd, but because of her faith. I discovered from her how silly my self-consciousness had been. I threw myself into the career of acting and soon found myself coming out of my shell. Compliments no longer embarrassed me.”

Even after he realized he was in love, John Beal put off marriage until he had made good, some three years later. In the meantime he embarked on a screen career. Then last spring, having finished “A Hat, a Coat, a Glove” for Radio Pictures, he suddenly decided that he wanted to see Helen more than anything else in the world. Two hours later he was on a plane bound for New York where they were married.

“It took my greatest courage to get married,” John admitted. “I really didn't have a job at the time. I had one more picture to do for Radio but that was tentative. Helen's certainty that I was the ‘greatest actor in the world’ and equal to any part enabled me to muster up enough courage to ask for ‘The Little Minister’ role. The siege which I went through trying to sell the producers on the idea would have been impossible without her aid and encouragement. After the test I got cold feet and reflected on how much crust I had to even try. It was the old feeling coming back on me. I was the most amazed person when the studio called to tell me I had been given the role. Helen wasn't at all surprised, however. She said she knew all along I would get it.”

NOW considered one of the greatest screen “finds” in years, John Beal looks back on the days when he was afraid with a tolerant smile. Because he has conquered his timidity, he has gained an understanding which makes him anxious to help all those who have been less fortunate than himself.

As for his marriage, it is one of those blissfully happy, young love affairs that prove the miracle of life's loveliness all over again.

The Crowning Glory of Beauty

(*Continued from page* 56)

unless you exercise it, in other words brush it.

If you are bothered with dandruff, falling hair, or other unhealthy conditions, have your beauty parlor recommend the proper tonic. And then *use* it, like this:

Pour a little out into a saucer. Part your hair, and dab some tonic onto the scalp with a little absorbent cotton. Part the hair again about an inch away and do the same thing. Continue till you have covered the scalp. Now massage your head with stiff fingers till you feel it glow, and be sure you actually move the scalp when you are working; don't just rub. This distributes the tonic well among the hair roots. The massage stimulates the blood vessels of the scalp and this means better hair health for you.

Now that you've attended to the most important part of your treatment, keeping the hair healthy, take a moment or two to insure your head looking well-groomed in the morning. Comb the waves back into place, securing them, if you need to, with little hairpins or curlers. Wind a large-meshed silk hair-net or a piece of tulle around your head and fasten it well so it won't come off.

The question of when to shampoo is a pretty individual one. Just be sure that you wash your hair often enough to keep it fresh and clean. How often this should be depends on the type of hair you have and where you live.

Girls living in big cities find they need a shampoo at least every ten days because of the dust and grime in the air. City dwellers should also pay special attention to massage, because they wear hats more than country girls do and, while hats are a necessity, they are not good for the hair. Hats keep out the air, and tend to cut off circulation, so you must compensate for this by special, stimulating massage.

Climate also affects the hair, a fact which the motion picture stars have to face. Hollywood is very dry most of the year, which is bad for the scalp. The beautiful hair of the feminine stars should be an encouraging example to you.

If you live in an exceptionally dry climate, your hair undoubtedly needs oil shampoos; you must see that you get them. If you do not wish to go to the added expense of this at your beauty parlor, you can do it for yourself. The night before your hair is going to be washed, instead of rubbing in a tonic, warm some oil and use that in the same way instead.

SO many girls nowadays do have permanent waves, and a good thing, too. The frequency with which you have them depends upon how quickly your hair grows and how tight you set the original curl. This process has been so perfected that it is harmless to a normal head, if you know how to care for your hair before and after having had it waved. If you are in doubt about this, I suggest you mention it when you write me, as it is vital, both to the appearance and to the health of your hair, that you know the few, simple precautions to take.

I also have an excellent treatment for dandruff which you can apply yourself. Remember, however, that dandruff, like skin blemishes, must be treated internally, as it is a reflection of an upset system.

I haven't said a word about coiffures because there simply can't be generalization about them. You are, each of you, an individual and I can't talk to you all together about this. But I *can* help you separately, and I'll be glad to, if you'll be sure to enclose a clear picture of yourself, taken without a hat. I'd like to have two, if I can, one full face, and one profile. Whatever you send will be returned to you if you enclose that stamped, self-addressed envelope I think you've heard about before!

When I was a child, my mother used to brush my hair to the rhythm of a jingle:

“Brush! Brush! Brush with care.
I am making lovely hair!”

See if it helps you as it did me.

“No more ‘tired,’ ‘let-down feeling’ for me.”

“I reasoned that my red blood corpuscle strength was low and I simply took a course of S.S.S. Tonic and built it back.”

IT is all so simple and reasonable. If your physical let-down is caused by lowered red blood corpuscles—which is all too frequent—then S.S.S. Tonic is waiting to help you . . . and will, unless you have a serious organic trouble that demands a physician or surgeon.

Remember, S.S.S. is not just a so-called “tonic.” It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying red corpuscles in the blood.

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You may have the will-power to be “up and doing” but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, “I wonder why I tire so easily.”

Let S.S.S. help build back your blood tone . . . if your case is not exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . steady nerves . . . a good complexion . . . and renewed strength.

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C.E. Brooks, Inventor

H. C. BROOKS, 182-B State St., Marshall, Michigan

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Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page 29*)

Jean Harlow and William Powell seem to have weathered the making of "Reckless" without any serious damage to their "laughing romance." For awhile, however, it looked as though their professional alliance was going to break off their private one.

Spy No. 99 has it that Jean and Bill had a couple of pretty bad days with hurt feelings on both sides when Bill attempted to coach Jean in some of her scenes.

But we saw them together just last night at the "Troc" so everything must be okay again.

* * *

LOOKING In On The Hollywood Parties: Mary Pickford arrived at the Jetta Goudal party with a corsage of deep-red carnations pinned on her coat . . . evidently Mary prefers Dietrich's carnation fad to Joan Crawford's gardenias. . . . Mary's devoted escort was none other than Buddy Rogers but the moment Mary spied a couple of newspaper writers present she abandoned Buddy and spent the rest of the afternoon talking books with Elissa Landi . . . Why? . . . Gloria Swanson started a new idea for cocktail grooming when she showed up at Lois Wilson's in a gray tweed sports suit with a three-quarter length swagger coat . . . very different and distinctive among all the trailing "cocktail gowns." . . . Here's a funny one for you . . . Gloria was very pally with Wallace Beery (Swanson Husband No. 1) when they accidentally ran into one another at the Trocadero . . . but she gave a plenty cold shoulder to the Marquis de la Falaise who was dining at the same place with Joan Marsh. . . . Oh, well, when Connie Bennett (Hank's present wife) came in with Gilbert Roland she stopped by his table-for-two with Joan and the quartet had cocktails together. . . . Jimmy Cagney and Alice Faye having a lot of fun making up tango steps on the dance floor of the Cocoanut Grove when they were guests at a large dinner party. . . . The Bob Montgomerys don't give large dinner parties at their home but they are more or less formal . . . among those who showed up in their dinner clothes and newest gowns at the Montgomery's latest dinner were Charlie and Virginia Farrell, Chester and Sue Morris and Freddy and Florence March. . . . The latest wrinkle in Hollywood parties at the moment is "the cook's-night-off" get together. . . . The idea is to get one of the marvelous bachelor cooks (Edgar Allen Woolf, preferred) to drop by and cook up a couple of his specialties.

* * *

DON'T be too surprised if the popular team of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire breaks up after the completion of "Top Hat." As for Astaire, there are not-to-be-downed rumors that he is anxious to make at least one picture with his sister Adele, Lady Cavendish.

Also, there is a bare possibility that Joan Crawford might do a Broadway musical with Fred if a producer can be found whose pocketbook could stand their combined salaries.

Amazing New **RAIN PROOF STRAW HAT**

PAYS $1.00 PROFIT ON EVERY ORDER

Sensational new rainproof straw hats. The biggest new idea in straw hats in years. Choice of five colors. Chance for a real profit clean-up. Each rainproof hat order puts a dollar bill profit in your pocket. Season just starting. Also caps made from straw—the sensational, new, snappy men's headwear . . . No competition . . . Big, complete straw hat and cap display outfit . . . Fits in pocket . . . Coins money. Positively no experience needed to grab cash first hour. Rush name today.

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Make this amazing water test with sample hat in front of friends and write up their orders. Sample hats and caps given to producers. Send size.

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Try This On Your Hair 15 Days

Let Your Mirror Prove Results. Your hair need not thin out, nor need you become bald. This Different Method stops thinning out of hair, lifeless hair, itching, dandruff, threatened or increasing baldness by strengthening, prolonging the life of hair for men and women. Send your name now before it's too late for **free** 15-day test offer.

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We build, strengthen the vocal organs—*not with singing lessons*—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct *silent exercises* . . . and absolutely *guarantee* to improve any singing or speaking voice *at least 100%* . . . Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.

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Wear the coat and vest another year by getting new trousers to match. Tailored to your measure. With over 100,000 patterns to select from we can match almost any pattern. Send vest or sample of cloth today, and we will submit **FREE Sample** of best match obtainable.

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BUNIONS NEEDLESS TORTURE

The amazing action of Pedodyne is truly marvelous, and a boon to those whose bunions cause constant foot trouble and a torturing bulge to the shoes. It stops pain almost instantly and with the inflammation and swelling reduced so quickly you will be able to wear smaller, neater shoes with ease and comfort. Prove it by actual test on your own bunion. Just write and say, "I Want To Try Pedodyne." No obligation.

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CLEANS LIKE MAGIC

AND SELLS LIKE MAGIC IN ANY TERRITORY!

THE most amazing selling success in years—MAGIC SPONGE is simply taking the country by storm. Nothing ever before like it. Women buy hand over fist—say it does all sorts of household cleaning, easier—faster—better than anything they ever used. Many buy 4 or 5 at a time. Agents' profits soaring sky high on MAGIC SPONGE sales alone. Yet, this is only one of 11 equally amazing RED-HOT sellers. Write TODAY, sure, for sensational NO-RISK PLAN. Attractive proposition for distributors. **The Puro Co., Inc., Dept. H-4104, 3107-09 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.**

Tested and Approved 3245 Good Housekeeping Institute

HOLLYWOOD has gone mildly crazy over Walter Wanger's picture of crazy people, "Private Worlds."

Katharine Hepburn is one of the most ardent boosters, in fact Kathie sounds like a professional press agent for Mr. Wanger and cast, including Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, Joan Bennett and Joel McCrea.

Pretty darn surprising, this Hollywood enthusiasm of Hepburn's. She even sent Claudette Colbert a telegram of congratulation for winning this year's Academy Award. When she won it herself the year before she didn't seem to think it was worth any sort of comment.

* * *

THE next time they nominate a list of The Best Dressed Men In Hollywood it won't be fair if W. C. Fields doesn't lead the list.

While heartbreakers like Bing Crosby and Freddy March go around in anything at hand including sweat shirts and long hair (blamed on "Mississippi" and "Les Miserables"), the witty Mr. Fields is never glimpsed that he isn't arrayed in the height of fashion.

We hear that Fields' wardrobe boasts four perfectly tailored suits of formal "tails," three dinner jackets, eight business suits, ten sports outfits and fifteen overcoats!

The funny part is, he doesn't need any of this for screen wardrobe. It is all for personal use, as Fields' character roles don't call for modern tailoring!

* * *

SHIRLEY TEMPLE can now speak fourteen words in French.

That's better than we got out of three years in college!

* * *

A CERTAIN temperamental director was having the devil of a time squeezing an ounce of emotion out of a certain feminine star who has an idea she is the world's greatest actress.

After two hours of striving and sweating and swearing the director walked up to the lady and in a poisonously polite tone inquired:

"How much salary do you make?"

"Five thousand dollars weekly," retorted the box office queen.

"For what?" from the director.

The lady screamed: "For acting, of course!"

"Okay," was the quiet answer, "how about loaning us fifty-cents' worth for this scene?"

They Work Hard for a Laugh

(*Continued from page* 43)

and begged him to remove the offending Ford to a nearby parking lot. To which the humorist replied by presenting the ancient vehicle to the doorman as a tip!

MENTION of Sid Grauman brings to mind another elaborate gag worked out for his benefit.

Inevitably the time arrived for Sid Grauman to be honored at a banquet.

All of Hollywood's big shots were present to pay tribute to Grauman's unquestioned ability as a showman. All speeches agreed on one point: Sid Grauman was the world's greatest exhibitor of motion pictures!

As the last of the accredited speakers finished, Toastmaster Rupert Hughes arose to announce an added attraction. The guests had with them this evening a "Mr. Blixbaum of New York City."

He was, he explained, assistant to "Roxy" Rothafel, at that time operator of one of New York City's greatest motion picture theatres, and Sid Grauman's chief rival for national leadership in the field.

Following this introduction "Mr. Blixbaum" addressed the guests:

"For two hours, I have sat here listening to the most monstrous distortion of the truth in the history of show business. Speaker after speaker has hailed Sid Grauman as the greatest showman in the industry. This statement is not only ludicrous; it is maliciously untrue. There is only one truly great showman in the business today and his name is not Sid Grauman—it is 'Roxy'!"

Angry murmurs began to arise from all parts of the banquet room. Mr. Grauman flushed with embarrassment. But "Mr. Blixbaum" disregarded the storm signals.

When the fury of the outraged dinner guests had approached the lynching point, Toastmaster Hughes rapped for silence.

"Gentlemen, calm yourselves," he said, smilingly. "You have just watched one of the greatest bits of acting any of us have been privileged to witness. Permit me to present to you, not the purely fictitious 'Mr. Blixbaum', but Mr. Charles Crawford, veteran character actor of the New York stage who arrived in Hollywood a few days ago and was persuaded by some of Mr. Grauman's friends to play the role—just for a laugh."

EDWARD SUTHERLAND is one of Hollywood's most successful young directors. His bosom friend of many years' standing is another director, Jack Conway, who recently scored with "Viva, Villa!" Both love their laughs.

One evening Sutherland, Conway and a group of convivial souls, feminine and masculine, foregathered at the apartment of a famous portrait painter. One of the feminine guests announced at the outset of the party that she *must* be home at a certain hour; otherwise a jealous husband might be moved to great anger.

But time passed quickly and pleasantly. It was well over an hour past the appointed time for the young lady's homecoming when someone happened to remember the matter. Eddie Sutherland volunteered to drive the lady home.

As they were taking their leave, Conway had an inspiration. Hastily borrowing a revolver from the host, Conway dashed to his own car, speeded by another route to the apartment where dwelt the tardy matron and, arriving before Sutherland, hid in the shrubbery beside

(*Continued on page* 111)

A HOLLYWOOD FASHION!
Glamorous! Inexpensive!
AUTOGRAPHED FASHION
Worn in Hollywood—by
Ginger Rogers
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Beruffled —Yet Divinely SLIM!
$2.98

Exciting! New cotton chiffon seersucker—light as silk. Include 10c for postage.
Size: 14, 16, 18, 20 yrs.
Bust: 32, 34, 36, 38 in.
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$25,000.00 FOR YOUR TRUE STORIES

IMPORTANT NOTICE: Do not refrain from entering this or any True Story Manuscript Contest for fear that an amateur cannot compete successfully against professional writers. Professional writers have been singularly unsuccessful in capturing prizes in True Story Manuscript Contests.

Also, do not let the fact that True Story has been printing special feature stories of world famous characters deter you from entering. These features are specially written and have nothing to do with the contest.

TRUE STORY will award the almost unprecedented sum of $25,000 for the 47 best true stories submitted during the next few months, i.e., January February, March, April and May, 1935. The prizes range from the substantial sum of $250 up to the munificent first prize of $5,000. Imagine receiving $5,000 for a story of perhaps 5,000 words—a dollar a word—a higher rate than most of the world's greatest authors ever received. And yet the chances are that some man or woman who may never have written a single word for publication will, in a few months, open an envelope and find a check for that magnificent sum in return for a story submitted in this contest.

Why not claim one of these big prizes? There is no reason why you should not—every reason why you should. Simply look back over your life, select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving; no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness, write it simply and honestly and send it in. Hundreds of men and women have followed this simple formula in the past to their immense financial advantage. Hundreds more will do so in the future. You owe it to yourself to be among them.

And remember this—TRUE STORY is *always* in the market for good true stories—is constantly buying them every month in the year. Even though your story falls slightly short of being in the prize-winning group, it will be considered for purchase at our regular rates provided we can use it.

The stories for which we are in search are now reposing untold in the minds and hearts of those who lived them, one or more probably in yours—memories of supreme moments, emotional crises, unusual situations so profoundly moving that they have branded themselves upon your very soul.

Begin to Write Your Story Today

Tell it simply in your own words just as it happened to you or some one you know, and the judges will consider it entirely upon its qualities as a story, i.e., its power to hold the interest and its appeal to the human heart. The important thing is to speak plainly. As TRUE STORY is a magazine devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, you are justified in describing frankly and fully any situation that can happen in real life. If your story contains the human quality we seek, it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis the person submitting the best story will be awarded the $5,000 first prize, the person submitting the next best story will be awarded the $2,500 second prize, etc.

In submitting manuscripts in this contest please always disguise the names of the persons and places appearing in your stories. These changes in no way reduce the fundamental truth of the stories and they save the feelings of many persons who object to being mentioned in an identifiable manner.

The only restriction as regards the length of stories submitted in this contest is that no story shall contain less than 2,500 words. Beyond that feel no concern. Let the length take care of itself. Use as many words as are necessary to set it forth to best advantage—whether it be 3,000, 10,000 or 50,000.

Remember, it is the stories you send in that count—nothing else. Do not procrastinate. It would be a pity, indeed, not to take full advantage of this unprecedented opportunity to cash in richly on one of your life experiences if your story is really dramatic and has merit for publication. You may submit as many manuscripts as you desire, but only one prize will be awarded to any one person in this contest.

On this page you will find the contest rules. Read them carefully—they are simple and easily understood—all based upon our past experience in conducting contests of this nature. Follow them carefully and your manuscripts will contain all necessary information and reach us in such form as to insure their receiving full consideration. With the exception of an explanatory letter which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs, or other extraneous matter of any kind except return postage. Such enclosures only complicate the work of handling manuscripts without helping or affecting decisions in any way.

Another thing, watch the contest page or pages every month. For several months there may be nothing new—then suddenly—a great new announcement. It pays to watch the contest page.

FORTY-SEVEN BIG CASH PRIZES

First Prize	$5,000
Second Prize	2,500
Third Prize (5 at $1,000).....	5,000
Fourth Prize (10 at $500)....	5,000
Fifth Prize (30 at $250)......	7,500
47 Cash Prizes Totaling......	$25,000

Contest Rules

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, proper evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type your manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first-class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed to sender. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges on all manuscripts will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Names of prize winners will be announced in TRUE STORY Magazine, but not in a manner to identify the writers with the stories they submit.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of these stories, we cannot accept manuscripts submitted through intermediaries.

This contest ends at the close of business, Friday, May 31, 1935.

Address your manuscripts to TRUE STORY MANUSCRIPT CONTEST, Dept. 20c, 1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

NOTE—On behalf of the many persons who submit their life experiences in story form to TRUE STORY and allied Macfadden magazines, we have printed a manual describing the technique which, according to our experience, is best suited for us in writing true stories. It is entitled, "Facts You Should Know about TRUE STORY." Please ask for it by name when writing for it. We will be glad to mail you a copy free upon request. Failure to send for this booklet does not, however, lessen your chances of being awarded a prize in the contest series.

(*Continued from page* 109)

the building entrance.

As Sutherland and the girl walked up to the doorway Conway in a disguised voice roared from his hiding place: "Where have you been with my wife, you double-dashed so-and-so?" and let fly with a brace of shots in the air.

To this day Sutherland and Conway both maintain that the former set a new world's record for the standing broad jump.

The distance is the precise number of feet from the apartment entrance to the jumper's curb-parked car.

MARSHALL "MICKY" NEILAN, who some months ago returned to active directing again with the making of "The Lemon Drop Kid," is an inveterate Hollywood gagster and many and strange are the lengths to which he will go for a laugh.

There was the morning, for instance, when Micky strolled on to the set where his friend, Eddie Cline, was directing a picture. Now Cline is usually the soul of geniality. But this day the world was wrong. Scenes were not progressing satisfactorily; technical delays bobbed up to harass the director.

Mickey made several attempts to kid his friend back into good humor.

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars I can make you laugh before the day is over," Micky announced.

"That's a bet——and now get off this set and quit bothering me," Cline growled.

Late in the afternoon Micky strolled back on the set. The Cline gloom had deepened. Micky sauntered over to where his friend slumped dejectedly in a canvas chair. A pace away from Cline, Micky halted, removed his hat and grinned expectantly at the former. For a moment Cline stared incredulously, then let out a bellow of laughter. Micky Neilan had had his head shaved completely except for one long tuft at the exact peak of his skull!

TWO of Hollywood's inseparables are Bing Crosby and Dick Arlen. Neighbors, their wives and youngsters spend much time together and the heads of the families make frequent joint forays after deep sea fish. But all of that doesn't prevent either of them from playing a practical joke on the other.

Recently, Arlen was playing the role of sergeant of the U. S. Marine Corps. Simultaneously, Bing was playing a gob in another picture. In Arlen's picture were a number of ex-Marine Corps men.

All the world knows of the deep rivalry between sailors and Marines. Capitalizing on it, Arlen told his group of ex-Marines that there was a gob on the lot who was making disparaging remarks about the soldiers of the sea. During the luncheon hour the Marines went in search of the offending sailor, otherwise the crooning Mr. Crosby. But Crosby's name meant nothing to the hard-bitten leathernecks. He was wearing the offensive uniform. As one man they pounced on him and tossed him into the studio fish pond! And Arlen had his laugh.

So it goes. The boys and girls work hard before the cameras. And they work just as hard for a laugh.

DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What Users Think of J.B.L. Cascade

Feels Like a Different Woman: I received my J.B.L. on Oct. 8th of this year, and started using it that night. I felt better the next day.

But today I feel like a different woman—no more dizzy spells—no more headaches and no pain down the back of my head and neck. I have also lost those ugly black circles I have had under my eyes for years.

When I ordered my J.B.L. I weighed 103 lbs. Today I weigh 118 lbs. and gaining rapidly.

I have a good appetite now and enjoy what I eat and I give J.B.L. all the credit.

Believe me I will glady tell everyone I know who are suffering from toxic poisoning about the J.B.L.

You may use my letter if you wish.

Yours truly,
(Signed) MABLE SIMONSON,
(Dec. 14, 1934),
Grace, Idaho.

●

Worth Ten Times Its Price: I have bought and used many of your Cascades. Have used it for many years and would not think of being without one for ten times the price.

THOS. P. RYAN (Jan. 14, 1934)
520 Market St., Spencer, W. Va.

●

Cascade Brings Relief from Constipation: I have had my Cascade for nine months and I certainly wouldn't do without it for any price. I was troubled with constipation for five years and didn't get much relief until I got your Cascade. I cannot praise your Cascade too much for what it has done for me.

NORMAN ANDERSON,
Route 3, Box 68, Wakefield, Nebr.

●

87 Years Young: Have used the Cascade for about twelve years. I am in perfect health. Do not need to use the Cascade now as my bowels are just like a young person's. Am now young at 87. The J.B.L. Cascade has done the job. Of course I did not use it haphazardly. I used it every day all these years. Now I have my reward.

JAMES NESBITT,
(June 4, 1934),
Schoolcraft, Michigan.

●

Ends 20 Years of Suffering: Your J.B.L. Treatment is a wonderful treatment—my case is a living man 73 years old, very active, stout and hearty, after 20 years of torture and suffering. Refer anybody to me about the J.B.L. Cascade.

F. M. BROWN,
(June 1, 1934),
249 N. Main St., Harrisonburg, Va.

●

Cascade Almost Indispensable: For a number of years I have owned and used two of your J.B.L. Cascades in my home and regard them as well nigh indispensable.

G. M. LEWIS, *Manager*,
(June 22, 1934),
Coca-Cola Bottling Co., Dothan, Ala.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some newfangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J.B.L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

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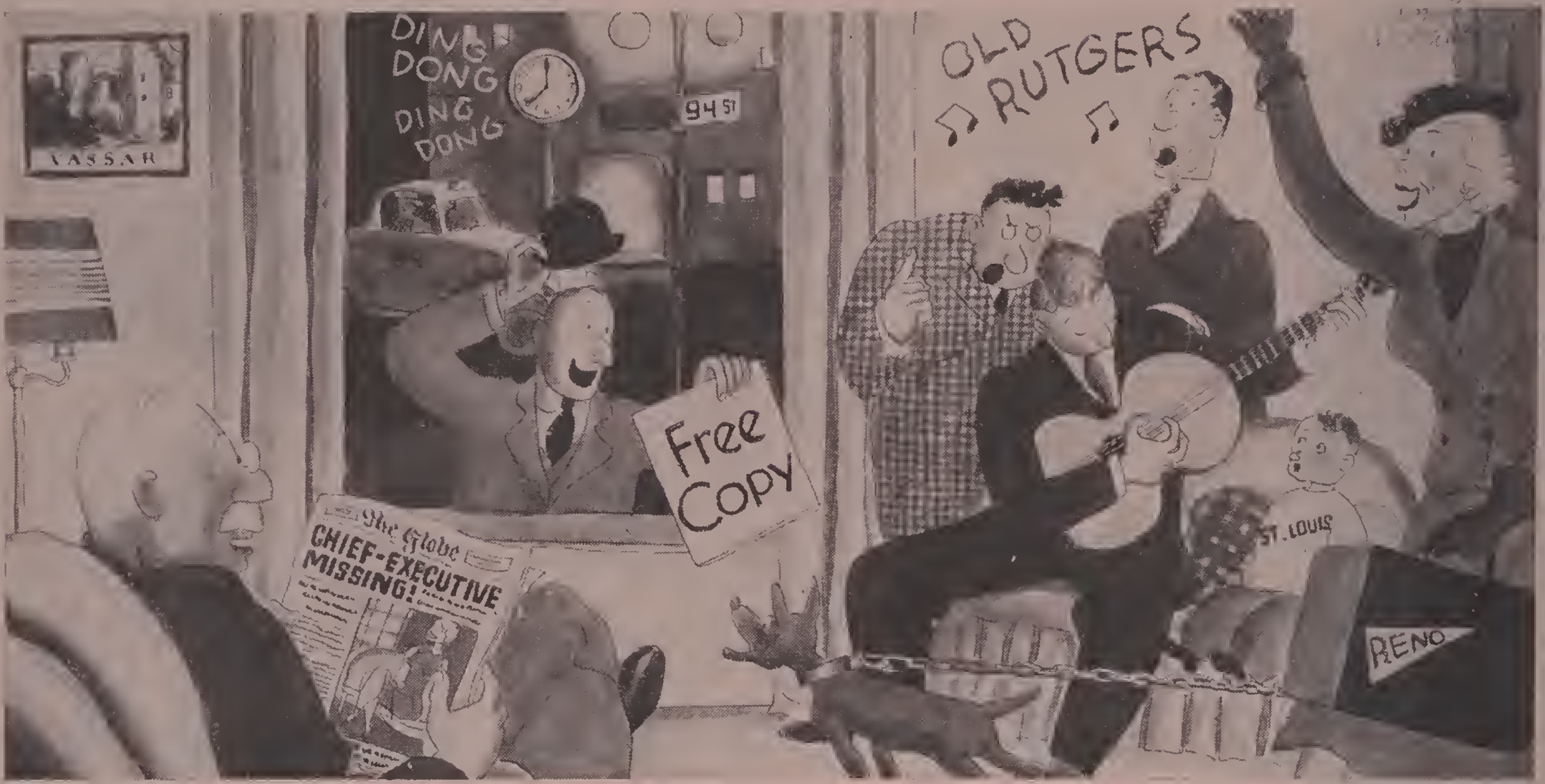

THIS IS DRAWING NUMBER TWO

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS EXCELLENT YOU CAN ENTER RIGHT NOW!

HOW many titles of motion pictures can you find in the above drawing? Study it closely. Examine the various items depicted.

There are ten movies of the past year represented by one thing or another. If you can find a majority of them you will be well on your way toward a successful entry in this contest. If you can locate all ten titles your chance to win may well be considered excellent.

Start your entry direct from this page if you did not get into the game from scratch last month. You will not be penalized for the delay.

It is not necessary to guess at anything in this game. In fact, guessing will lead you astray. There is a definite item or object in the drawing for each of the titles and each such item must be noted opposite the title you list. See the second sentence in Rule 2.

LATE ENTRY OFFER

When you have solved Drawing No. 2 above, you will need Drawing No. 1 in order to bring your entry even with the field. If you have given away or misplaced your copy of MOVIE MIRROR, May issue, containing the initial drawing, mail a request for a free reprint to the contest address in Rule 5. It will be supplied without delay.

FIRST PRIZE	**$200.00**
SECOND PRIZE	**100.00**
FIVE PRIZES, Each $10.00	**50.00**
TEN PRIZES, Each $5.00	**50.00**
FIFTY PRIZES, Each $2.00	**100.00**
TOTAL 67 PRIZES	**$500.00**

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1. Each month for three months MOVIE MIRROR will publish a drawing which will contain items or objects representing the names of ten screen plays widely exhibited during the past year.

2. To compete, clip or trace each drawing and under it list the titles of the ten screen plays it reveals to you. Next to the title write the object or item that suggested it to you. When you have a complete set of three drawings analyzed with the resulting total of thirty screen play titles write a statement of not more than seventy-five words explaining "The picture among those I have listed that I enjoyed the most and why."

3. The entry with the greatest number of correct titles accompanied by the best statement judged on the basis of interest, clarity and convincingness will be awarded a first prize of $200.00. The next best on this basis will be awarded a $100.00 second prize and so on through the list of sixty-seven prizes listed elsewhere on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

4. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, July 10, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned nor can any correspondence be entered into regarding any entry. Anyone, anywhere may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, and members of their families.

5. Submit all entries by first class mail to HIDDEN TITLES EDITOR, Movie Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

WATCH FOR THE FINAL DRAWING NEXT MONTH!

Tips on Talkies

(*Continued from page 104*)

✓SCARLET PIMPERNEL, THE (United Artists). Leslie Howard, disguised as the "Scarlet Pimpernel," and Merle Oberon as his French wife in a story that works up to an exciting climax and breathless denouement. (April)

✓FOLIES BERGERE (Twentieth Century) Maurice Chevalier singing and cutting bedroom capers; Ann Sothern, hysterically temperamental; and Merle Oberon, intoxicatingly exotic; in a gay musical that boasts a couple of tuneful songs. (May)

✓✓GILDED LILY, THE (Paramount). A gay, romantic story of a stenographer (Claudette Colbert) sky-rocketed to fame by Fred MacMurray, her newspaper boyfriend, after thinking she's been jilted by Ray Milland, titled Englishman. (March)

✓GOOD FAIRY (Universal) Margaret Sullavan, in a mad comedy-farce, chock-full of laughs, is ably assisted by Frank Morgan, Herbert Marshall and Reginald Owen. The plot doesn't make much sense but you'll be too busy laughing to mind that. (May)

GRAND OLD GIRL (RKO). Political influence causes May Robson to be kicked out of her job as principal of a high school, but the President of the United States, one of her former pupils, returns to do her honor and to defeat her enemies. (March)

✓VANESSA—HER LOVE STORY (M-G-M) Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery, two lovers, marry the wrong people but eventually work out their lives satisfactorily. If you like fast moving action, you will find this pokey. (May)

✓IRON DUKE, THE (Gaumont-British). An historical production of Napoleon's time, with George Arliss as the Duke of Wellington and Ellaline Terriss as his wife. (April)

✓IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK (Universal) A breezy comedy-satire, in which Gertrude Michael as a vacationing Hollywood star, Hugh O'Connell as her manager, Lyle Talbot as a taxi-driver and Heather Angel as a telephone operator, do nicely. (May)

LET'S LIVE TONIGHT (Columbia) Tullio Carminati, an oh-so-wealthy man, who breaks every woman's heart, including Tala Birrell's, is so-o-o heart hungry, 'till little Miss Right (Lilian Harvey) comes along. The players do all they can, but it isn't much. (May)

✓LIFE BEGINS AT 40 (Fox). Will Rogers, a small-town newspaper owner tries to prove the innocence of Richard Cromwell, with the help of pretty Rochelle Hudson. You'll chuckle plenty over Slim Summerville's hog-calling relations who help break up George Barbier's political picnic. (May)

✓LITTLE COLONEL, THE (Fox). Shirley Temple, cuter than ever in crinoline dresses, tries to bring together her Grandpa, Lionel Barrymore, and Mother, Evelyn Venable. You don't want to miss Shirley's dancing up and down the stairs with Bill Robinson, famous colored dancer. (May)

✓LIFE RETURNS (Universal). After years of careful research, Dr. Robert Cornish successfully demonstrates that he is able to return a dead animal to life. This exciting and true climax is hampered by a bad story wrapped around it. Worth seeing for the doctor's experiment, however. (April)

✓LITTLE MINISTER, THE (RKO). Katharine Hepburn poses as a gypsy girl and gets John Beal, the "little minister," into heaps of trouble in this romantic tale of the little town of Thrums, Scotland. (March)

✓✓LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER (Paramount). Honors go to Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Sir Guy Standing and Dick Cromwell for their acting in one of the .most .exciting, .best-photographed and directed pictures you will ever see. (March)

✓MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD, THE (Universal). Claude Rains, Joan Bennett and Lionel Atwill in a story that is morbid and recommended only for adults who think. (March)

✓✓MISSISSIPPI (Paramount). Bing Crosby, a Northerner is in love with Joan Bennett, a Southerner. There's a misunderstanding, and Bing becomes a singer on the old river showboats. No matter when or where Bing sings, it's a treat to listen. (May)

✓✓NAUGHTY MARIETTA (M-G-M) Victor Herbert's undying music is more poignant than ever when sung by Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in a picture abounding with romance, beautiful backgrounds, adventure, and above all, the lovely familiar musical score. See it! (May)

✓NIGHT IS YOUNG, THE (M-G-M). Evelyn Laye, a poor ballet girl, voluntarily gives her freedom to the young Archduke, Ramon Novarro, so that he can do the proper thing by the crown and marry the princess. It has songs and dances, but the acting isn't all that it should be. (March).

✓✓ONE MORE SPRING (Fox) It's about an out-of-work actress, Janet Gaynor, an out-of-work antique dealer, Warner Baxter, and an out-of-work violinist, Walter King, and a broke banker, who meet in Central Park. If you like love stories, this will be perfect for you. (May)

✓✓ROBERTA (RKO). There's Irene Dunne for romance, Ginger Rogers for youth and laughter, and Freddie Astaire for dances in a mad, thrilling gay picture that has songs that are swell, lovely women's clothes—and above all Fred Astaire's dancing. See it! (May)

✓RUGGLES OF RED GAP (Paramount). A laugh-provoker in which Charles Laughton, an English butler is won in a poker game by Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles, and after a taste of American customs decides to become a GENTLEMAN. (May)

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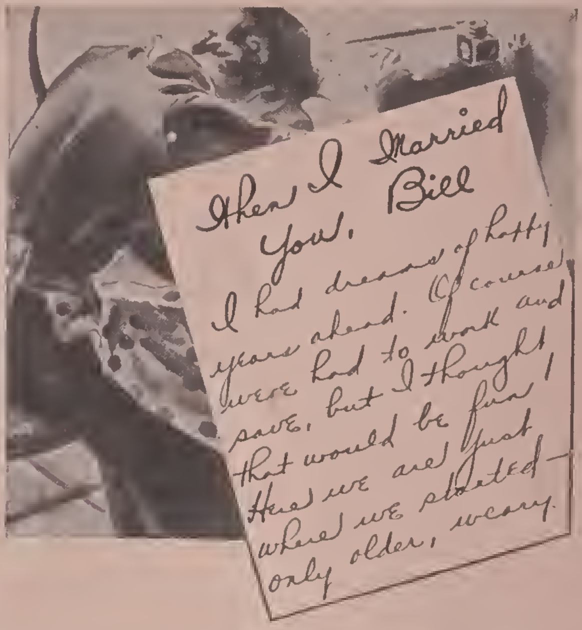

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The HIDDEN Hollywood

By Ruth Waterbury

Our editor lets us in on all of the latest lowdown

I LOVE this town of Hollywood. As I write, the whole place is in ferment over the possibility of moving the industry to Nevada, Florida, Delaware, New Jersey, or where ever you don't have taxes. I find my heart sinking at the thought of the movies ever being anywhere but here.

Oh, they are really such swell people, these stars, spoiled, and pampered, and moody, and temperamental, of course, but almost all of them pretty elegant when you get to know them.

THERE'S Ruth Chatterton. She's had a rather bad time of it lately. She was very much in love with George Brent and when her marriage failed it hurt her deeply. Then since the expiration of her Warner contract she hasn't been able to find a story that she thinks worthy of making into her come-back picture. Yet meet Miss Chatterton anywhere and you meet a patrician. This month she scooped the town by being Noel Coward's hostess during his brief Hollywood visit. And how the climbers did crave invitations to Ruth's house during that time. And how they didn't get them.

THERE'S Joel McCrea. A few months ago he was wrapped in gloom because he had walked out of the Dietrich picture. He thought the part was terrible when he got to working on it. He took a pretty subordinate role in "Private Worlds." And look what happened. He gave the best performance he's ever given in the best part he's ever had and "Private Worlds" will certainly be one of the most discussed pictures of any season while Dietrich's "The Devil Is a Woman" is the original floperoo.

THERE'S Clark Gable who has made the nicest gesture of the month. You know all those stories about cruel, selfish step-parents. Well, Clark is a step-parent, and this month when Mrs. Gable's daughter went to Texas to get married, what did Clark do but fly over there for the wedding. He had to do it all in one week-end because he was working on two pictures at once, finishing "Call of the Wild" and doing advance shots on "China Seas."

Which reminds me of Frances Marion's little sons, aged six and seven respectively. They went to see "David Copperfield" and came home very worried.

"Please," they begged Frances, "see that we never have a step-father. Step-fathers beat boys."

Frances explained that they already had had a step-father in the person of her husband, George Hill, the director, who died last summer. The boys had always called him "Uncle George," not realizing that Frances had done this so that she could tell them when they grew older about their own father, Fred Thompson, who died at the height of his fame.

The boys decided that if "Uncle George" had been a step-father they hadn't much to fear on that score, but they still weren't entirely reassured.

An exclusive Fink picture of Clark Gable in the airplane which sped him down to the Texas wedding of his step-daughter, George Anna.

"Well, we don't mind step-fathers, then," they said, "but will you see to it that we don't get a step-mother, either?"

And that for no good reason reminds me of the producer who walked on the set and discovered one of his more hard-boiled stars playing as a government official in a story and talking in a rather tony accent.

"What's he talking like that for?" the producer demanded. "The guy in this story was born on the East Side of New York."

"Yes, but the script shows that he grew up, went to college and became a Phi Beta Kappa man," the director explained.

"What's his fraternity got to do with it?" asked the big shot. "Put him in some other frat, but make him talk natural."

Oh, it's a swell town, with the show going on all the time. And I hope the movies don't move.

If they go gallivanting off to some other state, I'm going to tell Mayer, Zanuck, the Warners, the Laemmles, Mr. Paramount and Mr. RKO, that I'll be very mad at them. That'll scare 'em! Oh, sure!

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P-114

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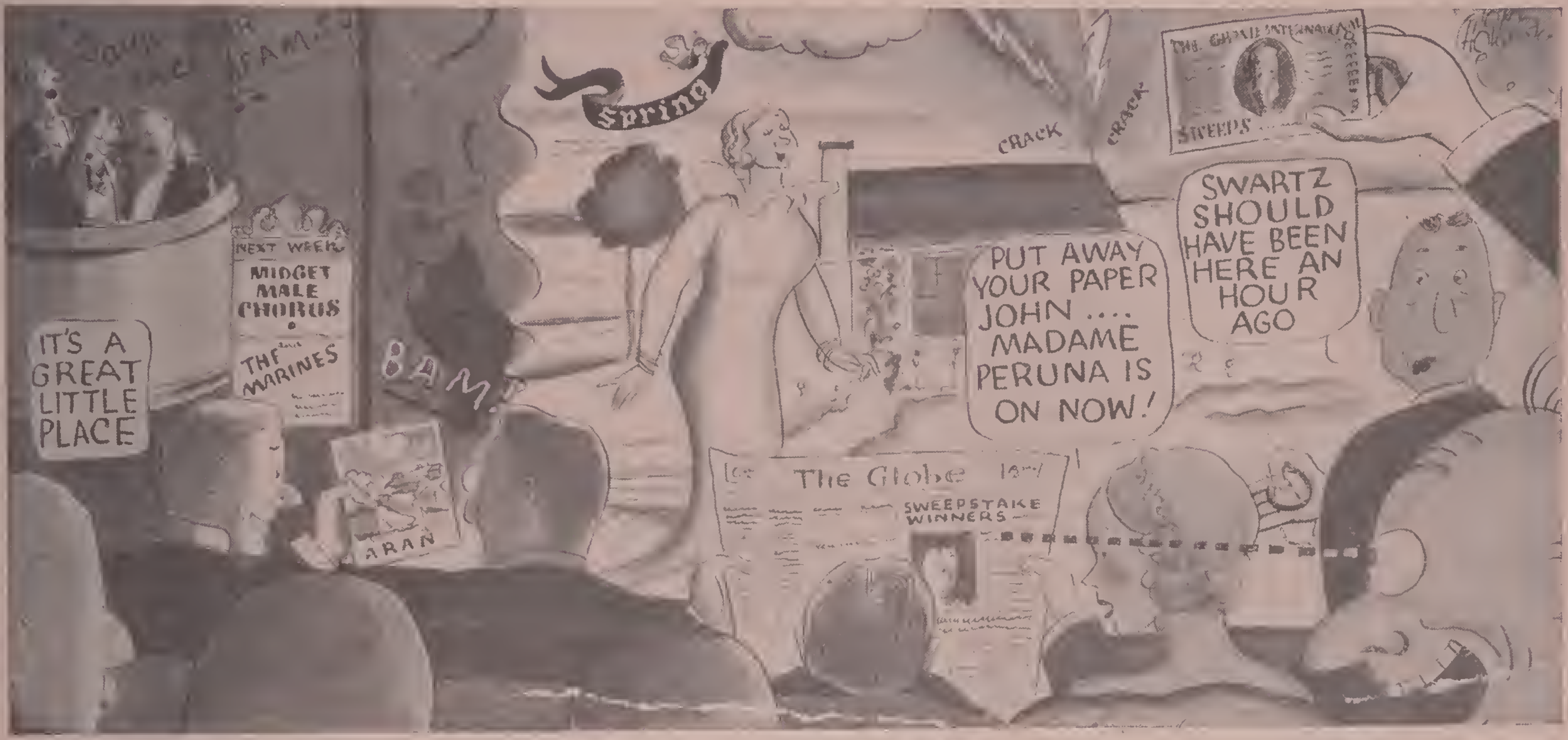
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MIDGET MALE CHORUS
THE MARINES
IT'S A GREAT LITTLE PLACE
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SWEEPSTAKE WINNERS

THIS IS DRAWING NUMBER THREE

DO NOT SUBMIT ORNATE ENTRIES— GET THEM IN ON TIME

WHEN you discover the titles of ten screen plays in the above drawing your list of thirty titles revealed in this contest will be complete. Now comes the time to select the one about which you will write the statement of seventy-five or less words required by Rule 2. This done, your entry will be complete. As you prepare the material for submittal to the judges avoid elaboration and ornamentation. Simplicity of presentation is best! This can not be made too emphatic. Do not expend time and money on fancy work that will have no weight with the judges. Concentrate on the accuracy of your titles and the interest, convincingness and clarity of your statement of preference.

Awards will be announced at the earliest possible time compatible with careful, accurate rating of each entry and checks will be mailed to the winners at approximately the time the prize winning list is published. Watch for the list!

FIRST PRIZE	**$200.00**
SECOND PRIZE	**100.00**
FIVE PRIZES, Each $10.00	**50.00**
TEN PRIZES, Each $5.00	**50.00**
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TOTAL 67 PRIZES	**$500.00**

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3. The entry with the greatest number of correct titles accompanied by the best statement judged on the basis of interest, clarity and convincingness will be awarded a first prize of $200.00. The next best on this basis will be awarded a $100.00 second prize and so on through the list of sixty-seven prizes listed elsewhere on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

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WATCH FOR THE BIG NEW CONTEST NEXT MONTH

movie MIRROR

combined with Shadoplay

VOL. 7, NO. 2

JULY, 1935

Edited from Hollywood

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

ERNEST V. HEYN, Eastern Editor
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Editor

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IN THE AUGUST ISSUE

(Out June 26)

HOLLYWOOD'S BEST-LIKED ACTOR — CLARK GABLE

There are reasons for Hollywood's unanimous opinion: "He's a human being, a darn swell one!" And these reasons are based on intimately revealing facts about Clark Gable told for you in next month's MOVIE MIRROR by Adele Whitely Fletcher.

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NOW THAT I HAVE YOU...THERE'LL BE *No More Ladies*

An airy love bandit "swears off" the ladies when he meets his heart's desire—only to forget all about his promise the minute her back is turned! He's permanently cured of his roving eye—and the way it's done makes "No More Ladies" the season's gayest romance! Joan and Bob are at their very best in roles perfectly suited to them—while Charlie Ruggles, Franchot Tone and Edna May Oliver add to the merriment.... Another delightful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, perfectly adapted from New York's laughing stage hit.

Joan **CRAWFORD** · *Robert* **MONTGOMERY**

in **NO MORE LADIES**

with **CHARLIE RUGGLES....FRANCHOT TONE....EDNA MAY OLIVER**

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture....Directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH

movie MIRROR JR.

CONDUCTED BY ANN RAMBER

"MAY I wear my slacks here?" Virginia Weidler's small voice asked her mother as they stepped off the train in Chicago. Virginia was so charming in "Laddie" that everyone wanted to see her personally and so her mother took her on a personal appearance tour. Unaware of her popularity, the little girl with the quizzical face was worried only about wearing slacks because in those she felt quite at home, and the big, noisy city was terrifying to the child, whose eighth birthday was celebrated March twenty-first, while on the train.

I can imagine how small she looked in the busy railroad station—even smaller than she did in the hooped dresses she wore in "Laddie." She was there to make personal appearances in connection with her picture, and she made them, like the good little sport she is, but she wasn't really happy until she came home once more to the comforting presence of her five sisters and brothers.

They have jolly times together. Virginia is the youngest, and one of her greatest delights is to play "twins" with her brother, George, who is a year older. She puts on her slacks and wears the same kind of shirt that George wears—and so is supposed to look like George's twin! Then they love to play "railroad." But it's nothing like the huge Chicago Railroad. Theirs is a Virginia-sized railroad, small and cozy, and the tracks ramble all around their own back yard. They use tiny trains and regular railroad signals, and flag the train stops, and everything.

But the favorite game—one in which all the Weidler children take part—is "theater." They have a miniature theater in the yard, and Virginia loves to act out parts written by her oldest sister. Acting is play for Virginia both at home and at the studio. And no wonder! She learns the lines easily, and though her small, round face looks quite solemn at times, she has a grand sense of humor! And that's a fine attribute for any actress.

Virginia could even see the joke when the entire cast laughed at her expense while making "Laddie." In fact, Virginia tells the story herself: During production, she had to step from stone to stone when crossing the brook. One day, she was poised on one of the stones waiting for the cameras to start grinding, and she turned to Donald Crisp and said, "Wouldn't it be funny if I fell in?" And the cast roared with laughter, because just then Virginia lost her balance and toppled backwards into the water, feet high in the air, her wide dress billowing about her. But she came up smiling, her spirit not half as damp as her clothes! And in retrospect, it is even funnier to Virginia. When she finished telling about it, she buried her face in her mother's arm and giggled.

Virginia loves her mother dearly. Her mother brings Virginia to the studio each day and leaves her in care of Rachael Smith who teaches the Paramount kiddies their ABC's. Each day when Miss Smith arrives at the studio

In circle at top of page, Virginia Weidler as she appears in "Laddie." Above, Virginia with her three brothers and two sisters. They don't need to invite anyone else when they want to play theater or train, their pet games.

gate to meet little "Minnie-mouse," as she fondly calls Virginia, she has to allow five extra minutes for good-byes. Because that's how long it takes Virginia to say good-bye to her mother—when *rushed!* First she has to hug her so! Then a last kiss, so! Then one on either cheek! Then another last kiss, and so on, until Miss Smith threatens not to let her come in a red dress any more, and Virginia quickly gives her mother a last "bear hug" and comes a-running. The reason the red dress threat is so great is because red is Virginia's favorite color, and she wears it every chance she gets, which is almost all the time. And I, for one, don't blame her for liking red, because, although she isn't aware of it, the brilliant color is a pretty complement to her dark hair and eyes. The two little red ribbons at the ends of her braids are irresistible!

Cora Sue Collins had to seat Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper and Freddie Bartholomew on a running board at her joint birthday party with May Robson.

This demure little girl is fast winning the hearts of those who work with her and those who see her on the silver screen. When asked if she'd like to be a great actress she said that she'd rather have a farm—with plenty of pigs! Virginia likes animals of all kinds and says that the horse in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" wasn't as "spiffy" as the one in "Laddie." (You remember her, of course, as Europena, the girl who always threatened, "I'm gonna hold my breath!")

Virginia also has special likes as regards people. It's a secret, so we'll whisper it! She'd rather have David Holt in a picture with her than any other boy she knows! And she had her wish, because she and David play together in "The Big Broadcast of 1935," which you'll be seeing very soon now.

And speaking of Virginia's likes, there's nothing she likes better than to present a visitor at her home with a "hand-picked" gold-fish from the pond, and when I say "hand-picked" I mean "hand-picked," because Virginia leans precariously over the edge, dips into the pool with her small fist, and usually comes up with a wriggling little gold-fish in her bare hand!

REVIEWS FOR JUNIORS

This month we recommend some fast action pictures and two old favorites—Hoot Gibson and George O'Brien.

G-MEN (Warner Bros.-First National).
Lots of action here. It's about cops and robbers, and the cops win!

COWBOY MILLIONAIRE (Fox).
Although this isn't a true cowboy picture, you'll enjoy George O'Brien in this one immensely.

RAINBOW'S END (First Division).
Hoot Gibson in a two-fisted picture that has plenty of action.

DOUBTING THOMAS (Fox).
There are lots of laughs in this.

WATER BABIES (United Artists).
A Walt Disney Silly Symphony, a beautiful fantasy, in color, that will seem to end all too soon.

Turn to page 78 for Virginia Weidler Cut-Out Contest Announcement.

Everyone wanted to crowd around the table when May Robson and Cora Sue Collins served their birthday cake. With the birthday girls are Jean Parker, Jean Harlow and Freddie Bartholomew. Wouldn't you like to join them?

speak for yourself

MOVIE MIRROR awards Seven Prizes each month for the best letters—$20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in, telling in your own words, what you think about talkies, stars or stories. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address, "Speak for Yourself," 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

These Cellophane wrappings Constance Kent wears as Lady Godiva in M-G-M's "The Flame Within," are a new costume note!

$20 PRIZE LETTER

Best Entertainment

One of the greatest works of Charles Dickens with all of its charm and emotion passed before my eyes a few days ago in all its natural glory. "David Copperfield" is one of the sweetest stories I have ever seen portrayed on the screen. All of its familiar old scenes and beloved characters seemed to live once more.

The screen production had so many splendid stars that its success was inevitable. Freddie Bartholomew and Frank Lawton, both cast as David, were so natural that you could not help being impressed with every emotional incident in the story.

Edna May Oliver as dear Aunt Betsy was as loving and good and comical as you would want her to be. Lennox Pawle was a scream. W. C. Fields and Lionel Barrymore were splendid, as usual, but Roland Young as the villain was the greatest surprise of all. Sweet Jessie Ralph was better than I have ever seen her.

There were so many good points about "David Copperfield" that I'm afraid I could never name them all. The most I can say is that it is the best piece of entertainment I've seen in a long time.

Irene Wender,
Columbus, Ga.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

The Whole Family's Pleased

Three cheers for the movies!

Come, now, isn't it a fact that movies today dictate our lives? We just live for the styles the great stars will wear this spring or fall, to see whether hats will go up, down or sideways, whether the vogue will be for curves or flatness.

If the baby refuses to eat spinach, all Ma has to do is tell her that Shirley Temple likes it, and down she gulps it! Big sister monopolizes the only large mirror in the house trying to fix her hair the way Carole Lombard wore hers in her last picture. Ma and Dad pinch and scrape so they'll be able to see the new Will Rogers' picture.

Not excluding myself, of course. I side right in with them. Even if it means going without a new hat I'd be satisfied just to see Dick and Ruby's latest musical.

Marie Ambagie,
West Lynn, Mass.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Salesmanship

I was trying to be a salesman, but I noticed that men with far less education than I had were selling much more merchandise than I was.

Disgusted with myself, I took the afternoon off and dropped in to see Will Rogers in "Judge Priest," and the remark stuck where he said that when to use the word "ain't" was one of the first things he learned on the bench.

I started analyzing my prospects and customers and realized that, in my zeal to be as near perfect as possible, my shoes were a little better shined, my nails a little more recently polished, and my words more carefully chosen than the other fellow's, than the fellow I was trying to do business with! No wonder I didn't sell!

Thanks to the movies I'm selling more every day. I'm no world beater, but that movie helped me a lot to get onto myself.

S. T. Eigenmann,
Indianapolis, Ind.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

More Cheers from the Bennett Section

Constance Bennett deserves much more praise and honor than she has received.

Let us take "Outcast Lady," a picture in which she portrayed her rôle magnificently. I (*Continued on page 94*)

The Color Magic of Tintex Restores Gay, New Color to Apparel and Home Decorations

- **EASY!**
  - Sweaters
  - Sports-dresses
  - Evening wear
- **QUICK!**
  - Underthings
  - Stockings
  - Lingerie
- **SAFE!**
  - Curtains
  - Drapes
  - Slip-covers

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TINTS AS YOU RINSE
ECRU
(Bisque)
The Gray Box Tints or Dyes
Cotton, Silk, Linen, Wool, Rayon

Presto!—The Season's Smartest Colors for every Faded Fabric

Has your wardrobe the color-allure that the Spring and Summer months demand? Have your sport-togs that sprightly *chic* that Fashion demands? Are your summer curtains and drapes color-fresh? If not, don't delay one second . . . start Tintexing at once. For in a jiffy these magic tints and dyes will snap back faded apparel and home-decorations to gay-as-new color . . . or give them new Paris colors, if you prefer. Remember, it's so easy to be up-to-the-minute in color-smartness with magic Tintex. Simply "tint as you rinse". 38 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

Avoid Substitutes . . .
Tintex quality never varies! Perfect results every time. That's why millions of women
INSIST ON TINTEX

PARK & TILFORD, *Distributors*

Tintex

World's Largest Selling

TINTS AND DYES

Preview Flashes FROM 'UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON'

BY JERRY HALLIDAY

He rides like the wind and loves like the whirlwind!

Carramba, but this is one grandioso picture! And as for Warner Baxter . . . ah, be still, fluttering heart. What a man! What a lover! He's even more tempestuous than as "The Cisco Kid". So prepare for fireworks when Baxter, a gallant gaucho with the swiftest horse, the smoothest line, the stunningest senoritas on the pampas, meets a gay m'amselle from the Boulevards of Paree! And to add to the excitement, there's a feud, a stirring horse race, a glamorous cabaret scene in romantic Buenos Aires.

If your blood tingles to the tinkle of guitars . . . if your heart thrills to the throbbing rhythms of the rhumba, to the passionate songs of the gauchos, to the sinuous tempo of the tango, then rush to see this picture — *and take the "love interest" with you!*

"Your fragrance is like a garden. Your mouth a red carnation. And your lips, oh, your lips, to kiss, to kiss again."

Warner BAXTER
and
Ketti GALLIAN

in a fiery romance

'UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON'

A B. G. DeSYLVA PRODUCTION
with
TITO GUIZAR
Radio's Troubadour of Love
VELOZ and YOLANDA
internationally renowned Artists of the Dance
Directed by James Tinling

ACCLAIMED BY SOCIETY ON TWO CONTINENTS, VELOZ and YOLANDA bring their superb talent to the screen in a breathtaking creation, the exotic COBRA TANGO.

HOLLYWOOD NOTES

FLASH! The cinema capital is playing a new game called the "Triple S" Test . . . studio, star, story. Fans rate a picture on these three counts *before* they see it. Then they check their judgment *after* the performance. And it's *amazing* how high Fox Films rank! ● But then, that's to be expected. For Fox Studios have the ace directors, the leading writers, the biggest headline names. ● So take a tip from Hollywood . . . when you look for entertainment, look for the name

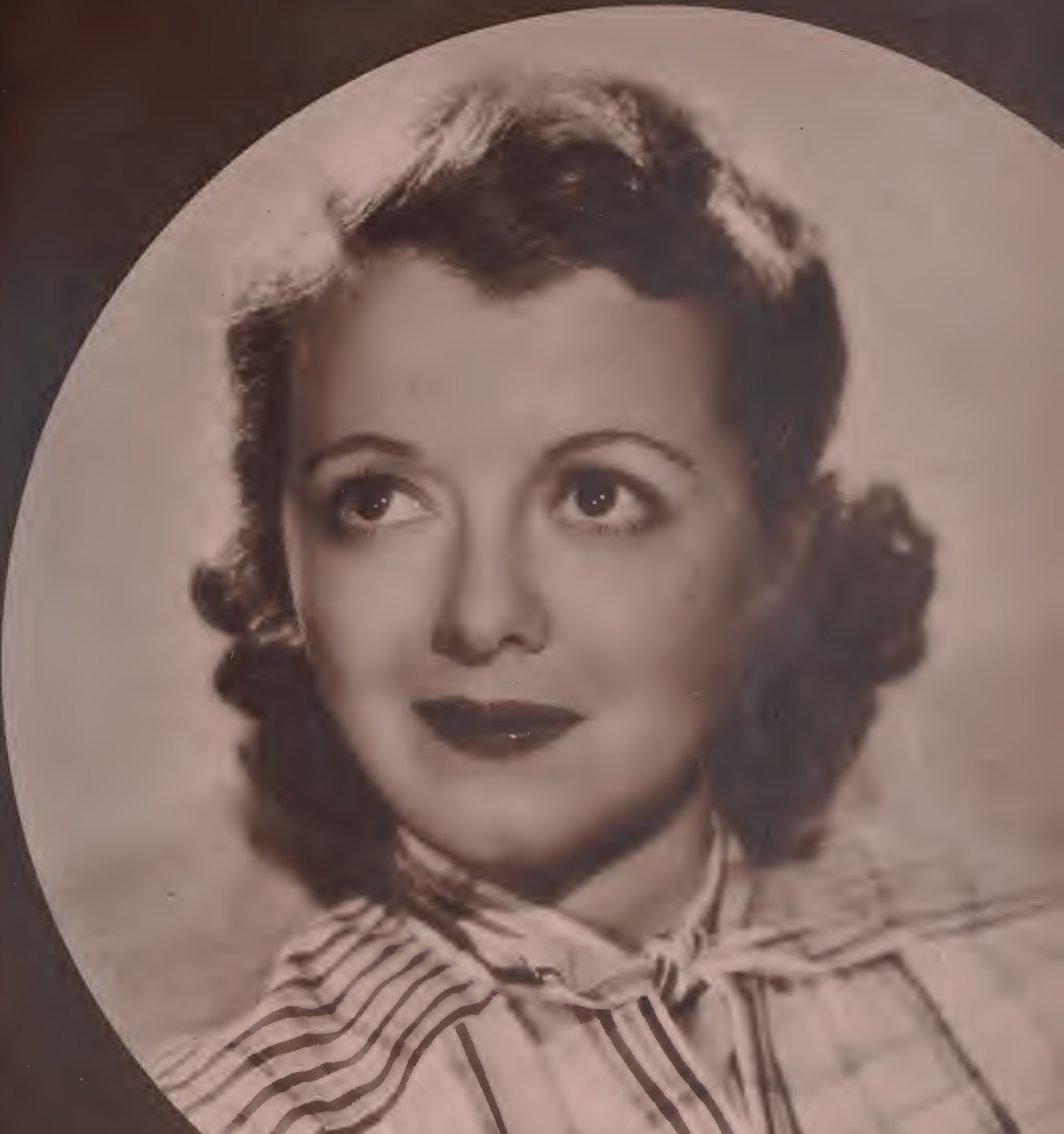
FOX

ROBERT MONTGOME
JOAN CRAWFORD

Is it because they differ so in type that they make such a swell screen pair? On the one hand you have the serious, intense Mlle. Crawford—on the other, the capricious and witty M. Montgomery. When told of her part in "No More Ladies," Joan said: "Ah, a Rachel Crothers' play—an old lady runs away with it!" Edna May Oliver plays the part of the old lady.

Irene Dunne

A great honor seems to be in the offing for Irene, rumor having it that she is to be invited by the Metropolitan Opera Company to sing with that august group of musicians. Irene refuses to comment on the rumor, busying herself with her rôle in Universal's "Showboat"



Janet Gaynor

Janet Gaynor will be costumed in crinoline for her next Fox picture, "The Farmer Takes A Wife," a story of canal boat days, taken from the New York stage success of last season. Henry Fonda (Margaret Sullavan's ex-husband) of the original cast will play opposite Janet.

Richard III

Henry Wilcoxon revives the ancient sport of falconry in Paramount's "The Crusades," in which he brings to life our youthful dreams of Richard, the Lion Hearted.

CAN'T CHAFE

See how the Kotex sides are cushioned in soft, downy cotton. Millions call this the greatest comfort invention ever, to end chafing completely—Wondersoft comfort! If we put cotton all over it wouldn't leave the center free to absorb, and the special Kotex filler is actually 5 *times* as absorbent as cotton!

CAN'T FAIL

If moisture is allowed to concentrate it may lead to embarrassment. So see how the center layer of Kotex is channeled? That's called the "Equalizer." The channels draw moisture away and distribute it evenly along the length of the pad. That's why Kotex gives longer-lasting security.

CAN'T SHOW

You've often been self-conscious about telltale wrinkles when wearing clinging gowns. Here you see how Kotex prevents them. At first, Kotex ends were rounded. Experience proved that wasn't enough, yet it's all that many napkins offer. Now Kotex ends are tapered and compressed by an exclusive method.

7 women out of 10 write me . . .

Those 3 Kotex features opened my eyes

"Three exclusive features solve three important problems every woman faces. I explain them to you here because there is no other place for you to learn about them"

Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday."

ABOVE everything else, women want three things in a sanitary pad! They made that very plain to me as consultant to millions of women on hygienic matters.

So we designed this new Wondersoft Kotex to meet their demands.

Never in my life have I seen such gratitude as that displayed after my introductory lectures on this amazing new napkin. Women thanked me, from the bottom of their hearts.

Here is what interested them most

In the new Kotex, chafing is virtually ended because of a downy edging of cotton along the sides. That's why we call it Wondersoft Kotex.

The new Kotex can't fail because of the channeled center layer. Thus moisture is distributed evenly along the entire length of the pad. Thus we increase the pad's efficiency, to avoid embarrassment, without adding to its bulk.

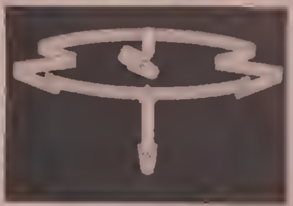
We keep Kotex from showing by flattening the ends—now they conform to the lines of your body. No gown, however close-fitting, can reveal it.

Super Kotex for extra protection

If you require extra protection, you will find Super Kotex ideal. For emergency, Kotex is available in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

NEW ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS!

No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort and the low price.



WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder . . . QUEST, *for Personal Daintiness.* Available wherever Kotex is sold.

Ann Dvorak dances

Ann Dvorak, as night club entertainer Jean Morgan, goes into her dance for Department of Justice Agent Jimmy Cagney in Warner Brothers-First National "G-Men." In contrast to this rôle is Ann's pet hobby—her laboratory.

NUMBER NINETEEN IN A SERIES OF FRANK TALKS BY EMINENT WOMEN PHYSICIANS

"Sh! Mommy's cross again!"

"It is tragic that whole families should suffer because women do not know these simple rules of Marriage Hygiene"

writes

DR. LOUISE FOUCART-FASSIN
Leading Gynecologist of Brussels

"As a woman, I sympathize deeply with those wives who do not fully understand correct marriage hygiene. For I know how terrifying are their periodic fears. I have seen how those fears warp a woman's whole outlook, undermine and wreck her own happiness and that of her husband and children.

"But as a doctor, I have less sympathy for her. For effective marriage hygiene is so simple. I refer, of course, to the use of "Lysol" . . . approved by leading hospitals and clinics throughout the world.

"Lysol", used as directed, is non-injurious . . . so reliable in fact, that it is used extensively as an antiseptic in childbirth, where sensitive tissues must not suffer the slightest damage.

"Furthermore, "Lysol" has a special effectiveness that is all its own. It has a *spreading* quality which enables it to search out hidden spots where other antiseptics fail to reach, and it has the important power of destroying germs *in spite* of the presence of organic matter.

"Patients of mine, who have followed my advice by using "Lysol" regularly, tell me how refreshing and soothing it is. And how much it adds to their sense of feminine daintiness.

"Yet these benefits are as nothing compared to the fact that the use of "Lysol" gives them poise and peace of mind and greater happiness for themselves and their families."

(*Signed*) DR. LOUISE FOUCART-FASSIN

6 "Lysol" Features Important to You

1. SAFETY . . . "Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no free caustic alkali to harm the delicate feminine tissues.

2. EFFECTIVENESS . . . "Lysol" is a *true* germicide. It kills germs under practical conditions . . . in the body (in the presence of organic matter where many antiseptics *fail*) and not just in test tubes.

3. PENETRATION . . . "Lysol", because of its low surface tension, spreads into hidden folds of the skin, *actually searches out* germs.

4. ECONOMY. . . "Lysol" is a concentrated antiseptic. It costs less than one cent an application in proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. ODOR . . . The odor of "Lysol" disappears *immediately*, leaving one refreshed.

6. STABILITY . . . "Lysol" keeps its *full* strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how much it is exposed.

She is far from being the well-balanced counselor her children need.

Used in the Care of the Famous Quintuplets

In medical history's most remarkable childbirth, "Lysol" is the germicide and antiseptic which has helped to protect the Dionne babies from infection since birth. Copy of their guardians' statement sent on request.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Mail coupon for a free copy of "Marriage Hygiene." Check other booklets if desired. ☐"Preparation for Motherhood." ☐"Keeping a Healthy Home."

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., *Dept. LY-53*
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant.

Name ________________

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Try the new Lysol Hygienic Soap . . . cleansing and deodorant

Inside Stuff

By PETER ABBOTT

With Photographs by HYMAN FINK

Perhaps Kay Francis and Maurice Chevalier smiled so happily when Maurice began his Hollywood-to-Paris trip because they knew that very soon Kay, too, would be sailing.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Albertson persuaded their son, Frank Albertson III, to pose at his christening. The youngster's godparents are V. L. Macfadden, Virginia Cherrill and David Breen.

TENNIS champion **Fred Perry** left RKO waiting at the church with their new contract; after promising to sign, he merely walked out for a plane and London. Rumored reasons: First, **Mary Lawton** refused an engagement ring if he signed in Hollywood, and second, the tennis association demanded that he return for the Davis Cup competition.

Fred Astaire and **Ginger Rogers** will introduce a new dance for "Top Hat" called the "Piccolino." It's said to be swell.

Adolphe Menjou is in the hospital fighting illness, but Warner Brothers are holding production on "Broadway Gondolier," rather than change the cast.

A **John Barrymore-Dolores Costello** divorce announcement is momentarily expected and will probably be definite when you read this.

Douglas Fairbanks purchased the ring that **Merle Oberon** returned to **Joe Schenck** and it's now being worn by **Lady Ashley**.

Hal Roach is going to use the radio idea and hold amateur talent contests for all future comedy stars.

Irene Dunne is reported ready to sign a Metropolitan Opera contract. She is the first Hollywood star to make such a grade, isn't she?

Bing Crosby has finally broken down and bought three new suits—he even claims his sweatshirts are gone forever.

Ginger's mother, **Mrs. Leila Rogers**, has been signed by RKO to conduct the studio "charm school," where she will teach poise, etc.

Buddy Rogers is rumored ready to sign with RKO for musicals after three years of personal appearances which proved his popularity.

* * *

WE still think it was one of Hollywood's brighter moments, the day the cast decided to give Wally Beery a birthday cake. He cut into the frosting to find that the cake was wood. The gang laughed and brought another. This time Wally cut into a cotton cake. The gang laughed again and produced a third cake. But now, it was time for Wally to laugh. Not only did he laugh, but he refused to be fooled again. He walked away from the third cake.

So the gang waited until he was around the corner of the set and then they cut into the only *real* cake of the afternoon and ate all of it before Wally could get his bearings!

* * *

MARY PICKFORD and Buddy Rogers to marry? Yes, that report is running wild around Hollywood. After all, these two have made no bones about the fact that they have liked each other for a long time. Why, as far back as the time Doug left on his first trip without Mary, Buddy was always seated on Mary's right when Pickfair gave a dinner. But as far as your reporter is concerned, we'd hate to have to hold our breath until the wedding!

* * *

HERE'S a tip to all autograph hunters in Hollywood, especially to those from out of town who can't figure out where everyone is hiding:

If you take a week off and spend the hours between six P. M. and midnight in front of a small, white house just at the entrance of Laurel Canyon on Hollywood Boulevard you'll catchem plenty names. Everybody who is anybody stops there it seems at least one evening a week.

The lady who owns the house is Carole Lombard.

* * *

JOAN CRAWFORD was working on a garden set for "No More Ladies" and right next door Garbo was doing some heavy emoting on a snow set for "Anna Karenina."

Came the big wind in Hollywood.

When the Crawford company returned from luncheon, the beautiful garden that had been blooming so gorgeously at eleven o'clock was covered with snow! And Garbo's set looked like a plucked chicken. Both companies knocked off work for two hours while the snow was returned to the winter set.

MAYBE it's just the influx of champions that has caused it all. At any rate, since Fred Perry and Frank X. Shields came to Hollywood, the town has revived its tennis enthusiasm as only Hollywood can.

Almost any day one can find a game with John Boles, Charlie Chaplin, Ralph Bellamy, Charlie Farrell or any number of others down at Malibu. Charlie Farrell and Ralph Bellamy, in fact, have gone into the tennis racket in a big way down at Palm Springs with their tennis club and row upon row of grand courts.

Warner Baxter's doctor has had to warn him about over doing his raquet wielding—actually telling him that he'd better stay off his diet of tennis balls entirely!

Some of the Hollywood debs get a huge kick out of refereeing the matches and yelling, quite loudly, a lusty LOVE FORTY at some gal who had hoped everyone would forget!

* * *

OUR FIVE-INCH SHELF OF LOOKS: If anyone wants to find Ronnie Colman, he's hiding out up at Arrow Head Springs. . . . Claire Windsor is going to open a shop soon, but we can't get her to tell for what. . . . There are those who think Gracie Moore is going to get herself talked about if she doesn't quit going out with her husband every night. . . . Will Rogers, as usual, was among the few to show up at the latest premiere without his white tie and tails. . . . Mr. Goldwyn is having a special, big part written into "The Dark Angel" for Herbert Marshall and since he's already cast Merle Oberon and Freddie March it ought to be a show. . . . Charlie Chaplin is hunting for a yacht, to use for a bit of a cruise immediately after he finishes "Production No. 5". . . . June Knight and Genevieve Tobin are sporting huge rings on the right finger, but June says it's all a gag as far as she's concerned. . . . That man from London has been running around Hollywood snagging off all the swell players available and so far he has signed Karloff, Margaret Sullavan and Peter Lorre. . . . Much as you may have looked forward to luncheon with Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone we must warn you that Joan does most of her eating out of a bag of special crackers that she totes along wherever she goes and that Mr. Tone watches not only what he eats but what you eat, as well, and tells you he thinks your diet is getting away from the alkaline side. . . . Yes, Hollywood is getting to be a right jolly place, if you go in for jolly places.

* * *

LEW AYRES has the most defiant look on his face as he dances with Ginger Rogers at the Troc. His early-

Does your
LOVELY HAIR
attract men?

Don't let their **"CLOSE-UP"** *view be disappointing! Your shampoo should be a special beauty-treatment for your type of hair*

For Hair
inclined to be *oily*

Guard against flabby oil glands and the embarrassment of *stringy, oil-flooded* hair which will not hold a wave. Use Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo. This shampoo is gently astringent . . . *made especially for oily hair.*

Packer's tonic Pine Tar Shampoo is absolutely safe. Use it as frequently as necessary to cultivate the shining fluffiness which is the birthright of your type of hair.

For Hair
inclined to be *dry*

Avoid harsh shampoos which increase dryness and leave your hair *dull . . .* fly-away . . . the kind that "frizzes" rather than "waves"! Use Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo, *made especially for dry hair.* It is a gentle "emollient" and contains soothing, softening glycerine to help your hair become silky and manageable.

Both Packer Shampoos are made by the makers of Packer's Tar Soap.

PACKER'S SHAMPOOS

PINE TAR
for **OILY** *hair*

OLIVE OIL
for **DRY** *hair*

George Raft, Robert Woolsey, Dr. Leo Michel, Bert Wheeler, George E. Stone and Vince Barnett wore surgeons' uniforms at the dinner given in honor of Dr. Michel at the Vendome.

If you've ever wondered how Allen Jenkins, Pat O'Brien, Jimmie Gleason and Johnny Mack Brown would look at a swanky modiste's, here's the answer. Pat rounded them up for the opening of Mrs. O'Brien's new gown shop recently.

evening look seems to say: "Who said I thought I was as good as Fred Astaire? Who ever said it? Not me!"

As the night grows longer, however, Lew's expression changes. Now it seems to say: "Maybe not so good as Astaire, but still, not bad. Not bad."

* * *

MYRNA LOY wishes us to tell those of you who thought you saw her in Cleveland last month that you didn't. Nor in San Francisco. All that time, Myrna was resting in a little desert town; that is, she rested until the newspapers were delivered. Not much rest for Loy after she began reading the reports as to where she was spending her vacation. "Those news accounts concerning my whereabouts were half the vacation," laughed Myrna. "I really got around."

* * *

MAY ROBSON certainly had a big time this month! Just get a load of this list of things that happened—and we may not have them all:

Celebrated her seventieth birthday.

Celebrated her fifty-second year as an actress.

Celebrated her third year in pictures.

Signed a new long-term contract with M-G-M.

* * *

IT happened during the filming of a scene in which Chester Morris was supposed to pick up Lionel Barrymore and throw him over his shoulder. He failed. Lionel just laughed and said, "That's nothing, Zbyszko couldn't do it, either."

Lionel, back in the New York days, used to work out in the same gymnasium with Zbyszko and they often did a little polite wrestling. So maybe Lionel wasn't just trying to ease the blush in Chet's face.

"But everybody knows I've got a complete gym in my backyard," was all Chester could moan.

* * *

THREE years before she answered the last curtain, Lilyan Tashman told me, "I've looked everywhere and at last I've found the perfect picture role for Eddie: 'The Great Impersonation.'"

It wasn't long after, of course, that Lil found out that Universal Studio had the story on their shelves; in fact, they had had it there for ten years! Right away, immediately, she started a campaign to have them star Eddie in it. About a year ago, the studio finally decided to grant her request, and since then they've been having a screen version made. It will be Eddie Lowe's next picture.

We can't help wishing Lil could be here to see it.

* * *

TRAVEL NOTES

JEANETTE MacDONALD just left for a month's stay in Honolulu . . . her mamma went along.

Madge Evans will leave immediately for London to do a picture . . . she'll go alone.

Janet Gaynor will do "Way Down East" for her next . . . no traveling companion chosen as yet.

* * *

AFTER all these years at Fox, Spencer (Bad Boy) Tracy has obtained his release and signed a contract with M-G-M. The new contract takes effect on Tracy's birthday and we hope he will let that fact be a hint for him to start over again. He will be opposite Jean Harlow for his first, "Riff-raff."

Incidentally "Riff-raff" was the picture originally announced for Gloria Swanson at Metro. You can make what you will out of that item.

* * *

A FAMOUS society belle of the South was offered a movie contract, recently, for a picture to be made in Florida. All she had to do was be pursued by a shark, step barefooted on a live octopus and live on a ship with a lot of men and no other women for five months.

P. S.: *She decided against a career!*

* * *

HOLLYWOOD IN SHORTS: The Ralph Bellamys and the Johnny Mack Browns played bridge for hours in the family garage (using the headlights) when the house fuses blew out. . . . Crosby, Vallee, Jolson, Powell and

Janet Gaynor, in a charmingly feminine tailored suit, lunching with Dr. Veblen. It's becoming a habit with them!

all the rest of the boys who make Victrola records will start, about May 1st, collecting so much a record from radio stations who have been playing them for nothing too long. . . . Shirley Temple off on a twelve-day trip to Honolulu . . . Merle Oberon will stay in Hollywood until "Dark Angel" is ready to shoot (thank heaven) . . . All those rumors about a rift between Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are nothing more than that, if we can believe the gardenia man on the next corner . . . There must have been a good reason why Greta Garbo worked twenty minutes overtime yesterday, it being the first time any such thing has happened. We found the reason in a clock on the set: it was slow.

* * *

MAYBE it's because Helen Vinson's father is vice-president of the Texas Oil Company, and she doesn't have to care about the consequences, that she "demands" dressing rooms and "refuses" to read lines as they are written. Or maybe she just doesn't care.

* * *

WHEN Dolores Del Rio got to Palm Springs she found that all the suntan devotees turned pale by contrast because Del Rio uses a pit right in her own Hollywood backyard and beats all the desert tans a mile . . . Mrs. Clark Gable placed a fair-sized wager, her first bet, on Clark's horse, Beverly Hills, when it ran at Bay Meadows, and the little bangtail won for the first time . . . That man who is taking Mary Brian around in Chicago is an old friend of her mother's and not a rival of Dick Powell's. . . . Will Rogers says: "I'll bet every polo pony I own that the movies never move any further East than Hollywood Boulevard!" . . . Pat O'Brien decided to go to the circus after he had already bought the tickets to the boxing matches and believe it or not he found a guy who wanted to exchange tickets with him. . . . Monroe Owsley is entering his racing car in the coming Indianapolis speed classic. . . . If many more states put a ban on "Black Fury," Jack Warner will have to re-title it to "Black Future" (and it's one of the real pictures of the year, believe us).

* * *

EVERY afternoon at four, on the set of "Love Me Forever," work ceases while Henry, the keeper of the soft drink perambulator, rushes onto the set for that well-known "pause." Grace Moore, the star, made the nice gesture of saying, "The drinks are on me," the first day of shooting, and no one has tried to change her habits since!

* * *

PERHAPS it was those mean old censors who scared her into it. Anyway, Jean Harlow is now hemstitching, and she doesn't care who knows it, nor how much they gossip about it!

ON HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP!

Madame X investigates:

the truth about laxatives — as told to Madame X, the Ex-Lax reporter

THIS is Madame X, the inquiring reporter on assignment for Ex-Lax, the world famous chocolated laxative.

The Ex-Lax Company said to me: "Pack a bag . . . hop a train . . . go here, there and everywhere. Get the real folks of this country to tell you what THEY think about Ex-Lax. We want the plain facts. Go into any town, walk along any street, ring any doorbell. Get the story." Here are a few jottings from my notebook.

"EFFECTIVE" . . . "I used everything but nothing relieved me until I took Ex-Lax." Frank H. Port, 118-48 — 154th Street, Jamaica, Long Island.

"GENTLE" . . . "It is, therefore, very important when I take a laxative that it be one that is not harsh, yet it must be effective." Mrs. Anne E. Stadt, 7401 4th Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

"EASY TO TAKE" . . . "I prefer Ex-Lax to all laxatives because it's easy to take and I like the taste." Pilot William Warner, Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn, New York.

"NON-HABIT-FORMING" . . . "I don't think one should take laxatives all the time, but only when one needs it. With Ex-Lax I get the desired result and don't believe it forms a habit." Miss Bessie M. Bean, 5687 Hub Street, Los Angeles, California.

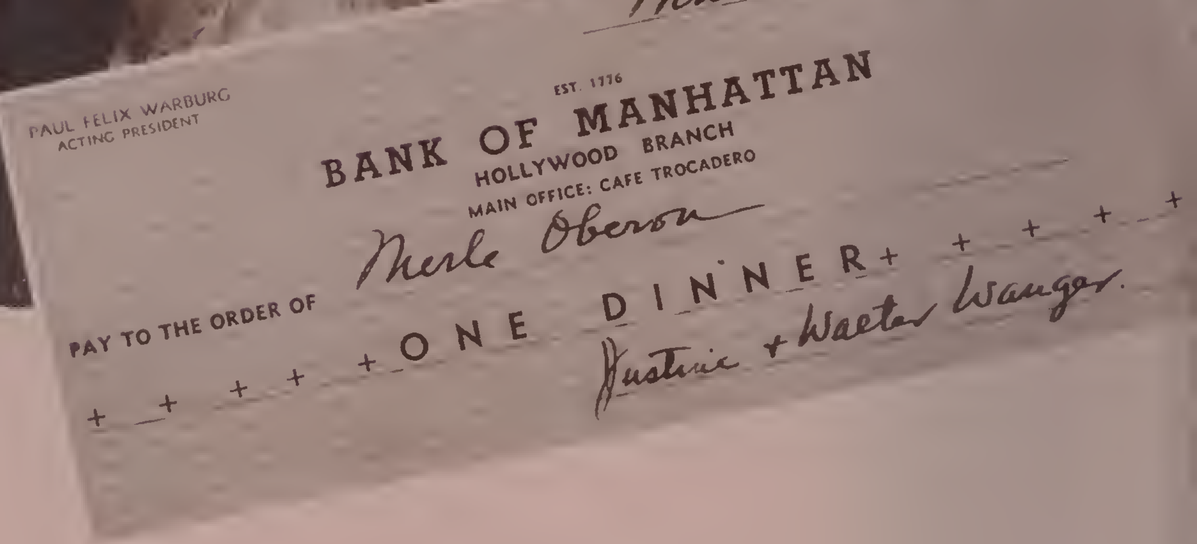
Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes — at any drug store. Insist on the genuine, spelled E-X-L-A-X.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

How Charles Boyer does attract the gals! Here he is at the Walter Wanger party at the Troc—(the invitation's shown below) with Pat Paterson, Merle Oberon and Joan Bennett.



March 28th — 1935

PAUL FELIX WARBURG
ACTING PRESIDENT

EST. 1776

BANK OF MANHATTAN
HOLLYWOOD BRANCH
MAIN OFFICE: CAFE TROCADERO

PAY TO THE ORDER OF Merle Oberon

+ + + + + ONE DINNER + + + + +

Justine + Walter Wanger

ISABEL JEWEL sold the first screen story she ever wrote and yesterday the check came. It was for what is usually referred to as a lump sum. Anyway, Isabel immediately handed it over as a down payment on a permanent home for her mamma and papa.

* * *

WE respectfully suggest that some astute Hollywood producer sign the *Dionne Quints* to an option contract covering that period in the future when they will be starred in "The Five Little Peppers."

* * *

WE were probably just as surprised as you were to find that Ann Harding was coming back to Hollywood in six weeks instead of the six months, which her doctor had said was absolutely necessary to her health. How did she cut the time in a quarter? We asked her and she told us the secret.

"I returned to first principles, got my feet back on solid ground and my health came back with them. I went to Fort Schofield, Honolulu. There the Army officers and their charming wives gave me the opportunity I needed, a chance to return to being just plain Dorothy Gately. I had to forget Hollywood; it was imperative that I get away from myself and start over again. The officers, knowing that I had been brought up in an Army Post, that my father had been an officer, respected my every wish. Not once was Hollywood mentioned; never was I referred to or treated as a movie star. That is the reason I am back in Hollywood now. I hope those friends of mine in Honolulu know how much I appreciate their kindness."

And after you've seen Ann's new picture, "The Flame Within," you'll probably want to add your thanks to hers. Ann not only looks her old-time, marvelous self in the picture, but her off-the-set beauty has returned. Six weeks in Honolulu erased entirely the worry and strain from her face.

* * *

AT the M-G-M lunch room today, next to our table sat a couple of small-time actresses who had been engaged to portray nuns in a picture laid some two hundred years ago. They looked quite real, as they sat there in solemn glory, dressed in their black outfits and munching ham and eggs. After they had ordered their coffee, one of them leaned across the table and said:

"Got a cigarette?"

Then they both sat there, unconcerned like, and exhaled through solemn noses.

* * *

YESTERDAY, with simple ceremony, Cameo was buried under a huge shade tree on Hobart Bosworth's rancho. If you've ever been to Hollywood, you couldn't have missed Bosworth on his famous white horse. They spent every morning of the last seventeen years together on the bridle paths in Beverly Hills.

* * *

COMES a report from our war correspondent that more than mere words flew between Alice White and Nancy Carroll the other dawning at one of the snappier late spots. Now girls!

* * *

THE police actually found the burglar who stole Henry Wadsworth's suits, but Henry found out that the chap was a down-and-out actor and he refused to enter any charges.

* * *

SHORT NOTICE: Countess di Frasso was in town only one hour before she was throwing a party, as usual. . . . There is some talk that Elsa Maxwell is being tested by M-G-M with an eye to having her take over the stories originally purchased for Marie Dressler, which would mean another party or so. . . . That rumor about John Miljan and his wife separating must have been true. Last night he was *Kings Clubbing* it with Ketti Gallian. We wish Lona Andre would make up her mind! We no sooner get her set with one handsome man-about-town than she ups and crosses us again. Last night she was holding hands with Bryant Washburn at the Trocadero. . . . It's said that Pat Ziegfeld, Billie Burke's

DON'T MISS THE LATEST CHATTER ABOUT THE

Only an old meanie would send Clive Brook a telegram that would make him look so unhappy during lunch at the Brown Derby, upon his recent return to Hollywood.

daughter, will marry a heavy-sugar gentleman from parts well known. . . . We think it was pretty swell that Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown were the first ones to buy advance tickets for Hoot Gibson's next Rodeo!

* * *

SINCE there are still a few small-town boys and gals back there in the Middle West who dream of one day running away to Hollywood to work as extras for $7.00 a day, we might pass on the word that only seventy-six extras, out of thousands, averaged thirteen days' work during March!

The rest of them are still calling every hour or so, only to be told, "Call back later." Honest, that's an official record!

* * *

AND today comes happiness for Ann Sothern, at least we can't see any tears in store. Her new boy friend, Tommy Lee, got on the stand in the court house and gave out some figures relative to the earnings of his departed papa's business, Tommy being the sole heir and administrator. The figures were: $50,000 for the past two months on one business and $30,000 for the same period on the other!

OLLYWOOD STARS!

"ACCIDENT" PANIC!

A fear every woman knows —ended by the new

"CERTAIN-SAFE" MODESS

A THOUSAND times you've wondered, as every woman has . . .

"Is the sanitary napkin I'm wearing really protecting me *completely* from the hideous embarrassment of an 'accident'?"

Now, you can put that worry out of your mind forever! For a new type napkin has recently been perfected, which combines three special protective features—yours *only* in the new Modess. You can actually see and feel the three new features that bring you dependable protection against (1) striking through (2) tearing away (3) incomplete absorption.

Get a box of the new "Certain-Safe" Modess. (You won't be risking a penny . . . see Money Back Guarantee below.) Read the printed slip inside. Look at the diagrams and compare them with the napkin itself. Even before you test out the new Modess in use, you'll understand exactly how and why it offers *complete protection from embarrassing accidents.*

SPECIAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you've been buying another brand of napkin just from habit...here's a challenge! *We'll refund your money if you try the new Modess and don't like it!* Get a box. Wear enough napkins to make a thorough test. If you aren't completely satisfied, return box and remaining napkins to Modess Corporation, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. We'll send you every penny you paid, plus postage!

MODESS — STAYS SOFT — STAYS SAFE

☆ WAKE UP, LITTLE GIRL . . . WAKE UP ☆

TODAY *IS YOUR* WONDERFUL DAY

A CANTER with that nice Princeton boy over the Westchester hills, green and misty . . . luncheon at the Ritz with Paul and Frank and Leila . . . to the matinee with Jud . . . then in Charlie's plane to New Haven and that wonderful party where your partner will be a real prince . . . What a lucky girl you are to be so popular! What's that you say . . . . it's not all luck? A little forethought and common sense mixed in, you maintain . . . How right you are, little Miss Charming.

* * *

A girl may be pretty and witty and appealing, but unless her breath is beyond reproach she gets nowhere. After all, halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault. The sought-after woman . . . the popular man . . . realizes it, and takes sensible precaution against offending others. It's all so easy . . . just a little Listerine morning and night and before engagements. That is your assurance that your breath is sweet, wholesome and agreeable. Listerine attacks fermentation, a major cause of odors in the mouth, then overcomes the odors themselves.

P. S. Do not make the mistake of assuming that you never have halitosis. Due to processes of fermentation that go on even in normal mouths, halitosis visits everyone at some time or other. ***The insidious thing about it is that you never know when.***

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

BEFORE EVERY SOCIAL ENGAGEMENT USE LISTERINE . . . DEODORIZES LONGER

Ruby Keeler MEETS SORROW

Ruby and the sister she loved.

The touching story behind Ruby's greatest loss—her young sister, Anna May

By FRED RUTLEDGE

SHE has everything—a brilliant career, money, an ideally happy marriage.

And yet—

Stark, grim tragedy has touched Ruby Keeler's heart, reaching out in the first gay week of this spring to rob her of a love as dear to her as the precious love of her husband, the adoring love of her parents.

It has left her, pain mirrored in her dark blue eyes, with the bitter taste of a battle waged and lost against death. Anna May is dead, gone at the moment of Ruby's greatest latest triumph, her first moving picture with Al Jolson, "Go Into Your Dance."

This story of Ruby's ordeal is more than the story of death coming to a happy family. It is the drama of two sisters, bound to each other so closely that no sacrifice was too great and whom only death could part.

Anna May died in Ruby's California home, while Ruby was working feverishly at the nearby Warner studio to complete her newest film, while the Keeler family back in New York began preparations for the most gala homecoming their daughters ever had. Joy which was to know no limit blackened quickly into sorrow, dropping a somber curtain on all the happy plans.

At the moment of death there remained for Ruby one last ironic blow, the hardest of all to bear. While Anna May must be sent back to New York, to the little brick house on Long Island in which she had spent so many carefree days, Ruby must stay behind, alone in Hollywood, and finsh her picture.

Al was in New York, finishing preparations for his opening radio broadcast. He too must go on, reading comedy lines at day—lines that no longer had any meaning—at night calling Ruby long distance in vain efforts to relieve her numbing pain.

TO understand the true tragedy of Ruby's loss, you must come back into her life, hear the story of Anna May Keeler from the beginning.

Anna May was the second youngest in a family of six children, in a family united in a love that was all sharing and warm and generous. There had been before her Bill, the brother, Ruby, Helen and Gertrude. Margie was the baby, a few years younger than Anna May. Until her first illness, Anna May had set her heart on following in Ruby's footsteps. Ruby, of course, was their star, their darling. The stage was all the world to (*Continued on page* 86)

GLORY on the

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Johnny Weissmuller (left) was a sensational Tarzan at an amazingly low salary. Above, Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor reached the heights in "Seventh Heaven" for a mere pittance. Right, Robert Taylor was a smash hit at a small salary. Extreme right, Jean Harlow's sex appeal was filmed for a ridiculously small weekly check.

FOR a long time the tax payers have been bewildered, the Government has been in an uproar periodically threatening to do something, and the innocent bystanders have been shaking their heads over the salary checks paid to Hollywood movie stars.

If you haven't been dazed by the gaudy sequence of ciphers in the printed salary exposes it's probably because there wasn't a good gasp left in you after learning the combined telephone numbers and automobile licenses earned by $7,500 Constance Bennett, $10,000 Garbo, $12,000 Harold Lloyd, $100,000 plus percentage on the picture Will Rogers, and Heaven only knows how much Charlie Chaplin, not to mention the rank and file struggling along on anything from $5,000 down to a mere $2,500!

That's one side of Hollywood's famous money story, dazzling, if slightly aggravating.

But this is a story about the lowest salaries ever paid in Hollywood and before we're through I bet you'll find the lowdown on the single cipher almost as surprising as the tales of zeros by the yardage, which more or less proves that the Hollywood money question will never be settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. It can't be done. If some of the dullest screen performers have hit the road to oblivion with a million dollar contract clutched in both hands, then it is equally a fact some of the biggest hits of screen history have been scored on salary checks establishing a record-setting all time low in Hollywood dollars and cents.

Darn crazy, this Hollywood money merry go 'round, but amusing when you look at it from all angles.

THERE may be some doubt about the male star who makes the most money every seven days when Will Rogers, Eddie Cantor, Charlie Chaplin (when he makes a picture) and Harold Lloyd (ditto) are the chief contestants for the honor.

If they are the tops, there's no doubt who is the bottom, the signer of the lowest salaried contract ever held in Hollywood—that new sensation at M-G-M—Robert Taylor!

If his name falls unfamiliarly on your ear it is only because you missed "Society Doctor," starring Chester Morris, who was supported by the charming Virginia Bruce. In spite of Chester and Virginia, it has been a long time since Hollywood critics and preview audiences have seen a young actor so completely wrap up a picture and tuck it under his arm to the accompaniment of rave notices in the newspapers.

The kid was clever, but more important, he packed that indefinable wallop, that certain something known as Camera

Learn the amazing, low "bargain" salaries earned by your favorites when starting on the road to glory!

Bargain Counter

It that hasn't been so electrically demonstrated since Clark Gable played his gangster's piano in the Crawford picture. Right then and there a new Hollywood star was born on a salary check of $35 weekly!

Of course, the demoralizing Robert Taylor was a student actor (although you'd never have guessed it) on a small stock contract at M-G-M while he got his training for the movies. It must be borne in mind, however, that several extras who played hospital internes in the same yarn grabbed off double (if not more) that amount for their background scenes. It is to the credit of his company that when the bigwigs rushed out of the preview they set about doing the right thing by their new hot shot. The right thing is not to be confused with anything sensational, say about $150 with options coming up all the time.

Robert Taylor's new record is going to be very upsetting to another young Hollywood gentleman, who in looking back over his movie career from the perch of his recent $2,500 weekly contract with Paramount, boasted that he rode into glory on the lowest figure ever quoted any actor but a dress extra in Hollywood.

FOR years Dick Arlen has been bragging that he made his biggest screen hit on his smallest screen salary. The picture was "Wings;" the salary, $75 weekly.

Of course, Dick had to move over from the bottom and let Buddy Rogers at $75 and Gary Cooper at $100 every seven days in the same film, share his low man honors, too. But he has always done it begrudgingly, arguing that Cooper has rated three figures ever since the beginning of his career and doesn't deserve to be in the same class with Buddy and himself.

The much discussed Jean Muir couldn't get a dime's raise after her appearance in "As the Earth Turns."

Richard Cromwell walked off with honors in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" as Lieutenant Stone, but he holds the record for low salary.

"The funny part of it is," Dick will insist on telling you if you even mention "Wings," "that I never worked so hard, took so many risks or struggled more desperately over any rôle than the one that earned me my lowest salary check." But then, as Dick will also tell you, that's Hollywood.

LEST you get the idea the boys have been the only victims of the studio cashier let it be stated that none other than Jean Harlow must be nominated as the record setter for sex appeal at its lowest quotation. In other words, until Jean got a new contract about eight months ago, hers was a financial record in the movies that never once stirred public indignation or landed in those furious articles, such as "Are They Worth It?"

"There was one thing about working in 'Hell's Angels,'" Jean once laughingly told me. "I never had to have a guilty conscience about running up that two million dollar debit on the picture!" Ben Lyon rated $2,250 for making love to Jean, Jimmy Hall struggled along with $1,500 as his rival, but Jeanie gathered unto her palpitating decolletage only a mere $250 of the Hughes berries. Two hundred and fifty dollars may sound like a lot of money to you and me, but for the sexiest brand of sex appeal that ever hit Hollywood it establishes the all time low water mark. Garbo made $500 for her first mystery and Dietrich drew down $1,000 for her brand of lure.

Even when Jean moved to M-G-M for the scene of her biggest comedy triumph, "Red Headed Woman," her figure might have been a source of Hollywood envy but her salary figure wasn't. Jean, the star and sensationalist of the picture, with her salary of $750 weekly rated third money to leading man Chester Morris ($3,000) and featured player Leila Hyams ($1,200). In case you're interested, Jean has had two small raises and one great big salary raise since her comparatively poor days, even though she didn't get a better picture until her latest success, "Reckless."

While Johnny Weissmuller was love-calling himself to your attention (and the theater exhibitors') in the sensational first "Tarzan," his bank account was bounding backward to the tune of $200 weekly! That looked like a lot of money to the ex-swimming champ who arrived on the Hollywood scene from his swimming triumphs. At first it did—before he met Lupe, you might say. At the same time the world was going mad over Johnny, Johnny was going mad trying to make both ends meet. They finally took pity on the man who acquired Lupe and a caviar taste at the same time and did something, about $500 worth, I understand. Even now Johnny has his troubles and they aren't all domestic, either.

AT the time, Jean Muir was becoming George Jean Nathan's favorite movie actress (next to Lillian Gish). In "As The Earth Turns" she was drawing down a weekly salary of $100 that wasn't increased a dime more, no matter how G. J. N. raved and put his stamp of approval on her! If Jean was the first screen genius since Lillian, as George said, she was more certainly genius on the bargain counter.

Every day Jean could look out of her dressing room window and get a perfect view of $7,500 weekly Ruth Chatterton's dressing room bungalow and G. J. N. had never mentioned Ruth Chatterton as his favorite movie actress!

It was enough to make a girl bitter, as Dick Powell would and frequently did say concerning his own salary. Dick was never a docile low-salaried player. He may have made "Blessed Event" and "42nd Street" on a puny $350 per week but he never let the matter drop there. Dick had a hunch he was worth more money from the beginning and he started right out doing something about it. In spite of several healthy salary raises Dick just can't seem to get adjusted to the Hollywood money system. It gets in his hair. For instance, it was never really quite clear to him just what happened in "Flirtation

(*Continued on page* 96)

W. C. FIELDS

This master of unconcern, who gets your laughter even when you can't hear what he says, put as much time as other actors put on their make-up in the selection of just the right cigar for that showboat scene in "Mississippi." You'll see him next in "Flying Trapeze," now in production.

Girls JOAN CRAWFORD *has helped*

Friend of discouraged newcomers to the movies, she has helped many capable but bewildered girls on the road to stardom

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

Look at the picture of Joan Crawford (upper corner) as she was almost ten years ago in the New York musical comedy days and Joan on the opposite page as she sees herself today. Above is Jean Muir; then Gertrude Michael; then Gail Patrick —three of Joan's protegées who have reason for gratitude to the gardenia girl.

A GOOD many months ago there was a, grand story in Movie Mirror about the men that Joan Crawford has helped to success. Some of them she helped in a material way. Others received her advice, encouragement and deep loyalty.

It was not unusual, people said, that men should seek out a woman as glamorous and exciting as Joan. Also, Hollywood has often remarked, "Joan is a man's woman. She likes men better than members of her own sex. She is always more eager to help men than women."

So I began to do a little research on the subject. For weeks I've been collecting data about the girls whose lives Joan, with her amazing vitality, has changed. Naturally, I did not get these stories from Joan herself.

Whenever I interviewed ardent young actresses beginning their difficult climb up the ladder of success and asked the question, "Who is your favorite actress?" nine times out of ten the answer would be, "Joan Crawford." Joan's career, self-made and wrested from the hard-boiled gods of Hollywood, is an inspiration to the ambitious. Joan might so easily have sunk into obscurity after she received her first little contract. But instead her energy, her will, her dogged persistence made it possible for her to go on and on, always climbing higher.

For this reason new girls look up to her and admire her. And when they are blue and discouraged and sick to death of the lonely struggle they often say, "If only I could talk to Joan Crawford." Well, they can and they have.

There was Gail Patrick. When she first came to Hollywood she had no idea how to pose for still pictures. You may think this unimportant, but it isn't. The lovely photographs you see in the magazines in which the actresses wear stunning clothes—and wear them well—are part of the sales campaign. They play a vital rôle in any picture girl's career.

For months Gail studied Joan's stills. "How does she do it?" she wondered aloud to a friend of Joan's. The next afternoon Joan invited Gail to come to a photographer's studio with her, where she showed Gail all her still camera tricks. "Look," said Joan, "I had to learn this, too. I didn't know a darn thing about posing when I first came to Hollywood." The amazing part is that she is so ready and willing to pass her knowledge on. Most actresses guard their professional secrets as if they were as precious as gems, as indeed they are.

On the following day Gail had a sitting at her studio. "What's happened to you?" the photographer asked. "Why, you know how to wear your clothes and get the most out of them before the camera."

Joan did more than that for Gail. She often invited her on the set when she was working. She gave her vast encouragement, a sort of spiritual encouragement, and told Gail tricks learned during her battle for success.

Gail was, as I've said, already sold on Joan before she met her. Jean Muir wasn't. But Joan didn't know that, and it would not have made any difference if she had.

Jean acted pretty silly when she first came to Hollywood. She thought that she must play some fantastic game in order to make people notice her. She believed it necessary to put on an act off as well as on screen. She said shocking and startling things to interviewers. She panned Hollywood and the picture business. She went around in strange, sloppy clothes. She was a bit of a joke.

One night at Joan's home someone was telling about Jean's latest exploits. Franchot Tone defended her. "You don't know anything about the girl. I took a test with her once. She may be putting on an act now but she's a good kid."

The fact that anyone was being unjustly criticized was enough for Joan. She asked Jean Muir to dinner. Jean wasn't anxious to go. "Just (*Continued on page* 97)

Confessions of a Holly

By JULIE LANG HUNT

A RINGSIDE seat to the greatest show on earth is a Hollywood press agent's only recompense.

But if there is little fame or wealth for the men and women who tap out the publicity for the film factories, there is also little boredom or monotony.

For the show runs night and day, Sundays and holidays, and the press department obtains an unobstructed view of its constantly shifting scenes. It is packed with rollicking comedy and sometimes knife-edged drama. There are in it brief moments of pathos and even a winked-back tear, but never a fragment of tedium.

Eleven years ago I saw Hollywood's free and famous spectacle for the first time over the top of a rusty typewriter in the publicity department of the old Famous Players-Lasky studio that was housed shakily in a renovated barnyard. And I held on to that ringside seat for a decade and more while the ex-stables merged into the current landscaped acres of the imposing Paramount Pictures Incorporated, and while the greatest show on earth played a continuous performance.

I was three days on the studio payroll and just out of college when the curtain rose for the first act. It was a comedy sketch, but many years passed before I could laugh at its drollery. At the time I thought it was tragedy.

My boss announced in the middle of an afternoon's energetic dictation (I was a stenographer at first) that he intended to go fishing for a week, stars or no stars.

"But," he cautioned me, "you will have to take over the Polish situation for me."

He explained that the Polish problem was the great Pola Negri herself, at the time Hollywood's reigning star—that was if Gloria Swanson didn't hear you say so.

Taking over the Negri situation, I learned, meant sitting loyally by the telephone all day and every day waiting for calls from the star's secretaries, maids, hairdressers, butlers and chauffeurs and reacting to their ensuing laments about this and that with just the correct quotas of sympathy, agitation and horror. It was all part of the studio's efficient star service.

The boss told me to look sprucy (1924 slang) the next day and he would introduce me to the great star.

I was shattered with an attack of nerves. An introduction to Negri in 1924 was comparable to a 1935 invitation to dine with Garbo. I left my desk early that evening to ransack the cinema marked-down dress shops for a costume that would do honor to the great occasion. With a careful

When Gloria Swanson introduced her Marquis to Hollywood the entire studio said it with flowers.

Studio fireworks were narrowly averted by the panic-stricken executives just prior to the filming of "Devil and the Deep," with Gary Cooper and Tallulah Bankhead, when Gary named his chimpanzee "Tallulah" in honor of the capricious star, before he met her.

THE SHOW'S PACKED WITH COMEDY AND TRAGEDY—

wood Press Agent

eye I weeded out bad numbers until I came upon a dusty pink crêpe with fat pearl buttons on the collar. It must have been the pearl buttons that made me squander $18.75.

AT four o'clock the next afternoon we were summoned to the Negri dressing room bungalow that was decorated ornately in a Japanese motif. I had a pretty speech well rehearsed. I would discuss Negri's latest picture and tell her that I had been an admiring fan for years, which was true. Then with a professional glance I would say, "Clever little frock you have on. Is it LeLong?" She would smile gayly and reply, "How did you guess? I adore LeLong, don't you?" and our friendship would be cemented upon the spot.

A Negro maid showed us into the Nipponese splendor and served iced tea. I clutched the glass and waited, standing—I was totally unable to sit, swallow or speak.

A plushy voice boomed "Halloo" from a room beyond, a rice paper wall slid open and the great Pola stood before us framed in oriental murals—and she stood and stood and stood. A paralyzing silence gripped our oddly assorted quartet, while Negri stared, my boss stared, the maid stared and I shuddered.

For the Polish star was wearing a duplicate of my brave dusty pink crêpe, pearl button trimmed $18.75 frock. We looked vaguely like a sister act ready for an "off-to-Buffalo" shuffle, a buck and wing tap dance or a duet.

My friendship with Pola Negri was never cemented and my boss never did get away on that fishing trip.

JUST to prove the diversity of the Hollywood tableau, we will skip over a few years into the broiling middle of an August day in 1933. On that date I was guiding two important visitors on a tour of the studio sets—all important visitors automatically arrive at all studios in the middle of disastrous floods, hurricanes, earthquakes and heat waves.

The first stop was at the heavily guarded Mae West set where her second picture, "I'm No Angel," had progressed as far as the famous courtroom scene. When we entered this sacrosanct stage a blast of heat met us with the force of a body blow. The giant sun arcs and merciless Kleigs sent out incandescent fingers that clutched at the throat.

Two hundred extras working as courtroom spectators had wilted to visible stages of lassitude. A perspiring assistant explained that the cooling system had broken down, but that in spite of the murderous temperature work had to go on because the picture was behind schedule.

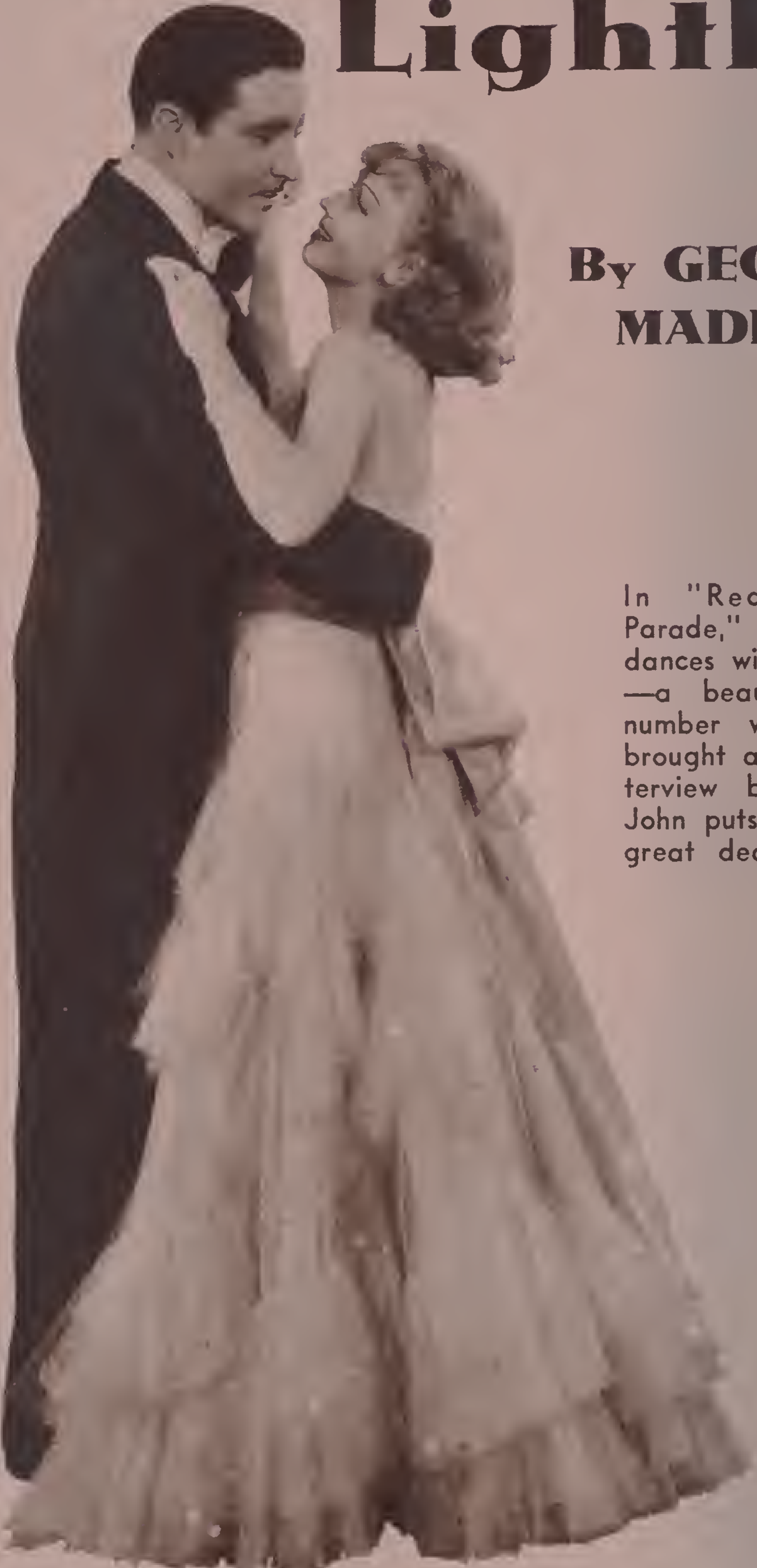
In the blazing center of the lights Mae West stood gowned to the ears in black velvet and blue fox. She went through her lines without a hitch and then retired to a corner where her maid waited with (*Continued on page* 90)

Left, Baby LeRoy, with Maurice Chevalier, all dressed up for "A Bedtime Story," but we like better the description in this feature of the costume in which Baby took his screen test. Right, Pola Negri in her Japanese bungalow in the days when she was the studio's "Polish situation."

An accidental but very honest interview with that Southern gentleman and incurable romanticist, John Boles, whose advice is:

"LIVE, LOVE and Step Lightly"

By GEORGE MADDEN



In "Redheads on Parade," John Boles dances with Dixie Lee—a beautiful waltz number which really brought about this interview because, as John puts it, "It is a great deal like life!"

"HEY," said Johnny Boles as he passed my table in the Fox café, "why don't you come out on the practice stage after lunch and get a thrill?"

We hadn't seen each other for some time, since the football season to be exact, and it seemed swell after all these months to run into the Singing Lover of the screen (to you), the biggest fan-mail receiver on the lot including Janet Gaynor and Shirley Temple (to Fox), and the best Texas-dialect story-teller in all Hollywood (to me). He was got up in the lower part of a Tuxedo suit and the upper part of an old bathrobe with his handkerchief stuck around his neck to keep the greasepaint off his collar. His jaw moved contentedly with the motion of his favorite brand of chewing gum. Result, perfect portrait of An American Heart Beat during office hours.

"You going to sing?" I asked and hoped he was.

"Gosh, no," he said, "I'm going to *dance!* You don't want to miss it. In all the world no show like this. Don't crowd, folks, let the women and children get to the front." He grinned. "Wait till Astaire gets a load of it, the rhumba *à la* Boles, the tango *à la* Boles, the waltz *à la* Boles. . . ."

This promised to be too good to miss. My wife has done some Cocoanut Grove dancing with Johnny at various Hollywood fêtes at one time or another, and while the reports were all right they weren't anything to make the average ballroom dancer sit in a corner and sulk the rest of the evening. Decidedly, dancing was a new professional activity for Johnny.

The practice stage was crowded. Electricians, set technicians, dance directors, musicians and the usual run of set onlookers were already rallied about for the rehearsal of the trick dance sequence in "Redheads on Parade," starring Johnny and little Dixie Lee Crosby. Artificial flowers bloomed profusely everywhere and a spot moonlight played on the circular garden pool in the center of the stage.

"It isn't only the dancing that's trick," explained Johnny, "it's the camerawork as well. You see, Dixie and I are waltzing about this pool when suddenly I see our reflections in the water. As I look, Dixie fades out of my arms and the memory of another love I have danced with, a Spanish señorita with whom I tripped a tango, fades in. We dance, then another big moment, with whom I have waltzed, appears to replace that memory and then another. I'm supposed to be falling in love with Dixie who is the *only* girl and I know it—yet something about the night, the music, the stars conjure up memories of all these past loves. It is," he said, "a great deal like life!"

We had found a couple of canvas-backed chairs out of the line of set hustle and bustle about us. Over in a corner a stunning "redhead" in a black lace rhumba gown powdered her nose, adjusted her slender shoulder strap. Suddenly she began to sway with the music, (*Continued on page* 92)

Just Off Hollywood Boulevard

Digging up off-trail personalities who add color to the most colorful town in America

By WALTER RAMSEY

Author's Note:

This being the third in a series of stories about Hollywood and its famous-but-little-known people, I think it's about time to admit that I've never had a more enjoyable writing job in all my Hollywood experience. These unknown celebrities and unique places in Hollywood have always interested me, but now that I am looking at them for you, I find them even more interesting than before. Possibly you've heard of some person or place in Hollywood that you'd like to know more about. Please write and tell me about it; I'll take the day off and hunt up a story about it for you. Address Walter Ramsey, MOVIE MIRROR, *7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. Cal.*

IF you drive out Sunset Boulevard toward Beverly Hills you can't miss Johnny O'Connor. He stands there at the entrance of the Beverly Bridle Path. Even if you might happen to miss his thirty-five-year-old, sun-tanned face, you couldn't get by his sign without reading:

PERSONAL GUIDE TO THE
MOVIE STARS' HOMES.

Johnny has been smiling at passing cars from that corner for over ten years. He got the idea, originally, because his health demanded an outdoor job; Johnny knew where ten famous movie stars lived and he thought he could make a living by showing eastern visitors around. It caught on from the very first day; now Johnny has three separate tours: (1) 100 homes for $1.50, (2) 150 homes for $2.00 and a de-luxe tour of 250 famous homes for $5.00. He doesn't kid you, either — he knows!

A few months ago, Johnny found two of his war buddies who were in need of a job, so now they are partners. He and his buddies have escorted such headline names as Doris Duke and ex-Princess Mdivani on their regular tours, but most of the customers are back-east tourists.

Johnny says that small-town women from the Middle West know more gossip and scandal about the movie stars than he does—at least they think they do. Johnny tried, for a while, to set them right on their stories but, "It's no use!" he says. "They think you're lying if you tell 'em they got the wrong dope. They think you're trying to cover up for the stars. So I just smile and let 'em talk, now."

AND speaking of women who "know it all," I've found one in Hollywood who doesn't. For months, she's been standing in front of Levy's Café "selling papers." The thing that interested me was the fact that she never sold any, never actually had more than one in her hand.

She wouldn't tell me her name, so we'll just call her Mrs. Spivorri. Her husband had been a waiter at Levy's until the waiters went out on strike; that's the reason Mrs. Spivorri "sells" papers now. The headlines on her "paper" tell about the strike of the waiters and she had it printed up especially so she could stand in front and picket the café without running afoul the law. I asked her why she

(*Continued on page* 82)

Below, Johnny O'Connor who shows you 250 movie stars' homes for $5.00. It's a very profitable business for him, too.

WHEN SHIRLEY TEMPLE Was Very YOUNG

Intimate details of the enchanting six-year-old star's first film experiences

By JACK HAYS

as told to Al Sherman

Above, Shirley Temple in the early days of her screen career when she was leading lady of Educational Pictures' "Baby Burlesk" troupe of tiny actors.

THERE yet remains to be told about Hollywood's youngest, most adorable star, the child whose genius tugs at the heartstrings of millions in her every picture, the story of when she was discovered and how, though at the time she was only three, it was evident that a new screen sensation was flaming on the horizon.

We were casting for a new series of novel featurettes for Educational Pictures that we hoped would be completely different in the field of entertainment. The series would be called "Baby Burlesks," and everything was in readiness—studios had been leased, coaches had been hired, technicians and directors were on hand.

There, in the huge, shadowy rehearsal hall sat over a thousand babies—the first day's response to ads in the local newspapers for child talent. We knew the types we were seeking. Before that day was over we had chosen most of the boys. There remained the problem of finding the right girl.

She must not be taller than thirty-six inches—the easiest of the qualifications—she must have curly hair, bright teeth, an infectious smile. Above all else, she must have definite personality that audiences would immediately recognize.

The days dragged by. Nowhere out of the thousands of hopeful applicants could the right girl be found. At last it was the final day of casting. Then we noticed one. Audrey Rae Leonard. She was a beautiful blonde baby with blue, candid eyes. She had amazing intelligence. Her perfectly formed features were startling in a girl her age. Here was the answer to our search.

Then, just as we were ready to send all the other babies away, a woman casting assistant darted off to one side. She stopped in front of a child sitting stiffly upright, her eyes wide and excited, her lips slightly parted in her eagerness. Suddenly the assistant bent over, picked up the tiny girl, held her tight in a caressing embrace. She came back to the rest of us, leading the child by the hand.

"This is the one you want," she said.

We looked curiously at her new find. How could she compare with Audrey Rae who had studied drama for a year and a half, who was easy, friendly to talk to, who spoke with almost perfect diction, with only a slight lisp that enhanced her speech?

Yet, looking at the blue eyes, the mop of golden curls, the solemn little face that lit up into a smile now and then, we somehow knew that she *was* the one we wanted. One glance was enough. Though her diction was not as good, though she had not yet begun her study of drama, though her features were not as perfect, there was no hesitancy in

Right, Shirley with Gloria Anne Mack in "Glad Rags to Riches."

Above, Shirley and Georgie Smith as they appeared in a scene from "Kiddin' Hollywood," another of the "Baby Burlesk" series, a travesty on the lives of the stars.

Left, the cast of "Polly-tix in Washington;" Shirley Temple is seated on Producer Jack Hays' lap.

the choice made between Shirley Temple and Audrey Rae.

She had then, as she has today, the wistful aura of a baby from another world, yet a baby that people adored, that people felt compelled to fondle and pet. We didn't stop then to analyse our feelings. It was enough that everyone crowded about Shirley, talking with her, patting her curls. Even the hard boiled director was not immune. He was down on one knee in a moment, coaxing her to sit on the other, grinning absurdly at her.

To make absolutely certain, before signing this wonderful gift of the gods—I can't express her coming to us that day any other way—we ordered all the other children out of the room. Their parents stayed behind with Shirley and Audrey Rae. We withdrew and watched from an unobserved point of vantage outside.

The same phenomenal thing happened. The parents, having nothing else to do, centered their attention on the two children. And, while they remarked on Audrey Rae's beauty, they spent their whole time playing with Shirley. The women especially fussed over her, straightening her tiny frock, combing her golden hair.

Shirley was signed to a five-year contract that same day, while her mother, Mrs. Temple, looked on.

What there is to tell now are the incidents leading up to her stardom, incidents which help to explain the amazing Shirley Temple, help to paint her real picture—a genius, yet a small, unspoiled child whose very simplicity is part of her charm.

For instance, there was the day that her first screen test was run off in the projection room. The room was crowded with the curious as the lights snapped off. Then, on the tiny screen, flashed Shirley Temple. For seconds, then minutes, no one spoke. The same spell-binding personality was holding us hardened movie producers in a thralldom that we loved.

Unfortunately, our troubles hadn't ended yet. The same day that shooting on the first film began, Shirley had to go to the hospital for an operation on her ear. Audrey Rae was rushed in to take over her part. But the next month, with Shirley completely recovered from her illness, we started a new picture which ran off without a single hitch. When it was released it was a real hit. Shirley and our cycle of burlesques were well on the road to fame and fortune.

ONE of the pleasures of working with these talented youngsters who made up the casts of our "Baby Burlesks" was the manner in which we could treat them. They were directed as grown-ups. Even a certain pride was injected in them over their performances. Goaded by this pride they soon began to perform with all the ease of veterans.

One day, during filming of "Kiddin' Hollywood," Verree Teasdale and Monroe Owsley dropped in. Miss Teasdale slumped into the nearest chair, unaware that the infant featured players all had their (*Continued on page 99*)

MOVIES in the

By SHEILA WORTH

IT'S movie time at the White House! That's right after dinner. President Roosevelt is sitting in an easy-chair, comfortably relaxed, smiling that smile of his that is like an embrace. Beside him is Mrs. Roosevelt, with a group of elderly church ladies.

The lights go off! The picture's on. The picture tonight is a comedy-drama, and a gal with luscious curves is the heroine. The old ladies sit as still and quiet as alabaster statues. The President grins. Then he turns to one of them and murmurs, in a whisper loud enough for all of them to hear, something very complimentary about the heroine's actual appearance, broad compliments usually. And with that he winks at Mrs. Roosevelt.

Always the old women go away a bit startled, to put it mildly. As soon as they have gone, Mr. Roosevelt roars with helpless laughter. They say at the White House that you can always tell where President Roosevelt is by his laugh. Once Mrs. Roosevelt chided him for his "rude, crude and vulgar laughter, thank heaven."

Did you know that the President of the United States is the greatest movie fan who ever sat in the White House? When things get too hot for him, when politicians call his NRA as dead as a dodo or kid his administration or rake him over the coals, he goes to the movies to relax and forget. He sees more pictures than the most avid, movie-hungry stenographer. Why, during his first eleven months in office he saw eighty-three features, seventy-three shorts and 500 newsreels. Match that if you can!

Of course the President has never named his favorite pictures and actors. Think what a rumpus, what jealousy it would cause in Hollywood if he did! But here's a little lowdown for you. He's crazy about "Popeye." You know "Popeye," don't you, the rough, tough, crude sailor with the heart of gold, who swears like a trooper, but loves his spinach and has never been known to woo any other girl but Olive Oyl?

When "Popeye" or "Mickey Mouse" cartoons appear on the screen, no one laughs louder than President Roosevelt does. Not even Sistie and Buzzie, the President's grandchildren!

As to his other favorites, you can guess who they are by noting what movie celebrities are entertained at the White House. Many of them come to Washington to make personal appearances at the local theaters, but only a few are invited to the White House. The late Marie Dressler was always welcome. Will Rogers, before he started to criticize the Roosevelt regime, was often at White House parties. But then Will's career at the White House has always been precarious. Remember when Calvin Coolidge invited him? Will had a swell time, but the tight-lipped Calvin didn't know quite what to make of the cowboy gum-chewing actor. When Will later imitated his nasal voice on the radio, he was furious. "If Will Rogers is ever invited to the White House again," he said grimly, "it will have to be by another president."

Katharine Hepburn has been entertained at lunch at the White House. Mr. Roosevelt also has enormous respect for Eddie Cantor, whom he invited to act as spokesman for the movie industry

The President's study in the White House, the famous Oval Room, houses another of his hobbies—his collection of ship models and paintings.

WHITE HOUSE

Public Citizen No. 1 establishes a new record by becoming the country's leading movie fan and severest critic

The famous Presidential smile always appears when his favorite, "Popeye the Sailor," is shown on the private White House screen.

when a code for the industry was being drawn up.

President Roosevelt is the movie maker's dream of what a movie fan should be like. Except in one respect. Heaven help the producers if a single movie boner is pulled in the picture! He takes a mischievous delight in noticing every error.

If the heroine walks through a rainstorm without getting her hair wet, trust President Roosevelt to notice it. If the hero walks into a house with a double-breasted suit and walks out with a single-breasted one, President Roosevelt will see it. As excited as a small boy who has just discovered the circus for the first time, he'll say, "Did you see that? When did he have time to change?" And he'll be just as proud of discovering a little error in a big picture as though he had just shoved an important piece of legislation through Congress. Prouder maybe.

If you were a guest at the White House and were invited to a private screening, you'd enter the White House from the front door on the main floor, and be escorted to the second floor. There are, you see, two worlds in the White House, the upstairs world and the downstairs world. The downstairs world is the public world, where there are elaborate formal social entertainments and even a few rooms to which the public is admitted.

But it's the upstairs world where the Roosevelts live their family life. All the gay, informal life of the house flows through that second floor. Anna Roosevelt Boettiger, the President's daughter, has a room on the second floor. James, the eldest son, also gets one when he comes to visit. So does Elliot. Louis Howe, the President's adviser, lives in the White House, and has a room on the second floor. He is practically considered a member of the family. And, of course, Mrs. Roosevelt's bedroom is on this floor, and the family sitting room, and the President's private study, the famous Oval Room, which is filled with naval pictures which the President has collected.

Since the movies form such an intimate part of President Roosevelt's life, they're shown just where you'd expect them to be seen, on the second floor. You enter a hall that runs the whole length of the floor. All the rooms for the family open from it. There's an arched doorway separating the central part of the hall from the west end, and across the doorway is a wooden valance, which hides the motion picture screen when it's not in use. (*Continued on page 84*)

MOVIES of

The perfect guide to the latest motion pictures:
✓ for good pictures,
✓✓ for ones you simply must not fail to see

Will Rogers shares honors with Billie Burke and Alison Skipworth in "Doubting Thomas," a typical Rogers film with laughs a-plenty.

The monster (Boris Karloff) finds his mate (Elsa Lanchester) in "The Bride of Frankenstein," a first-rate shocker, well photographed.

✓Bride of Frankenstein (Universal)

You'll See: *Boris Karloff, Colin Clive, Valerie Hobson, Ernest Thesinger, Elsa Lanchester, O. P. Heggie, Una O'Connor, Ann Darling, Gavin Gordon.*

It's About: *A continuation of the first "Frankenstein" story plus a few added chills and the creation of a mate for the monster.*

A horror story, yes, but one of the most beautifully mounted and gorgeously photographed pictures to come out of Hollywood in many a day! The chills are there; the monster is just as horrible, which, plus the fact that a mate is created for him, makes this a fitting sequel to the original shudder-producer which robbed you of sleep.

Starting where the first story faded out, this new yarn takes the audience on to further adventures with the man-made monstrosity and even shows us how to make a synthetic woman to go with him. Some of the new chills are really something to write home about! We won't spoil them, however, by relating them here. Those of you who like this type of entertainment will want to discover them for yourselves.

Karloff as the monster is exceptional and Elsa Lanchester as his mate is very good, too. The top feminine honors, though, should go to Una O'Connor, who creates one of the best characters of the story and gives a marvelous performance.

We might mention, in passing, that a number of the preview audience left the theater when the title was flashed on the screen, proving that horror stuff isn't to everyone's liking, but those hundreds who remained throughout the performance seemed to like it in a big way.

But beyond the value of the story and above the excellence of the acting, we must applaud the production and camera work to the skies! It is really something to rave about.

Your reviewer says: This provides grand entertainment for those who like this type of story.

✓Party Wire (Columbia)

You'll See: *Jean Arthur, Victor Jory, Helen Lowell, Charley Grapewin, Robert Allen, Clara Blandick.*

It's About: *The party-wire-listeners in a small town and what happens when they get the message twisted.*

"Operator? Give me number 932, ring two." That's what starts all the trouble in this satisfactory little comedy-drama. Not only does the right party answer the call, but half the busy-bodies in town lift the receiver at the same time.

The idea sounds like a lot of laughs, but the net results are a lot of tears to a few in the cast. When two old maids

the MONTH

This isn't a very good month—there are very few major stars represented, and even those are scarcely up to their best standard. There is, however, a chilling horror picture, "The Bride of Frankenstein," if you care for horror. Will Rogers is up to his expected tricks in "Doubting Thomas." To our mind, the best picture of the month is "G-Men," even though it's thin on romance. Also, we think you will want to see the much-written-about Noel Coward in his first American movie, "The Scoundrel."

Ruth Waterbury

The best action film of this or any month, "G-Men" boasts grand acting by Jimmie Cagney, Bob Armstrong, Margaret Lindsay.

Below — Fred Kohler, Sr. (his son works out Hollywood way, too) with Mae in "Goin' to Town," a disappointment for West fans.

misinterpret a midnight call and start the devastating round of gossip as a result, hearts are broken, suicides attempted and the whole town is blown wide open!

Wealthy son, Victor Jory, returns to his home town to find that he can easily fall in love with Jean Arthur, a teller in the bank, but that all the mothers in the burg have their caps set for him. It seems there are a flock of marriageable daughters, but no eligible men loose. Thus, when one of the local gossip mongers hears part of a conversation on the party line, the fur starts to fly. You'll really get a kick watching the thing develop and in seeing how Jory and his mother break the deal and catch that happy ending in time.

While we thought Jean Arthur and Victor Jory were good in their roles, we must still give first honors to Charlie Grapewin, the hard-drinkin' old codger who is Jean's father. He maintains the entertainment value of the entire picture.

Your reviewer says: Do you like a Will Rogers picture? Then see this one. Not an epic, but good enough.

The People's Enemy (RKO)

You'll See: *Preston Foster, William Collier, Jr., Melvyn Douglas, Lila Lee, Roscoe Ates, Herbert Rawlinson, Shirley Grey.*

It's About: *What happens when the convict's attorney falls in love with convict's wife.*

An old-fashioned melodrama with an antiquated plot and some real, old-time direction makes this fit for nothing but double bills. The picture proves that there is still material left in the saga of Al Capone, but the methods used to show us the material are very poor indeed.

Preston Foster, playing the gangster who gets a nine-year stretch in prison for income tax evasion, struggles against bad direction throughout and almost gives the performance he is capable of giving. Lila Lee, as the wife of Foster, who falls in love with his attorney (after Foster is safely out of the way) gains the real sympathy of the audience and raises the picture out of it's director-imposed rut at times. Melvyn Douglas, playing the attorney, is a bit over his head and barely convinces the audience that he is actually a lawyer of the shady type.

Of course, the gangster hears about the romance and stages a jail break to get revenge on his lawyer. From this point on, guns flame and cars chase, really getting quite *meller* toward the end.

Your reviewer says: Do you like bridge? Then play it.

The Daring Young Man (Fox)

You'll See: *James Dunn, Mae Clarke, Neil Hamilton, Sidney Toler, Warren Hymer,*

(Continued on page 79)

Brief comments on the more recent movies, as reviewed in previous issues of MOVIE MIRROR—those in *italics* are especially suitable for children, those marked ✓ are the really good films, and those checked ✓✓ are the ones not to miss.

TIPS on TALKIES

"Anna Karenina" promises to be a truly great Garbo film. With Greta are Cora Sue Collins, Reginald Owen, Buster Phelps, and Dickie Walters.

✓AFTER OFFICE HOURS (M-G-M). A newspaper story in which Clark Gable is the editor who hires and fires Constance Bennett while trying to solve a murder. A trite story, but Gable will make the feminine hearts flutter, as usual.

✓✓ALL THE KING'S HORSES (Paramount). Opera Star Mary Ellis, in her first picture, appears in a delightful version of the old mythical-kingdom story, studded with some grand singing, dancing and Carl Brisson.

BABY FACE HARRINGTON (M-G-M). Charles Butterworth, a timid soul, gets involved with gangsters and is zoomed to the skies as "Public Enemy No. 2" by reporters. Laughs are rather plentiful, though Una Merkel, the wife, has very little to do.

✓✓BLACK FURY (Warner Brothers). An adult story of stark realism and he-man stuff in which Paul Muni gives a superb characterization of a strike-breaking coal miner. Karen Morley, Tully Marshall and Sarah Haden are excellent. Recommended particularly for serious theater goers, though thrilling for everyone.

✓CARDINAL RICHELIEU (Twentieth Century). This time Mr. Arliss saves France (instead of England) and Edward Arnold is a convincing King Louis. Maureen O'Sullivan and Cesar Romero are the love interest. It's a bit too slow and historical, though beautifully produced.

✓CASINO MURDER CASE (M-G-M). Now it's Paul Lukas who is Philo Vance. Here he rescues Rosalind Russell and solves a murder mystery which is quite like all murder mysteries but which will hold your attention to the end. Excellent cast.

CAR 99 (M-G-M). A fast action picture, high-lighted with some fairly good situations—chases, gangsters, machine guns, swell back-stage glimpses into the radio-patrol—greatly over-acted by the cast, a few of which are Fred MacMurray, Ann Sheridan and Sir Guy Standing.

✓✓*CLIVE of INDIA (Twentieth Century). After many soul-stirring scenes, Ronald Colman as Clive, conqueror of India, and Loretta Young, as his wife, find happiness together.*

✓✓*DAVID COPPERFIELD (M-G-M). A gloriously faithful reproduction of the time-honored Dickens classic, perfectly performed by the entire cast, a few of which are Freddie Bartholomew, Ronald Young, W. C. Fields, Edna May Oliver, Lennox Pawle and Frank Lawton.*

✓✓*DEVIL DOGS OF THE AIR (Warner Brothers). Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien in the same old roles of scrapping buddies, but there are some exciting flying scenes in this, especially one in which Cagney saves a burning plane. The younger you are the better you'll like it.*

DEVIL IS A WOMAN, THE (Paramount). Marlene Dietrich is a soulless woman who traps men with her beauty and sex appeal in a picture that is like all the other Dietrich-Von Sternberg pictures. Lionel Atwill and Cesar Romero struggle vainly with poor parts.

✓FOLIES BERGERE (Twentieth Century). Maurice Chevalier singing and cutting bedroom capers; Ann Sothern, hysterically temperamental; and Merle Oberon, intoxicatingly exotic; in a gay musical that boasts a couple of tuneful songs.

✓✓FOUR HOURS TO KILL (Paramount). A melodramatic story, chock-full of smaller stories, in which Richard Barthelmess is a convict taken to the lounge of a theater to await the train which is to take him to prison. Charles C. Wilson, as his guard, gives a performance almost on a par with Barthelmess, who is swell.

GO INTO YOUR DANCE (Warner Brothers). Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler in a musicomedy with not much to recommend save a few comedy scenes by Patsy Kelly and a few tuneful songs.

✓GOOD FAIRY (Universal). Margaret Sullavan, in a mad comedy-farce, chockful of laughs, is ably assisted by Frank Morgan, Herbert Marshall, and Reginald Owen. The plot doesn't make much sense but you'll be too busy laughing to mind anything like that. (*Continued on page* 71)

DOLORES DEL RIO
and
DON CARLOS

Wonder if his resemblance to Valentino, who was her favorite actor, accounts for Don Carlos' choice as her dancing partner for "In Caliente?" His work impressed Bus Berkeley so much that he's risen from chorus boy to contract player (Warner's). Leo Carrillo plays Dolores' brother in this film of Mexico.

Made especially for Movie Mirror by Maurice Goldberg

Not long ago the silky-haired Russian faced her greatest cinematic crisis: Sam Goldwyn, before the release of "The Wedding Night," feared that his huge investment in La Sten had not been worth it. Then the picture's grosses put it in the big money class! Before starting her next she vacations in Europe.

ANNA STEN

Made especially for MOVIE MIRROR by Maurice Goldberg

DAVID HOLT

One of the most eagerly awaited delights of forthcoming pictures is the appearance of not only this young fellow but also of his contemporary, Virginia Weidler, in Paramount's "Big Broadcast of 1935." Besides, he will be seen shortly with Paul Lukas and Madge Evans in M-G-M's "Age of Indiscretion."

JEAN PARKER

LONG, long ago a Wise Man said, "There is little friendship in the world and least of all between equals."

There may be fewer friendships in Hollywood than there are in Podunk and Passaic. But that is because there is less time to give to the amenities of friendship. After all, the Dietrichs and the Garbos and the Crawfords have no leisure for girlish fudge-makings or tea-time confidences.

But when friendship does bloom among the palm-trees it is fervid, enduring, a hardy perennial. Helen Hayes and Una Merkel have been intimates for years—long before Una caught the bridal bouquet at the Hayes-MacArthur nuptials.

Helen Hayes and Norma Shearer are close friends. There is the famous Barthelmess-Colman-Powell triumvirate. Eric von Stroheim and Jean Hersholt have been comrades since, strangers in a strange land, the German directed the Dane in his first picture. John Barrymore and Joseph Cawthorn—Ramon Novarro and Lewis Stone—Clark Gable and Wally Beery—Esther Ralston and Mary Brian—Frances Marion and Mary Pickford.

And now there is demure Jean Parker and daring Katy Hepburn to join that little group of "best friends."

Jean Parker said to me, *"Katharine Hepburn is everything that I would like to be.*

"You see, I never had any girl friends, really, the way other girls have. I've never had any girl friends with whom I could exchange confidences.

"I just never knew anyone who would hold out her hand and say, 'Come on, let's go for a ride in the hills—' and we'd go—and race through canyons and ravines with that glorious feeling of comradeship and all-rightness with the world. And without having to *talk* to feel *friendly*. Most girls *talk* so much—and about nothing. But that's the kind of thing a girl can do with Katy.

"Of course I'm so in awe of her, really, that I feel rather presumptuous talking about her. I always feel like stuttering or mumbling my words when I am with her. And yet, we did discover a lot of things in common. *And she was responsible for my discovering—myself.*

"YOU see—" Jean was very demure in a blue shirtmaker dress, very young over her Irish stew in the M-G-M Commissary—"you see, the truth of it is *I am like Katy inside*. I'd rather be like her outside than be like anybody else in the world.

"I'd love to look like her, so tall and free and daring. I'd love to be able to say the things she says and to do the things she does. In the way she does them.

"Just as Beth idolized Jo in 'Little Women,' so do I look up to and admire Katy Hepburn.

"Only—only I am more like Katy, really, than Beth was like Jo. I was a tomboy little girl. I never wanted to be a girl. I always wished I had been born a boy. I still do. If I were a man I'd like to be like—well, like John Barrymore—so colorful and

HOW MADCAP HEPBURN INSPIRED LITTLE PARKER

Tells About "My friend Katy"

dramatic and exciting—able to do mad, delirious things, have great adventures, crash about through life—be great.

"But since I have to be a girl I wish I could have been a girl like Katy. When I was a little girl I always liked to play with boys, to do boy kind of things. I liked to play baseball and marbles and race and shout and get dirty. I never 'sewed a fine seam' in my whole life. Neither, of course, did Katy—— can you *imagine*," Jean chuckled, "can you imagine *Katy* sewing a fine seam?"

Jean added with a sigh, "I may *look* girly-girly, but I'm *not*. I had some friends at my house the other night. We were playing Oriental music and I said that I would like to dance to that music, barbarically, seductively. And one of the boys said, 'You can't, Jean, *you haven't the face for it*.' But I think I could have the face for it because I know, now, what I could do with my face if I put the proper feeling behind it.

"I know that I can escape the limitations of my own type, if I am a type, *because Katy taught me*. If I ever amount to what I hope I shall *I'll owe it all to her*. Not my chance on the screen, of course. I'd had that before I ever met her. But my chance to make myself greater than I had ever thought possible before.

"We met, of course, on the set of 'Little Women.' Katy was sitting on the floor the first day I walked on the set. She almost always sits on the floor. 'More stretching room,' she says. She was wearing one of those hoop-skirt dresses and she got up on her hands and knees and then to her feet and sort of kicked her skirts away from her the way a young colt kicks when he wants to feel untrammelled. Katy is untrammelled, you can tell it just by her physical gestures.

"And then she shook hands with me and she shook hands hard, like this—" and Jean leaned across the Irish stew and gave me a very firm grip with her muscular little paw. She laughed at my expression and said, "That's another deceiving thing about me. People think I look helpless and fragile. I'm not. I'm as strong as an ox. Another similarity between Katy and me. We both have exceptional chest and arm development. Katy got hers, she told me, by swinging on the branches of trees around her home when she was a kid. There was one tree with a very elastic branch and she could swing nearly all around the house on it.

"Anyway, Katharine shook hands as though she meant it and I like that. I can't stand people who give you a limp fin. And there was something fine and exhilarating about her. I felt as though I'd had a breath of a wild west wind. I felt more stimulated and alive than I'd felt before.

"We began to be congenial right off. And here are some of the little things I (*Continued on page* 95)

By GAIL ROGERS

"goin' to Town"

or goin' to London? Since announcing that she might visit England during the Silver Jubilee celebration of King George's reign the luscious West has been showered with invitations. Had you heard, Mae, that the gentleman who recently claimed to have been married to you in 1911 plans a personal appearance tour in opposition to yours?

MADGE EVANS always smiles when she hears someone refer to her as "the college boys' delight." She considers it to be quite an erroneous term, especially in the light of what happened on the first date she ever had.

Madge, you will remember, retired from her first screen career at the age of eleven. "I had reached that awkward, gangling stage where I could no longer do cute kid parts. My body was growing very fast—at twelve I was as tall as I am now—but my face was still that of a baby. Mother and I moved to the country, not far from New York City, where we lived for three or four years. During those years we lived quietly by ourselves, seeing only a few people. I helped with the housework in the mornings, I roamed through the woods or rode a nice fat farm horse in the afternoons and I studied and read a lot. Quite naturally, we lost all contact with the outside world.

"It was during the summer when I was fourteen that a movie director, in the East to film 'Classmates' with Richard Barthelmess, called me to be Barthelmess' leading lady! The offer really wasn't as flattering as it sounds—they called on me only because they wanted somebody to pinch hit for the regular leading lady who had proved unsatisfactory in that particular part and there were very few actresses with movie experience available in the East. At the last moment Director John Robertson happened to remember that I was around somewhere, and that I might possibly have grown up!

"It was an exciting day for me when Mother took me into New York to see him. I had come fresh from the country and I looked it. I had practically lived in plain little sweaters and skirts during those growing-up years, and they were the only clothes I had. It was during the time when all young ladies wore their dresses down to their ankles, but my skirts reached scarcely below my knees. My sweaters had no style at all, they were just sweaters! And my (*Continued on page* 88)

What a difference between the glamorous lady, above, and the Madge who played her first grown-up rôle with Richard Barthelmess in "Classmates," below, at the age of fourteen!

She WAS A WEST POINT Wallflower

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

"I WAS A MESS!" SAYS THE COLLEGE BOYS' DELIGHT

Above, two new romances talk it over at the Troc—Isabel Jewell and William Tannen; Ida Lupino and Tom Brown between dances.

Upper center, Phil Berg (in background), Mrs. Gable, Leila Hyams (Mrs. Berg) and Clark join the trek to the Biltmore Theatre for "As Thousands Cheer."

Hollywood

With the Trocadero still giving "As Thousands Cheer" coming

Above, not even dark glasses and a grim expression could conceal Will Rogers from Hyman Fink, on duty at the Biltmore.

Left, wonder if Nils Asther knows that little lock of hair on his forehead is out of place? Anyhow, it's certainly becoming to him!

Right, Carole Lombard and David Nevins agree that it's better to be on the inside looking out, especially when the inside is the Trocadero Restaurant.

Left, no wonder Bob Taylor looks happy. Wouldn't you if smiling Irene Hervey helped you on with your overcoat?

Right, another member of the "As Thousands Cheer" audience, Wallace Beery, snapped entering the Biltmore lobby.

Below, Joan needn't look so apprehensive — surely no one else is wearing such a smart tweed suit with matching bag and gloves. As usual, attentive Franchot Tone is not far behind.

Night Life

them what they want and
to town, life is gayer than ever

Lower center, even if the show hadn't been good, we bet Laurine MacLaine and Douglass Montgomery would have thoroughly enjoyed it.

Below, something should be done about the way Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee (Mrs. Crosby) flirt with each other, especially at Pat O'Brien's house party, with Stuart Erwin watching their antics.

4 Famous Authors
Why the REAL
will never

What is the reason that famous authors hesitate to dip their pens into the most dramatic and fertile ink-pot of fiction in the world? Read why

AITH BALDWIN

IFFANY THAYER

SOME years ago Fannie Hurst said to me, "The real story of Hollywood has never been written."

I said to Miss Hurst, "Why don't you write it?"

And Miss Hurst answered, "It doesn't come real to me—I couldn't pin it down."

Which set me thinking. I've been wondering ever since why it is that some eminent Author *doesn't* dip his pen into what is, surely, the most dramatic and fertile inkpot of fiction in the world today.

Irvin S. Cobb, Faith Baldwin, Hugh Walpole, Viña Delmar, Joseph Hergesheimer, Thyra Samter Winslow, Rupert Hughes, Vicki Baum and countless other authors, visiting and resident, come to Hollywood, fiddle about a bit with scenarios and dialogue, do an occasional article for some national magazine—and let it go at that. The great Hollywood novel is never written.

Hollywood—the most dramatic, the most colorful town in the world, the second largest by-line in the world, charged and super-charged with tragedy and comedy and headline history—and yet, with one or two not very notable exceptions, the real book has never been written.

I thought I'd try to find out why.

I asked four Eminent Authors.

I ASKED Faith Baldwin first—Faith Baldwin who has written "Skyscraper," "Office Wife," "American Family," "Honor Bound" and countless other modern novels—with never a seasoning of Hollywood in the lot of them.

Miss Baldwin said, "Well, I couldn't do a book on Hollywood—my actual and first-hand knowledge of the legend called Hollywood being one wild week here. It takes even an English novelist ten days in New York to write a book about America!

"It is not because Hollywood is unreal that I doubt my ability to write a novel about it. It is real enough. There is the legend of Hollywood but there is also the genuine articles. The difficulty would be in combining the two.

tell STORY of Hollywood be written

By GLADYS HALL

There is too much material, I couldn't present the rounded, four-dimensional picture.

"There are the stars, the successes, the failures, all the glamor, the heartbreak and the baby spotlight. There are the extras. There are the boys and girls and men and women from all over this country and other countries as well, who make the westward trek with high hopes and perhaps a book of home-town clippings in their duffle bags. There are the townspeople whose lives are affected, usually in the financial sense, by the motion picture people—the butchers, the bakers, the candlestick makers who lead their own perfectly commonplace lives, or would lead commonplace lives if they were not affected by the colorful lives around them.

"The authentic book on Hollywood would have to include all of these people—and how could it?

"There's drama, but all Hollywood isn't drama. There's romance, but Hollywood isn't all romance. There's plenty of sensational material. The danger would be that you'd concentrate on that and on sentiment and on irony—and the result would be that you wouldn't have much of anything—nothing very coherent, that is, after you were through.

"Did you mention Shakesepeare? Undoubtedly there are, in Hollywood, King Lears and Romeos and Juliets and certainly there is 'The Taming of the Shrew' in very modern dress. But even Shakespeare didn't attempt to put all of his characters into *one* play. So who am I?"

I ASKED Irvin S. Cobb my question. The genial, kindly, humorous author of the "Judge Priest" stories and so many heartening others, who both acts and writes in Hollywood said: "Fiction, to be acceptable to the general public must be plausible. Which is why the real book on Hollywood has never been done. Nobody would believe what he reads. Fiction must be believable. It must strike a responsive chord in the experiences, in the lives of others.

"Hollywood is a tragedy. And if, by some weird whim, I should ever attempt a novel about it, it is as a tragedy that I would approach it. The extras seem to me part of the tragedy—the armies of young girls and boys who have come out here with high hopes and eager ambitions. What becomes of them? Who knows? Who cares? How could an author find out? There are the armies of older men and women who have, perhaps been famous once and are waiting here, for their chance again. (*Continued on page 77*)

IRVIN S. COBB (with Shirle

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOV

The True Life Story of Grace Moore

In our last issue of Movie Mirror, *we started the story of Grace Moore's romantic life, the amusing incidents from her childhood in Jellico, Tennessee, her desire to become a missionary, then her girl-school days at Ward-Belmont and finally at Wilson-Green near Washington D. C. We related the thrilling story of her runaway to New York with her friend Blanche, about the rounds of theatrical agencies and finally of her first interview with a stage director, who asked her to lift her skirts and show her legs. Grace replied: "I don't sing with my legs!" and stamped out. But she was scared, then, for the first time. New York was so impersonal in its hurry and bustle. What would happen? The money was almost gone.*

"I DON'T know how long I stood outside that stage door—it may have been minutes, it may have been hours." Grace Moore continued. "Finally I began walking home. Fifty blocks, but I don't remember a foot of the distance. I was in a sort of haze. Back in our little Village studio, Blanche was waiting to hear the good news—oh, yes, we had been sure I would get the job. The rest, getting home and telling my story, I can't remember at all. But I vividly remember the next morning; we were face to face now with reality. Something had to be done."

With all their money gone, and no engagements in sight, it was no longer possible for Grace and Blanche to maintain their Greenwich Village apartment. Gone were the days and nights of grand, intimate, little suppers with their cracker-and-cheese artist friends. When the bait of free meals was no longer offered, the hangers-on seemed to thin out in a hurry. Only two of their formerly large and enthusiastic gang remained loyal: Lillian, a young sculptress, and Ruth Ovre (later to become the Comtesse de Vallombrosa) who had dreams of becoming a great writer. Each of them was determined to achieve success.

By pooling their scanty resources, these four girls managed enough money to rent a one-room studio just off Washington Square. There began one of the gayest, craziest periods of Grace Moore's life. They were all ambitious. All were sure of conquering their own particular worlds. All sheltered their aspirations under this one small roof.

It was nothing short of a madhouse to see them about their respective practicing and rehearsing. Blanche, the dancer, would retire to one corner of the room to kick, bend and tap her routines; Lillian, the sculptress, sat in another corner occupying herself with her clay and models;

Ruth, the writer, hammered away constantly on her broken-down typewriter and in the only remaining corner stood Grace, the singer, running her scales at the top of her gorgeous voice. Bedlam! All of them at once! Yet they never seemed to bother one another. There were no hasty tempers or scenes and any windfall for one was shared by all.

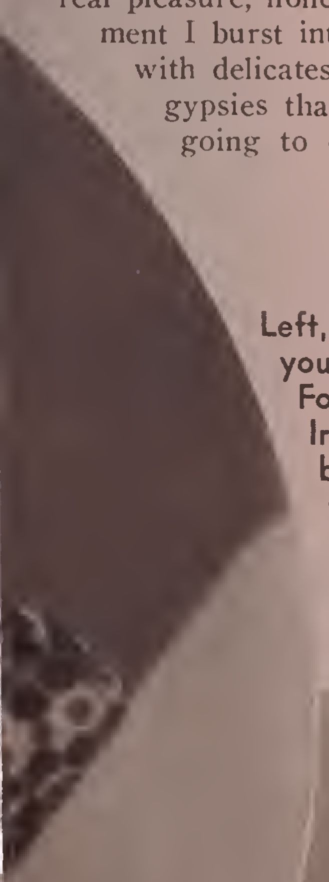
"We were gloriously happy," continued the successful Grace Moore of today, looking back on this almost-gypsy sequence of her life. "We were young adventurers with high hopes and empty stomachs. It is one of the most colorful memories of my past. My whole life, indeed, has been like a necklace (I won't say a string of pearls), with each little link vivid and shining. There is not one of them I would care to discard. There are no regrets. But of all the triumphs I have to look back upon, all the little climaxes of real pleasure, none stands out more clearly than that moment I burst into our little attic room, my arms loaded with delicatessen delights, to announce to my fellow gypsies that I had a job! From now on we were going to eat! The manager of a small Village café, The Black Cat, had that day engaged me to sing during the dinner hour. I was to sing for my supper, really, but there would also be a small weekly pay check. We were in heaven."

For four months, the Black Cat engagement was a success in every way. Grace's songs were the toast of the Village and drew such continued patronage that her salary was increased to $75.00 a week. A year earlier, this would have been spent with high disregard for the future; but five hungry months in New York had taught the ambitious young Southern lady a handy lesson in economy and the rainy day. Out of her salary, Grace managed to save two-thirds, so that when her distracted father arrived in New York to plead with his daughter to return home she could refuse. She could show him her savings; and that was what ultimately sent the worthy gentleman back to Jellico alone.

BUT Fate decreed that those precious savings were not to be spent, as Grace had planned, on a course of voice lessons. The smoky room and the long hours at The Black Cat brought on a minor tragedy. Suddenly, unexpectedly, she lost her voice. At first, she thought it to be a cold that would pass away soon. But as the days went by and she still couldn't talk above a whisper, she realized it was far more serious. At the end of two weeks it was necessary to cancel her Black Cat engagement and seek medical aid.

As doctor after doctor, remedy after remedy failed, the girl became desperate. Because she was so nervously ill and lost weight so alarmingly,

(*Continued on page* 68)



Left, the Grace Moore of today, whom you'll be seeing in Columbia's "Love Me Forever." Below, as she appeared in Irving Berlin's "Music Box Revue." Right below, Gracie's mother, father and sister journeyed from Jellico to share the triumph of her Metropolitan début.

By WALTER RAMSEY

Starving gaily in Greenwich Village — losing her voice for months — blundering through her first musical — taking a desperate chance in New York — and then thrilling success, and the first big step towards her goal!

Comeback

The story of beautiful Joyce, who fell from stardom into obscurity and struggled to regain her past glory

By DALE EUNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY J. HENRY

IN her wildest dreams, Joyce had never imagined anything so frightful as that drunken drive homeward through the dense fog. With Corey's kisses still warm on her lips, with the sudden realization of their love still glowing in her heart, it was an unbelievable nightmare that she should be careening through the canyon beside Tad Rutledge. She wanted to scream, tried to get control of the car by subterfuge and cunning, but he insisted obstinately, "I always drive better when I'm a bit tight."

An hour ago, it wouldn't have made so much difference whether she lived or died. So many disappointments had come to her that forgetfulness might almost have been a blessed relief. For Joyce Wells, once the motion-picture idol of millions, was out of work and almost penniless; Joyce Wells was trying to make a comeback—at the age of twenty-four! But in one short hour, everything had changed. Corey loved her and she loved Corey! How could she have been so blind? As director and star, they had worked together in many pictures, and she had never realized before. Now—

Suddenly it happened. She felt the car sway more wildly than ever, she saw the headlights glaring on a tree just ahead, she was conscious of being hurtled forward—not into space, but into the splintered windshield! Then oblivion.

Returning consciousness found her in Corey's arms. He had followed as best he could, but he couldn't prevent the crash. Tad wasn't hurt, only drunk. But Joyce—Joyce's face was bloody, her eyes stared at Corey in horror. He knew what she was thinking, for he had thought of it, too. A comeback wasn't an impossibility, with youth, experience, and beauty—but without that beauty? A comeback with *scars?*

She fainted again and he held her close. To him, only one thing in the world really mattered. Scars or no scars, Joyce must not die.

NO one except Midge and Corey Preston was allowed to see Joyce. The doctor, after the first visit, when he had stayed in attendance all night, called once a day. There was nothing he could do but attempt to bolster her morale and urge her to have patience until the bandages could be safely removed. Her eyes had, miraculously, been saved, but there was a gash extending from her left eyebrow straight to her hairline, and another short scar along the right side of her nose. On the second day after the accident large areas of her body turned purple, and a muscle in her left upperarm was so badly bruised that she could not for a long time raise her arm to a horizontal position.

There could be no thought of trying to work for at least six weeks. The morning after the accident the producer for whom Joyce was to have gone to work telephoned to ask if the notice which he had just read in the *Examiner* about the accident were true, and Midge tearfully confirmed it.

"Couldn't you wait for Joyce?" Midge ventured hopefully. "She'll be ready to work in six weeks."

He laughed and said, "Say, the picture will be finished and running in Podunk Falls by then. Sorry. Tell her to give me a ring when she gets out and maybe we can get together on something else." And added, as an afterthought, "If she isn't scarred up too bad."

The next day Hollywood's Lady Boswell wrote in her column with customary sang froid and lugubrious cheer:

"The many old friends of Joyce Wells are wondering if she will ever again work before the cameras. Joyce was about to start work in her comeback picture and your correspondent, always ready to give the deserving a big hand, was silently cheering over her Remington when the unfortunate accident occurred. We have it on good authority that poor Joyce's once so lovely face will be totally unrecognizable when the bandages are removed. Ah, my friends, life, as Shakespeare has said—or was it Milton?—is a cruel mistress. Cheerio until tomorrow."

After Joyce had read that item it took Dr. Burns more than an hour to convince her that it had no foundation in fact. And after he had calmed her, Dr. Burns was in such a rage himself at the columnist's publication of such villainous misinformation that he mailed that lady a letter crammed with stinging vituperation.

One far-reaching effect of the notice in the column which appeared in newspapers all over the country was Frank Wells' sudden, unexpected arrival at Joyce's bedside three days later.

Midge said afterward, when she was able to laugh once more, that you could have knocked her over with a cane-bottomed chair. She'd been thinking of Frank ever since the accident, feeling sure that she should send for him, even pleading with Joyce to allow her to do so. And then to see him suddenly bob up at the door like an answer to a prayer—well!

His first words were, "Mamma, why didn't you let me know our little girl was hurt? I could have been here two days ago."

And then her face, which she had held so straight these last months, suddenly turned to crackleware and she plumped down in his embarrassed embrace and let herself go. He kept saying, "There, there, Mamma. Don't cry. Everything's going to be all right." And it did make her feel better, but it opened the sluice gates of her tears wide. After a while Frank said, "You've cried enough, Margaret. Hadn't you better take me up to see her?"

She blew her nose gustily, then took him by the hand and led him upstairs.

"You and Joyce got it mighty nice here," he commented.

The room where Joyce lay was dark, the shades pulled. Midge took him silently over to the bed, leaned over and spoke quietly to Joyce who lay with wide open eyes staring at the ceiling.

"Joyce, darling. Your father's here. Isn't that nice?"

Frank Wells reached down and took his daughter's hand, then bent over and found her lips amongst the bandages. Neither of them spoke for a moment, but Frank laid his hand tenderly on her shoulder. She tried to speak then, but he put his finger to his lips and cautioned her to be still. "Everything will be all right, my baby," he said finally. "I took care of you and your mother for years—I can do it again."

The tears were coursing silently down Joyce's cheeks into the bandages, and she knew she must not cry—it might tear the sutures open. Bravely she winked back her tears.

"You thought I needed you," she whispered, and patted her father's hand lovingly.

It was good, during those long weeks of uncertainty, to have Frank Wells in the house. He learned immediately the strained state of their finances and took over all the little odds and ends of business which Joyce had left undone and Midge would have been unable to cope with. He drew quite ruthlessly upon his small savings to pay outstanding debts, to take care of the doctor's bill, and to hire a much needed servant.

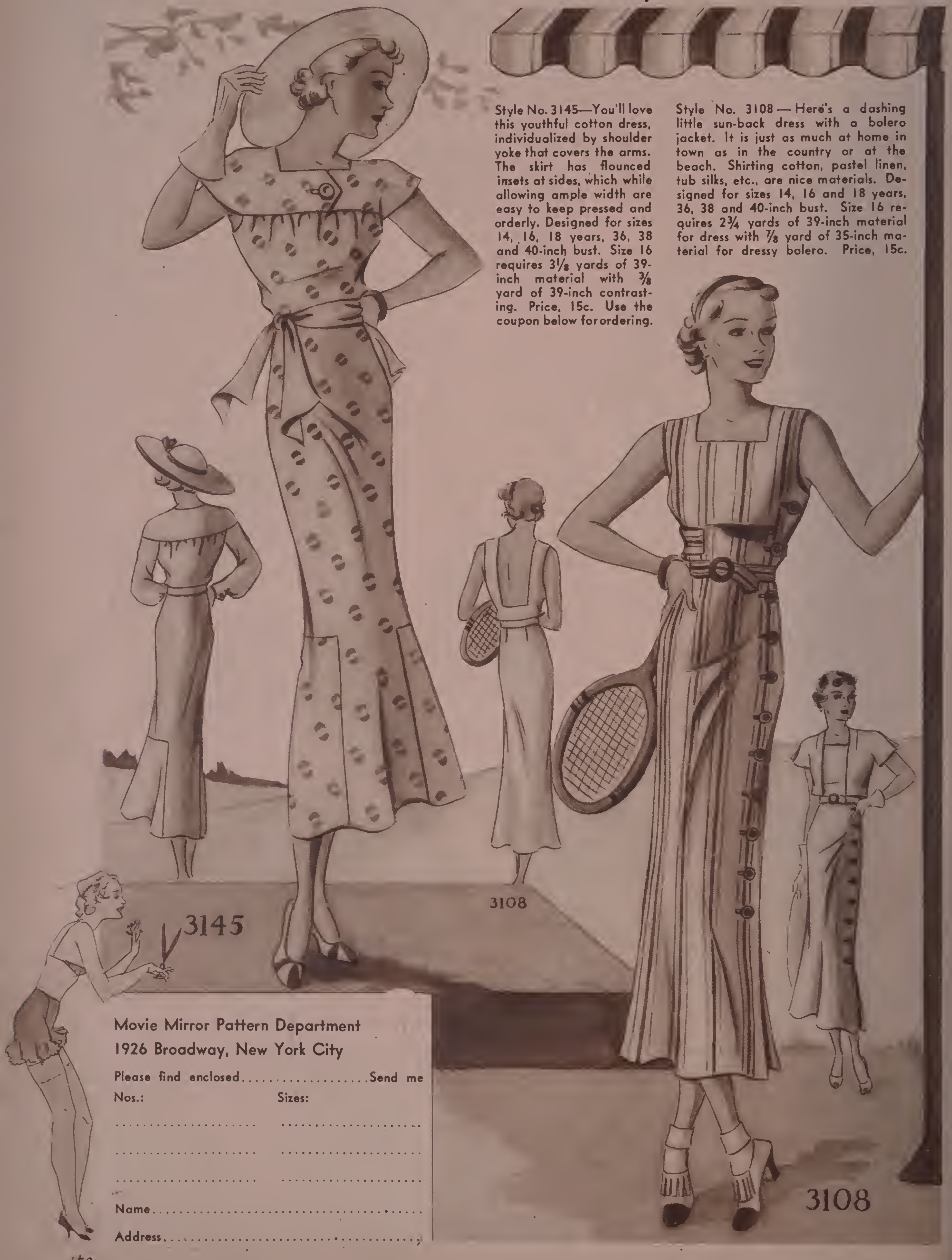
He even met Tad Rutledge, when that young man finally worked up courage to call with a vast floral contribution. Joyce did not see Tad, but after he had left her father came to her and remarked with simple conviction, "I don't think you'll have any more bother with that lad. He's not really a bad boy at heart. I think this trouble will be his saving. He's a very chastened young man."

(*Continued on page 73*)

Joyce wanted to be alone with Dr. Burns when the bandages were removed. She could not bear the eyes of her father and mother and Corey upon her until she had seen for herself what the outcome of the accident was to be.

MOVIE MIRROR'S PATTERN DEPARTMENT

All Patterns 15c Each in Stamps or Coin (Coin Preferred)



Style No. 3145—You'll love this youthful cotton dress, individualized by shoulder yoke that covers the arms. The skirt has flounced insets at sides, which while allowing ample width are easy to keep pressed and orderly. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards of 39-inch material with ⅜ yard of 39-inch contrasting. Price, 15c. Use the coupon below for ordering.

Style No. 3108 — Here's a dashing little sun-back dress with a bolero jacket. It is just as much at home in town as in the country or at the beach. Shirting cotton, pastel linen, tub silks, etc., are nice materials. Designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards of 39-inch material for dress with ⅞ yard of 35-inch material for dressy bolero. Price, 15c.

Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City

Please find enclosed..................Send me

Nos.:	Sizes:
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Name..

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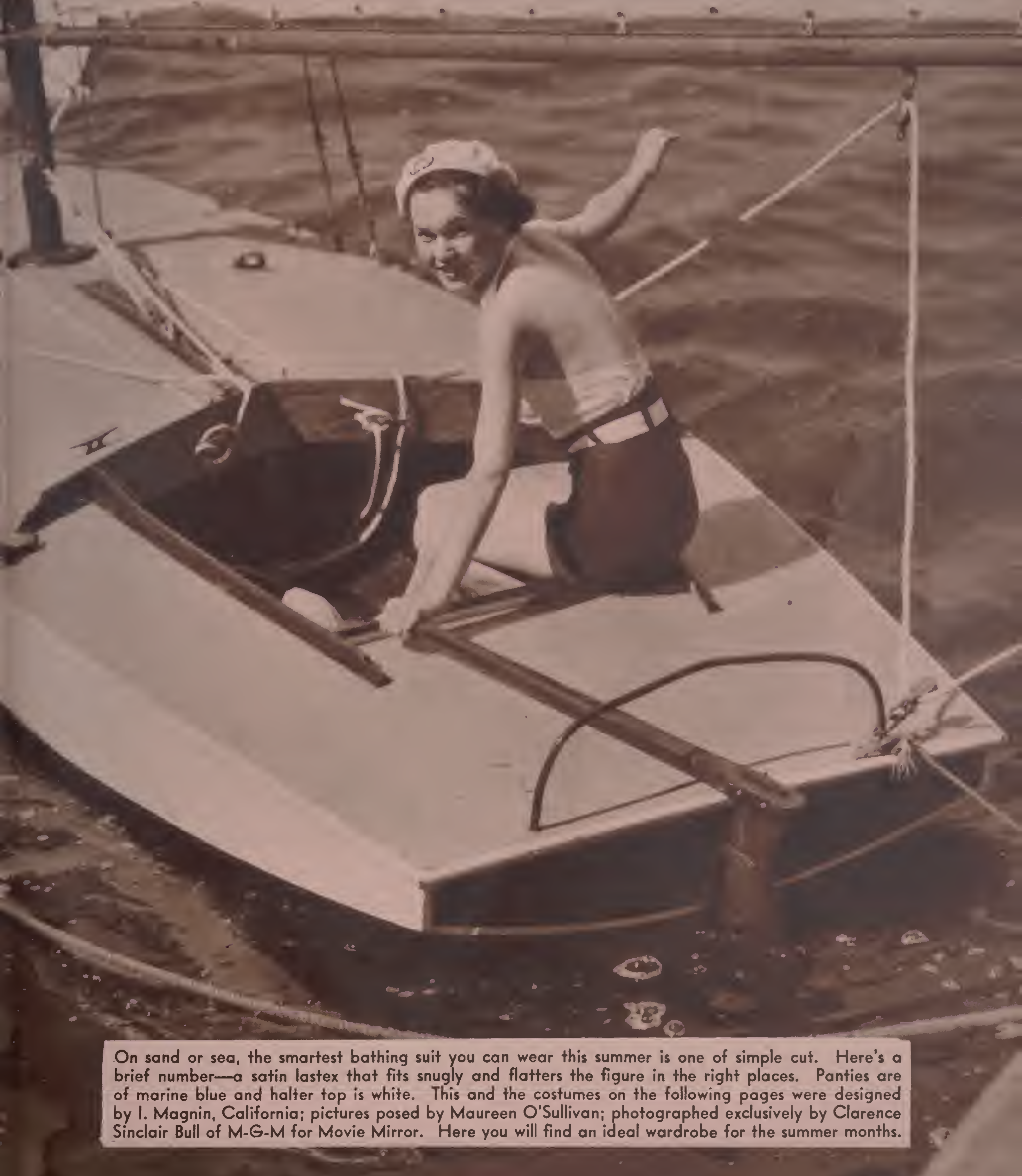
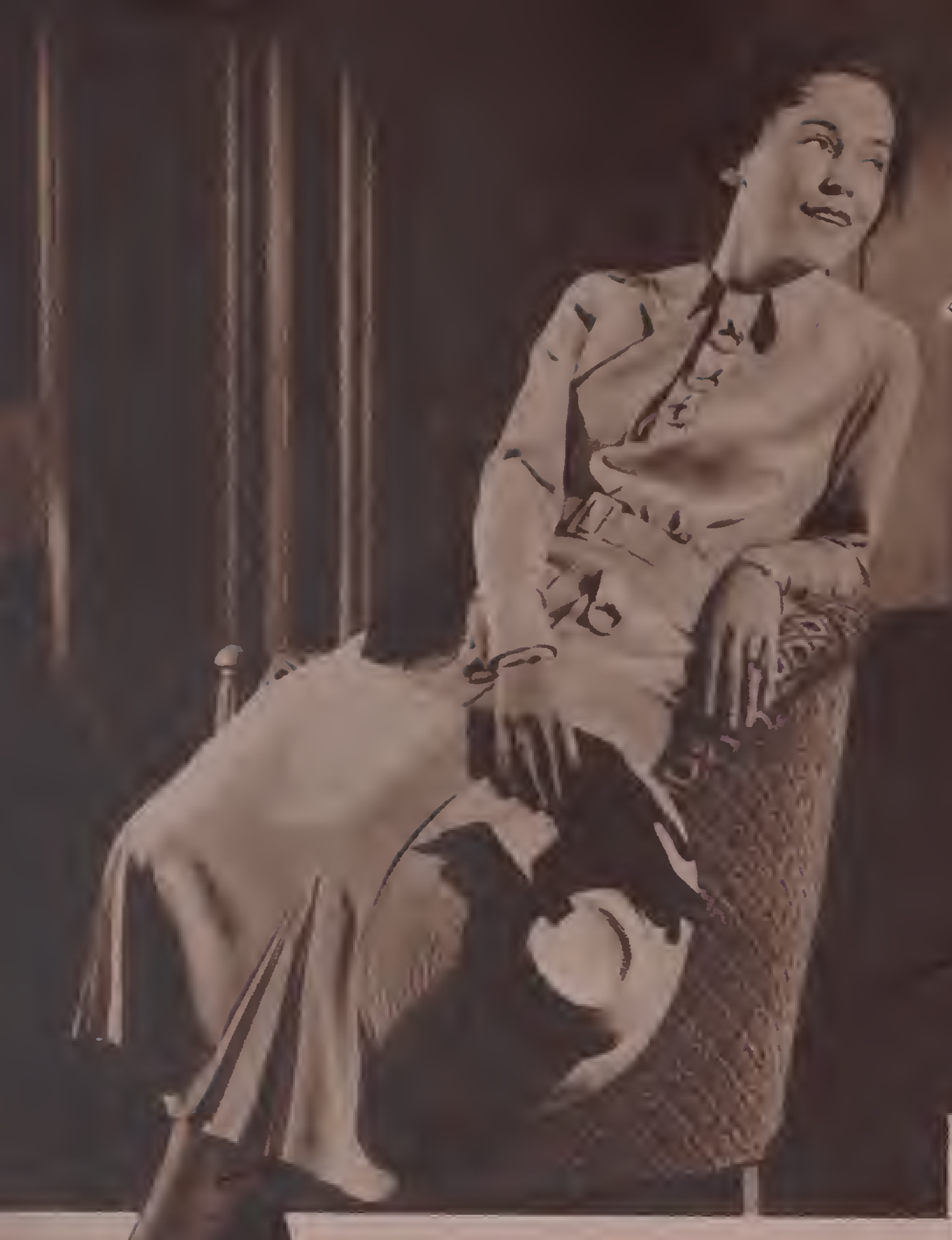
STAR FASHIONS

by gwenn walters

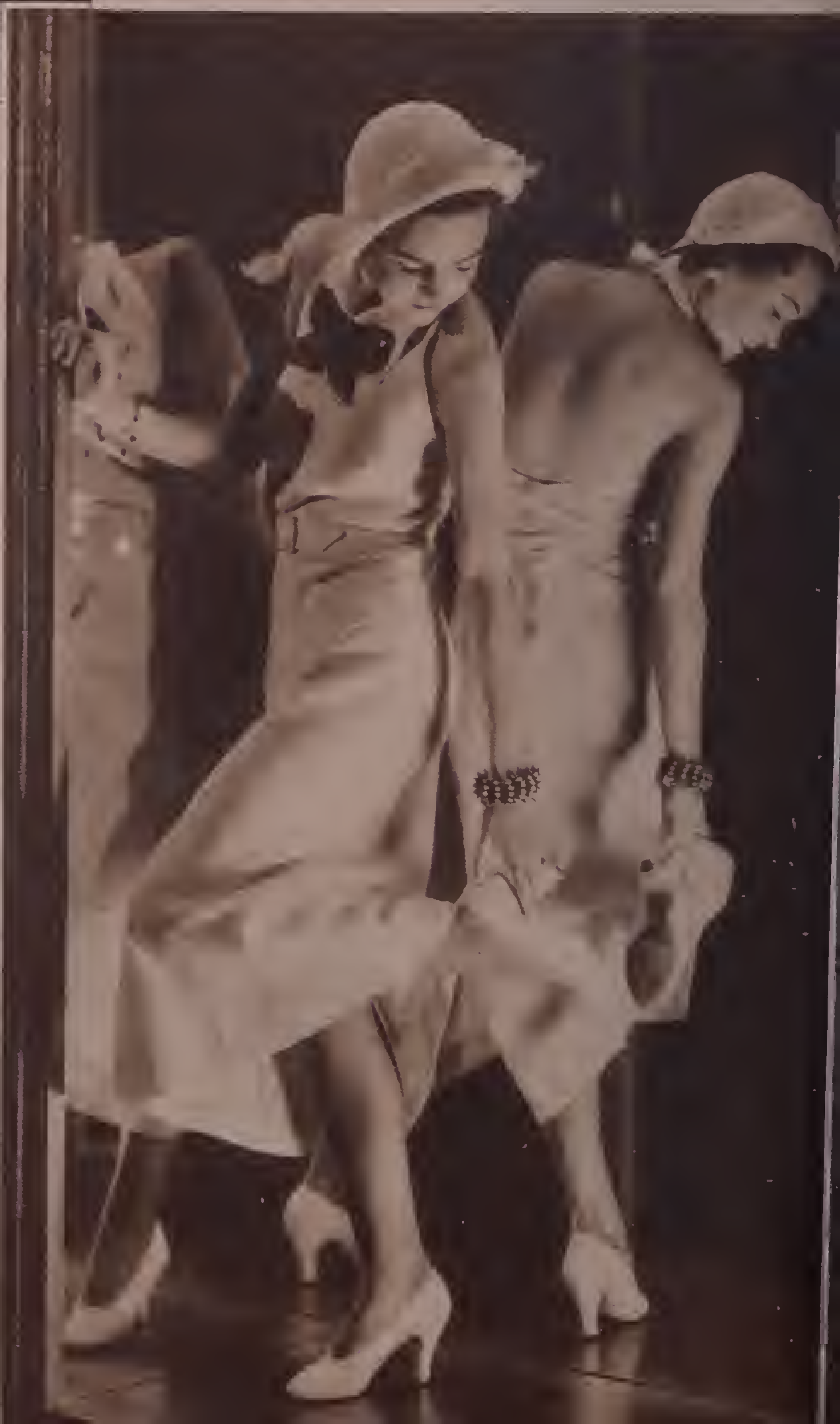


On sand or sea, the smartest bathing suit you can wear this summer is one of simple cut. Here's a brief number—a satin lastex that fits snugly and flatters the figure in the right places. Panties are of marine blue and halter top is white. This and the costumes on the following pages were designed by I. Magnin, California; pictures posed by Maureen O'Sullivan; photographed exclusively by Clarence Sinclair Bull of M-G-M for Movie Mirror. Here you will find an ideal wardrobe for the summer months.

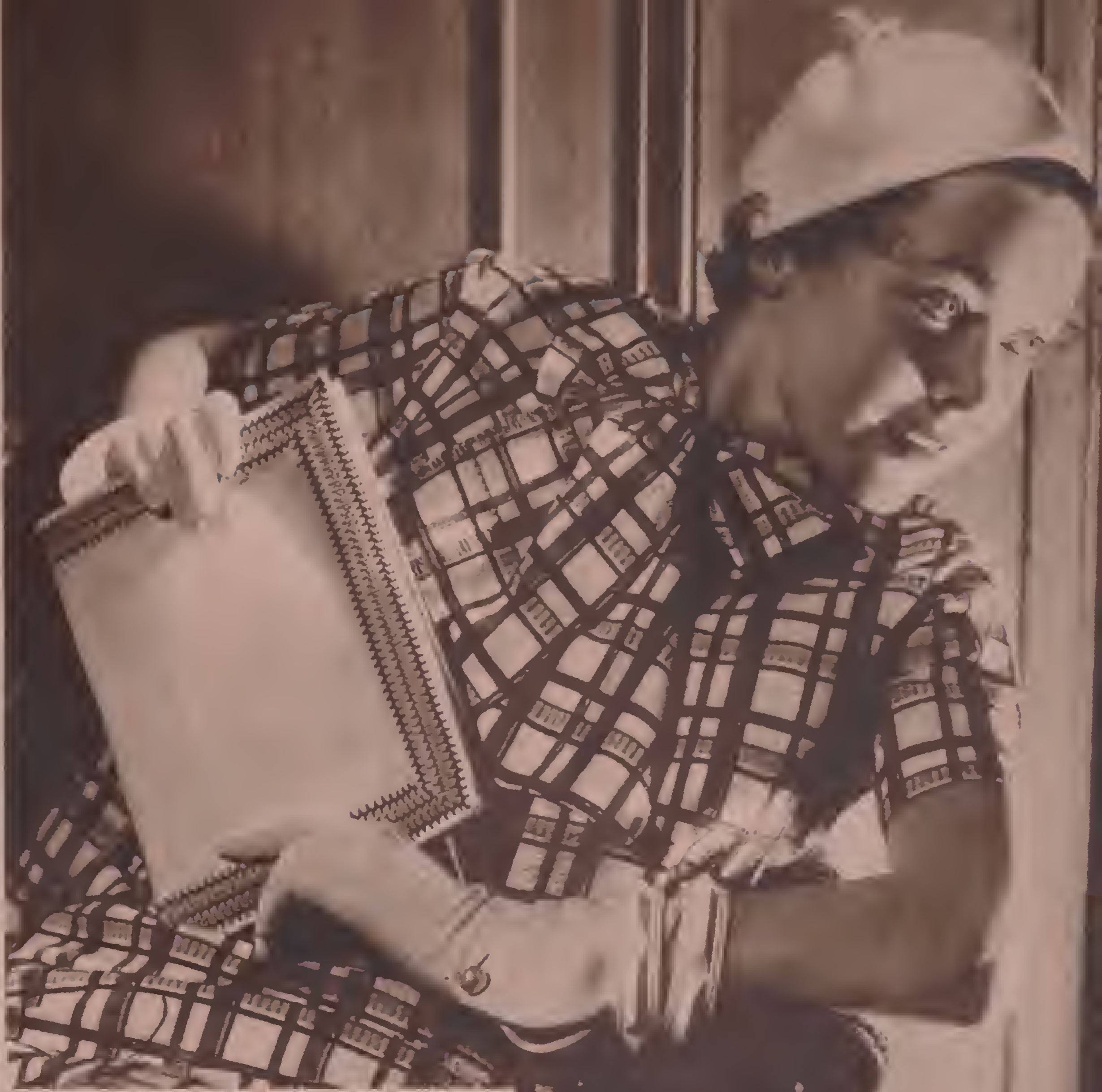


Demure in front and daring in back—it all depends on which way you look at this white linen frock (below) with its little blue and white dotted tie. When you slip off the smart white swagger coat and turn your suntanned back to the public, you are up-to-the-minute in fashion. White shoes and an off-the-face white hat complete the stunning outfit that's sure to get your man!

Turquoise blue is the fashion note in color for the summer. You'll want a dress like the one shown above for your summer wardrobe. This is of blue, with a double Buster Brown collar, painted rings down the center of the bodice and a chiffon hankie in the skirt pocket—all in brown. Maureen's large leghorn hat with the special crown treatment (also shown in the sketch) carries a matching brown band.



Summer means a plentiful supply of white wash gloves and those little white or colored berets which you can buy anywhere for a dollar. The berets take many washings and are still the smartest summer hats. In fact, white accessories are just the thing and Maureen's white bag and large white bracelets set off her suntanned arms (right). Turn the page for a detailed description of the dress and jacket.



Shorts are fairly long this summer and are simple but saucy! If you go in for sports on beach or green, you'll need an outfit like the one below. These are of silk and linen mixture. One half of the blouse is of robin's egg blue and the other half is of burnt orange. Of course, colors are quite dashing, but an all white outfit is also attractive. Sandals and a large white carry-all bag which Maureen shows are necessities this summer.

If you are going to the mountains for your vacation this will suit for the trip—a coat and skirt of homespun in shades of red on a beige background, with a wide red belt (left). The elbow length sleeves on the jacket make it suitable for warm days. The sketch shows the stitched blouse worn underneath of beige linen with a big painted red button (they're the vogue) at the throat. Maureen's bag is of matching red and beige in serviceable raffia.

Can Movie Mirror advise you on what to wear? Do you know what style and line suits you best? Would you like to know what your type of girl is wearing in Hollywood now? Address Gwenn Walters, 6715 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and she will be glad to answer your fashion questions.

If you can only afford four summer frocks, here they are. At the extreme lower left is a washable silk that you can wear in the city. White polka dots relieve the rust colored background and the white waffle pique trim (the flowers, too, are pique) are in the mode. The tiny front peplum and the straight neckline collared only at the back, add intriguing notes. In the center, the frock of crêpe with two shades of blue flowers against a field of white makes a delightful afternoon dress. The pockets, sleeves and collar are edged with applique of the flowers cut from the fabric—an effective trimming. Note the pleats from pockets to hem.

Above is a seersucker frock of red, yellow and green. When the jacket is removed a play frock appears, with a straight skirt and no pleats, but an interesting back treatment. On the opposite page is a play suit for beach or mountain resort. Maureen wears a brown linen blouse, turquoise blue shorts and a long turquoise blue skirt—the ultra smart color combination. Big wooden painted buttons are used on the skirt front opening. This is an all around outfit which you can wear for tennis, golf or hiking.

EXERCISING THE LEGS *for Beauty*

Are you discouraged about putting on makeup so it looks right? Does the condition of your skin completely satisfy you, or are there still a few large pores or blackheads that continue to baffle you? Or perhaps you have a private little beauty problem of your own that you'd like to talk over with me in a letter. Send it along at once to your private beauty consultant, c/o Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California

By Gloria Mack

YOU can't use makeup on unattractive legs and except in a limited way, you can't dress them becomingly. There they are for all the world to see and if the calves bulge and the thighs are thick, they are a real drawback to a girl's appearance. She feels self-conscious in a bathing suit and unhappy in shorts.

Everybody wants pretty legs. Well, you can have them, especially since thighs and legs respond even more quickly to the proper exercises than hips do! So if yours don't seem to be all you might wish, here's the way to begin making them over. These exercises should do much for over-fat or bulgy legs if you do them regularly.

While you're improving the actual shape of your legs, don't forget to keep the surface well groomed, too. Some girls do not need to remove superfluous hair, but those who do, need to very much. Superfluous hair is ugly under sheer stockings and much worse without any stockings. There is always the question, to shave or not to shave, or to use a depilatory. You must decide it for yourself, but whichever method you choose, use it regularly. Make it a part of your beauty schedule just as you do your shampoo.

Give your stocking buying real thought. Don't just buy a pair of stockings and leave it at that. See that your hose blend with your costume. Make sure you get the right kind to wear with sandals and other low-cut shoes. These are sometimes called sandal stockings and the heavier reinforcement is kept out of sight. You will find it a saving in stockings, too, if you buy the specially designed ones for use with oxfords, for in these the reinforcement is carried high over the instep. And don't forget that silk stockings, especially, should be rinsed out after every wearing in a mild soap and warm water.

An alluring stunt for evening is to have your stockings the exact shade of your slippers. Honey beige sheer stockings with honey beige plain satin slippers make a lovely combination.

Are you sure that the seams of your stockings are perfectly straight *all* the time? A wavy line up the back of your leg is unattractive and quite unnecessary if you take the time to adjust your garters properly.

Dress your legs with the same taste and thought with which you select the rest of your wardrobe. Keep them well groomed and do these exercises every single day till you have your legs down to the proportions which will make them a beautiful asset to you and not a liability.

WHEN you start these exercises, hold yourself down to the five times mentioned. You'll probably be stiff and sore the next day even with that, which will show you are beginning to benefit from what you've done. Don't begin to increase the count till you find you can do without straining, but on the other hand, don't be lazy about it. Do them as many times as you can, as fast as you can, because you want to work up to twenty times each, which is enough to give you a real workout.

No exercises will straighten bowlegs or knockknees. These conditions can sometimes be helped by a good orthopedic surgeon. Look at your legs with a cold, critical eye, and if they don't please you, start right in with:

THE SITTING KICK: Sit down on the floor with arms stiff, your palms flat down at your sides on the floor, slightly to the back. (Look at the picture for this position.) Keep your right leg pretty well under you, the left leg extended. Now raise your body so your weight is on your right foot and your hands. With the left toe pointed and the leg straight, kick directly up, trying to get your left knee up as far toward your left shoulder as you can. Repeat five times. Reverse position and repeat with the right leg.

THE KNEE PULL: You'll need someone to help you with this, as it's that extra push that does the trick. Lie on your back with your arms at your sides, your legs outstretched together and your toes pointed forward. Have your assistant put her right hand on your left knee and her left hand on your left instep. Then pull your left knee upwards to your chest as far as possible while your assistant offers resistance. Let her return your leg to the starting position without resistance or pressure on your part. Repeat five times. Reverse the position and repeat with the right leg.

BICEPS PULL: Lie on your stomach with your toes touching the floor and your arms at sides, palms down. Have your assistant place her right hand on your left heel. Now pull your leg up as close to your buttock as possible. Your assistant should now give a final stretch with her left hand pressed firmly against your toes pushing the foot completely to your buttock. Repeat five times. Reverse the position and repeat with the right leg.

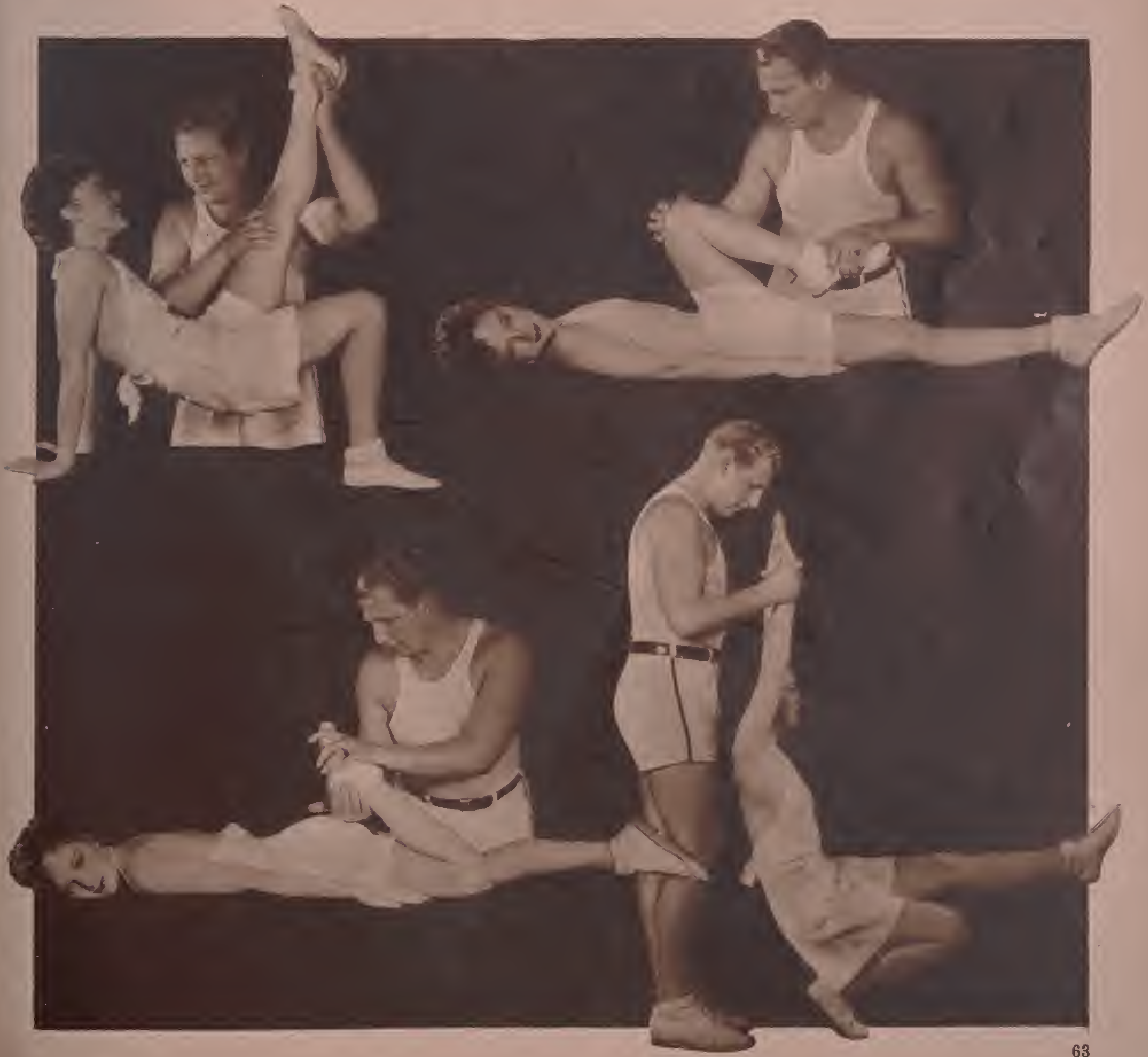
SINGLE LEG SQUAT: From a standing position, with your heels together and your arms extended straight overhead, your stomach in and your back straight, squat down on your right leg, keeping your left leg straight forward and off the floor. Be sure to keep the arms directly overhead and the body straight, as there is a tendency to allow the body to sway forward. Repeat five times. Reverse the position and repeat with the left leg bent. This is a pretty strenuous piece of work, and you'd better have your friend hold your wrists till you have done it long enough to have strengthened those muscles and can hold yourself upright without straining.

KNEE RAISE: Stand with your heels together and your hands clasped behind your head with your elbows out sideways. Raise your right knee up as close to the chest as possible. Be sure to keep your left leg straight and to point your right toe. Repeat this twenty times as fast as you can, and still do it with a good smart snap to it. Reverse and repeat with the left leg. Increase the count slowly till you can do it forty times with each leg. This is particularly hard on those bumps of fat on the thigh just below the hips.

THE DUCK WALK: Sit in a squatting position. Fold your arms across your chest. In this position start walking, being sure to put your heels down first. Start with ten steps and gradually increase to twenty. This is good for the front of your thighs.

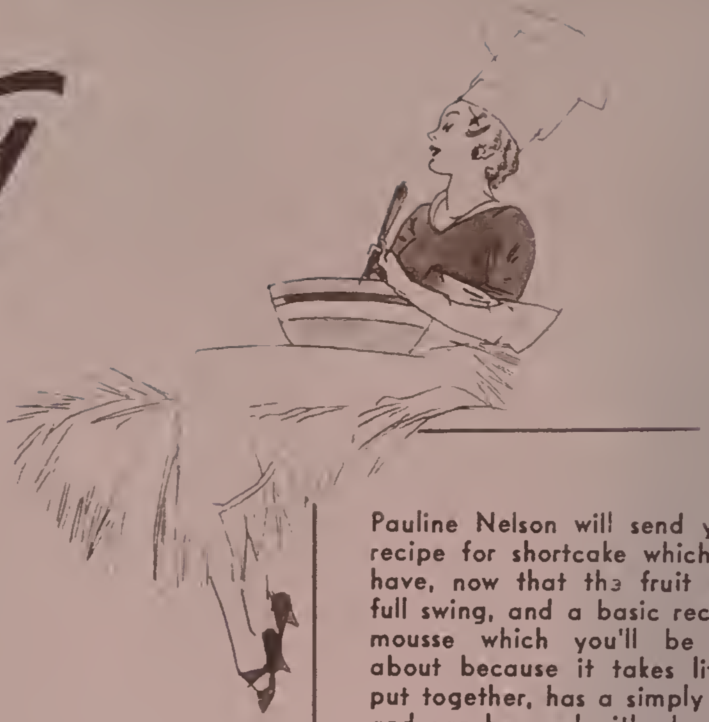
Follow the above instructions with the aid of the illustrations on this page, especially posed to show you the correct positions.

Sheila Mannors, whose next Columbia picture will be "Beyond the Evidence," gets in shape for the summer display of legs and thighs with the able assistance of Trainer Andy Toth.



Cooking

DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY PAULINE NELSON



When you think of summer desserts, think of fruits, then try these new and different ways of serving them

Pauline Nelson will send you her own recipe for shortcake which you should have, now that the fruit season is in full swing, and a basic recipe for fruit mousse which you'll be enthusiastic about because it takes little time to put together, has a simply divine taste and can be used with almost any fruit. Don't forget that Pauline Nelson will be glad to help with any of your cooking problems—new recipes, old ones and special menus. Send your letter to Pauline Nelson, c/o MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

DO you know what the most important part of a meal is? It's the way you feel afterward, and I'm not trying to be funny either. That *is* the test of a properly planned, properly cooked menu. And to achieve this grand result, you simply must choose your dessert with reference to the rest of the meal.

No woman with sense would serve sandwiches with the soup at the beginning of a dinner, and yet so many people will put rich, heavy shortcake at the end of a rich, heavy meal, which is really almost as bad.

Your dessert should balance the menu. If you are entertaining guests at a simple luncheon of clear bouillon, cold cuts and salads, this is the place for a delicious extravaganza in hearty sweetness. For such a lunch, serve a dessert like this Pineapple Cake, which is not only unusual in its spicy flavor, with its fruit top and shiny crust, but is the prettiest cake imaginable to look at.

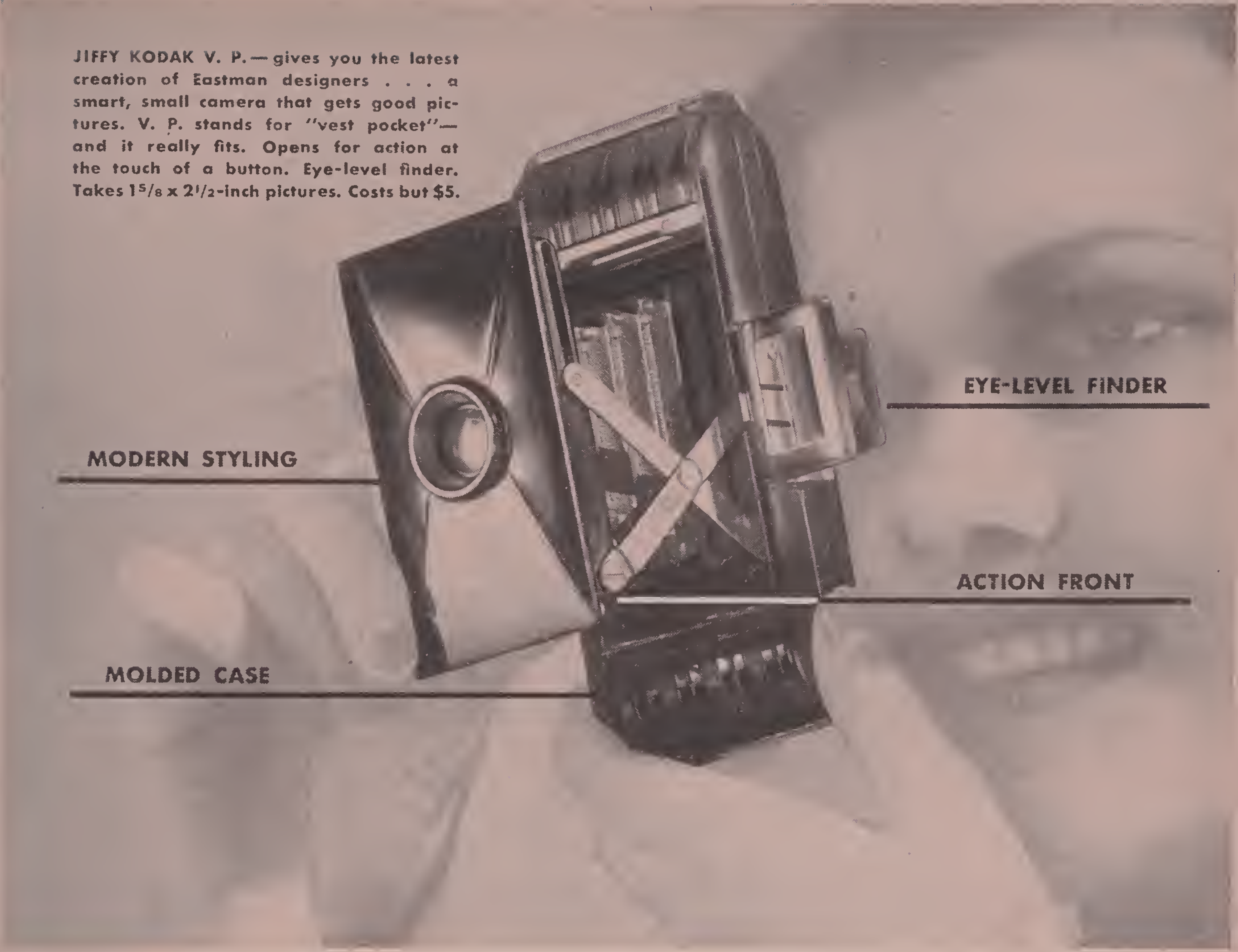
Either canned or fresh pineapple slices will do, and I find that light molasses is better than dark. It blends with, but doesn't mask, the delicate fruit taste. This recipe may sound a trifle complicated, but if you'll follow it out just as I've written it, you will find it very simple.

PINEAPPLE CAKE

For the top
1½ tabls. butter
½ cup light molasses
Pineapple slices (about seven)
A few nut meats
A few seedless or seeded raisins

This is a cake, all right, but it starts out in a frying pan and ends up in the oven, so you need a very heavy iron frying pan, the kind generally called a skillet. Put this on the fire with the butter (*Continued on page* 103)

Right, Gail Patrick tucking into a slice of cheese cake, the dessert that leads the field at the Brown Derby Restaurant.



JIFFY KODAK V. P.—gives you the latest creation of Eastman designers . . . a smart, small camera that gets good pictures. V. P. stands for "vest pocket"—and it really fits. Opens for action at the touch of a button. Eye-level finder. Takes 1⅝ x 2½-inch pictures. Costs but $5.

These newer Kodak features

show what your old camera lacks

JIFFY KODAK—Works so fast it had to be called "Jiffy." Touch a button—"Pop"—it opens. Touch another—"Click"—it gets the picture. Extra smartness in its etched metal front. For 2¼ x 3¼-inch pictures, $8. For 2½ x 4¼-inch pictures, $9.

BROWNIE—Old reliable of the picture-making world. The finest models ever, the Six-16 and Six-20, have the clever Diway lens for sharp pictures of near and distant subjects. Six-16 Brownie makes 2½ x 4¼-inch pictures, costs $3.75 . . . the Six-20 makes 2¼ x 3¼-inch pictures, costs $3.

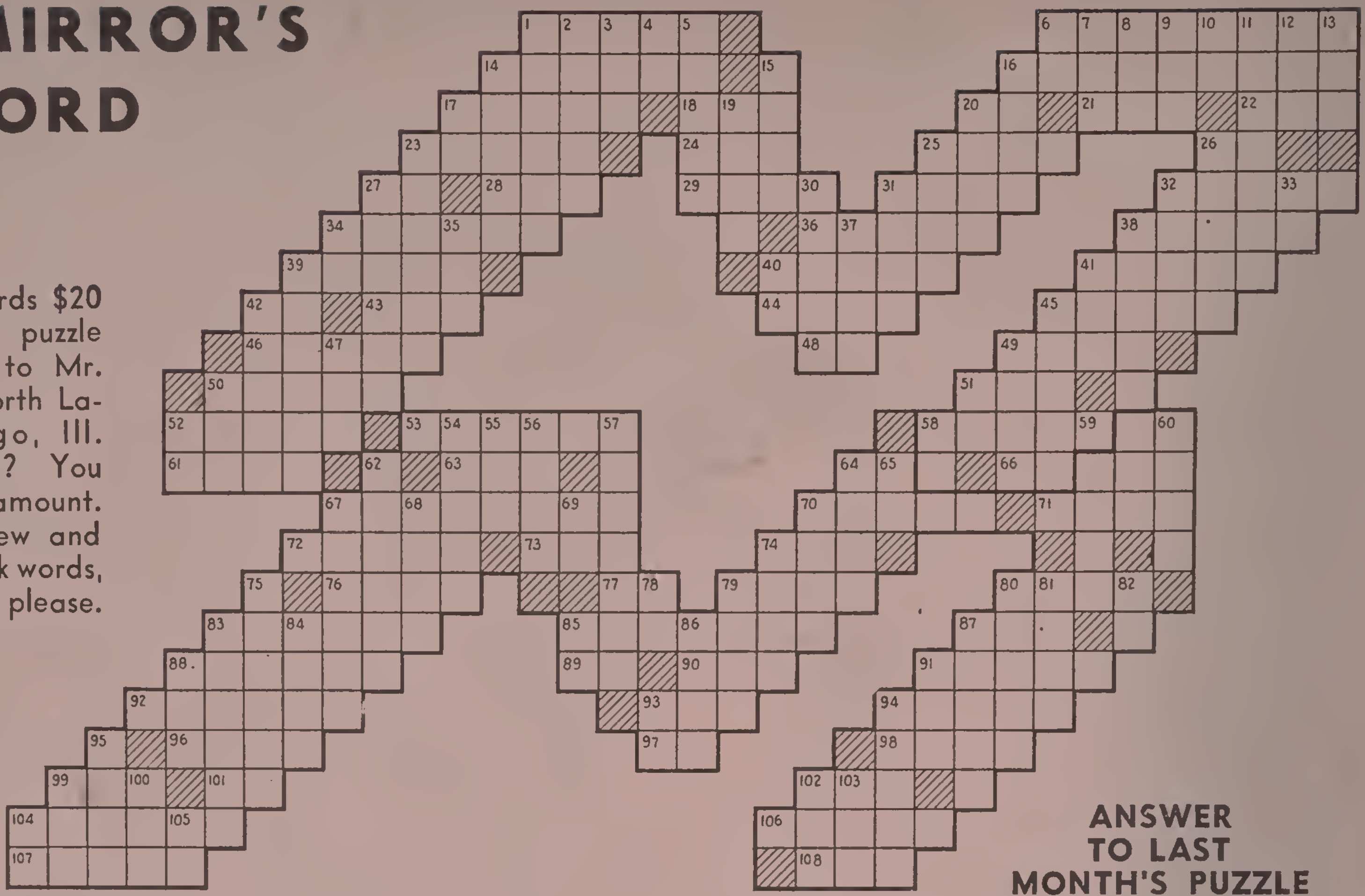
YOU SIMPLY CAN'T SHOW your picture-taking ability with an out-of-date camera—any more than you can show your driving ability with an obsolete car.

Older cameras simply don't measure up to 1935 standards. Look at these new models. Check over their features. To their other fine points, add better lenses and shutters than you could ever before buy at the price.

Get behind a new Kodak or Brownie and find how skillful you really are. Your dealer has the model you want. Kodaks from $5 up; Brownies as low as $1. What other pastime will give you so much for so little? . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. . . . *Only Eastman makes the Kodak.*

MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

MOVIE MIRROR awards $20 for the best original puzzle submitted in March, to Mr. Henry Bruno, 2048 North Lavergne Ave., Chicago, Ill. Why not try your luck? You may win the same amount. You must create a new and original puzzle. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. We cannot undertake to return puzzles. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, New York, N. Y.



ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

M	A	C	D	O	N	A	L	D	▨	J	A	M	E	S	D	U	N	N
U	N	A	▨	L	I	R	A	▨	M	▨	L	O	L	A	▨	R	A	E
I	N	▨	H	A	L	E	▨	C	A	R	▨	P	I	L	L	▨	T	I
R	▨	B	O	N	S	▨	B	L	E	E	K	▨	A	L	E	C	▨	L
▨	M	E	L	D	▨	E	R	A	▨	C	A	R	▨	Y	E	A	R	▨
H	A	R	T	▨	O	V	E	R	T	U	R	E	S	▨	S	T	E	N
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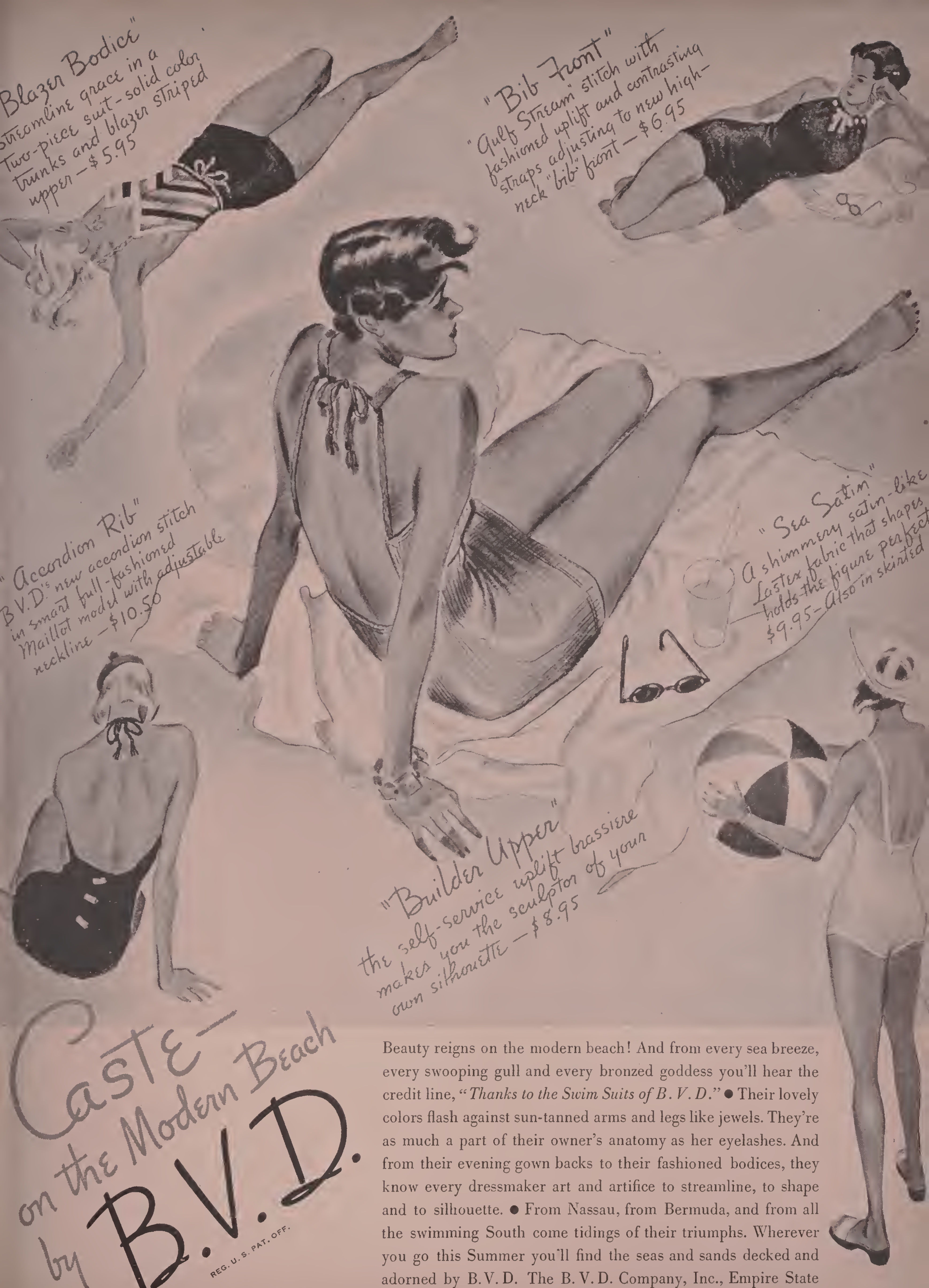
P	▨	L	E	W	I	S	▨	A	I	M	▨	T	Y	L	E	R	▨	B
A	S	▨	S	E	V	E	R	▨	S	▨	F	A	C	E	R	▨	M	E
U	T	E	▨	▨	A	R	I	A	▨	D	I	C	K	▨	▨	D	E	E
L	A	N	E	▨	N	E	D	S	P	A	R	K	S	▨	M	U	S	T
▨	N	I	T	S	▨	S	E	T	▨	R	E	S	▨	N	A	N	A	▨
C	▨	D	O	T	S	▨	R	O	A	R	S	▨	C	O	R	N	▨	B
H	I	▨	N	I	C	E	▨	R	I	O	▨	G	A	R	Y	▨	L	A
I	R	E	▨	N	A	V	E	▨	R	▨	H	A	R	M	▨	L	E	E
C	A	R	Y	G	R	A	N	T	▨	G	A	L	L	A	G	H	E	R

ACROSS

1. First name of your favorite magazine
6. She's in "Lottery Lover"
14. She plays in "Ruggles of Red Gap"
16. Grown-up star of "The Little Colonel"
17. Comedienne with the late Marie Dressler
18. McCrea's wife
20. Perform
21. Organ of sight
22. Glen Boles in "Babbitt"
23. Husband of Jobyna Ralston
24. Cantor's wife
25. The lieutenant in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"
26. Exclamation
27. Schnozzola's initials
28. Terminal point
29. Betsy Trotwood in "David Copperfield"
31. He was Juror No. 12 in "Judge Priest"
32. Played in "The Painted Veil"
34. Deceased opera star
36. Irving Thalberg's wife
38. Robert Young's father in "West Point of the Air"
39. She was Ellen Smith in "By Your Leave"
40. Girl's name
41. She plays David's mother in "David Copperfield"
42. Southern state (abbrev.)
43. Cry of a sheep
44. Act
45. Objects of worship
46. Wife of George Burns
48. Adam in "Vanessa: Her Love Story" (init.)
49. Soon
50. Round
51. Perform
52. Husband of Adrienne Ames
53. Last name of your favorite magazine
58. Elizabeth in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
61. Jogging pace
63. Born
64. Middle name of Sally Eilers' husband
66. A balance
67. The Colonel in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"
70. Cowboy star
71. Piece of baked clay
72. Course
73. Domestic quadruped
74. Enemy
76. World's heavyweight champion
77. Note of the scale
79. He's Attorney Pander in "Romance in Manhattan"
80. Her next is "Goin' to Town"
83. Star of "The County Chairman"
85. Babbie in "The Little Minister"
87. Adversary
88. He starred in "Count of Monte Cristo"
89. Like
90. Old age
91. Columbia's singing star
92. Drinks to the health of
93. Total
94. Stan Laurel's ex-partner
96. God of love
97. Mother
98. Periods of time
99. Small bed
101. Printing measure
102. Slender bristle
104. Star of "British Agent"
106. Benson in "Behold My Wife"
107. Use with an effort
108. She will star in "Merrily We Roll Along"

DOWN

1. Fox featured player, first name Rosita
2. Star of "Charlie Chan in Paris"
3. W. S. ——— Dyke is a noted director
4. "Dealers —— Death" tells the truth about war
5. Star of "Kid Millions"
6. Father
7. "Gentlemen —— Born"
8. Endeavor
9. Organ of sight
10. He's Benjie in "Vanessa: Her Love Story" (init.)
11. She starred in "Blind Date"
12. Precious metal
13. He played Elmer in "Imitation of Life"
14. He starred in "The White Parade"
15. She will be in "China Seas" with Gable
16. Anything that binds
17. "—— Dynamite" is a mystery drama coming soon
19. His first name is Nelson; he was in "Student Tour"
20. Maureen O'Sullivan in "David Copperfield"
23. You'll see her in "Rumba" with George Raft
25. Male cats
26. Plane surfaces
27. Poked
30. Wife of Ralph Forbes
31. Dancing star of "Roberta"
32. Clara Bow's husband
33. Birthplace of Sylvia Sidney (abbrev.)
34. Company (abbrev.)
35. Wife of Ronald Burla
37. Single units
38. You'll see her in "Traveling Saleslady"
39. Lyle, whom you've seen in many mysteries
40. Advertisement (abbrev.)
41. Bustle
42. "Anna Karenina" is her latest
45. Uninjured
47. Permit
49. Units
50. Implement for propelling a boat
51. Exclamation
52. Cent (abbrev.)
54. Internal
55. "Ruggles of ——— Gap" stars Laughton
56. RKO-Radio player; her first name is Virginia
57. Cousin Egbert in "Ruggles of Red Gap"
58. Observe
59. Star of "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head"
60. He's Adolph Mengle, Jr., in "Maybe It's Love"
62. Wife of Arthur Sheekman
64. Francis Dee's husband
65. Upon
67. Becomes steady
68. Stuttering comedian
69. Negative
70. "The Little Minister"
74. Old time serial star, seen in talkies occasionally
75. Star of "Grand Old Girl"
78. Fourth month (abbrev.)
79. Hamp Baxter in "Transient Lady"
80. He was in "Sweet Adeline" with Irene Dunne
81. Weird
82. You'll hear *Lovely —— Look At* in "Roberta"
83. Bellowed
84. Obtains
85. Exclamation of surprise
86. He plays the smuggler in "The Best Man Wins"
87. Nick ——— is in "One More Spring"
88. Fish eggs
91. Disfigure
93. "I —— a Thief" stars Ricardo Cortez
94. She was Bo-Peep in "Babes in Toyland"
95. He was Gabney in "Gift of Gab"
99. Paramount player, first name Jack
100. Sailor
102. Entire number
103. Court
104. Pronoun
105. Right (abbrev.)



Beauty reigns on the modern beach! And from every sea breeze, every swooping gull and every bronzed goddess you'll hear the credit line, "*Thanks to the Swim Suits of B.V.D.*" ● Their lovely colors flash against sun-tanned arms and legs like jewels. They're as much a part of their owner's anatomy as her eyelashes. And from their evening gown backs to their fashioned bodices, they know every dressmaker art and artifice to streamline, to shape and to silhouette. ● From Nassau, from Bermuda, and from all the swimming South come tidings of their triumphs. Wherever you go this Summer you'll find the seas and sands decked and adorned by B.V.D. The B.V.D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York. Also made and sold in Canada.

The True Life Story of Grace Moore

(*Continued from page* 53)

Blanche suggested that Grace return to her home until her family could cure her. But a terrible fear gripped her heart: Perhaps she would never sing again! Until she knew the definite answer to this heartbreaking question, she would never rest.

With choking uncertainty tearing at her heart, she finally managed an audition with that great voice instructor, Dr. Mario Marafiotti. The day of the audition, she was so weak that her knees would hardly support her and great tears streamed down her face as she tried valiantly to sing for him.

Marafiotti's heart was touched by the plight of the unhappy girl. "Your voice will come back," he assured her, gently. "I do not know *when*, maybe two months, maybe two years. You must rest. You must go away where you may have solitude, quiet, no talking, no singing for six months at least."

No prison term pronouncement was ever received with a heavier heart. But if she was ever to sing again she knew the great doctor must be obeyed. Two days later, thanks to the Black Cat savings account, she was on her way to a small cabin on the St. Lawrence River.

NOTHING to do all day long but read endless books, write long letters, hike along the river roads and study languages. Bed, as soon as the sun went down. Simple food. Silence everywhere; terrible, unending calm.

When she finally returned to New York, she found the isolation had been a blessing in disguise. The rest had done wonders not only for her voice but for her appearance as well. She had gained not only needed weight but a new confidence. Once again, the world was hers to conquer.

Her first musical engagement was with a fairly successful road show, "Suite Sixteen," in which Blanche, too, appeared. The show opened in Buffalo, New York, and was managed by B. C. Whitney. Grace's ingenue rôle was not of stellar importance; in fact, had she not used super salesmanship and quite a few fibs concerning her experience she would never have been engaged in the first place. She convinced the manager, via the "great experience" gag, that she should be allowed to design her own costumes and take care of her own makeup. Just before curtain time, Grace arrived on the stage dressed for the rôle. Half the company promptly fainted! Grace, whose idol of the moment was Kitty Gordon, had done her ingenue costume in that manner. A pink taffeta gown covered with beading, topped with a huge red hat plus a cockade about a foot high!

They held the curtain forty minutes, washed off the amateurish makeup and applied a professional one, found an appropriate, gingham gown that any ingenue could wear and Grace made her début.

"Suite Sixteen" went rather well for a while, then busted in a small college town somewhere in Michigan. "I must have been right in the middle of my song *Now You Wiggle, Now You Waggle* when the notice was posted," she said. "Anyway, between encores, Blanche came to whisper in my ear that we were doing the show for the last time. It was up to *Equity* to get the troupe home again."

Grace and Blanche arrived in New York the morning of Christmas day. The sum total of cash between them was twenty-five cents contributed by Grace and fifty cents by Blanche. It was Grace's first Christmas away from home (and they really make a lot of this day in the South) so she and Blanche were determined to enjoy a turkey dinner.

From the station, they went direct to the apartment of one of their former friends from the Greenwich Village days who, by now, had come up in the world, to Park Avenue, no less. But oddly enough the young lady, who had developed a strong social ambition and a very broad "a" for her vocabulary, said nothing about dinner. "Where are you girls stopping?" she drawled idly. Then, to impress them with the price of the apartment she was occupying, she said, "There's a stunning apartment like mine in this same building for only $350.00 a month."

Grace and Blanche exchanged stares and somehow managed to hold onto their chairs.

"How reasonable," they drawled in unison.

But Blanche was almost paralyzed with Grace's next comment: "Call up the manager, dear, and see if we can have it immediately."

"Are you out of your mind?" gasped Blanche in a whisper, the moment their hostess was out of the room.

"I hope not," replied Grace, "We'll see."

When the manager arrived, she turned on the rest of the story. They were not only friends of their charming hostess, it seemed, but they were actually pals of Kitty Gordon who had just that week moved out of the same apartment. They were just back from a successful run in Chicago and they must have the apartment immediately. References? Payment in advance? Absurd! They weren't used to being questioned like this! Perhaps, perhaps they had better go to the Waldorf, after all.

THIRTY minutes later, Grace was dancing her way about their magnificent new apartment while Blanche lay prone on the satin bed cover with an ice pack on her head and a hot water bottle at her feet. The next thing on the program, of course, was the turkey dinner.

Grace got Rueben's Café on the telephone.

"How do you do," she cooed in Rueben's ear. "I am Miss Grace Moore, just moved into the (she gave him the name of the exclusive apartments) and my friend the Comtesse D. (Grace and Blanche *had* met the lady at a party) asked me to call upon my arrival in New York and open an account with you immediately. I should like to do so and be billed at the end of each week. That's satisfactory? Ah, thank you so much! Now then, will you please send two complete turkey dinners to my suite right away?"

She walked from the telephone into the bedroom and took their remaining seventy-five cents. "That's for a tip to the delivery boy," she remarked in the direction of Blanche's prostrate figure. "We don't want anything to look cheap."

"Oh, my God!" came a muffled voice from somewhere deep in the folds of the pillow Blanche had placed over her head!

It may have been the $350.00 rent bill and the $10.00 food bill that gave them the necessary courage to get work, but the sheer elegance of the apartment must have had a great deal to do with it, too. At any rate, it was up to them to do something, and soon, if they were to avoid jail.

But soon, at least in time to pay the rent, came real luck: Grace met Charles B. Dillingham who was about to produce "Hitchy Koo," starring Raymond Hitchcock. Dillingham turned out to be the first important producer (not George M. Cohan as one rumor has it) to take an interest in Grace Moore's future. He told her that she did not have sufficient stage experience to be trusted with a leading rôle in the show, but he could work in a couple of specialties for her to sing and at a larger salary than she had ever earned.

Thus Blanche and Grace were saved from jail, occupied their exclusive apartment for a month during rehearsals and then journeyed with the company to Cincinnati, where the show was to open.

GRACE'S family had never seen her on the stage and now, since Cincinnati was close to Jellico, they all moved up in a body, including many friends of the family, to attend the grand event. Of course, they knew nothing of theaters or show business and poured backstage in great numbers at the wrong times. So engrossed was Grace in greeting them and receiving them that she missed her first cue!

Hitchcock, a great artist at the game of *ad lib*, was amused at this unusual turn of events. He stood, nonchalantly, in the center of the stage and inquired in a loud voice, "Well, where is Grace Moore? Where is our little Gracie?"

Mr. Moore, who happened to be sitting down in the front of the house, added his voice to the question with, "Yes! Where the heck is she? This has been a long trip!" Grace finally arrived, breathless, before her convulsed audience. Hitchcock advised her that it was too late to sing her song. "But I've *got* to sing it!" protested Grace. "All my folks are down front there. They've come all the way from home to hear me sing." Of course the audience loved it. They applauded and applauded until Grace started to sing. And she stopped the show. Her song had been a tremendous hit and the informality of its presentation no doubt added to its effectiveness.

The show was a success on Broadway, too. It began to look as though Grace Moore's future on the stage was assured. But musical comedy was a mere stepping stone to the final goal Grace had set for herself! At the end of three months, she turned a deaf ear to offers of agents and managers alike and made up her mind she would go to Paris to study for opera. Music, study, and, eventually, her début at the Metropolitan Opera House in New

York! She knew it was a hard job and a distant goal she had chosen, but her heart was set on it. She sailed for Paris.

Her good friend, Condé Nast, had recommended that she study with Trabadello, the former teacher of Geraldine Farrar, Mary Garden and Alma Gluck. The teacher was an odd little man wearing a toupeé, high heels, rouge and using the fluttery, feminine mannerisms of a French woman. At first, there were only a few "Oh's" and "Ah's" to sing; but soon, Trabadello had her pushing the piano all over the room while running the scales and, at times, would have her pushing up books with her stomach (remember the scene in "One Night of Love?" It was a flashback to this actual experience with her teacher in Paris). When he saw what a potential star he had found, Trabadello wanted to sign her to a five-year contract immediately. Grace declined for two reasons: First, she had pushed so many pianos about the room that she had come to the conclusion that one had to be an acrobat, instead of a singer, to make a career in opera possible; second, a definite thought that Trabadello was too old, now, to help her as he had helped the great Farrar and Garden. Besides, she knew she must study French and it had been suggested that she live with a middle-class French family in the Montmartre district. So she left Trabadello and settled down in the Montmartre of Paris.

NOW began an exciting time. She was tremendously popular with all the artists of the Left Bank. The view from her bedroom window looked down upon the actual scene of the song in the second act of "Louise" (and this is the best reason why "Louise" has always been Grace Moore's greatest rôle. She can visualize the setting so perfectly that the opera is actually real to her).

The French was coming easier by now; her friends were not the usual, hilarious Paris crowd and she was finally on her chosen road.

Then she met Irving Berlin.

He was a mutual friend of the family with whom she lived and he had heard of her small success in musical comedy. One day he took her to luncheon at Ciro's.

"But I don't want to do any more musicals," she laughingly protested when Berlin offered her the leading rôle in his new "Music Box Revue." "I've gone as far as I care to in musical comedy. Opera is my next step."

But, evidently, Berlin's mind was even more firmly made up than Grace's, despite the fact that he had never actually heard her sing. During luncheon, a bottle of wine of very rare vintage was served and before it was empty they had signed the most amazing contract in the history of musical comedy: It was written and signed on the table cloth at Ciro's. (This incident was used in "A Lady's Morals," later made by M-G-M.)

So Grace Moore returned to Broadway musicals, regretting it down deep in her heart. The Berlin music was lovely, but she felt as though she were retracing her steps, delaying her real opportunity. From the beginning, things went wrong with the rehearsals. It seemed that John Steel had more beautiful songs than she. Costumes were designed and discarded and rede-

HOW CAN WE TELL THAT NICE MRS. GATES —WITHOUT HURTING HER FEELINGS?
SEE?—HER WASHES TELL SOME AWFUL TALES—BUT I DON'T WANT TO BREAK THE BAD NEWS.
LEAVE IT TO ME. I'VE GOT AN IDEA.
Dear Mrs Gates: Come on over and have lunch with me today. Helen Lord
WHAT GORGEOUS LINENS, MRS. LORD! MINE AREN'T HALF SO WHITE.
I BET YOUR SOAP LEAVES DIRT BEHIND—THAT'S WHAT GIVES CLOTHES THAT TATTLE-TALE GRAY LOOK.
NOW WHY DON'T YOU CHANGE TO FELS-NAPTHA? IT'S RICHER GOLDEN SOAP WITH LOTS OF NAPTHA IN IT! JUST SMELL!
M-M-M! NO WONDER YOU SAY IT GETS ALL THE DIRT.
FEW WEEKS LATER
MY, BUT JOAN LOOKS PRETTY TODAY. THAT DRESS SHINES LIKE SNOW.
MANY THANKS TO YOU—AND FELS-NAPTHA SOAP.

Do a little cheering of your own next washday! Change to Fels-Naptha Soap—and see what a gorgeous wash you get!

For Fels-Naptha doesn't skip over dirt as "trick" soaps do. It speeds out ALL the dirt—even the deep-down kind.

Fels-Naptha is a wonder for dainty things, too. Try it for silk stockings and undies. Fels-Naptha is kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar. Get some Fels-Naptha today! Fels & Co., Phila., Pa. © 1935, FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

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■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at no cost!

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signed. Members of the cast were changed. And then, to climax the situation, Grace developed a severe case of laryngitis! Berlin held up the premiere for three days, sent Grace into the country and held his breath.

When the show finally opened, the ovation for Grace Moore was so tremendous that her knees would not support her. She sank to the stage, grasping the curtain as the audience rose to its feet, throwing programs in the air and shouting "Brava! Grace Moore, BRAVA!" It was a thrill for Grace and for Berlin who had gambled so heavily on her. After the triumphant opening performance, Berlin, Grace and some friends went to Berlin's apartment to await the newspaper reviews at dawn.

The critics were lyrical. "A new Elsie Ferguson, a divine, singing Elsie," one of them commented. The following day her name was up in lights.

She was a star on Broadway! She was no longer sorry she had returned, especially when she learned that several members of the governing board of the Metropolitan had been out front the opening night of the Berlin show.

The following day she was informed that one of the most powerful members of that group had not only heard the opening of the "Music Box Revue," but was anxious for her to give the board at the Metropolitan an audition.

IT was Mr. Otto Kahn who arranged for that first audition.

With Dr. Marafiotti, with whom she was now studying, she prepared an aria from "La Boheme." Came the audition. The place was packed with executives and artists. And when Grace Moore stepped before them she was like a glorious, confident child. Here was that first giant step she had always dreamed of and she was taking it in seven-league boots, a triumph!

They pressed about her after the last beautiful note of the aria had floated from her throat, kissing her hand, murmuring compliments in her ear. She would be sensational in opera! Mademoiselle was glorious; a year or so of intensive study abroad and the Metropolitan audiences of New York would be at her feet just as the musical comedy audiences were even now! Could she start right away?

"But I had to refuse," said Grace. "I told them that I owed too much to Mr. Berlin to throw him down. Then I asked if I might not work out my contract with the 'Music Box Revue' and come back to them at the end of the run. They agreed."

Grace Moore was ushered from that first audition at the Metropolitan with flags flying. Now, at last, she was on her way.

The next few months with the "Music Box Revue" passed as successfully as the first performance. She lived gaily, contentedly. Life was very sweet. Now and then, she imagined herself in love but always it was nothing more important than a passing infatuation.

"I shall not even mention the romances of those days," she continued, "because they meant so little, really. My voice, my work, my friends were the big things in my life. I was flattered by the attentions of several men, yes, but they were as unimportant in my scheme of things, except as devoted friends, as the flowers and candy they sent."

But now! At last her contract with Berlin was nearing its termination. Her ambition for an opera career bloomed again. Now she was ready for that second audition. She called the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan and found they would be delighted.

Of course she didn't know—how could she—she had been too careless in her happiness to realize the import of what she read on their faces as they heard her for the second time. That extra period of musical comedy had taken its toll of her voice. Singing the same songs over and over, always in English, had robbed her of that stirring quality she had had on the first audition. As she attempted the beautiful arias she and Marafiotti had prepared she began to realize that *something* was wrong; her voice sounded, somehow, tired. The faces of her audience grew longer and longer. Where were the beauty and force of that glorious voice they had heard a few months before? Was this girl, after all, not fitted for opera?

She finished her second number in complete silence. No "bravas" and flattery reached her ears this time. One or two listeners mumbled polite apologies, "So sorry, previous engagement, so nice to have heard you again."

Grace Moore went off the stage of the Metropolitan, this time, alone. No flags flying. Down the stairs, back to her dressing room at the "Music Box Revue" like a girl in a dream. It wasn't possible! She would be a great singer. They couldn't treat *her* that way. If she hadn't had a performance that night, she most certainly would have had hysterics.

She called Otto Kahn, in Florida, and told him what had happened. "It was a failure. They dismissed me with a bored 'Thank you.' They don't dare do that to me! They don't *dare* be that destructive to any young American singer, with real ambitions to belong in the Metropolitan! Why, they had even dared to tell me to be content with a Broadway career, and that I would never be an opera star!" But even the voice of her great friend Kahn was different! Something dreadful was the matter.

THE next night, after the "Music Box Revue" was over, alone and heavy hearted, she purchased standing room at the Metropolitan to hear Bori in the last act of "La Boheme." As the glorious voice of Bori struck at Grace's heart strings, she suddenly knew what was the matter. She, Grace Moore, had been careless! She had grown "easy" in her success. She had slipped badly, but maybe she could come back! She would! She would prove to them whether or not she was an opera star!

Three days later she sailed for Europe. Just before she left she called Otto Kahn and bet him $100.00 that she would be singing in the Metropolitan within two years!

She didn't tell Irving Berlin she was going. She couldn't. She merely waited until the boat was far at sea, then she sent a wireless:

PLEASE FORGIVE ME BUT I'M ON MY WAY AT LAST.

In next month's MOVIE MIRROR (combined with Shadoplay) Walter Ramsey continues this fascinating story of Grace Moore's life and career. You won't want to miss a single line of it.

Tips on Talkies

(*Continued from page* 40)

HOLD 'EM YALE (Paramount). Four racketeers, William Frawley, Andy Devine, Warren Hymer and George E. Stone, hire out to save rich girl Patricia Ellis and see that she middle-aisles it with papa's choice. A few laughs in it, that's all.

✓IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK (Universal). A breezy comedy-satire, in which Gertrude Michael as a vacationing Hollywood star, Hugh O'Connell as her manager, Lyle Talbot as a taxi-driver, and Heather Angel as a telephone operator do nicely.

✓✓LADDIE (RKO). A wholesome, sweet story from Gene Stratton Porter's well-known book, in which little Virginia Weidler steals the show, even from John Beal and Gloria Stuart.

✓LES MISERABLES (Twentieth Century). Victor Hugo's ponderous work appears on the screen with Fredric March as Jean Valjean and Charles Laughton as the police inspector who never forgot a face or his duty. If you like to cry, by all means go.

LET'S LIVE TONIGHT (Columbia). Tullio Carminati, an oh-so-wealthy man who breaks every woman's heart, including Tala Birell's, is so-o-o heart hungry till Lilian Harvey comes along. The players do all they can, but it isn't much.

✓LIFE BEGINS AT 40 (Fox). Will Rogers, a small-town newspaper owner, tries to prove the innocence of Richard Cromwell, with the help of pretty Rochelle Hudson. You'll chuckle plenty when Slim Summerville's hog-calling relations help break up George Barbier's political picnic.

✓LITTLE COLONEL, THE (Fox). Shirley Temple, cuter than ever in crinoline dresses, tries to bring together her grandpa, Lionel Barrymore, and mother, Evelyn Venable. You don't want to miss Shirley's dancing up and down the stairs with Bill Robinson, famous colored dancer.

MACFADDEN'S FLATS (Paramount). This is the one about the Irishman and the Scotchman, with the Irishman getting up in the world only to come down again. Old as it is, it's still pretty funny. Walter Kelly and Andy Clyde are the principals.

MARK OF THE VAMPIRE, THE (M-G-M). A murder mystery, with vampires who suck the blood from their victims, bats, rats, owls, and spiders; made to order for blood-and-thunder addicts. Lionel Barrymore, Elizabeth Allan, Bela Lugosi and Lionel Atwill are in it.

✓✓MISSISSIPPI (Paramount). Bing Crosby, a Northerner, is in love with Joan Bennett, a Southerner. There's a misunderstanding, and he becomes a singer on W. C. Fields' old river showboat. No matter when or where Bing sings, it's a treat.

✓✓MR. DYNAMITE (Universal). Edmund Lowe, as Mr. Dynamite, newest of Dashiell Hammett's detectives, solves three murders, in a fast-moving, fast-talking mystery picture. Jean Dixon is full of sparkling dialogue, and there are comedy touches by the carload. A must-see!

✓✓NAUGHTY MARIETTA (M-G-M). Victor Herbert's undying music is more poignant than ever when sung by Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in a picture abounding with romance, beautiful back-

"Funny-tasting stuff . . . this knitting! Can't say the brown kind is particularly good. Not much flavor. How's that white stuff you've got, Brother — lemme try a mouthful of that!"

"Say, this is swell—a nice long, hard bone in it! Feels great on that place where there's going to be a new tooth next week. No — you can't have it! I found it! G'wan off — it's mine!"

"Oh, take it, cry-baby! This woolly stuff's making you cross . . . you need Johnson's Baby Powder to soothe away the prickles. It's so soft, it makes any baby good-natured — even you!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . when I'm on guard, skin irritations don't have a chance to get started! I 'slip' like satin, for I'm made of finest Italian talc. No zinc stearate—and no orris-root. And does your baby have Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream? He should!"

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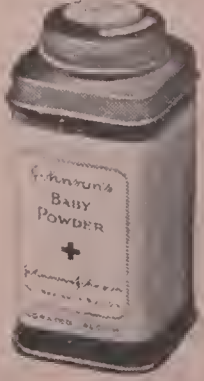

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grounds, adventure, and above all, the lovely familiar musical score. See it!

✓✓ONE MORE SPRING (Fox). It's about an out-of-work actress, Janet Gaynor, an out-of-work antique dealer, Warner Baxter, an out-of-work violinist, Walter King, and a broke banker, who meet in Central Park. If you like love stories, this will be perfect.

PEOPLE WILL TALK (Paramount). Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland try to teach their daughter and son-in-law not to quarrel, by faking some quarrelling scenes which turn into the real thing. A not-so-funny comedy.

✓✓PRIVATE WORLDS (Walter Wanger for Paramount). A stimulating picture despite its hospital-for-the-insane background, in which Claudette Colbert gives a subtle performance of great beauty, Joan Bennett is electrifying, Charles Boyer is enchanting, and Joel McCrea is quite perfect. A thriller. Don't miss this.

✓RECKLESS (M-G-M). Jean Harlow, a Broadway dancer, marries Franchot Tone, socialite son of a rich family, only to prove that oil and water won't mix, and after Tone's suicide goes back to William Powell. Good, breezy hokum. See it.

RENDEZVOUS AT MIDNIGHT (Universal). A muddled mystery-comedy that mystifies and amuses in spots. Ralph Bellamy is the Police Commissioner and Valerie Hobson is his accused fiancée.

✓✓ROBERTA (RKO). There's Irene Dunne for romance, Ginger Rogers for youth and laughter, and Freddie Astaire for dances in a mad, thrilling gay picture that has songs that are swell, lovely women's clothes, and above all Fred Astaire's dancing. See it!

✓RUGGLES OF RED GAP (Paramount). A laugh-provoker in which Charles Laughton, an English butler, is won in a poker game by Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles, and, after a taste of American customs, decides to become a gentleman.

✓SCARLET PIMPERNEL, THE (United Artists). Leslie Howard, disguised as the "Scarlet Pimpernel," and Merle Oberon as his French wife in a story that works up to an exciting climax and denouement.

✓✓STAR OF MIDNIGHT (RKO). Bill Powell in another "Thin Man" rôle, with Ginger Rogers, this time, as fellow sleuth. Mr. Powell turns detective once more, and there's a surprise ending to the mystery. It's gay, romantic, and you'll like it!

STRANGERS ALL (RKO). This so-so bit is about an heterogeneous family, May Robson, as Mom Carter, Billy Bakewell, a ham actor, James Bush, a budding communist, and Preston Foster, the one rational member of the family.

TIMES SQUARE LADY (M-G-M). Virginia Bruce inherits her father's sporting racket and Robert Taylor is supposed to talk Miss Bruce out of the business, but talks himself into love. Pinky Tomlin sings some hit tunes in this. Just fair.

TRANSIENT LADY (Universal). A fast-moving picture, with a Southern background. The town loafer is murdered and Henry Hull, his brother and political boss of the state plans an elaborate fixed trial. Gene Raymond and Frances Drake handle the love interest.

✓VANESSA—HER LOVE STORY (M-G-M). Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery marry the wrong people but eventually work out their lives satisfactorily. If you like action and crisp people who know their own minds, you will find this a bit out-dated and pokey.

VAGABOND LADY (Hal Roach). A fairly fast-moving farce comedy in which Robert Young, the young play-boy brother, is asked to entertain stolid Reginald Denny's fiancée, Evelyn Venable. Just a programmer.

✓WEDDING NIGHT, THE (Samuel Goldwyn). A simple story of three very human people, Gary Cooper, a dissipated novelist, Helen Vinson, his wife, and Anna Sten, a girl of the soil with whom the novelist falls in love. Their sincere performances will tug at your heartstrings.

✓✓WEST POINT OF THE AIR (M-G-M). Wallace Beery is Robert Young's father in a flying thriller in which the boy goes through many exciting adventures at Randolph Field. Rosalind Russell is fine as the villainess and Maureen O'Sullivan is the girlhood sweetheart.

Charles Laughton looks on while Josephine Hutchinson gives Freddie March a manicure. It's all part of the fun at the Westmore opening.

Comeback

(*Continued from page* 55)

Frank took an immediate liking to Corey Preston and put his seal of approval on Joyce's selection of him as a husband. "You've made a sensible choice," he said. "Preston strikes me as being A Number 1." And with a sly twinkle, "You probably couldn't 'a' done better in Hutchinson."

Joyce hastened to assure him of one thing: "You don't think I'd marry him if this leaves me a fright, do you?"

But her father only laughed at her pugnacious resolution:

"If you've got the sense I think you've got you'll marry him in spite of hell or high water. You don't think he loves you because you're beautiful, do you? Why, it's just because you're you."

"I wouldn't burden a man—" she began, but Frank shut her off.

"Oh, tush!" he broke in. "You women!"

But Joyce did not mean to give up without a fight.

As the time approached for the bandages to be removed she became increasingly restless and silent. She walked about the house and grounds alone, and when Midge would start to call to her, or to follow her, Frank would say, "Let her be, Margaret. She's got something on her mind. When she's ready to talk she'll come to us."

IT was vague in her mind for a long time, something she could not very well put into words. Looked at from every sensible point of view it should not matter to her whether she ever worked again. Corey adored her, spent every hour with her when he was not working. And she loved him—oh, she was sure of that, surer than she had ever been before. His was a deep devotion, a tenderness which sometimes made her want to cry. Nothing concerned Corey these days but Joyce and her happiness. But when Corey said, "It doesn't matter, Joyce, whether you ever work again," she agreed with him in her mind, but something in her drew back from that thought. It didn't really matter, of course, but . . . but what?

Was it that she had to *show* people, make them realize that Joyce Wells was not through? It must be more important than that, something more important to her alone. Wasn't it rather that she had to prove to herself that she was not beaten, that she was not falling back on Corey as a way out? She rather thought it was. It seemed silly to think that she had to prove herself independent of Corey before she could allow herself to become dependent upon him.

But there it was. And the more she thought of it the more positive her resolution became.

Joyce wanted to be alone with Dr. Burns when the bandages were removed. She could not bear the eyes of her father and mother and Corey upon her until she had seen for herself what the outcome was to be. She met the doctor at the door, and could not keep the excitement of the moment out of her eyes.

"You all wait down here," she cried. "Dr. Burns and I have a little business to attend to."

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Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream guards against Blemish and Dryness in hot weather

HOW can you be sure of a lovely skin for the happy summer days ahead? Use Woodbury's Cold Cream. It's so soothing and cooling to your taut, hot cheeks! And gets the dirt out so thoroughly.

Moreover, Woodbury's Cold Cream stays germ-free as long as it lasts, thus helping to prevent blemishes, most of which are tiny germ-infections. And it overcomes Dryness. A new ingredient—Element 576—rouses the skin glands to do their work more vigorously; increases and restores the skin's youthful vitality.

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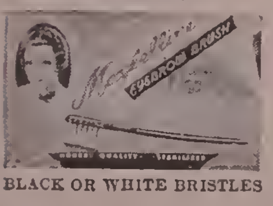

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First a light touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids to intensify the color and sparkle of your eyes, then form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to your lashes to make them appear long, dark, and luxuriant, and presto—your eyes are beautiful and most alluring!

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The two of them went upstairs, Joyce running hurriedly ahead and Dr. Burns puffing at the exertion. "Don't hurry me," the others heard him say, "or you'll have a case of carditis on your hands—and you can't put bandages on that."

The three of them were left to wait together. Midge sat in a chair and fidgeted. "You men," she said, "can never know what such a thing as this means to a girl."

Frank winked at Corey, and he smiled. A silent bond of friendship had grown up between these two, for while their lives had little in common, their philosophies—though neither would have thought of himself as having a philosophy—were strangely akin. The one had seen little of the world, but his heart and his gentleness had taught him acceptance of people as they are. And the other, younger in years and older in experience had learned, after many painful attempts to alter people to fit his conceptions, that the only way to help people is to let them alone, allow them to make mistakes, and then be ready with understanding when they have stumbled and fallen.

THE two men walked to the window and stood silent for a long time. Then quite naturally Frank dropped his hand on Corey's shoulder and said in a low voice which Midge could not overhear:

"If she's not just as she was, I'm sorry for both of you."

Corey said, "Thanks. I think I know."

"I'll do everything I can for you. You know that, too."

Joyce's voice from the balcony interrupted. "Look!" she cried. "Look at my face!"

From where they stood they could detect no scars at all, and it was not until after she had rushed downstairs that they saw two fine, pink seams where the skin had grown together. Laughing, she ran to Corey and kissed him, tears streaming down her face. "Dr. Burns says you'll have to use a microscope to find them in six months! God bless his skilled hands! You'd never be able to discover them if I had grease paint on my face! Now all I need is a job—but, how I need a job."

Corey, holding her in his arms, said, "You don't *need* a job, darling. Of course, if you *want* one, that's different."

She hugged him, kissed him and whispered, "Blessed, I knew you'd understand. I don't *need* it, I know. But I've got to prove something to somebody."

"Not yourself, by any chance?"

"Stop reading my mind, will you?"

It was decided that they should all celebrate the victory of science over windshields. They said it would be no party at all without Dr. Burns. It was Wednesday night and they would all go to the Cocoanut Grove and eat and dance. Everybody would be there. "I haven't eaten anything that didn't taste like iodine in six weeks," Joyce groaned.

Dr. Burns went home to get his wife while Joyce and Midge dressed. Frank Wells was more than a little startled when he saw the gown Joyce wore, but when he realized that Corey was not ashamed of her undress he swallowed hard and refrained from comment.

"Do I look so horrible?" Joyce asked when she saw his face.

"Oh, no. Your face looks fine," and Frank joined the others when they laughed at him.

Joyce had entirely thrown off the gloom which had depressed her since long before her accident. She insisted upon dancing with Dr. Burns first, and did not mind that it took him only one dance to ruin her slippers. She introduced him to old friends she was seeing for the first time in months as "the man who saved my face for posterity."

Then she dragged her father onto the floor and made him waltz with her until she saw how miserable he was with all the people staring at him, and led him mercifully back to the table.

It was while she was on the floor with Corey that a familiar voice hailed them. They looked, and discovered Larry Goldman waving frantically.

"So where have you been at," he chided Corey. "My secretary has been telephoning everybody in Los Angeles County trying to find you today. Sit down. We got some business to talk over."

Joyce excused herself and went back to her own table, and Corey sat down with Goldman and his party. Goldman wasted no time in getting to the subject of his business.

"How come you've gone into the business of buying picture rights? What kind of a racket is that? Why should a director whose business is directing go around buying stories?"

Corey pretended innocence. "What have you got on your mind, Larry?"

"Well, I just happened to be reading a book the other night—yeah, *I* read books—by the name it was called 'Allistair's Folly'. Such a title! Of course that would have to be changed. But it's a pretty fair story—and it's clean."

"I've been trying to get you to read it for ten years, if you'll think back."

"I'M a busy man. I should read books except for pleasure. But I say to myself, that would make a goood picture if we could put a big name in it. Of course we would have to make some changes, but what do we pay writers for?"

"I often wonder."

"Well, I say, I got to buy that book, so I call the New York office and tell them to buy it, and they wire me back that my friend, Corey Preston, owns the rights."

"I told you that five years ago, too."

"Well, how should I remember that with all I've got on my mind? Of course, it ain't worth much. We'd have to put three or four expensive writers on it to make a story of it. We'd just use the idea. So I couldn't pay you much for it, but how much would you take?"

Corey rose from his chair as if to leave. "Sorry, Larry," he said. "It's not for sale. Someday I'm going to make it myself, and there won't be a comma changed. And it will be the only good picture I've ever made, too."

"Sit down! Sit down! Don't be unreasonable. Listen, Corey, I could maybe give you a little more—say five thousand."

"I won't argue with you about it. It's not for sale. For once money doesn't interest me. You don't understand, Larry, you haven't got enough money to buy it."

Next morning Corey was awakened at eight o'clock by the ringing of his telephone. It was Larry Goldman. "How about coming out to the studio this morning for a little talk?" he suggested. "I got some ideas for you."

"Any time you say," Corey answered. "But if it's about 'Allistaire's Folly' I can tell you right now you're wasting your time."

"I got plenty other things to talk about. Besides, shouldn't two old friends see themselves once in a while? Just come out—say 10:30."

Corey was kept waiting only a half hour, something of a record for Goldman, and when he did get into the inner office, he found the executive surrounded by half a dozen assistants. They talked, as he knew they would, about 'Allistair's Folly.' Goldman plead with him, told him that he must sell the rights to them or else Goldman Features were doomed. The public wanted clean pictures, but they didn't want rehashes of old stories or sloppy, sentimental ones with no kick in them. "It will all blow over in a few months," Goldman said, "but meantime what are we going to do? It only takes a few months to go broke, and unless we get good stories it'll be too late for us when the public gets fed up with cream puffs and wants red meat again."

WHEN Goldman had exhausted his arguments, one of his assistants began where the president had left off. Preston, so they tried to make him believe, owed it to the industry, to the public, to sell. They'd pay him any price, though why he should try to hold up his friends they couldn't understand.

When they had all finished, Corey took his hat and started for the door. He turned, just before opening it, and faced the group. "There's just one way I'd consent to sell you the rights—"

Goldman who had for an hour apparently been about to burst into tears, smiled and rushed towards Corey. "There, Corey," he said. "I knew you'd listen to reason. You got a good heart."

"Wait until you hear what I have to say. I'll sell you the rights for just what I paid—$2,500." He raised his hand to silence the exclamation of delight. "But, you've got to let me direct the picture exactly as I want to without interference. I've had my scenario written for four years, and I don't want any help. And *I* approve the cast. Those are my terms. If you want to reach me I'll be at home. But it won't do you any good to call unless you feel that you can accept those terms."

Corey did not go home, as he said he would, but instead purposely avoided it and any place where Goldman would be likely to telephone him. He instructed his butler to tell anyone from Goldman's studio he did not know where Mr. Preston could be found. For Corey felt sure, if he played his cards right, made himself hard to get, Goldman would agree to anything to get the story.

And he was right. When at last he did go home, his butler's imperturbable calm was for once ruffled. The man looked as if he had not slept for days. "The telephone," he said, "has been ringing every ten minutes. Will you please call Mr. Goldman at once? The last time he called he said that he was going to send out detectives to find you."

Every woman should make this "Armhole Odor" Test

No matter how carefully you deodorize your underarm—if any dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, you will always have an unpleasant "armhole odor." Test this by smelling your dress tonight

EVERY sophisticated woman realizes that to be socially acceptable she must keep her underarm not only sweet *but dry*. Those who deodorize only—because it is easy and quick—soon find out to their sorrow that the easy way is *not the sure way*.

The reason is simple. Creams and sticks are not made to *stop* perspiration. No matter how little you perspire—some moisture is bound to collect on the armhole of your dress. And the warmth of your body brings out a stale, unpleasant odor within a few minutes after you put your dress on!

Once you realize that *nothing*, not even the most careful dry cleaning, will completely remove this musty smell, you will know why women who want to be *sure* never to offend use Liquid Odorono.

SAFE . . . ask your physician

Odorono was developed 23 years ago by a physician for his own use. *Your* physician will tell you it has no harmful effect. Women use millions of bottles yearly. It does not dry up or injure the pores of the underarm in any way. It simply draws the pores together and diverts the underarm perspiration to other parts of the body where it can evaporate quickly without becoming offensive and embarrassing.

Examine your dress tonight

If you are not a regular Odorono user, when you take off your dress tonight, smell the fabric at the armhole. You may be horrified when you realize that that is the way you smell to anyone who is close to you!

It will help you to understand why women who try short cuts to daintiness always come back to Odorono. In the end, Odorono is easier. There's no fuss and bother with shields. Odorono ends guesswork and worry scientifically and safely.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or for hurried use—to be used daily or every other day. You will want to have both in the house—for night or morning use.

Make Odorono a serious habit, and you will enjoy complete freedom from moisture, ruinous and humiliating stains and careless, untidy "armhole odor."

On sale at all toilet goods counters. If you want to know the relief and confidence brought by Odorono, send for the two samples and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

CAREFUL WOMEN avoid all "armhole odor" in their dresses by gently closing the pores of the underarm with Liquid Odorono. Millions of bottles are used every year by women who insist on being sure.

● To know the comfort of keeping the underarm completely sweet and dry, mail this coupon today with 8 cents.

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 7B5, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢ for generous-sized bottles of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

What is the Greatest Offense?

Unwanted Hair---

GET RID OF IT!

Every trace of hair can be instantly removed, and all fears of stimulated regrowth eliminated. Don't delay any longer. Make your skin alluringly feminine—hair free, with

ZiP

PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM

You simply spread on and rinse off,—then marvel at this white cream which is as delightful as your choicest cold cream.

Announcing my two new creations

- ZiP Depilatory Powder
- ZiP Depilatory Liquid

both of which are delightfully fragrant and quick and simple to use.

For destroying facial hair, use ZIP—IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT the only registered Epilator available for actually eliminating hair. Write for Booklet. Treatment or free demonstration at my Salon.

Madame Berthé, SPECIALIST

562 FIFTH AVE., (46th ST.) NEW YORK

ZiP

Spray Deodorant

Immediately effective. Dries instantly. Effectually checks perspiration. The atomizer bottle insures your deodorant remaining fresh and sanitary.

Goldman could not have been more pleased, from the emotion in his voice, had a long lost son suddenly appeared. "Thank God you're safe," he cried over the wire. "I was sick, sick from worry. You shouldn't do things like this to me."

"I went to San Francisco," Corey lied. "There's a man up there wants to finance 'Allistair's Folly'."

Then Goldman exploded and Corey held the receiver away from his ear until the reverberation was over. When he replaced it, Goldman was saying, "Why did you leave the other day, Corey, without giving us a chance to say we accept your terms? Who do you think we would want to direct it but you? We didn't know you would."

"I was told by one of your directors, a Mr. Beasely, I think his name is, that I was never to work on your lot again. Naturally, I assumed—"

"Assume nothing! Who's boss here anyhow? That Beasely, I never did like him. That no-good pants presser, interfering in my business. I'll call him up and tell him what I think of him."

Corey interrupted the tirade. "You're ready to sign a contract, then?"

GOLDMAN changed his tone, but Corey was laughing to himself.

"Why should there be a contract between such pals as you and me, Corey? You know my word's good."

"Of course, I know that," Corey said, "but it's just one of my idiosyncracies. A contract, or else."

Goldman sighed stertorously. "O. K. You win. Come out and sign it."

And so, as suddenly and as unexpectedly as Joyce had found her career at an end, Corey was to realize the ambition of his life. That was the way things happened in Hollywood. Joyce was so happy when Corey came to her that night that she found it easy to keep any tinge of her own plight from coloring his enthusiasm. But when he had finished telling her the long, complicated story of how he had beaten Goldman down, he said:

"I wish there was a rôle in it for you, Joyce. But Goldman wants Joyce Elder for the ingenue and there's only one other woman's part in it—the plain, common woman who ruins the man's life. It's a great part, of course, but you're too beautiful."

"You've never seen me first thing in the morning."

"Besides, you wouldn't be interested in an unsympathetic part."

For answer she jumped up and rushed up the stairs. Frank was sitting in the room with them, and he asked Corey what he had said to Joyce to precipitate such a departure. In less than five minutes Joyce reappeared, and they scarcely recognized her. Joyce's ash blonde hair, usually a delicate frame for her face, was pulled back carelessly into a knot at the nape of her neck. A few strands hung limp about her ears. Her face was without makeup except for deep shadows beneath her eyes. With an eyebrow pencil she had broadened and curved the line over her eyes, so that they looked smaller, closer together. Her nose seemed pinched, her mouth too heavily made up. The dress she wore was the same, yet she had pinned it so that the tiny nuances of style and chic were gone.

But it was her walk which completed the picture, the walk of a woman tired of living, hips which rolled awkwardly as she shifted from one foot to the other, a tired soul who had never known or had forgotten pride in her person, yet a woman equipped for the processes of her sex, and conceivably capable of attracting masculine attention.

She walked straight to Corey and stood before him. "Do I get the part?"

"You're marvelous," he said. "What do you know of a woman like that?"

"I've read the book; for one thing. But am I good enough?"

"Of course you're good enough. You're perfect. But . . ."

"But what?"

"Frankly, Joyce, I don't think you should play a rôle of that sort. It's a marvelous character, but if you ever want to be popular—well, you know a woman doesn't achieve popularity by being a character actress. Producers would get the idea that you couldn't be beautiful any more, that you were too old, or had been jammed up in the accident."

"But Corey, it doesn't matter to me what sort of work I do. I've got to do something quickly."

"Something will surely come along."

Joyce looked at him steadily for a moment. She was afraid if she took her eyes from his face the tears would start, while if she could only keep them focused on him. Finally she fought back the emotion.

"THERE'S just one thing I want to be sure of, Corey. You think I could do it? You wouldn't be afraid the picture would fail on account of me?"

"Of course, I know you could do it."

"That's all I wanted to know."

She did not tell Corey what she was going to do, but early next morning she drove to the Goldman lot, and brow-beat Miss Satz into giving her a short appointment with Larry Goldman. As soon as she got to him she said:

"I want to play 'Nellie Wilson' in 'Allistair's Folly.' I'm not appealing to your friendship to let me do it, Larry. I don't want favors. I know I can make that part."

Goldman toyed with the letter-knife on his desk. "I tell you," he said at last. "We're friends, and I always say among friends you should be frank as well as friends. That's why when Larry Goldman says a thing you can believe it. You've been out of pictures for more than a year."

"I know that, but unless you give me this part it will be even longer."

"But we got to have names, big names, to put over this picture with such a crazy title. It's a flop sure, so the one chance we got is to put some big names into it—Garbo, Bennett, or Sullavan."

Joyce talked for fifteen minutes, met argument with argument, but in the end she knew she was defeated. She did not have the one thing to offer which might have persuaded Goldman—she could not say Corey wanted her!

With her beauty restored, Joyce is more determined than ever to achieve a comeback, to reestablish herself in the screen world so that she can take her place as Corey's wife as an equal, not as a dependent, defeated in her career. Read the conclusion to her gallant fight in the August issue.

Why the Real Story of Hollywood Will Never Be Written

(*Continued from page* 51)

Once in a million times or so there is a Marie Dressler. The legion of others remain nameless.

"There are the stars, of yesterday and of today. The stars of today are recruited so often from behind counters, in choruses or beauty contests or five and ten cent stores—young people who have been making a bare living wage and are suddenly plunged into the very thick of luxury and too much money and flattery and fame.

"There are the stars of yesterday. I call to mind an anecdote told me by a friend of mine. He was lunching one day with a woman who had been one of the biggest stars in the business. She said to him, 'People are so strange—I have been sitting here for an hour and *no one annoys me by looking at me any more!*'

"There are the geniuses of the business —and they are the men, the carpenters, the props, the casting men who are told to build the Taj Mahal and have it ready by the next morning and who, undismayed, *do* build it by the morrow and make a very authentic job of it, too!

"And there is another reason why the real book about Hollywood has not been done. No one gets to know the real Hollywood. No one ever gets *inside*. A celebrity no longer means anything in or to a town to which come daily the celebrities of the whole world. At the best the Eminent Author is invited to one or two homes or is taken on a cursory tour of one of two studios.

"*Fiction must be plausible.* I should like to stress this point. For it is the main point I make in why the authentic novel of Hollywood has never been written.

"And it is too vast a canvas. It is too kaleidoscopic. It moves too fast. The characters never take form. A Dickens might do it—but it would take a Dickens at the very least."

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW is lauded by the most captious critics and erudite editors for her collections of short stories, "Picture Frames," "People 'Round The Corner," "Blueberry Pie," for her novel "Show Business," for her sketches in the *New Yorker* and national magazines.

Mrs. Winslow said, "Hollywood is already fiction and not fact at all.

"Hollywood isn't real. It exists partly in the imagination and partly as a stage setting. In the first place, Hollywood is looking at things through a magnifying glass. Everything is exaggerated.

"Take people you've known in New York, and see them in Hollywood. If they've made good, all of their traits of character have become heightened. If they've been slightly show-off before, they've become markedly exhibitionistic. If they were avaricious before, they've become ever greedier. If they had any climbing instincts before, now they've become real climbers. The better traits have become exaggerated, too. Generosity has reached huge proportions. People do un-

STEICHEN

SUMMER'S HERE! LOOK OUT FOR

"Lipstick-parching"

IT STEALS ROMANCE FROM YOUR LIPS

Baking sun and drying winds make it hard enough to keep one's lure in summer.

It's no time to risk Lipstick Parching, too! The delicate, fine skin of your lips needs special care, now. Even more than facial skin, because your lips are so much more sensitive.

Yet some lipsticks take that sensitive skin and dry and parch it. They turn kissable softness to crepe paper harshness!

How Coty Avoids Parching

Coty has really ended Lipstick Parching . . . by producing a new kind of lipstick.

Yes, it's indelible . . . and the colors are thrilling and ardent, *but it never dries or parches!* Even rough lips grow luscious and smooth under its caressing touch.

The secret? Coty's "Sub-Deb" Lipstick contains "Essence of Theobrom," a special ingredient that softens and smooths.

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

If you wish to prove to yourself that Coty Lipstick smooths your lips to loveliness, make this simple experiment. Put on a tiny bit of the lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how soft your lips feel, how soft they look. Could you do the same with any other lipstick?

You can now get Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick—for just 50¢—in five indelible colors at drug and department stores.

NEW—Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge in natural, harmonizing colors, 50¢.

Dance to Ray Noble's music, Wed., 10:30 P.M., New York time. N B C Red Network.

Coty "SUB-DEB" LIPSTICK 50¢

Stop

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Tint It This Safe Way
Look Years Younger

SAFELY, quickly—and at home—you can overcome the handicap of gray, faded or streaked hair. With a small brush and Brownatone, you can impart a rich, natural-appearing shade of blonde, brown or black. Look 10 years younger and retain your youthful charm.

Used and approved for over twenty-three years by American women everywhere. Millions of bottles sold is your assurance of satisfaction. Brownatone is dependable—guaranteed absolutely harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. You'll be happy in using—

BROWNATONE

Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Brownatone imparts a rich, beautiful shade with amazing speed. Simply "touch-up" as new gray hair appears. Easy to apply. Just brush or comb it in. Shades "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

Brownatone is only 50c at drug or toilet counters everywhere—always on a money-back guarantee—or

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Please send me Test bottle of BROWNATONE, and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover, partly, cost of packing and mailing.

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believably fine and lovely deeds. But, again, they are unbelievable.

"The reason Hollywood is hard to transform into the printed word is because there are too few typical stories and writers feel that readers wouldn't be interested in stories that are not typical. There is the Cinderella story, always good, of course, but one gets a little bored with it after the hundredth star has achieved stardom. And the comet story—the girl or man who skyrockets to fame and then down again. And the estranged husband or wife—one made good and the other didn't. Outside of stories of frustration—those who didn't make good—what else is there? There are thousands of estrangements. Thousands of comets. Thousands of success stories.

"HOLLYWOOD is good as a headline for the very real reason that it isn't good in fiction. It is too wonderful, too much headline stuff, too exciting, too colossal.

"It is too active. It is too changing. It reflects America—but its prisms are polished—it reflects it in brilliant colors—every emotion, every event is too colorful, too unbelievable, to capture on paper.

"When we can write in color, in exaggeration, in hyperbole, maybe we'll be able to capture Hollywood. It can be captured, just a little, on the screen, now. When color pictures come in we can capture a little more of it.

"When a new method can be invented, a way of capturing a three-dimensional thing, then there'll be chance of pinning a bit of Hollywood down.

"Until that time comes I'd like to live it, I couldn't write it.

"People live better in Hollywood, have better air, better weather and better food, and usually, better homes than they ever had before. In a word, I like the place and the people. I couldn't pen them."

TIFFANY THAYER, author of "Thirteen Men," "One Woman" and so many modern novels, now a Paramount writer, said to me:

"Hollywood has never been written yet. I want sometime to really write the story of Hollywood but it may be a matter of months, more likely a matter of *years* before I begin. I want, first, to get to the soul of Hollywood. It will probably be the realistic drama of the people in the motion picture business and those people who are trying to get in.

"I am working on a story now called 'Cities' which is not fiction, but in which I am trying to catch the spirit of such cities as Babylon, Athens, Rome, Byzantium, Carthage, Bagdad, Paris, New York and—Hollywood. In this book I am trying to define the qualities of each city—the qualities which made them great. I felt that Hollywood could not be overlooked in this book—as a concluding chapter.

"The real fiction novel of the town, however, I have not even started. I don't feel that I have been here long enough to be sure that I have really got the keynote of Hollywood. Until a writer is here for a very long time that key must elude him. I should say that the element of time is the most important element in the writing of such a book. It would probably have to be a life-work. No one has given a lifetime to it, not yet."

VIRGINIA WEIDLER CUT-OUT CONTEST

Wouldn't you like to win one of the keen prizes listed below? All you have to do is put the above cut-out puzzle together and send us a short letter telling us which was the best picture you have seen recently, and why you liked it. Simple, isn't it? Sorry, but no puzzles can be returned.

First prize $10.00, second $5.00, and 10 third prizes of $1.00 each. For the next 20 best cut-outs we shall give each child a picture of Virginia Weidler. And as special awards, one lucky child will win one of Virginia's very own trains, and another lucky child will win one of Baby Leroy's toys. Address your cut-out:

MOVIE MIRROR, JUNIOR 7751 Sunset Boulevard Hollywood, California

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 39*)

Stanley Fields, Arthur Treacher, Jack LaRue, Madge Bellamy.

It's About: *The newspaper game and how two romantic reporters on rival sheets allow business to interfere with their pleasure and love.*

An unusual picture, for about three-quarters of the distance, then it pulls up into a mere programmer.

All about a femme reporter (Mae Clarke) and her reporter boy-friend (James Dunn) who work on rival newspapers. Jimmie leaves Mae at the church, ready for their wedding, while he runs off on a scoop on the gangster graft in the city. No sooner has he located the yarn, however, than Mae's paper sends her out to get the story.

During the first half of the picture, reporters are allowed to sit in absolute boredom, talking about politics, while a huge fire or a murder investigation is going on within their hearing. Toward the middle of the film the idea changes, and near the end of the picture the reporters are behaving true to movie life, scooping each other and whatnot. Jimmie Dunn and Mae Clarke are both okay in their rôles. Warren Hymer and Sidney Toler are fine.

Your reviewer says: Strictly a program picture with enough action and romance.

✓✓G Men (Warners)

You'll See: *James Cagney, Margaret Lindsay, Ann Dvorak, Robert Armstrong, Barton MacLane, Regis Toomey, William Harrigan.*

It's About: *How the Federal Boys really work when they start after Public Enemy No. 1.*

Plenty of fast action, plus the use of nationally known "G" man vs. gangster material, makes this one of the whirlwind pace pictures of the year! The Kansas City railroad station break for freedom staged by gangster pals in which several government men were killed and the headline story of the gangster hiding out in the Wisconsin woods come into this story.

The movie-plot that threads all of these incidents together is not anything new: Jimmie Cagney as a young lawyer who joins the "G" men to avenge the death of a pal, only to be trained by a very tough guy (Bob Armstrong) who, oddly enough, has a beautiful sister!

Cagney and Armstrong, as the two tough guys that wind up saving each other from death (Jimmie also saves his sister, Margaret Lindsay) are both up to a top pár. Ann Dvorak, as the cabaret dancer who marries a mobster, gives a sincere and convincing performance that should help her a lot. The boys in the mob, Barton MacLane, Lloyd Nolan, William Harrigan, Russell Hopton and the rest are good.

Your reviewer says: Action fans and headline readers see this. The glorification of the "G" men is swell.

✓Doubting Thomas (Fox)

You'll See: *Will Rogers, Billie Burke, Alison Skipworth, Sterling Holloway, Gail Patrick, Frank Albertson and others.*

It's About: *The sausage manufacturer whose wife wants to go on the stage, and*

What's the matter with Me and Men?

"HERE I sit alone, evening after evening, reading or listening to the radio. What's the matter with me? Why don't men take me out? I'm not so hard to look at — and I love a good time!"

Poor girl! How surprised and chagrined she would be if she knew why she is left at home alone.

You can't blame people for avoiding the girl or woman who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. It's too unpleasant to tolerate in anyone, no matter how attractive she may otherwise be.

There's really no excuse for it when Mum makes it so easy to keep the underarms fresh, free from every trace of odor.

Just half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Then you're safe for the whole day.

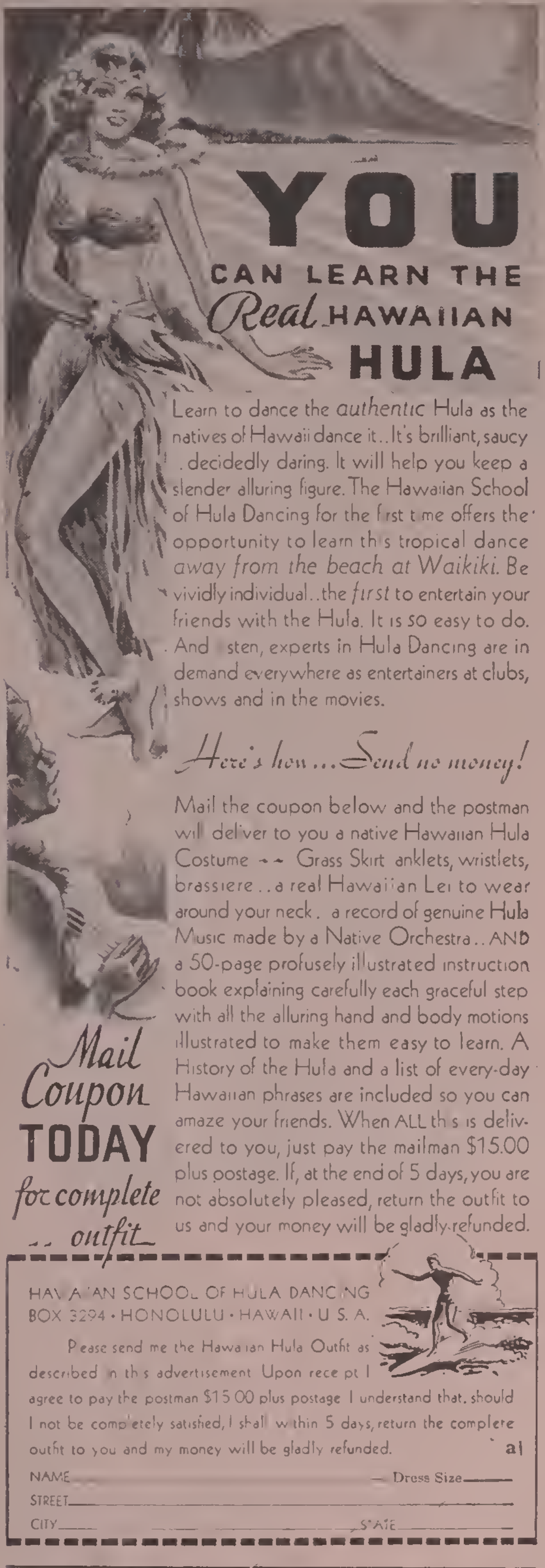
Use it any time — *after* dressing, as well as before. It's harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Depend upon Mum to prevent all unpleasant perspiration odor, without preventing perspiration itself. Then no one will ever have *this* reason to avoid you! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., N.Y.

ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO. Guard against this source of unpleasantness with Mum. No more doubt and worry when you use Mum!

MUM **takes the odor out of perspiration**

NRA



Learn to dance the *authentic* Hula as the natives of Hawaii dance it..It's brilliant, saucy ..decidedly daring. It will help you keep a slender alluring figure. The Hawaiian School of Hula Dancing for the first time offers the opportunity to learn this tropical dance *away from the beach at Waikiki*. Be vividly individual..the *first* to entertain your friends with the Hula. It is so easy to do. And listen, experts in Hula Dancing are in demand everywhere as entertainers at clubs, shows and in the movies.

Here's how ... Send no money!

Mail the coupon below and the postman will deliver to you a native Hawaiian Hula Costume -- Grass Skirt, anklets, wristlets, brassiere..a real Hawaiian Lei to wear around your neck.. a record of genuine Hula Music made by a Native Orchestra..AND a 50-page profusely illustrated instruction book explaining carefully each graceful step with all the alluring hand and body motions illustrated to make them easy to learn. A History of the Hula and a list of every-day Hawaiian phrases are included so you can amaze your friends. When ALL this is delivered to you, just pay the mailman $15.00 plus postage. If, at the end of 5 days, you are not absolutely pleased, return the outfit to us and your money will be gladly refunded.

Mail Coupon **TODAY** *for complete .. outfit*

HAWAIIAN SCHOOL OF HULA DANCING
BOX 3294 • HONOLULU • HAWAII • U. S. A.

Please send me the Hawaiian Hula Outfit as described in this advertisement. Upon receipt I agree to pay the postman $15.00 plus postage. I understand that, should I not be completely satisfied, I shall within 5 days, return the complete outfit to you and my money will be gladly refunded. al

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STREET________
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Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your own room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and smooth, the complexion fresh and clear. 50¢ *A Jar*

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Mail this Coupon to Box 201
THE STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Illinois
and receive a FREE Booklet about Freckles.

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Address________

just how he succeeds in dissuading her.

Despite the fact that this is not up to the highest Will Rogers standard, it will please most of his fans.

Will is a sausage manufacturer whose wife is crazy to go on the stage. While Will is looking the other way, wife Billie Burke gets the lead in an amateur play. Will thereupon hires a washroom attendant to act as a Hollywood producer who takes screen tests of the group, making one of Will at the same time. The so-called producer then reports that all the other actors are lousy but he would like to hire Will for an immediate Hollywood picture. Of course, Will allows his wife to talk him out of the idea but he gains her promise in return.

Will has little to do in this film, playing a stooge for the rest of the cast most of the time. Billie Burke, as the typical flighty wife, is good as usual and the rest of the cast, particularly Alison Skipworth as the small-time theater owner, is adequate.

Your reviewer says: Not a "Judge Priest" by a long ways, but you may like it.

Chasing Yesterday (RKO)

You'll See: *Anne Shirley, O. P. Heggie, Helen Westley, Elizabeth Patterson, John Qualen, Trent Durkin, Doris Lloyd.*

It's About: *A chance to go back through the years with an old man while he does some fancy Yesterday Chasing.*

This is one of those pictures that keeps you hoping that something is going to happen soon, but nothing ever does.

O. P. Heggie, a fine actor really, is called upon to portray an old book-worm who shortly after meeting Anne Shirley finds out that she is the daughter of his former sweetheart.

Mostly, it is dull and uninteresting to the point of boredom. The cast is composed of actors and actresses who can do much better.

Your reviewer says: Skip it.

✓Goin' To Town (Paramount)

You'll See: *Mae West, Paul Cavanagh, Ivan Lebedeff, Tito Coral, Marjorie Gateson, Fred Kohler, Sr., Monroe Owsley, Grant Withers, Bert Roach.*

It's About: *Mae West "On a Ranch," Mae West "In South America" and Mae West "In Society."*

At last it's here, we mean that new Mae West picture most of us have been waiting for, but it's not as good as it might have been. Too many different stories and not enough of any of them, is the main trouble.

All about a lowdown type of gal who starts out by owning a dancehall-saloon in the far west. She agrees to marry a "bad man" if he will sign over all his property to her. He does, but before they can reach the preacher, he is killed. Mae gets the land and then oil is discovered and she falls for the oil engineer who leaves for South America. Mae follows him there (a new story) and meets most of his high powered friends; thus when they all troop back to Southampton for the season, Mae decides to go along and try to crash society (another story) and all ends well.

Mae has written herself some lines for this one that threatened to burn the film. Paul Cavanagh as the hero was adequate but not too stirring.

Your reviewer says: May please rabid West fans, but it isn't up to par.

✓✓The Informer (RKO)

You'll See: *Victor McLaglen, Heather Angel, Preston Foster, Margot Grahame, Wallace Ford, others.*

It's About: *A huge man with a tiny mind who takes part in the Irish revolution and what happens when he informs on his "brain."*

One of the truly artistic triumphs to come out of Hollywood in months! Compelling in its realism and unwavering from the necessary heaviness of its tone, this picture should be listed among the few greatest films ever produced! Exceptional performances, marvelous photography and fine direction by John Ford combine to attain an all-too-seldom-reached perfection.

The theme of the picture is definitely of masculine appeal; women may not like it at all, despite its excellence artistically. The drama is dealt with a heavy hand and never once is the hand raised in deference to popular appeal for lightness. The story is laid during the Irish Rebellion. Victor McLaglen is a huge man whose mind fails to measure to his body; Wallace Ford, another revolutionist, has the brain but no body. They make a team. When McLaglen hears of a reward of twenty pounds offered for information concerning Ford, he turns informer, not so much for himself, but more to aid his sweetheart, Margot Grahame, a street walker.

The characterization of the rôle of *Gypo Nolan* should place Victor McLaglen in line for the Academy Award. His performance was superbly artistic and certainly rates as his best. In a small rôle Margot Grahame makes herself felt and assures her own future. Preston Foster and Wallace Ford are fine. The whole cast is exceptional.

Your reviewer says: A man's picture, one of the truly fine pictures of the year.

Village Tale (RKO)

You'll See: *Randolph Scott, Kay Johnson, Arthur Hohl, Robert Barrat, Janet Beecher, Edward Ellis, Dorothy Burgess, Guinn Williams, Andy Clyde.*

It's About: *A feud between the rich and poor families of a small town, for no apparent reason.*

Hollywood hasn't succeeded in turning out quite such a dull and sordid piece of so-called entertainment for some moons.

The underlying theme, a feud between the rich and poor of a small town, is potentially a very strong one; when deleted of its motivation, however, it finishes a tired last in the entertainment race.

Randolph Scott struggles with his part, teeth clinched the while, but nothing really comes of it. Kay Johnson appears to have given up. What honors there are belong to Edward Ellis for his comedy and Guinn Williams for his characterization. Dorothy Burgess did a fine job with her rôle of the small-town gal who finds vamping easy.

Your reviewer says: Skip it; pass it up, and otherwise stay home.

Call of the Wild (Century)

You'll See: *Clark Gable, Loretta Young, Jack Oakie, Reginald Owen, Frank Conroy, Katherine DeMille, Sidney Toler and Herman Bing.*

It's About: *A man, a girl and a dog in the frozen gold fields of the Yukon in the year 1900.*

Action and romance in the flaming days of the Gold Rush to the Yukon in 1900. Dance halls, miners, fighting and color are there. The original story by Jack London, however, has been tampered with, to the detriment of the finished picture, and the performances of the cast are not up to their usual par.

Jack Oakie, as Clark's pal, has the chance of his life to be funny and he takes it with every foot of film. Reginald Owen as the heavy is exceptional and "Buck," the famous dog in the story, makes the human actors fight for every sparkle of applause. The big dog, in fact, is the hit of the piece. Clark Gable acts as though he weren't quite in sympathy with his rôle, and his work isn't much more than adequate. Loretta Young lacks the animation to convince the audience that she is actually in the North Country, and her curled bangs and beaded eyelashes are a bit too perfect. The director should never have allowed Oakie to sing "Ain't Goin' to Rain No More" and Gable to say "Skip it" in this 1900 atmosphere; it jarred us a bit.

Your reviewer says: Don't expect too much and you'll like it.

✓✓Oil for the Lamps of China (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Pat O'Brien, Josephine Hutchinson, Jean Muir, Lyle Talbot, Arthur Byron, John Eldredge, Donald Crisp and Ronnie Crosby*

It's About: *A young man with ideals, a great love for the company for which he works, and a wife who loves him above everything.*

Alice Tisdale Hobart's beautiful story comes to us on the screen in a series of fast-moving etchings that hold the interest throughout.

Pat O'Brien's overpowering love for th
oil company for which he works, takes h
to far-off China, to bring "Oil for
Lamps of China." China at its
he suffers gladly, feeling that he'll
to something in the company. T
pany frowns upon their men tak
wives to the oil districts, but whe
ine Hutchinson decides to cast he
O'Brien's, he brings her back wi

O'Brien puts nothing above
to the company, and the devotic
the life of his son and estran
his best friend. His wife, kn
alty to the company, realize
be happy only if working fo
he gets an unfair deal she i
out his knowledge, so that
motion for which he has w

Pat O'Brien is convinci
istic he-man and Josephir
love for him throughout i
bright spots in the pictur
few times that Tetsu Kor
appears. I defy you to
when his ridiculously r
ecstatic!

Your reviewer says
moving tale.

A Little Mistake
THAT WILL AGE YOU 10 YEARS

IT MAY

Did
fa

DON'T NURSE A Corn!

Remove it . . . end pain this safe, sure way

● Don't suffer burning corns a minute longer. Apply Blue-Jay corn plasters at once. Instantly pain stops. You walk, work, dance in comfort. In 3 days

lifts right out

Just Off Hollywood Boulevard

(*Continued from page 33*)

had kept at it so long. She raised her tired, middle-aged eyes, straightened her worn house dress and said:

"'Tain't right."

I tried to show her how much money she had lost by not selling *Records* or *Examiners*, but she only said:

"'Tain't right!"

Then I pointed out the sad fact that the café had acquired a whole new set of waiters and were doing a land-office business. Mrs. Spivorri merely said:

"'Tain't right!!"

Five or six months, now, she's been standing there night and day, yelling her headlines without ever selling a thing. When I left Mrs. Spivorri, I was tempted to turn and say: "'Tain't right!" But I didn't.

SLICKEM, to most natives of Hollywood, is merely the bootblack at M-G-M Studio. During the daytime, his black face and toothy smile are a fixture of the studio.

Oscar, a little smaller and a bit more dapper than Slickem, has a similar stand over at Paramount. All the stars speak to them as they pass and most of them buy a bar of candy or have their shoes polished.

But if you inquire around the local Darktown, you find that Slickem and

re not only bootblacks but actors'

party-throwers as well. Friend-

If Oscar throws a party this

rows a bigger party next

one another to get

ined up for their

er on their lot

s but to call

ot is over-

any pic-

passed

-at-

e

"flesh-peddling," both boys can sport the fanciest checkered suits on Central Avenue. Canes and spats are nothing new to them. Silk hats and tails are part of their wardrobes.

A few weeks ago, Slickem gave a huge party for a famous visiting colored entertainer. It was big stuff and Central Avenue wondered how Oscar could ever top it. Oscar gave it much thought and finally came forth with an idea: Not only to top Slickem, but make a few dollars for himself. He rented the biggest colored cabaret for the following Saturday night and sent out invitations to Oscar's Hollywood Party, admission fifty cents a person. He promised to show 'em stars, thus dark hundreds paid on the line.

At ten o'clock, by a prearranged signal, a huge town car drew up to the entrance of the brightly lighted night club. As the colored contingent of Central Avenue stood with mouths at half-mast, Mae West (escorted by a grinning Oscar in full-dress and cane) walked to the center of the dance floor, sang a song, waved to the customers and departed.

Oscar had won! Later he wired his thanks to Mae West and smiled into a very rosy dawn as he pocketed the heavy receipts. When last seen, Slickem was "a-thinkin' hard."

AND Mr. Henry East has been giving his recent run of luck quite a bit of thought, too. Henry is an average man. Just average. His hair isn't light, but it isn't dark. He isn't very tall, but you couldn't call him short. He wears inconspicuous clothes and an equally inconspicuous number of years on his back at the same time.

But Mr. Henry East is coining money with Whitey.

Whitey is Henry's trick cat, the only cat in Hollywood with a movie contract. Henry bought Whitey, when he was a six-week-old kitten, for ten cents, and hen spent his entire capital ($175) train-

g him for picture work. "Whitey's"

ore opening. Ern

kel and Perc.

most recent productions are "Alice in Wonderland" and "Finishing School," and now he has just completed a flock of memorized meows for "Chasing Yesterday," in which, I am told, he is superb.

Today a boy delivered a letter to Henry. It turned out to be Whitey's first fan mail, asking for one of the cat's whiskers. And now Henry is worried sick.

For Whitey was so impressed, he passed up his noontime milk!

AFTER I left Henry, I looked in on Martha. Martha just missed being movie-star timber, so she gave up trying long ago in favor being a film inspector. As I opened the door to her little dark projection room, the outside light gave her copper-colored hair a beautiful sheen and her over-the-shoulder smile an added whiteness.

Martha sees more pictures than anyone in Hollywood. In fact, she has to see the same picture at least fifty times! Now she was looking at a print of "Reckless." She said it was her third "Reckless" so far that day. She looks only for photographic flaws and finds but one per cent defective.

Later that day, I was seated in a theater seeing the same picture as a movie critic. Suddenly I realized who was seated in front of me. I tapped Martha on the shoulder and said, "Don't you *ever* get tired? After fifty showings of 'Reckless' I should think you'd never want to see it again." Martha smiled and whispered:

"I wanted to find out what Bill Powell said to Jean Harlow in that scene where she's in the swing and he's talking to her while she goes to sleep. It worried me."

Came the light! There is no sound with the pictures Martha sees. No dialogue! So even after a hundred showings, her feminine curiosity drives her to ask, "But what were they *saying?*"

AFTER seeing beautiful Martha, it was quite a shock to run into "Hollywood's Homeliest Woman."

We've called her "Hollywood's Homeliest Woman" for so long that not one of us can remember her real name. Maybe you can recall her: A rather tall, heavy-set woman who played the wife in so many comedies in the old silent-picture days. She would arrive on the scene (umbrella in hand) just as her comic husband had met a gorgeous blonde for whom he was about to buy supper.

Possibly you, too, have wondered why you haven't seen her on the screen for over five years. To make it even more difficult to understand, she is *still* the homeliest woman in Hollywood and wears, as usual, the dowdiest clothes and the most startling hats on the Boulevard. Don't they need homely women any more?

I asked the question of one of the studio boys and he gave me the answer: "Yes, they still need homely women for pictures and she is still the homeliest woman in Hollywood. But she can't get work in talking pictures because—" And then he gave me one of the oddest and most ironical side-lights I've ever discovered about this town called Hollywood:

"She can't get work as a homely woman any more because—*she has one of the loveliest speaking voices you've ever heard!*"

YOU'RE TWICE AS PRETTY SINCE YOU GAINED 10 POUNDS
Posed by professional models

No need now to be SKINNY

When This Special Quick Way Puts On 10 to 15 lbs. *Fast*

EVEN if you never could gain an ounce, remember thousands have gained 5 to 15 pounds of attractive flesh this new, easy way—*in just a few weeks!*

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in pleasant little tablets, you can get far greater tonic results—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm flesh, lovely enticing curves—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, glorious new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is now concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This super-rich, health-building yeast is ironized with 3 special kinds of strengthening iron.

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No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with results of very first package, your money back instantly.

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To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by an authority. Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 227, Atlanta, Ga.

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Po-Go Rouge PARIS-FRANCE

60c

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Movies in the White House

(*Continued from page* 37)

The screenings at the White House are just as informal as if they were private pictures shown at your house or mine. Only the President has the jump on us! For the local film exchanges pelt him with previews of the newest, latest pictures. He sees them weeks before we do.

Whenever he has a free evening, the President sees a picture. Sometimes he may see three or four pictures a week; at other times when he has other engagements he may not be able to see any pictures for a week or two. Still, he sees more pictures than any other President ever saw, five times as many as Hoover saw, four times as many as Calvin Coolidge, the greatest White House movie fan before him.

WHEN it's movie time at the White House, the President is joined by those guests who happen to be in the mansion at the time and who care to attend, also any of the secretaries who want to see the picture—Steve or Mary or Louis or Missy—Stephen Early, Marvin H. McIntyre, Louis Howe, and Marguerite LeHand, to you. The President never calls them by anything but their first names or nicknames. They can attend the screenings whenever they want, but you can bet your last dollar that not one of them would dare mention official business when a picture's going to be shown.

Once when Mr. Roosevelt was Governor of New York (even then he was a movie fan and had his own private projection room at Albany for himself and his guests and his servants), someone said to him, just before a screening, "Governor Roosevelt, have you decided what you are going to do about so—and—so?"

Mr. Roosevelt scowled for a moment, then said, "Yes, of course I have, but we're not going to consider that now. We're not going to consider anything now but the picture that's going to be shown."

And that's the attitude he takes to this day. He sits there, completely absorbed in the picture. The other guests make themselves comfortable, smoking when they feel like it.

There's none of that supercilious attitude about the President that some people have toward movies.

Mr. Roosevelt is smiling almost before the picture begins. Far more entertaining than the picture are the President's reactions. He seems to live with the chief character in the picture. When a tense moment approaches his face is tensely set, his forehead wrinkles, the lines about his eyes become prominent. When the hero's no longer in trouble, Mr. Roosevelt looks relieved, and the lines across his forehead smooth out. At comedies he laughs easily, loudly, eagerly.

Mrs. Roosevelt is a far tougher audience than the President, for while she's a movie fan, too, she doesn't react quite so enthusiastically. She doesn't see as many films as the President does, because during movie time at the White House, she busies herself with her voluminous correspondence, which is more than any former mistress of the White House has ever had. But don't get the idea that she doesn't like pictures. She does, and whenever she has any free time, she attends the White House showings. "Little Women" was one of the pictures she saw and enjoyed.

But here's the most amazing fact about the influence of pictures on the Roosevelts. It was, I think, a picture that changed the whole course of the President's career. You think that's crazy, far-fetched? Listen! Earle Looker tells about it in "This Man Roosevelt."

As everyone knows, Mr. Roosevelt was stricken with infantile paralysis in 1921. Up to that time he had been one of the most promising political figures in the United States. Louis Howe, his friend, had even dared hope that some day he

Mort and Perc Westmore opened their new beauty shop with a tea. Hyman Fink snapped Mort, Margaret Lindsay, Ann Dvorak, Perc and Leslie Fenton.

might become President. Now, when Mr. Howe saw Mr. Roosevelt, he walked away with his face as ashen gray as were his hopes. And Mr. Roosevelt? After all, magnificent though his courage was, he was only human. At first despair did overtake him. Then he rallied. He decided to fight against the disease that had attacked him. Slowly he won back his strength, and handicapped though he was, became Governor of New York.

Gaining new hope as they saw him succeed as Governor, his friends began to believe that this man might some day become President of the United States. But his heart chilled at the thought. What, take over greater responsibilities, bear a greater burden when he found the load he was already bearing so heavy? He shrank from the idea.

Movies at the Executive Mansion helped to ease his burden, helped him to forget his problems for a little while.

One day he saw "Outward Bound," with Leslie Howard. "Outward Bound" is, you know, the story of a group of men and women who find themselves thrown together on a boat. They discover that there is something strange about the boat, and soon they learn what it is. Every man and woman on that ship has died and they are all sailing into an unknown world. On the way they learn that they will be questioned by a celestial Examiner, who will inquire into their motives and find out what use they have made of their lives.

As the picture ended, Mr. Roosevelt sighed audibly. Then he turned to Earle Looker and said, "After seeing that would you wish to diminish your responsibilities or to increase them? Would you, for an hour at least, try to assemble all your motives for review? Might you be able to decide whether or not unwillingness to accept greater responsibilities is cowardice, of which you will later be charged by an 'Examiner?'"

Evidently the picture helped him to make up his mind, for from that day on he faced greater and greater responsibilities, forging his way ahead as if he had never known what obstacles meant. He seemed to cast aside all doubts and fears, and accepted the nomination for the Presidency of the United States.

And in the White House, too, he has drawn new inspiration, new courage from movies. For instance, twice he saw "Gabriel Over the White House," that amazing picture of what a courageous and forthright President could do for his country. Twice, too, he saw "The Fighting President," a collection of newsreels based on his own career.

When his burdens have been hardest to bear, when they have been almost overwhelming, he has gone to see pictures and has come out refreshed. During the banking holiday in March, 1933, he saw six pictures. During the two months when he was organizing the NRA he saw seventeen. Altogether he has seen about one-third of the major features produced in the United States, according to figures given in *Variety*.

So the next time you're watching Jean Harlow go through her capers or George Arliss emoting, you might stop and think that the same picture that is thrilling you has also brought hours of enchantment, of peace to Public Citizen No. 1.

See how Bobby's gained... how husky he's become —

since drinking milk this delicious new way

Bobby's mother is proud as punch—he's such a strong, sturdy youngster now. Yet how she worried a few months ago. It seemed as though she would *never* get him to fill out.

One day the school nurse said to Bobby's mother: "Every child needs a quart of milk a day for sturdy development. But often youngsters dislike milk. Then I recommend Cocomalt. It makes milk delicious and adds 5 food essentials that help to improve nutrition."

Bobby's mother began to give him Cocomalt in milk every day. And within two short months he had gained ten pounds.

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Cocomalt is sold at grocery, drug and department stores in ½-lb. and 1-lb. air-tight cans. Also in the economical 5-lb. hospital size. Delicious HOT or COLD. Easy to serve.

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Cocomalt is prepared by an exclusive process under scientific control and it is composed of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D. (Irradiated ergosterol.)

"I Couldn't Sit, Couldn't Stand, *Couldn't even Lie Down!*

WHAT a terrible affliction, Piles! What they do to pull you down physically and mentally! The worst part of it is that Piles are such an embarrassing subject, that many people hesitate to seek relief. Yet there's nothing more serious than Piles, for they can develop into something malignant.

There is no more satisfactory treatment of Piles than Pazo Ointment. Pazo supplies the needed effects. First, it is *soothing*, which relieves pain, soreness and itching. Second, it is *lubricating*, which makes passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

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Please send me full information on Siroil—the new treatment of psoriasis.
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Address
City State

Ruby Keeler Meets Sorrow

(*Continued from page 23*)

Anna May's childish fancy. Ruby, understanding the desperate yearning, stood proudly ready to help her younger sister through all the hardships and difficulties of getting a start.

Then Anna May, nearly old enough to begin serious theatrical training, became sick. All her hopes disappeared in the long months that followed. Though she had not heard the doctor's report, she feared with the intuition of a child that she might never reach her goal.

And Ruby, her own battle to become a star still fresh in her mind, suffered more keenly than Anna May, aware of the suffering that would be her sister's unless good health returned.

Thus the sisters, one courageous in her determination to overcome every obstacle, the other understanding that determination and wanting nothing more than to bring brief interludes of sunshine into the shadow of sickness, became closer even than blood ties can bind two people.

WHEN Anna May's illness first began Ruby was gaining on Broadway the first recognition which one day would send her to California and her first meeting with Al, and later would star her in Ziegfeld's lavish shows. Money which had been so scarce in the Keeler family was no longer a problem. Ruby's income, larger every month, soon enabled her to afford the doctors that Anna May needed.

The finest specialists were called in. Patiently Ruby waited for their lengthy examinations. At last they were ready with advice:

"She should be taken to a warmer climate, preferably Florida."

Anna May must go South. No delay. No arguing. Ruby made her plans, packed her bags, hustled her mother into traveling clothes. She told Anna May the good news. And as a last precaution she persuaded one of the doctors in the case to come with them, that he might keep daily watch over Anna May.

Ruby, though, must keep on working. There must never be a time when there was no money to buy everything Anna May might need. Ruby found a job the first week they arrived in Florida. It was fun, dancing like this, when she knew that it was earning money to bring Anna May back to New York a normal, healthy girl.

At first the patient did not respond to the change in climate. But slowly, then more speedily, she began to mend. Not many months later the doctor decided that she was strong and well enough to return home. It would be so good to be back in New York. This was their longest separation from the rest of the family. Mrs. Keeler was anxious for Bill and Helen and Gertrude and Margie. And she hoped that New York's damp weather would not bother Anna May now. Surely next winter, she would be a different girl, impervious to sleet and snow. So gaily they left Florida.

But the recovery, which had seemed certain, began to lag. Yet Ruby continued optimistic, sure that it was only a temporary setback, that in the end her belief would win out. Short years slipped by. Ruby had met Al and married him. She had starred in a Broadway show. She signed her first movie contract.

Again the doctors recommended Florida for Anna May. But this winter Ruby was going to Hollywood. She was going to be a motion picture actress and act in "42nd Street." Couldn't Anna May go just as well to California? So it was decided. Anna May would go with Ruby. Mrs. Keeler, too.

So the same loyal three once more left New York, bound this time for Hollywood. Perhaps this new excitement—the thrill of Ruby's struggle for film fame—would be just the thing Anna May needed. Ruby was sure when they arrived. Anna May was better from the first day in California.

She was grown up by now, a girl in her teens, with the same sparkling blue eyes, the same infectious smile that has carried Ruby into the hearts of a million movie goers. And she was happy, happier than she had ever been.

Ruby had made her a secretary. Her job was to handle all the requests fans made for pictures. Every day she sat outside at a table, mailing photographs, answering letters from people all over the country. It was work she loved.

Then there was this operation ahead which was to do so much for her. Never before had she been strong enough to risk it, but the doctors thought it would be safe now, after her long days in the healing rays of the hot sunshine.

The operation, when it was performed, was pronounced a success. Even Ruby, watching over her every hour of the day, could see the stronger color in Anna May's thin cheeks. Perhaps—and why shouldn't it be?—Anna May would some day dance, would some day feel the spotlight on her as she whirled on the stage!

BUT she mustn't go too fast. First she must convalesce from the operation. Then Ruby could tell her of all the plans she had been making, plans she didn't quite dare tell just yet, though she yearned to with all her heart. She couldn't afford to raise hopes that might all too easily be dashed to pieces.

The spring and summer passed. Anna May grew tan. It was hard to tell that she was a patient who must rest, must never grow too excited. Sometimes even Ruby forgot how sick she had been.

When Warner Brothers this last winter announced that Ruby and Al were to make a picture together, Ruby realized her happiest moment. What more could she ask than this chance to co-star with her husband, while close at hand Anna May was improving so steadily?

And, as though Fate were carefully building up the last tragic act as work on the picture neared completion, Al was offered a contract for another radio program, an hour show, in which he was to star. After a hasty conference with Ruby, he accepted. No time to wait for Ruby to wind up her affairs in Hollywood. Rehearsals in New York were waiting. So he left Ruby with a light heart. Soon she would join him. By that time Anna May could come, too.

Ruby went back to the house which seemed so empty with Al gone, with only Anna May to talk to. And without warning, Anna May became desperately ill. Each day she grew worse. Frantically Ruby tried to check the ravages of disease. But it was no longer a question of medicine. While Ruby prayed at the bedside, the end came.

What was she to do? How could she go ahead? Anna May was dead. She had lost Anna May. But in the end she went back to the studio. Heartbreak, tragic though it may be, can never interfere in the life of a performer. Not until the last dragging day of work did Ruby get ready to leave, her only comfort during the period of despair, her nightly talks on long distance with Al and her family.

AND having heard this story of two sisters, how Ruby spent all the time and money and devotion she was capable of to save Anna May from the terrible affliction of sickness, how she took the patient to Florida, hired the finest specialists in New York, kept her in California for two years, only in the end to lose her battle—you can know what it meant to Ruby Keeler to meet sorrow. A girl who had everything—career, money, happy marriage! And yet—!

Out of this shadow of heartbreaking death comes one bright ray of happiness for Ruby. The Jolsons, if their present plans are fulfilled, will soon have a baby—an adopted child from a famous Chicago orphanage—a baby that will some day take the place of Anna May. She will be someone new to plan for, live for, someone on whom Ruby can lavish all the mother affection she once showered on her youngest sister.

The Garbo You've Never Read About

Blekingegatan 32, Stockholm! What does it mean to you? That is where the Swedish star lived from infancy until the day she left for Hollywood with Mauritz Stiller. That is where her personality was formed. Never before has so authentic and revealing a picture of Greta's girlhood been published as the one painted for you by Elizabeth Malcolm, who shared Miss Gustafsson's early days. You'll find incidents never before published, as well as marvelous pictures, in this feature, which appears in MOVIE MIRROR for August. On sale June 26.

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Here's a Quick Way to Put on 10 to 15 lbs. of Good Solid Flesh and Feel Like a Million Dollars!

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3. More Phosphorus than 1½ lbs. of carrots.
4. More Sulphur than 2 lbs. of tomatoes.
5. More Sodium than 3 lbs. of turnips.
6. More Potassium than 6 lbs. of beans.
7. More Magnesium than 1 lb. of celery.

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IN ROMANTIC COMPLEXIONS

By Lillian Loy

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She Was a West Point Wall Flower

(Continued from page 47)

hair; it was yards long, thick as a mop, and there was so much of it that it was almost impossible to dress it!

"Mr. Robertson took one look at me and sighed, but there was nothing he could do about it. They had to start shooting the studio scenes that afternoon. We didn't have time to buy new clothes, so I did my first scenes in a year-old outfit, with my hair streaming around my shoulders. While we worked in New York those next two days, Mother had to buy clothes for me, without my even trying them on. As the picture progressed, they decided that I must put up my hair, so it was piled on top of my head in great masses which gave me the most horrible top-heavy look.

"And then the moment arrived to go to West Point where the remaining scenes of the picture were to be made. West Point! What a thrilling sound the very name had! I had never visited a men's college. I had never seen a West Pointer, except in pictures. I was all in a dither! Rumors had already reached us that the cadets could hardly wait to get a look at me, and that they were thrilled to death with the thought of meeting and knowing a real motion picture actress! There was to be one of the biggest dances of the season the night of the day we were to arrive, and I was to be escorted by the most popular, the handsomest, the highest ranking cadet at West Point!

WELL, we got there, and I was deliriously happy, until I began to get dressed, in my first real evening frock! Then, suddenly, I grew panicky! Good heavens, I had never been to such a party before! How was I to act? What was I to say? What *was* I to talk about? Here were several hundred young men who were dying to meet me—how was I ever to live up to their expectations? I could dance a little, but I couldn't be sure of this talent. Maybe they danced differently at this place! When I finally ran to Mrs. Robertson with my fears, she laughed at me. 'Nonsense!' she said. 'You're a movie star, aren't you? And you're pretty! So why worry about anything?'

"That was it. I was a movie star. I consoled myself with the thought. Maybe they'd just be thrilled to dance with me because I was what I was.

"And then my escort arrived. I came down the stairs. We were introduced. I could hardly force my eyes to look at his face. All I saw was that immaculate uniform with its shining buttons, and the formal white gloves. We shook hands, and I felt my knees sag under me. I said, 'How do you do,' and he said 'How do you do,' and then—well, then *nothing* happened! And the most awful moment in the world is that endless moment when nothing happens!

"I don't know how we got over to the hall where the dance was being held. I only know that it was in perfect silence and that I was filled with misgivings.

"I danced with one handsome cadet after another. At first, they started out gayly, confidently, trying to urge me into con-

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versation. But all I could say was 'yes' or 'no.' I was completely tongue-tied. Before the end of the third dance, I knew that I was a perfect 'bust,' and that the word had gotten around. The boys didn't even try to talk to me after that. The applauding for encores was noticeably weak on the part of my partners. Oh, it was horrible! I have never suffered so in my life as I did that evening.

"At last the long evening was over. I cried the rest of the night, and in the morning my eyes were so red and swollen that I couldn't work at all. For the remaining two weeks that we were at West Point I avoided the very sight of a West Pointer, and would walk a mile to evade one.

I HAD only one remaining hope—that when the picture was shown at West Point I would appear as the most ravishing, enticing, sweet creature in the world. But that hope was smashed, too. I was horrible in the picture. That awful mass of hair piled up on top of my head was a 'clowning glory.' I looked out of date in the clothes I wore during the first part of the picture and ill at ease in the new ones I wore later! I was, in plain words, a mess!

"So today when the press refers to me as 'the college boys ideal' I have to laugh. It's fortunate that I *can* laugh, that I've out-lived the horrors of my first party. But I often wonder what the West Pointers that I met during that memorable evening think about it now. When they see me on the screen I wonder if they point me out to their friends and say, 'Her looks are deceiving. She may look attractive enough on the screen, but you should know her! A perfect nit-wit. I danced with her once—I *know!*'"

Though she didn't know it at the time, that night marked a turning point in Madge's life. It wasn't entirely the first date but a combination of that, her first adult rôle, and her debut into life.

The reactions of those West Point boys to her dowdiness made Madge resolve to become a smartly groomed young woman. The sight of herself on the screen showed her how badly she moved. She herself was shrewd enough to realize her defects of voice and makeup. If she hadn't been a courageous and intelligent young girl, she might have gone down under all the criticism she handed herself, all the faults she observed in herself. But Madge is singularly intelligent and courageous. Everything in her subsequent life has proved that.

She began her self-improvement course immediately. She studied fashions with the devotion of a true worshiper. She tried her hair in dozens of ways—she still does, for that matter—always seeking the most becoming. She studied with diction and singing teachers in the East and when she finally got a leading rôle on Broadway in "Daisy Mayme" she was a finished, poised, beautiful young thing, so beautiful that Hollywood immediately signed her up.

Today she has sparkling blue eyes, a vivacious, responsive face, and an eager, interesting way of talking. She's loads of fun, but she's thoughtful, too, and weighs things intelligently. She doesn't believe that an actress' life should really belong to the public but she's awfully afraid that it does. And it frightens her a bit.

"Not that I have anything to hide," she hastens to explain, "but I am constantly being embarrassed by rumors that get into the papers. You see, having friends out here is the most difficult thing of all, especially men friends, because friendships are so likely to be misconstrued. Recently I was working in a picture with a certain young man whom I like very much. He is interested in another girl on another lot. Everybody knows it, just as everyone knows that my best beau is Tom Gallery. Yet when this man and I had luncheon together several times in the M-G-M Commissary, heads began to nod and tongues to wag. I finally had to go to him and say, 'Listen here. Everybody is talking about us, so I guess we'll have to cut out these luncheons.' He was swell about it and understood, but we were both a bit annoyed. Now, whenever we see each other, we both feel ill at ease.

A MONTH or so ago I read in a newspaper that I had switched my affections from Tom to a big movie mogul. I've been trying to figure out ever since who that might be! Unfortunately, I don't know any movie moguls. I would like to have luncheon with one and I would like to know who this particular mogul is, for if there's any switching of affections to be done, they might just as well be switched in the right direction!" Madge grinned. "I'd like to switch my affections just long enough to take that mogul with me back to West Point and show the whole Academy what had become of the floppiest flop they had ever known."

HER KITCHEN WAS NEVER SO COOL ON WASHDAY

I MUST HAVE PASSED OUT FROM THE HEAT. I'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A MOMENT
WHO WOULDN'T FAINT—SCRUBBING AND BOILING CLOTHES IN THIS HOT WEATHER
LATER
I KNOW IT SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE—BUT JUST TRY RINSO NEXT WASHDAY YOUR CLOTHES WILL BE SAFELY SOAKED 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER
IT WILL BE GRAND TO GET THE CLOTHES SNOWY WITHOUT USING A WASHBOARD OR BOILER!
NEXT WASHDAY
MY, THE HOUSE IS NICE AND COOL. DIDN'T YOU BOIL THE CLOTHES TODAY?
NO! AND I DIDN'T SCRUB, EITHER. I JUST SOAKED MY WASH SNOWY IN CREAMY RINSO SUDS AND YOU OUGHT TO SEE HOW FRESH AND BRIGHT THE COLORED THINGS ARE, TOO
RINSO IS MARVELOUS FOR DISHES, TOO. GREASE GOES IN A TWINKLE. AND IT'S SO EASY ON MY HANDS
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Confessions of a Hollywood Press Agent

(*Continued from page 31*)

electric fans, ice water and cologne dipped handkerchiefs.

There was a sudden commotion in the extras' corner. A woman had swooned, and as they carried her out we saw that her hair was gray.

An assistant barked for order and a quick lineup for the next scene. It was then that Mae left the ministrations of her maid and joined the director and his staff in the suffocating space behind the cameras.

I heard her ask, "How many long shots have you planned to do today?"

One of the assistants answered quickly, "Don't you worry, Miss West, we will finish with you after the next scene, and work with the extra players the rest of the day. You can go home and rest. We don't want you to get sick."

Miss West said quietly, "Would it upset things too much to follow the original plan and finish my closeups today, and let the extras go home? I can stand this heat. I've played behind footlights through too many New York summers to mind a little humidity now and then. Please let them go home instead of me."

NOW for some unexplainable reason this Mae West episode conjures up another scene that took place way back in 1925. Perhaps the connection is merely one of temperature. One sizzling day at the end of June the studio employees were suddenly ordered to halt all activities and gather along the curb outside the studio gates. We were informed that Gloria Swanson was returning from Paris, as an authentic Marquise, with the living, breathing proof of her triumph in tow.

Huge bunches of wilted flowers were shoved into the hands of carpenters, stenographers, scenario writers, clerks and electricians with shrieked instructions from agitated assistants to pelt Miss Swanson and her titled spouse when they drove up to the studio gate. Stars had been welcomed before with brass bands, mayors, reporters and usherettes, but a rose throwing tournament was something distinctly new.

After a two-hour wait on the steaming asphalt, the sirens of twenty police motorcycles brought us to attention, and during the next swift moment Gloria Swanson ascended to the highest peak of her career. She was smothered, scratched and bruised with a few tons of badly decomposed flowers, and when she made a short speech of thanks from her car she looked more annoyed than overwhelmed with the reception.

Along with the Marquis de la Falaise, she was swept into the private offices of Messrs. Lasky and Zukor, and through the amazing studio grapevine every typist and laborer on the lot knew what was going on behind those locked doors.

Those clever boys, Jesse Lasky and Adolph Zukor, had planned that motorcycle, rose-bedecked welcome to put Swanson into a happy frame of mind for the first view of a new seven-year contract.

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ENDS DRUDGERY!

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The famous document stipulated a weekly stipend of $17,500, but the new Marquise, perhaps remembering the thorns on those roses, held out for an even $22,000 every seven days for seven years. No doubt Gloria thought it was no time to "say it with flowers." She refused the offer, thereby permitting the most fantastic contract in film history to slip through her fingers.

A few months later she joined the newly organized United Artist Studio where she was privileged to select her own stories and supervise the casting and all details of her own productions. I will omit the uneven career that has followed that day, the acquired and discarded husbands, and bring you up to last year with Gloria, still glamorous, waiting, waiting for the studio to which she is under contract to give her a picture, waiting with her one picture of the year a failure, her personal appearance tour a failure, her money gone.

RIGHT next to the patch in my memory concerning Swanson there is a tattered little piece that has to do with Baby LeRoy's first visit to Paramount studios.

He was not quite eight months old on that windy October afternoon in 1932 when his round-faced young mother and two Salvation Army Sisters brought him into my office to be tested with two hundred other babies for the Maurice Chevalier picture, "A Bedtime Story." There was nothing to warn me that the squirming little bundle wrapped in dun colored blanket was about to burn permanent scars of pity into my heart.

The taller Salvation Sister did all the talking. The baby, she pleaded, was young, not a year old as the director of the picture had specified, but he was so bright and big for his age. Couldn't he please have a chance? He had, she added, the best disposition and finest personality of any baby ever born in the Salvation Army home.

I nodded with mechanical cheerfulness, because I had been knee deep in babies and hopeful mothers and welfare workers for more than a month and my sentiment had worn rather thin. I guided the trio to the still gallery where publicity photographs were taken before the film test. The bundle was unwound from its blanket and I was startled out of my press agent's calm by the infant's curious appearance.

HE wore a strange white headdress and his little figure was submerged in a mystifying garment that looked vaguely like a hospital nightgown.

The young mother carefully adjusted the shapeless head covering into a rakish slant over one ear, and her fingers patted lovingly the unmatched buttons and sagging little belt that held the nightgown together. And when she stepped aside proudly, I saw something that left me wanting to cry for hours.

For the shapeless thing on that beautiful baby's head was supposed to be a dashing beret, the crumpled nightgown had been cut and stitched to resemble a tiny swagger coat, and the whole tragic little costume had been made from an ancient piece of flannel that years of washing had reduced to a gray lumpiness.

It was wonderful and awful and beautiful and ghastly, this young mother's savage pride, defying a world that provided no home, no money, no tiny berets or absurd little coats for her baby. And although Baby LeRoy's mother bought him half a dozen beautiful coats and countless little caps with his first salary checks, he will never look more appealing to me than he did that day. Never did success come into two lives as more of a blessing.

WHEN the talkies reached the height of their achievement in 1932, Paramount decided that Tallulah Bankhead was just what the industry needed.

She arrived fresh from three years of caprice in London and fairly prostrated the local press with her frankness and complete lack of inhibitions. When she announced to a band of interviewers that the only man in Hollywood she longed to meet was Gary Cooper the reporters sharpened a few new pencils and waited for that young man to return from his big African game hunt.

Our department smelled headlines because Gary and Tallulah were scheduled to play together in "Devil and the Deep," so we called up every city desk in Los Angeles and invited the editors to meet Mr. Cooper at the station when he unloaded his stuffed lions.

Two days before his arrival, Gary sent a wire to the studio requesting "lots of warm blankets at the station for Tallulah."

"A pretty mess to feed the press," moaned the boss. "He would find a new girl friend named Tallulah, as if one of them wasn't enough in Hollywood. But why the blankets?"

"HAS DONE WONDERS FOR MY DAUGHTER'S SKIN"

Every quotation in this advertisement is a true copy from an actual letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Anna May Dales

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If you have any trouble with your complexion, why don't you try Yeast Foam Tablets now? They contain precious elements that help rid the body of internal poisons which are the real cause of most skin troubles. Unlike other yeast, these little tablets are good to eat and absolutely safe because they cannot ferment in the body.

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The next morning we discovered "why the blankets" in a crisp newspaper item dated Albuquerque, New Mexico. The story confirmed our worst fears that the new Tallulah was a charming young lady, to whom Mr. Cooper showed marked attention during their walk at the station, and that he was seen to caress her openly when he helped her into the baggage car for the rest of the journey. Tallulah was a one-year-old chimpanzee, prize trophy of Gary's African wanderings.

A pair of our most persuasive executives motored sixty-five miles to meet the train at San Bernardino, and tragedy (or would it have been comedy?) was narrowly averted.

When Gary met the newspaper boys at the station, he introduced his pet as little "Toluca," christened, he explained, for Dick Arlen's home in Toluca Lake Park, a fancy Hollywood suburb. When the reporters asked how about that "Tallulah" business from Albuquerque, the persuasive executives rushed forward.

"Just a typographical error," they shrieked, and bundled Gary and his blanket covered chimp into a car.

"You know," Gary told his friends later, "I really thought Miss Bankhead would be flattered to have a cute ape named after her."

And the funniest part of the whole story was *La* Bankhead's reaction when she heard the real low-down. She said:

"What a shame. I'd adore having the little chimpanzee for a namesake."

And so the curtain falls on the first group of sketches gathered during Miss Hunt's decade of press agenting. But there will be another performance in an early issue of MOVIE MIRROR. Don't miss it because Hollywood really IS the greatest show on earth.

"Live, Love and Step Lightly!"

(*Continued from page 32*)

twirled on her sharp little dancing slippers and her face was like a white flicker in the shadowy distance.

I said, "What do you mean, *like life?*"

"Well, that's the way it is, isn't it? Little memories always crowding Big Moments. It isn't always a face to remember, or a dance; it can be a mood, a strain of music, the scent of a flower. Men don't forget as easily as lady novelists insist. They couldn't, or else those big solemn milestones in your life like falling in love with *the* girl or getting married wouldn't be so haunted!" He grinned; that bedeviling sense of humor of his is never far from the surface. "I once knew a man who couldn't bear to have his wife wear a red hat because a girl he had once wanted to kiss, *and hadn't*, had been wearing one."

I said, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

"Why not? Marcelite and I have been married fifteen years and I almost said I wasn't going to brag about the happiness of our marriage, but I am. I'm proud of it. There's no other woman in the world who could ever mean to me what Marcelite does. She's been the only im-

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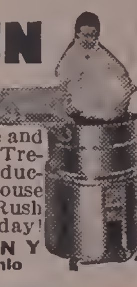

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ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 25, LOWELL, MASS.

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portant woman in my life since our college days in Texas and she knows it. Yet, I never hear a certain strain of melody from 'Louise' that I don't remember a little café in Paris, an orchestra in a corner, and across from me a girl I'd met an hour before and never saw again. We hardly spoke the same language. She didn't change the course of my life nor I hers. We might have learned to hate each other in a week's time but for that one moment we shared a perfect interlude, sympathy in mood and understanding that is unforgettable . . . at least, to me.

ANOTHER day I was driving home from the studio. It was raining. There was a girl standing on a corner near the studio. I suppose she was an extra. There was a make-up kit in her hand. Our eyes met for just a second as the stop-signal flashed against me. We didn't smile. There was no sign of recognition between us, the usual forerunner of a flirtation. But something clicked, an instant spark almost electric. I suppose I could have picked her up and given her a lift. I don't know. There would have been no harm in it. But somehow I had the feeling that if we spoke we'd spoil something. We'd be self-conscious. I'd be worried, wondering if she thought I was a roué at heart and she'd be worried *wondering*. As it was, it was perfect. The most innocent bystander could have testified truthfully that nothing happened. But something struck like a musician's hands over a chord of music and the feeling lasted about as long. It wasn't one of those cases of never forgetting her face. It wasn't even a case of remembering it, unless it is a rainy day and a signal stops me at another corner!"

He stretched his long legs comfortably. Lighted a cigarette.

"The trouble is," he went on, "that I'll never learn what a serious business Life, and Getting Out The Bills The First Of The Month And Paying Taxes amounts to. That's the reason all these stories about what a Solid Citizen I am sometimes seem so amusing. It's true I've lived quietly in Hollywood, been perfectly content on my own hearth, saved my money and never forgotten our anniversary. But mine isn't the true spirit of a Rotarian. I've never been on an advisory committee in my life. I've never even owned my own home to which I might Point with Pride.

"There isn't a single possession Marcelite and I share that couldn't be packed up and taken on the next tramp steamer with us, including the kids.

"If I've been smart with my money and saved it against a rainy day, as interviewers are constantly pointing out, it's because I want to insure the future laziness of my life! I want to be able to roam like a vagabond without a care in the world. I want the privilege of sitting on any old doorstep in any old port I happen to fancy without the worry of how I'm going to get the wherewithal to get to the next spot. If it weren't for the children I wouldn't even care about that. But how do we know they are going to want to lead that kind of a life? Maybe they'll want something more tangible, more solid. Marcelite is like I am. She's an adventurer at heart but we can't tell

Speedy! Easy! Grand!

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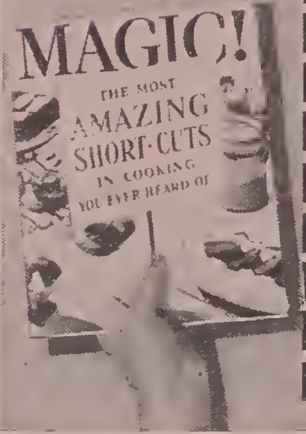
½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 cups shredded coconut

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered baking sheet, about one inch apart. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until a delicate brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes two dozen.

● Only 2 ingredients! A child could mix them! Yet these cookies are crispy, crunchy, coconutty marvels. Men love them! ● But *remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



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yet that our way of looking at things will be our children's. We've put aside enough money to stake them to any kind of life they want to lead, thanks to Hollywood. That's the only real value money has as far as I can see, the value of staking you to the kind of life you want."

If that is the philosophy of a Solid Citizen make the most of it.

"I hate responsibilities, always have, always will. I hate the idea of touching everything important in life with a heavy hand. The guy who thought up the words and phrases—*seriousness of the step you're taking*, *responsibilities*, and *institution* to be used in connection with marriage should be shot. The big wonder of modern life to me is not that so many people divorce but that so many of them have the heart to get married considering the drab way marriage is presented to them.

"Wonder what would happen if parents said to their children: 'You lucky kids, what an adventure you have ahead! Son, you don't have to change into an owl-eyed old tax payer because you've fallen in love and want to make it legal; and daughter, you don't have to stop dreaming because they've put a *Mrs.* in front of your name. You're two individuals, two personalities. You fell in love with each other because you are romanticists, *stay that way!*' He laughed, "That sounds so swell it must be immoral!

"Everytime I see a fastened-down, hog-tied, one of those how-dare-you-know-another-person-exists-in-the-world-but-me-marriages I'm thankful for Marcelite. The greatest compliment I can pay her is that after all these years my wife is the same source of interest, surprise and mystery to me as she was the day we were married. I never know what she is going to do, or how she is going to react, thank God! We've almost starved together and we've lived on the fat of good old Hollywood-land. We've weathered some authentic sob stories together, and yet when I think of our life together it isn't those big overwhelming problems I remember. It's the little goofy things, the laughs we've had, that are the most vivid."

The dance director was heading our way. He said, "Are you about ready, Mr. Boles?"

"Sure," laughed Johnny as he slid into his dinner coat, removed the handkerchief from his neck and the chewing gum from his mouth, once more presenting a picture of the fascinating gentleman you know on the screen.

A moment later the seductive little dancer in the black gown was in his arms. They stepped off the complicated steps of a wicked tango and I mean our singing friend, Mr. Boles, was really going to town! Maybe Astaire had better look to his laurels after all.

As I took my departure, Johnny called after me: "While we're on the subject of living and loving there's nothing like *stepping* lightly, either."

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 6*)

enjoyed every minute of it. Particularly I enjoyed Miss Bennett in the tango. She is a dancer, there is no doubt. Oh, how very appealing she was with Clark Gable in "After Office Hours."

Please, producers, take advantage of Miss Bennett's talents and put her in a tango and a song.

Irene M. Blady,
Buffalo, New York

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Understanding of Life

One of the most whole-hearted tributes to Anna Sten's abilities as an actress was paid quite unconsciously by a girl who sat beside me at "The Wedding Night." As the last scene faded, the girl applied an already damp handkerchief to a teary eye, turned to me, a stranger, and quavered, "Aw, gee, why did she hafta . . .?"

This girl with the serene face, the shining eyes, and the interpretative ability of a dramatic artist will walk right into our hearts if we let her. I was wonderfully impressed by her acting in "We Live Again," with Fredric March, but in "The Wedding Night," as Manya, the Polish farm girl, I thought her most lovely, understanding, appealing—superb! I believe that Miss Sten brings to us from Russia not only a beautiful face and charming personality, but a deep understanding and appreciation of life values.

Mrs. Pearl Moriarity,
Independence, Mo.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Overalls for Gable?

Let's have Clark Gable minus the glamor of the city and have small town surroundings for a change. I think a really responsible rôle and a humble home would be a grand change of scenery for this very able actor. I'm sure the theater-going people would appreciate such a change as this, as most pictures have the surroundings of the wealthier class.

L. J. Manchesky,
Stevens Point, Wis.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Time Marches On

The March of Time is the news reel at its best. Brief, vivid and to the point, these pictures are remarkably stimulating, effective and completely entertaining.

By clever arrangement of scenes, by impressively dramatic photography and shrewd editorial judgment in the selection of its subject matter the March of Time brings to the newsreels a new dignity, sincerity and intelligence.

Coming as an unexpected surprise to most movie fans the first two releases of this newsreel received an unusual acclaim by theater audiences everywhere. It was one surprise I thoroughly enjoyed, for truly the March of Time is pictorial journalism at its best!

Bruce Cameron,
Oakmont, Pa.

HONORABLE MENTION

If I had a wishing wand I would wish Mae West were my daughter—*Mrs. Mary Marchbanks*, San Francisco, Cal.

Who started this business of double features? It is like taking an overdose of strawberry sundae—*Dorothy Von Ach*, East Moline, Ill.

In each succeeding picture Joan Crawford is a little more poised—*Edith M. Hall*, Washington, D. C.

Whenever a producer has real success tied onto his film there is always a good supply of life-like, untouched scenes thrown in. Clark Gable's "thumbing act" in "It Happened One Night" will live immortal—*L. Goldbaum*, Portland, Ore.

What a grand team they make: Little Shirley Temple and Lionel Barrymore in "The Little Colonel"—*Fern Lazzell*, Columbus, Ind.

Why can't producers leave off sad endings in which our favorites die? We missed a favorite, Gary Cooper, in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" because we wanted to see him happy, not dead, at the finish—*Vera Lasater*, San Angelo, Tex.

Bill Powell and Myrna Loy in "The Thin Man" give a good recipe for taking the monotony out of married life—*Mrs. Victor Shafer*, Finlayson, Minn.

For spontaneous naturalness I nominate Shirley Temple, Francis Lederer, Jean Muir and Will Rogers—*Mrs. James F. Victorin*, Cicero, Ill.

The sweetest bit of romantic duplicity on the screen is "All the King's Horses," throughout which Carl Brisson and Mary Ellis so enchantingly dance and sing—*Mrs. S. E. Willard*, Portland, Ore.

When they put three good actors together, such as Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone and Richard Cromwell, in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," you're going to see a two-bell picture—*Margaret Fishpaw*, Arnold, Md.

I won't soon forget the scene in "Love in Bloom" where Joe Morrison sings Dixie Lee to sleep. His hand gently laid on her hair was a more thrilling love scene than a dozen rough he-man maulings—*Wanda Williams*, San Francisco, Cal.

"One More Spring" is the greatest of Janet Gaynor's pictures. At last she has outgrown her little girl rôle—*Anne Engesser*, Elizabeth, N. J.

I saw Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in "Naughty Marietta" four times and was as completely thrilled the last time as the first—*Edna Geraughty*, Kansas City, Mo.

"The House of Rothschild" is a mighty appeal against race prejudice and for mutual benefit, and from a grateful heart I wish to thank the producers—*Mrs. J. W. Tucker*, Thomasville, Ala.

The educational value of "Private Worlds," is far above that of any picture yet produced—*Clarence E. Gilstrap*, Neosho, Mo.

Jean Parker Tells About "My Friend Katy"

(*Continued from page* 45)

learned about Katy: She has a marvelous sense of humor. I have one, too, though I don't know how marvelous it is. She's always telling funny things on herself, like the one about the first day she arrived in Hollywood. She'd bought herself the most elegant and expensive outfit expecting to step off the train and dazzle all beholders. And on the trip out she got a steel splinter in her eye and arrived, elegant, but bandaged over one eye. When she went on the set of 'Bill of Divorcement' John Barrymore took a look at the blood-shot eye and said 'I know a good bleach for that.'

"We discovered that we like the same music. We used to bring our Victrolas to the studio and play the suite of the *Hungarian Rhapsody* and the *Scherherazade*.

"We both like the same special blend of tea, too, and used to make it together. We talk about clothes—and boys. People think Katy doesn't care anything about clothes, the way other girls do. But she does. We used to talk about them a lot. And once Katy had a sort of a crush on a boy I knew quite well and I helped them arrange a date together. She cares all right about clothes and boys and things, only she's honester than most girls. She doesn't act coy and fluttery about natural things.

"I've also heard people say that she's an unhappy person. She isn't, not one bit. She's too healthy to be unhappy. So am I. I've had a lot of things to trouble me in my life but you're never unhappy when you're splendidly healthy. And she's too intensely interested in too many vital things for any one thing to make her unhappy anyway."

JEAN'S blue eyes darkened and became very serious.

"I said before," she said, "that whatever I amount to I will owe to Katy. I'll tell you why: For instance, whenever I have to do a crying scene in a picture I can always be sure of real tears if I just think of Katy in a scene from 'Little Women.' The one where she stands by the newel post in the hall, you know, and prays for Beth not to die. I have only to think of her face in that scene to feel my heart beat painfully and the tears come. I grew ten years older as I watched that scene being made. Because I realized, for the first time, what pain can mean. And so, if I ever do emotional scenes that make people cry themselves it will be because Katy taught me what tears can mean.

"Then—then I saw 'Morning Glory.' When I saw that picture, in that one evening, *my whole life changed*. I went into that picture one girl and I came out of it *someone else*. I was just born all over again. And the world I was reborn into was wider than I had ever dreamed it, there were doors opening everywhere. There were no limitations to what I might do with my life, my career.

"You see, before then, I had never taken myself very seriously, as an actress. I hadn't taken pictures very seriously. I hadn't cared very much about them nor had any soaring ambitions.

"But as I watched Katy's performance in that picture I suddenly realized what the screen can mean, I was aware of what one girl can do.

"The next day, in my dressing room, I looked at myself in the glass and I talked to myself. I said something like this: 'You are really just a piece of clay in your own hands. You put these clothes on your body and you tell yourself where to go and whom to talk to. You have taught yourself to dance and to draw pictures. But you have only just begun. You can be anything, you can drape yourself with great parts and great abilities, you need not be typed nor trapped by anything, you have seen a performance that defies all restrictions and all limitations, and it has made you free.'

THAT same morning I wrote Katy a little note. I tried to tell her how I felt and I think some of my heart got into it. When I went to give it to her I was so embarrassed I thrust it into her hand and said 'I didn't think so much of your old performance—here, read this!' And then I ran away.

"I can't repeat what she said to me after she had read the note. That's *mine*.

"And after that we became even better friends. She always took my part about everything. One time we were on a picnic together. It was a very hot day and I wore shorts and a shirt. And the guardian I had then scolded me for dressing like that—and you should have heard what Katy said to her—whoof! And then she just grabbed me by the hand and we ran off and ate our picnic alone together.

"She said to me just the other day, 'I saw some pictures of you all dressed up in black satin, sophisticated—what are they doing to you?'

"Well," Jean sighed, as the call came for her to return to the set, "I don't know whether you'd call this friendship or just hero-worship. I think it's friendship because friendship bears gifts. And Katy's gift to me has been my own freedom. I think the studio feels it in me, too, or they would never have given me the variety of parts they do—the gypsy girl in 'Caravan,' the chance to play with George Raft in 'Limehouse Nights,' the part I played in 'Wicked Woman,' where I am the naughty stay-out-late sister and Betty Furness is the goody-goody one.

"And I would certainly make Katy any gift in my power. You know, my great ambition in life is to play 'Peter Pan,' and yet, if I could have it in my power to give it to Katy I would give it up so gladly.

"And so, I call it friendship. Because it is a gift I certainly give to Katy."

Beginning a brilliant novel of Hollywood by Dora Macy—in the August Movie Mirror, on sale June 26.

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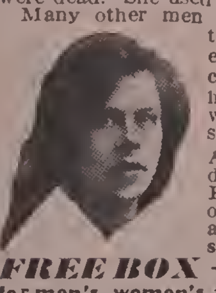

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Glory on the Bargain Counter

(*Continued from page 26*)

Walk" with his co-star Ruby Keeler pulling down $20,000 per picture (or $5,000 weekly when she works) and Pat O'Brien with his $1,200 while Dick Powell had to do his crooning on a line-up of three figures, seven-five-Ohhhhhhh in all! The fate of Jimmy Cagney and Joan Blondell on the same lot has probably been an inspiration to him. It should be to anybody. Joan and Jimmy made their first hit, "Sinner's Holiday," to the tune of $75 weekly. And now look at them. But then, this isn't a story of big money!

There are plenty of people in Hollywood who will tell you that Mons. Zee Babee Le Roy made "A Bedtime Story" the box office hit it was. You can't get around cold facts, and while Maurice Chevalier rated $5,000 weekly for what he did in the film, Master Le Roy soared to glory on $50 working weeks and $15 when he loafed! No wonder that juvenile sensation of all time, Miss Shirley Temple, chuckles when the Paramount babe's name is mentioned. She made $100 weekly on her first knockout, "Stand Up and Cheer," and a colossal $250 for "Little Miss Marker," thereby putting herself up with Will Rogers and Janet Gaynor as one of the three leading box office attractions in the movies. The only difference was a matter of money, adjusted after a series of conferences.

WHEN it comes right down to picking up talent on the bargain counter, Howard Hughes, producer of "Hell's Angels" and "Scarface," holds the honors among the shopping producers. In his famous "Scarface" Mr. Hughes uncovered three new screen sensations, four, really, counting Paul Muni (who was a stage imported model at $3,500 weekly). But consider these contrasting wages: George Raft, who earned himself a reputation for the second Valentino at $200 weekly; Ann Dvorak, the most promising girl since Crawford, at $100 weekly and Karen Morley, one of John Barrymore's favorite screen actresses, at $125 weekly! Maybe they didn't make much money but all three of them (particularly Raft) covered themselves with more glory than they have accomplished with double and triple those salaries at other studios.

Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell in "Seventh Heaven"—will you ever forget that team? Certainly there are few films that have had such lasting glory as this one. Even now, critics use the measuring rod of "Seventh Heaven" on every new picture Janet makes, and Charlie will probably never escape it! Yet these two kids soared to stardom on two of the funniest salaries ever quoted on the Hollywood board! Janet rated $100 a week for the undying Diane and Charlie collected $67.50 for his Chico! To this day Charlie doesn't know what the fifty cents was for unless they were docking him for something. Perhaps it was lunch money on Mondays! It is a long way from the good old days of pin money fame to the present $5,000 Janet and $2,250 Charlie. Who knows but what they'd do it all over again if there was

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another "Seventh Heaven" in the bargain!

Dick Cromwell, who does so well in "The Lives Of A Bengal Lancer," has been saved for the finale of this bargain counter exposé because of special honors in being the holder of the longest low salary contract after a hit picture. As a rule, canny Hollywood producers are very quick to jump a low salary to double or more the original figure after a hit picture because it is the best and cheapest way to keep the sensational newcomer satisfied. But Dick made "Tol'able David" for the startling figure of $75 weekly and he continued to get just that and no more for the next two years. M-G-M judged him to be worth $1,000 weekly because they paid that figure to Columbia for Dick's services in a Marie Dressler picture. Later, Fox paid $1,200 a week for the loan of Cromwell. All Dick saw of these beautiful balances was that original $75. At first he shrugged his shoulders. After all, Columbia had taken a chance on him in a big picture and perhaps they deserved to cash in on their lucky hit. Long before the contract of two years' duration had run its course, Dick had begun to realize what all low salaried players come to know: If you don't cash in at your peak, there's no cash in it at all!

With rare exceptions the life of the average featured player is short at best. New faces, new reputations are always crowding to the fore. I understand Dick's present salary figure, after five years in Hollywood, is $750 weekly which is still a bargain for Cromwell!

If $750 weekly sounds like a lot of money, if $75 to $250 weekly sounds like a lot of money, too, for beginners in any business, bear this in mind that glamour comes high in Hollywood! The clothes, the residences, the entertainment, the social life, and the necessary front of stardom have never come in bargain prices. Fame costs money, a fact well known to the Arlens, the Cromwells, the Harlows, the Jean Muirs, the Robert Taylors and other pace-setters for the all time lows in screen salaries!

If you don't believe it, look at the Jack Mulhalls, the Charlie Rays, the Alice Lakes, stars of yesterday, now desperately searching for work, even if it's only an occasional day at $3.50 a day.

Girls Joan Crawford Has Helped

(*Continued from page 29*)

another movie star," she said, still in her pose.

The first thing that won her to Joan Crawford was Joan's hearty handclasp. With every minute of the evening she became more and more entranced. When she left Jean said of Joan, "Why, she's a pillar of flame!"

Naturally, the conversation had turned to Hollywood. It did not take Joan long to realize that Jean's act was only a deep seated inferiority complex. And Joan knows all about that. She has one, too. "Play in as many pictures as you possibly can," Joan advised. "Rely on the director to a certain point, then depend upon yourself. Have confidence in yourself. Don't be discouraged by these over-night stars who seemingly have not worked for their stardom. They don't last. Hollywood gives you back what you give. All you need is the ability to do hard work."

That conversation gave Jean a new idea of Hollywood. The change in her attitude dates from that night. She dropped her poses to become the sincere, charming girl she naturally is.

I can't tell you the name of the next girl whose experience with Joan I must recount. It would be too cruel. She was a poor, shy little thing with a great talent but with no idea of how to go about selling that talent. She could act, everyone who saw her admitted that, but she had no idea

More stars pose at the Westmore tea party—Una Merkel, Henry Wilcoxon, Bob Matz, Claudette Colbert and (seated) Lyle Talbot.

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how to wear clothes—and no clothes to wear. She had just enough money to get by until she got a job. How could she get a job when she looked so drab?

Joan saw her in a play and sensed not only her ability but how tragic was the girl herself. She asked her to dinner. The girl declined. Joan was hurt until she discovered through someone else that the reason for the refusal was that the girl did not have a dinner dress. Promptly there arrived at the girl's house six outfits, complete with shoes, hats, stockings, underwear—everything.

The girl went to the dinner. She was so enthralled with Joan that she could not speak. She just sat and stared. Then Joan said something which opened up the girl's heart. She lost her shyness and talked and talked. The next day she got a job. The assurance that she was well dressed and had a friend did the trick.

As she was leaving she said to Joan, "Some day, I'm going to repay you for the clothes, for the rest I can't repay you."

"I'll tell you how to do it," Joan said. "Just pass it on to somebody else."

THERE is still another girl whose name must not be mentioned. Joan met her and saw that she would be a gorgeous creature with a chance at film success if her face were not disfigured by a bad case of make-up poisoning. Joan knew a skin specialist who could cure it, but it took almost more courage than Joan has to mention it.

How she broached the delicate subject I do not know. But the girl went to the specialist. Joan paid the bills. The girl is working in pictures today.

Evalyn Knapp is another she has helped tremendously. They knew each other in school, and Joan has not forgotten the friendship. She has arranged for several tests for Evalyn for important rôles, some times making herself a nuisance suggesting Evalyn for parts. She never misses a film in which Evalyn appears and always talks scenes over with her afterwards.

Gertrude Michael has Joan to thank for giving her the courage to go on with her career. Gertrude arrived in Hollywood with a flourish. When she was rushed to the studio by plane and proclaimed a great discovery Gertrude thought she was sitting on top of the world. Then she experienced that strange and heartbreaking circumstance which so often occurs in Hollywood: She was given a couple of bits and forgotten.

Somehow Joan heard about it. Joan knew what Gertrude was suffering. She had suffered the same thing. Through a mutual friend Joan sent a message. "Don't let them fool you. If you think you have something to offer Hollywood you stick here."

Gertrude Michael stayed in Hollywood. She is, as you know, a coming star.

I could go on and on. There are many more. Joan is always willing and anxious to tell the newer girls her diet secrets, her make-up secrets, anything that will help them along the road.

For she remembers. She remembers that without the help and encouragement of a few people to whom she told her troubles when she first came to Hollywood she would not now be in a position to help others. She would not now, perhaps, be the great star she is.

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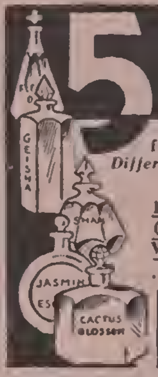

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When Shirley Temple Was Very Young

(*Continued from page 35*)

individual chairs with their names on the back just as adult players have in other companies. The youngsters earned these chairs by hard work and better performances. Naturally enough there grew up an intense pride of ownership which we fostered.

A minute after Miss Teasdale had sat down, Shirley completed a take and walked off the set to her chair, only to find it occupied. She stopped in front of Verree and gravely surveyed her. For a moment she didn't speak. She was facing a new problem. A stranger, grown up too, had her chair. All Shirley's training told her that she must be polite. Yet she had also been taught that no one else was to sit in her chair. She was obviously bewildered.

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you have the kid's chair," whispered an assistant director to Miss Teasdale.

Verree popped up in a dramatic flutter of confusion. Before she could reply, friends had introduced the two and had explained to Shirley that Verree Teasdale was quite an important player from another studio.

AS soon as Shirley could understand, she insisted that Verree take the chair as her guest of honor, refusing the suggestion that she sit down in it herself. Verree saved the day when she said:

"Suppose you sit on my lap and then we'll both sit in the chair," making everything perfect so far as Shirley was concerned. She promptly climbed upon the proffered lap and chatted happily with this important player from another studio.

There was always the problem of the youngsters' misunderstanding situations in the picture. Though it didn't happen very often, it sometimes led to amusing consequences.

Once, right in the middle of a scene in "The Pie Covered Wagon" Shirley stopped and refused to work any more. When the director asked her why not, she pointed to Georgie Smith, who was playing opposite her.

"He has a dirty shirt," Shirley thought she explained.

Finally it dawned on us what the trouble was. Shirley, all her life, had been told that cleanliness was a virtue. Yet here was a boy she liked and his shirt was dirty. Shirley was sure that something was wrong. When it was explained that the shirt was a necessary part of Georgie's character, Shirley was quite mollified and eagerly continued the scene.

And, in the very next scene, Shirley had to be tied to a stake, while about fifty baby Indians danced around her, mussing her hair, showering her with dust and dirt. This, however, was all right. This was part of the game of making pictures. Shirley took it in the spirit of fun until Georgie saw a chance for revenge.

Georgie was the hero who would arrive in the nick of time. Came Georgie onto the scene, moving leisurely and entirely out of keeping with his part. The scene was remade several times. No amount of urging could make Georgie move any faster. Each time Shirley was showered with more dirt. Finally the director threatened, "Georgie, you do this right next time—or else!"

But Georgie only pointed at Shirley and yelled, "Well lookit, she's all dirty and I won't play with her. She wouldn't play with me when I was dirty." Between the director and Shirley, Georgie was prevailed upon to be a good sport and forget the past. He finally agreed and we finished the picture.

From this time on Shirley Temple was our leading lady and she received the concentrated attention due the importance of that featured spot.

As an example of what this concentration means, a new "actress" was added to our list of featured players. Gloria Anne White, age three, height thirty-two inches, came over from the secondary group to play with the others.

In "Kiddin' Hollywood," a travesty on the lives of the kings and queens of moviedom, Gloria Anne was cast as "Freta Snobo"—we needs must have her because no one else was good enough to make her part stand out at all against Shirley's acting. Shirley herself was cast as "Morelegs Sweetrick."

As it turned out, Gloria Anne, in the burlesque of the Swedish star, did everything and more that a director could expect. Her acting, her diction, her looks were perfect. By rights she should have stolen the picture from under Shirley's nose. Yet Gloria Anne had nothing to steal. It was Shirley's picture by a mile. Though her part was not as funny nor as appealing, all Shirley had to do was smile once that wistful smile and the audience forgot that there was anyone else on the screen. The youngster just couldn't be stopped.

We also had on our hands the constant fear of those common youthful ailments such as measles, whooping cough, head colds and just plain sniffles—any of them enough to stop production for a week or even a month.

SHIRLEY, her health more carefully guarded than the daughter's of an emperor, escaped further trouble until the shooting of our fourth picture, "The Kid's Last Fight." While other little girls, less fortunate, fell heir to chicken pox, Shirley never even had a temperature above normal. It was almost impossible that she might, so closely was her diet, her sleep, her play watched over by fond nurses, fond directors, and fond parents.

When Shirley did become ill it was with the same complaint that Susie Jones of Brooklyn often suffers and it was her own fault, an accident not even a trained staff could prevent. Shirley ate too many green apples when no one was looking.

That morning I noticed that Shirley was requiring much more time than usual to get her part just right. Her lines had to be shot over and over. The child was sluggish and unresponsive to suggestions.

That noon, after the morning's work, the director took her hand. "How about chicken for lunch?" he asked. There was no reply, which was unusual for Shirley, who spent most of her spare time being

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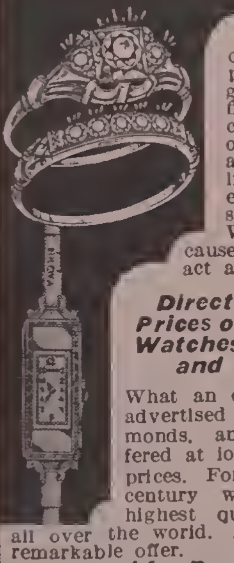

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the most vocal of all our young chatterboxes. He looked sharply at her. Her eyes were glazed, her face cold and pale.

Taking her by a limp hand, he rushed her outside the stage door. Mrs. Temple, waiting there, took one look at her daughter and screamed.

The following scene was the most uproarious in the history of the studio, and typically Hollywood when anything goes wrong. Shirley was carried to the main office, stretched out on a table and worked over. Mrs. Temple tore away the clothes from the prostrate body while the director frantically called three hospitals.

"Send an ambulance and send it quick!" he bellowed into the phone.

Outside there was pandemonium. Bells began to ring at the front gate. The three ambulances, arriving simultaneously, were screeching for priority. Not one would give an inch to let a rival get past. The director dashed out into the bedlam of sirens, ran past more than two hundred shouting employees, and screamed at an ambulance surgeon:

"For God's sake, do something! I think she's dying!"

Together they ran inside. The doctor stood at Shirley's side a moment, then looked up with a broad grin on his face.

I GUESS she'll live all right," he grunted, "but I'd suggest that you keep her away from green apples after this."

Mrs. Temple sobbed with relief and the director wiped his moist brow, muttering a fervent prayer of thanks.

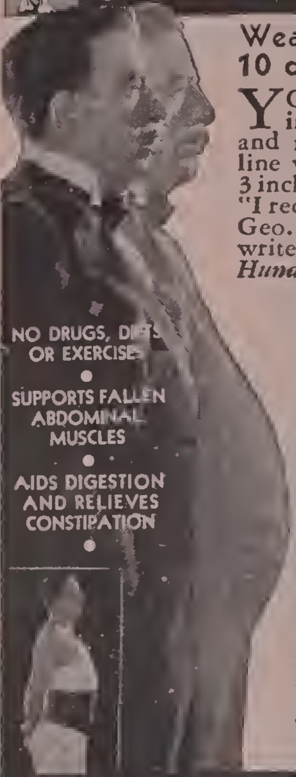
The final chapter of the tragi-comedy took place that evening, when the director brought flowers and toys to the invalid. There was little Miss Georgeous sitting up in her bed, as unconcerned as though she hadn't caused a near riot in the studio that day. With her famous smile she greeted the director:

"Hello, Cutie Pie!"

As the months went on, Shirley finally grew too large for our featurettes. Came an opportunity for her to appear in a Universal picture, with Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville. She made one more picture for Universal and then rested for several months. Or rather, she rested from picture work, but the daily routine of study and dancing continued.

It took considerable effort to persuade Shirley that she should remain idle. She liked studio work. She wanted to play some more at making pictures. But we wanted to groom her for stardom. She justified our faith when she stole a scene in a Zane Grey Western being directed by Harry Hathaway for Paramount. Later, she started at Educational in a series of short comedies called "Frolics of Youth," starring herself and Junior Coghlin. Later still, she went to work for Fox pictures at a salary of $150 a week. From then on, her story is as familiar to you as reams of publicity possibly can make it.

And when you see Shirley Temple in her next picture watch her smile, study her lovely expressions in repose and you will see that Shirley Temple has found her happiness and a carefree childhood, more guarded perhaps than most and yet more pleasant, while playing at making pictures.



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MAJOR KORD Dept. M-8 Del Rio, Texas

LAST MINUTE NEWS

Norman Foster and Sally Blane are announcing to all listeners their love—does this mean the Colbert-Foster divorce?

Amos 'n' Andy are returning to the screen in "The Big Broadcast of 1935," at the biggest salary in the cast.

Colleen Moore's doll house exhibition grossed eighteen thousand its first three weeks, with the receipts going to charity.

Adolphe Menjou left the hospital upon hearing the news that he is to become a proud poppa in October.

Richard Dix's contract in England contains a clause that he report for work only after the expected Dix heir is thirty days old.

The newsreels are all preparing to cover a European war——and this generally indicates action.

Myrna Loy's refusal of the role in "Masquerade" gives the Austrian newcomer Luise Rainer the spot opposite Bill Powell for her first chance.

Former star Helene Chadwick played as an extra in "The Crusades" just the other day.

The Mae West-Paul Cavanagh romance is off, with Cavanagh beauing Paula Stone these days.

Irvin S. Cobb and Will Rogers are to play rival steamboat captains for Rogers' next flicker.

As we go to press, word comes of the tragic death near Glendale, California, of Junior Durkin, John Coogan, Sr. (father of Jackie Coogan), Robert Horner, Hollywood scenarist, and Charles Jones, foreman of the Coogan ranch. The four men, accompanied by Jackie Coogan, were on a motor trip. Jackie Coogan, who escaped with a broken rib, stated that as their car rounded a corner they were faced by a coupe occupied by two women, driven on the wrong side of the road. In attempting to avoid a collision with the coupe, the Coogan car hit an obstruction in the road, went over an embankment and turned over four times.

Home Treatment for Keeping Skin Young

Mercolized Wax—one beauty aid you can afford because this single preparation embodies all the essentials of beauty that your skin needs. It cleanses, softens, bleaches, lubricates and protects. So simple to use, too. Just pat it on your skin each night as if it were an ordinary cold cream. Mercolized Wax seeps into your pores, dissolves grime, dust and all impurities. It absorbs the discolored surface skin in tiny, invisible particles, revealing the beautiful, smooth, young skin that lies beneath. It clears away freckles, tan, oiliness, sunburn or any other blemishes. You use such a tiny bit of Mercolized Wax for each application that it proves an inexpensive beauty investment. Beauty can not be taken for granted. It must be cared for regularly if you want to hold beauty through the years. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. Let it make your skin more beautiful.

Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free. Phelactine is the modern, odorless facial depilatory that fastidious women prefer.

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PERHAPS *you* think that taking music lessons is like taking a dose of medicine. It isn't any longer!

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You have no alibis whatsoever for not making your start toward musical good times now!

For, through a method that removes the boredom and extravagance from music lessons, you can now learn to play your favorite instrument entirely at home—without a private teacher—in half the usual time—at a fraction of the usual cost.

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The lessons come to you by mail from the famous U. S. School of Music. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, and all the music you need. You're never in hot water. First you are told how a thing is done. Then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it clearer or easier.

Over 700,000 people learned to play this modern way—and found it easy as A-B-C. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School will do the rest. No matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day.

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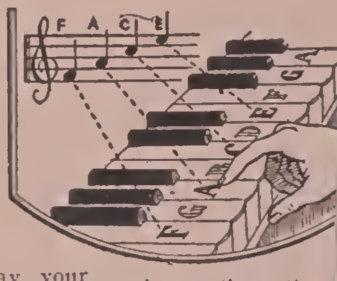

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Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

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YOUR CHANCE TO BE AWARDED $1,000.00 FOR YOUR TRUE STORY

IMPORTANT NOTICE: Do not refrain from entering this or any True Story Manuscript Contest for fear that an amateur cannot compete successfully against professional writers. Professional writers have been singularly unsuccessful in capturing prizes in True Story Manuscript Contests.

Also, do not let the fact that True Story has been printing special feature stories of world famous characters deter you from entering. These features are specially written and have nothing to do with the contest.

FOR the best True Story submitted during the calendar month of June, 1935, True Story Magazine will award the magnificent sum of $1,000.00. **In addition, every contest entry is eligible for purchase at our liberal regular rates so, even though your manuscript may fall slightly short of prize winning quality, we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.**

This special one month contest closes on June 28th, 1935. By all means take advantage of the opportunity it offers. There is no reason why you should not—every reason why you should. Simply look back over your life, select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving; no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness, write it simply and honestly and send it in. Hundreds of men and women have followed this simple formula in the past to their immense financial advantage. Hundreds more will do so in the future. You owe it to yourself to be among them.

The stories for which we are searching are now reposing untold in the minds and hearts of those who have lived them, one or more probably in yours—memories of supreme moments, emotional crises, unusual situations so profoundly moving that they have branded themselves upon your very soul.

Begin to Write Your Story Today

Tell it simply in your own words just as it happened to you or some one you know, and the judges will consider it entirely upon its qualities as a story, i.e., its power to hold the interest and its appeal to the human heart. The important thing is to speak plainly. As True Story is a magazine devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, you are justified in describing frankly and fully any situation that has happened in real life. If your story contains the human quality we seek, it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis the person submitting the best story will be awarded the $1,000 prize.

In submitting manuscripts in this contest please **always disguise the names of the persons and places appearing in your stories.** These changes in no way reduce the fundamental truth of the stories and they save the feelings of many persons who object to being mentioned in an identifiable manner.

The only restriction as regards the length of stories submitted in this contest is that no story shall contain less than 2,500 words. Beyond that feel no concern. Let the length take care of itself. Use as many words as are necessary to set it forth to best advantage—whether it be 3,000, 10,000 or 50,000.

Remember, it is the stories you send in that count—nothing else. Do not procrastinate. It would be a pity, indeed, not to take full advantage of this opportunity to cash in richly on one of your life experiences if your story is really dramatic and has merit for publication. You may submit as many manuscripts as you desire.

On this page you will find the contest rules. Read them carefully—they are simple and easily understood—all based upon our past experience in conducting contests of this nature. Follow them carefully and your manuscripts will contain all necessary information and reach us in such form as to insure their receiving full consideration.

With the exception of an explanatory letter which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs, or other extraneous matter of any kind except return postage. Such enclosures only complicate the work of handling manuscripts without helping or affecting decisions in any way.

Another thing, watch the contest page or pages every month. For several months there may be nothing new—then suddenly—a great new announcement. It pays to watch the contest page.

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, proper evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type your manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. ENCLOSE RETURN FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN SAME CONTAINER WITH MANUSCRIPT.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first-class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed to sender. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges on all manuscripts will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Name of prize winner will be announced in TRUE STORY Magazine, but not in a manner to identify the writers with the stories they submit.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of these stories, we cannot accept manuscripts submitted through intermediaries.

This contest ends at the close of business, Friday, June 28, 1935.

Address your manuscripts to TRUE STORY MANUSCRIPT CONTEST, Dept. 21C. 1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

NOTE: On behalf of the many persons who submit their life experiences in story form to TRUE STORY and allied Macfadden magazines, we have printed a manual describing the technique which, according to our experience, is best suited for us in writing true stories. It is entitled, "Facts You Should Know about TRUE STORY." Please ask for it by name when writing for it. We will be glad to mail you a copy free upon request. Failure to send for this booklet does not, however, lessen your chances of being awarded a prize in the contest series.

THIS CONTEST CLOSES JUNE 28, 1935

Get Your Stories in on Time

Movie Mirror's Cooking Page

(*Continued from page 64*)

melting in it. Pour in the molasses and let it come to a boil. Take it off the fire and lay neatly in it the slices of pineapple, fitting the nuts and the raisins into the chinks between the slices. You see, you're going to turn the finished cake out, so this is the top you are working on. Put the skillet where it will keep warm, but not cook, and make the batter.

The batter
1¾ cups flour
½ tsp. soda
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. ginger
1 tsp. cinnamon
¼ tsp. ground cloves
¼ tsp. nutmeg
½ tsp. salt
3 tbls. shortening
½ cup sugar
1 beaten egg
½ cup molasses
½ cup boiling water

Sift together the flour, soda, baking powder, the spices and the salt. Cream together the shortening and sugar, stir in the egg and the molasses, and mix thoroughly with the dry ingredients. Now add the boiling water and beat well. Pour this over the contents of the skillet and bake for about half an hour in a moderate oven (350° F.). When the batter is done, invert the skillet carefully over the serving platter so the cake comes out shiny-side up. Serve with whipped cream.

SINCE this is the fruit season, you could serve a real shortcake with the simple luncheon I have described, and if you haven't a shortcake recipe, do write me for one.

A more elaborate luncheon, one in which you are using a hot entree, would call for a simpler dessert. A well-planned, thoroughly chilled fruit cup could be used, or a gelatine dessert. I'm giving you this gelatine dish called Russian Cream because it has a new gelatine flavor to it and is ideal for hot weather.

RUSSIAN CREAM

2 tbls. gelatine
1 tbls. cold water
Juice and rind of one lemon
1 pint buttermilk
½ cup sugar

Soak the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes then add the grated rind and juice of the lemon. Set the utensil in which these are mixed over a bowl of hot water and stir till the gelatine is entirely dissolved. Take it from the hot water bowl and slowly add the sugar and buttermilk, stirring till the sugar is dissolved. Now pour the cream into the cups or glasses in which you intend to serve it, and chill in the refrigerator until the cream is firm, at least an hour. You should have four or five servings, according to the size of the glasses you use. Top with whipped cream.

I mentioned fruit cup, and it occurs to me you might like to know how to make Saboyon, which is sauce to accompany either fresh or stewed fruits.

SABOYON

¼ cup sugar
2 egg yolks
1 egg
¼ cup sweetened cooking sherry

Mix together the egg yolks and the sugar, then the whole egg. Mix this, a little at a time, into the sherry. Cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly till it thickens and sticks to the spoon. *Don't* let it get too hot, or cook too fast, or it won't be smooth. If you use it hot, you must serve it immediately or keep it warm over hot water. If you prefer it cold, beat it with an egg-beater until cool and then chill it.

AND now here is Hollywood's favorite dessert. I asked Rudolf Frederick, the Hollywood Brown Derby's chef, just what the stars who came to the Derby ordered the most frequently, and he told me: Cheese Cake. It melts in your mouth!

BROWN DERBY CHEESE CAKE

The shell
½ cup sugar
1 cup butter
1½ cups flour
1 egg
The grated rind of a lemon
A pinch of baking powder

Mix the egg with the sugar and add the butter. Knead in the flour and baking powder till you have a smooth paste. Cover the bottom and sides of a baking tin with this, bringing the paste up and over the rim of the pan. Lay a piece of waxed paper over it and fill it to the brim with beans. Bake in a slow oven (300° F.) for about twenty minutes. Be sure your oven isn't any hotter than 300° F., as you don't want to have the pastry rise. When it is done, remove beans and paper and fill the shell with:

The filling
½ lb. dry cottage cheese
½ cup sugar
⅓ cup cornstarch
½ tbls. flour
3 eggs
6 tbls. melted butter.
¼ grated rind of lemon or
½ tsp. vanilla
¾ pint heavy cream

Press the cottage cheese through a sieve to make sure there are no big lumps. Mix with it the sugar, the cornstarch and the flour. Stir in the lemon rind or the vanilla. Beat in the egg and the cream, and then the melted butter. Fill the shell with this and bake for an hour to an hour and a half very slowly, in an oven not over 300° F.

I am sure you will enjoy trying these desserts, and if there are others you would like to have tell me about them when you write me for the shortcake recipe or the others I have mentioned.

USE Lemon, instead of vinegar, in your mayonnaise and other salad dressings. All famous chefs employ lemon because it brings out the hidden goodness in salad ingredients and blends them as they should be.

Try it next time. Write for *Free Booklet*, "200 Sunkist Recipes for Every Day." Sunkist, Sec. 4007-A, Box 530, Station C, Los Angeles, Calif.
Copr., 1935, California Fruit Growers Exchange

"I WANT TO BE A NURSE BUT—"

Like many women Mrs A. E. wanted to be a nurse. Marriage changed her plans, but there came a time when she wished she did have a nurse's training to fall back on. As she writes: "It would have meant so much to me when I found myself with three children to support and a home to keep together. One day, in a magazine, I saw a CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING advertisement telling how hundreds of women were learning practical nursing *by mail*. THAT was what I wanted—so I clipped the coupon and sent it off. When the booklet came I read it through and after much thought decided to enroll. The lessons were amazingly easy to understand. While on my eighth lesson I took my first case and have been busy ever since, earning $32 a week!"

What Mrs. A. E. has done you can do. BE A NURSE. Let CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING train you for this well-paid, satisfying profession. Use coupon now.

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Dept. 187, 26 N. Ashland Blvd.
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The HIDDEN Hollywood

Our editor gives us the lowdown on the Hollywood that "exists in people's minds"

By Ruth Waterbury

Ruth Waterbury who has recently trekked from Hollywood to New York, via the Canal, tells us significant impressions of her trip.

THERE are three Hollywoods: the real one, the hidden one, and the one that exists in people's minds. I got a chance to look into the last one this month when I sailed out from San Pedro en route for Havana, headed eventually for my home office in New York, to spend a few weeks there.

We came out on the *S. S. California*, as typical a shipload as you'd find anywhere, I suppose. There were some two hundred and fifty odd of us in the first class, and all the typical types. There was the amorous old maid who pursued all the men about the deck, there was the widow with the shadowed eyes, there was the very old man married to the excessively blonde, startlingly young wife. But generally speaking, most of the passengers were well past middle age, with a generous sprinkling of kids about, most of them grandchildren.

I didn't come on deck until the second day out, but already the children were prepared for me. I represented Hollywood to them, and half an hour after I sat down in a deck chair, the youngsters were planted around me, screaming questions. Really it was only one question, one long-drawn-out, detailed question about Shirley Temple. They loved her, they adored her. They wanted to know what she ate, and what she wore, and how she played, this and that, hour after hour. And I wondered, answering their questions as best I could, if the motion picture business realizes what Shirley is doing for it. Hollywood knows full well the money Shirley earns for it, and the happiness she creates for millions, but I doubt that it comprehends, as I hadn't until that moment, how she is creating a future generation of confirmed movie fans, getting the children, who had deserted the movies, back into the theaters once again. The oldsters on board had only two favorites, Will Rogers and George Arliss, though they said they still felt the loss of Marie Dressler. All of them had liked "David Copperfield." Beyond that, their chief interest in a film was whether or not it was "clean." Of four pictures shown on board, though one was "Vanessa" and another "Love in Bloom," they remembered neither titles nor casts the next morning.

Eight days away from Hollywood, dawn found us coming into Panama, while three islands emerged from the golden sea like islands from a dream. It was good to be on land again, amid the natural richness and the human poverty of the town. Driving about its twisting streets and back country roads, I saw three movie houses with Ken Maynard, Buck Jones, and "Helldorado" playing. They told me that in the tropics only Westerns do business.

Havana, contrarily, had Freddie March and Sylvia Sidney in "Good Dame," Jose Mojica in several films, and sex dramas everywhere. There was a revolution going in the town. They announced proudly at the capital that they had killed a rebel the day before, taking four official bullets to do it. But in movies all they cared about was love, love, love.

Late afternoon found me in a line at the airport getting clearance papers to fly from Havana to Miami. A bored Cuban official was asking the usual tired, sex-color questions when suddenly he caught my address. His head jerked up. "Holy-wood," he said, "ah, Holy-wood. Tell me, do you know Jean Hahlow?"

Miami Beach is as chic and glittering as you expect. The shops and the women are beautiful. The sea, sky and palms merge into perfection. Still, with all that, night finds all Miami going to the movies, and the group I visited, worldlings all—a publisher, an editor, a novelist, and an actress—wanted to do nothing nearly so much at night as to go to a house where a double feature was showing, and where we munched popcorn throughout.

BUT New York was different. New Yorkers said, "Whatever you do, you must see 'The Children's Hour'."

So I went to that, one lovely spring evening, and watched a play about lying, treachery, and sex abnormality, put together with a skill so cunning that it was easy to believe the whole world was sick.

A year ago, movies might have bought that play, since it is a hit, and tried to make a picture of it. Now they won't. The "decency drive" and the increased attendance at pure pictures has helped their judgment.

And I thought of Father O'Melia, the young priest, travelling for his health, who had occupied the deck chair next to mine on the *California* and who had listened with amusement to the youngsters' questions. One night when they had all gone down to their early dinners, I asked him how he, as a churchman, felt about movies.

He said he was proud of movies now, gratified at their right-about-face in their creating something at once true and entertaining. He smiled, adding, "The Church knows you've only to show the way to most people to get them to go the best way. Fortunately, most of us want the good things. All the things God created are good. It is only the minority who want the evil that man creates."

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P-151

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movie MIRROR

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AUGUST

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ginning—I WANT TO BE A STAR A Fascinating Hollywood Novel by Dora Macy

CK POWELL REVEALS THE BLONDE BLACKMAIL RACKET

STILL her ADORER

THE years are adding up . . . soon their children will be grown . . . yet he is still her adorer . . . she holds him as completely as when they were first married. More women should know her secret.

* * * *

How wise is the woman who realizes the importance of keeping the breath always sweet, wholesome and agreeable! After all, nothing mars a personal relationship like halitosis (bad breath) whether occasional or habitual. It is ridiculously easy to keep the breath inoffensive. Simply use Listerine, that's all—a little in the morning, a little at night, and between times before social engagements. Listerine instantly halts halitosis; deodorizes longer than ordinary non-antiseptic mouth washes. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE halts halitosis (bad breath)

Deodorizes Longer

THE HIDDEN HOLLYWOOD

The inner workings of the film capital are always changing—follow them in this monthly feature

By Ruth Waterbury

Although Isabel Jewell and Lee Tracy now are only good friends, Isabel still calls him "Angel"—and "Angel" is as concerned as Isabel over her Metro contract.

I'VE been away from Hollywood for six weeks, and it's all changed. At the Trocadero, Merle Oberon is dancing these nights with David Niven. Brian Aherne lunches at the Vendome with Frances Marion, instead of Marlene Dietrich. The comely, well-bred Claudette Colbert goes calmly along building her house, and saying nothing against the love uproar of Norman Foster and Sally Blane. At Paramount, they clamour about Julie Haydon, who was clamoured about at Radio a year or so ago—while at Radio, Helen Mack (to me, still the most promising of the younger actresses) plays her first important role since Paramount let her off their payroll; maybe you remember that last year Paramount took her over from Radio. At Metro, Pinky Tomlin, their last month's sensation, is dropped from the contract list while this month's sensation, Luise Rainer, is very much set—and, in the cast of her picture, Mady Christians (the before-Christmas sensation) is playing a bit. Fox announces that Shirley Temple has had too many stories written about her, while Twentieth Century folds up quietly for the summer with its only star, Fredric March, given over to Goldwyn, when Garbo gets through with him, for "The Dark Angel."

The Clover Club has once more become the place to go late at night, and the furore about the movies moving has died down. Along Sunset Boulevard a new set of little shops has mushroomed up, and at Adrian's there is an exhibition of fried eggs and mouse traps under glass, variously labelled "Joan Crawford," "Mary Pickford" *et al*, and you can look at them and not like them for all their inventor, the amusing Kenneth Britton, cares. The girls are wearing veils over all their hats, regardless of shape or size; and Connie Bennett sits dreamily in a box watching Gilbert Roland practice for the movie tennis tournament. It's shifting—electric—mad, this Hidden Hollywood. Always new, always news, and that's the charm of the place!

The sobs are there, too. I go to dinner at Metro, and run into little Isabel Jewell, the girl who was so fine in "Evelyn Prentice." She has asked to be released from her contract, because the latest rôle she was given was exactly five lines. She says "Angel" is unhappy about it, too, and you realize that "Angel" is Lee Tracy, and you remember that his career isn't so forte since he and Isabel stopped seeing one another. You hate yourself for being so sentimental, but you do wish that they could get back together and be happy once more.

Robert Montgomery, tired out from five pictures in rapid succession, is ordered by his doctor to give up "Mutiny on the Bounty," the one part he has wanted, to get which he has consented to play routine leading men in women stars' pictures. See him, now, and you do not see that gay, impudent Montgomery of the screen. You observe the other side of his personality that he keeps so carefully hidden—the very intelligent, deeply sensitive man who thinks there are many things wrong with this modern world.

And with it all, with all this color, heartbreak, glamor, the studios themselves keep right on dishing out the most awful tripe—the worst bunch of so-called "summer" pictures it has ever been my misfortune to see. In the theater, business is off, and small wonder. When the depression first hit, in an effort to keep up theater attendance, the double-feature was introduced. It offered then one good picture and one not-so-good picture, or in other words, the old "something-for-nothing" principle. Audiences like the idea. I have often wondered if a lot of response to the plan wasn't because the double feature was not only a bargain, but that it offered many hours' entertainment as opposed to the average two hours' entertainment the single feature had given. Either way, it was a hit until the big producers decided to cut down on the one good feature and to make more small features. The result is that with the major studios expending all their energy turning out "quickies" almost no good pictures are being produced. Stars are being seen too often in shoddily directed and written pictures. They discourage everyone connected with them, but most of all those of us who pay our money at the box office.

Yet as I write, Grace Moore's "Love Me Forever" is nearly finished, "Becky Sharp" is being edited, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is about to be seen, the Crawford-Montgomery "No More Ladies" is due for preview, Garbo's "Anna Karenina" is completed, and Gable and Harlow have concluded "China Seas." That promises well for the late summer. I'm just naive, optimistic and romantic enough to hope it means that the glamor, the color and the romance of the Hidden Hollywood I know may, through these pictures, get to you who are watching the screen.

movie MIRROR

combined with *Shadoplay*

VOL. 7, NO. 3 August, 1935

Edited from Hollywood

ERNEST V. HEYN, Eastern Editor
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Editor

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IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE

(Out July 24)

"I Should Have Married 12 Years Ago!" says NELSON EDDY

A great singing star, Hollywood's newest romantic actor, emerged from the glorious background of "Naughty Marietta" to catch the feminine fancy of America. In next month's MOVIE MIRROR he tells why his honors don't mean so much, now that he has no one to share them with, and how he passed up the great romance of his life.

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Discovered

IN A HOLLYWOOD PROJECTION ROOM!

Together, A GREAT STAR and a NEW STAR

The hush in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer projection room turned to a muffled whisper...the whisper rose to an audible hum... and in less than five minutes everybody in the room knew that a great new star had been born—LUISE RAINER—making her first American appearance in "Escapade", WILLIAM POWELL'S great new starring hit! It was a historic day for Hollywood, reminiscent of the first appearance of Garbo — another of those rare occasions when a great motion picture catapults a player to stardom.

WILLIAM POWELL *in*

Escapade

with

LUISE RAINER
FRANK MORGAN
VIRGINIA BRUCE
REGINALD OWEN
MADY CHRISTIANS
A Robert Z. Leonard Production
Produced by Bernard H. Hyman
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

William Powell adds another suave characterization to his long list of successes...and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer swells the longest list of stars in filmdom with another brilliant name —Luise Rainer!

Aristocrat, sophisticate, innocent — one wanted romance, the other wanted excitement — but one wanted his heart — and won it!...Sparkling romance of an artist who dabbled with love as he dabbled with paints...and of a girl who hid behind a mask — but could not hide her heart from the man she loved!

JUST OFF HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

Stories of filmdom's locally famous personages, told here for the first time

By WALTER RAMSEY

MR. OVIEDO'S little Mexican café stands on the corner next to the Hollywood Athletic Club. It used to be a house in the old days, but now the living room and dining room have tables for the guests and a huge, multi-colored statue of a Mexican dancing girl stands on the front lawn.

Mr. Oviedo does most of the work himself, meets you at the door, seats you at a table and then waits upon you. He knows all his regular customers by name and chats with them about the new house or the latest baby while he does the work of ten men. When you come for the first time, you think he is being friendly to everyone in the crowded rooms but you. Later on, he learns your name and then you, too, are one of his friends. You will always know when that time arrives. Mr. Oviedo will show you the picture of himself taken many years ago when he was a famous "strong man" and wore a lion skin and lifted heavy weights.

There are some charcoal pictures on the walls; a few are of typical Mexican characters but most of them are drawings of movie stars. The one of Ramon Novarro is the worst drawing I've ever seen! Mr. Oviedo keeps it next to the door as you go out—maybe so you'll leave with a smile.

Most of the cafés in Hollywood fight for the movie star business. They think it brings the tourists. It does for a while, but when the stars decide to try another place the business usually drops off so badly that the café closes. That's why Mr. Oviedo's boast isn't quite as funny as it sounds even though it's true that:

Oviedo's is the only café in Hollywood without a movie star.

You probably won't think about it until the next day, but by then you'll begin to wonder what has happened to all those huge muscles in the youthful picture of Mr. Oviedo. Now he is thin and slight. His little hairline mus-

(*Continued on page 73*)

Left, Mr. Oviedo with the Mexican dancing girl statue which stands in front of the only restaurant in Hollywood which has no movie stars. Below, Captain Eric H. Krause says our minds are still on the good old gold standard.

Author's Note: I've just returned from a tour of the Boulevards and I have some very interesting people and places to tell you about this month. First, though, I should like to thank every one of you who has written me about this new column. I have mentioned before that this is the most enjoyable writing job I've ever had, but your enthusiastic voice of approval has made it even more so. I'm going to get a chance to answer every one of your grand letters soon now and I hope others of you will write and tell me what you think of it. Also, don't forget when you write to include any ideas you may have for items in the department. You know—places or people you've heard about in Hollywood and feel you'd like to know more about. Address Walter Ramsey, Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Thanks again!—W. R.

"Accent on Youth"

Should a girl marry a man of her own age or should she choose a more mature husband? Can a girl in her twenties find happiness with a man twice her age? Granted that May and December are mismated; but what about June and September?

Millions of girls for millions of years have asked themselves these questions and attempted to answer them in their own lives.

Now the question — and one of the several possible answers — has been made the theme of one of the most charming screen romances of the season, Paramount's "Accent on Youth". . . As a stage play "Accent on Youth" won acclaim from the Broadway critics and tremendous popularity with the theatre-goers. Opening late in 1934 it promises to continue its successful run well into the summer of 1935.

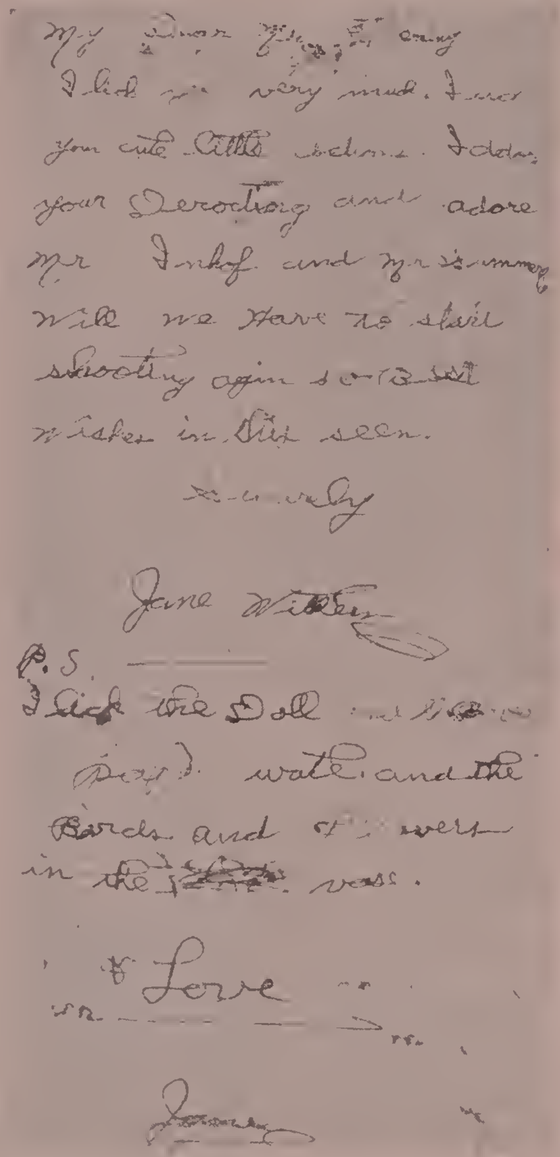
Sylvia Sidney plays the screen role of the girl who comes face to face with this age-old question. She is adored by young, handsome and athletic Phillip Reed and she is loved by the brilliant and successful but more mature playwright, Herbert Marshall . . . Which man shall she choose? . . . That is the question around which the entire plot revolves and to answer it in print would spoil the delightful suspense which the author, Samson Raphaelson, developed to a high degree in his original New York stage success and which Director Wesley Ruggles maintains with equal success and charm in the screen play.

In the supporting cast are such well-known players as Holmes Herbert and Ernest Cossart. The latter is playing the same role on the screen as that which he created in the original Broadway stage production.

movie MIRROR JR.

CONDUCTED BY ANN RAMBER

Jane Withers, eight-year-old Fox star, wrote the nice letter below to her director. Right, in a scene from "Ginger."



My Dear [illegible]
I like you very much. I [illegible]
you cute little [illegible]. I adore
your Directing and adore
Mr [illegible] and Mr [illegible]
Will we have to start
shooting agin so [illegible]
mistake in this seen.

Sincerely

Jane Withers

P.S.
I like the Doll [illegible]
[illegible] watch and the
Birds and flowers
in the [illegible] vase.

Love

Jane

REVIEWS FOR JUNIORS

HOORAY FOR LOVE. A gay musical with singing and dancing, that I'm sure you'll like.

PUBLIC HERO. A fast action picture about Federal men, especially for young boys.

AGE OF INDISCRETION. If your parents don't mind your seeing a divorce picture, see this. Little David Holt is keen.

BREAK OF HEARTS. You might like this if you like love stories.

OUR LITTLE GIRL. Another Temple picture for all you Shirley fans.

MURDER IN THE FLEET. O.K. if you like murder mysteries.

GINGER. By all means see this picture in which eight-year-old Jane Withers will make you laugh and cry.

ARIZONIAN, THE. A rip-snorting Western you'll adore.

LAST month and the month before, I told you about Shirley Temple and Virginia Weidler, two little girls who have skyrocketed to fame on the silver screen. But there are other little boys and girls whom you see on the screen from time to time and I know you'll be interested in them.

There are Freddie Bartholomew, who made such a hit as "David Copperfield;" Jackie Cooper, whose popularity grows as he is growing—by leaps and bounds; Cora Sue Collins, fondly known as "Baby Garbo;" Mickey Rooney, who'll be seen as Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" very shortly; David Holt of "You Belong to Me" fame, who is steadily becoming more popular; and little Billy Lee, not yet five. And speaking of very young troupers, there's Baby Jane Quigley, who at three years spoke lines for the talkies. And let us not forget the two meanies—Jane Withers and Jackie Searle—both charming youngsters in private life, but noted for the disagreeable parts they play on the screen.

Off the screen, these children lead everyday lives, playing the same games as you children do, and liking pets as you probably do, too. All of the screen children are fond of pets. Little David Holt and his sister Betty, who soon will be in pictures, too, are especially fond of them. One day when they were driving with their parents they spied a ranch that had baby chickens and the two children made a great clamor and fuss until the car was stopped so they could look at them. And of course, as soon as they saw the yellow, peeping chicks, they wanted them. The ranch owner said they weren't for sale, but when he saw the disappointed look on the faces of the two children, he said while he wouldn't sell them he would give them twelve of the fuzzy little chicks!

You can imagine how delighted David and Betty were. David was so excited that night that he crept out of bed several times to see how the little chicks were doing. But in spite of his vigilance, two chicks were dead by morning because they had been taken away from their mother too soon. David's heart felt as though it were broken in two. He is quite a little man, and tried very hard not to show it, but little Betty couldn't control her grief, and cried and cried and cried.

David put his arm around his little sister protectingly, and said, "Don't cry, Betty. They've gone to 'their heaven.'" David took out his own pocket handkerchief to wipe away her tears, and then and there they decided to shower all their love and attention on the ten chicks that were left. David sought forgetfulness in work, making a coop for the other chicks in his yard, all by himself.

Cora Sue Collins, for instance, doesn't go in so much for baby chicks, but she adores love- (*Continued on page 71*)

Tintex

Brings Color Magic to Your Summer Wardrobe

Tintex—brings Color Magic to Afternoon Frocks, Evening Dresses, Evening Wraps, and Scarfs

Tintex—brings Color Magic to Summer Curtains and Drapes—Slip Covers and all Home Decorations

Tintex—brings Color Magic to Sportswear, Sweaters, Sports Scarfs and Handkerchiefs

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SUMMER sun and frequent launderings will fade the beautiful lors in your apparel . . . and your home decorations, too. ut never mind. Just do as mil- ns of other smart women . . . use ntex! In a jiffy . . . and without uss or fuss . . . these famous Tints d Dyes will restore the original lor, or give a new color if you ish, to every washable fabric.

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Tintex quality never varies! Perfect results every time. That's why millions of women
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TINTS AND DYES

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Speak for yourself

MOVIE MIRROR awards Seven Prizes each month for the best letters—$20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about talkies, stars or stories, in 200 words or less. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Pert Kelton sings for her supper in "Hooray for Love." Well-known on Broadway's musical comedy stage, this is the first time Pert has had a chance to do any vocalizing on the screen.

$20 PRIZE LETTER
Join the Navy—and See the Movies

Who are the strongest movie fans? No, not in physical strength—but in loyalty and sincerity, I mean. I'll tell you. It's Uncle Sam's Bluejackets.

You who sometimes register a complaint because your local theater is too hot, cold or draughty should try attending a movie on a naval vessel. There, nightly, you'll see hundreds of gobs clustered on the weatherdeck of their ships—be they in torrid Panama or frozen Alaska—sitting on stools, benches and even soap-boxes, eagerly braving the elements to see their favorites do their screen stuff.

All major ships of our Navy now have a nightly showing of the latest features. Talkies, of course, and usually as up-to-date as the pictures you are currently seeing. The night's show is the big bright event of a gob's life. Especially when the fleet is on a cruise and there is little else in the way of entertainment. How they rush to the top-side, hours before movie time, to insure themselves of good positions, from which to view the night's show. They even have a bugle call, now, to announce the start of the show. Modern, eh?

N. Clancy Bradt,
U. S. S. Argonne,
San Pedro, Calif.

$10 PRIZE LETTER
How About It?

In the good old silent days of movieland we had already the custom of seeing snapshots of the feature players, whose names appeared at the same time. This fashion went and came back! We see again—to the great joy of the movie fans—the stars and starlets appear before the picture starts. How about having the names not only printed but . . . said?

It would be a surprising pleasure for thousands of movie fans and would make it easier to pronounce names like Charles Laughton, Guy Kibbee, Claudette Colbert, Victor MacLaglen and many more.

There is so much talking in a picture, so it does not make any difficulty to have a talking start as well. The cast may be repeated just the same or only on the screen at the end.

Fannie Schuelein,
Bronx, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
What's Right with the Movies?

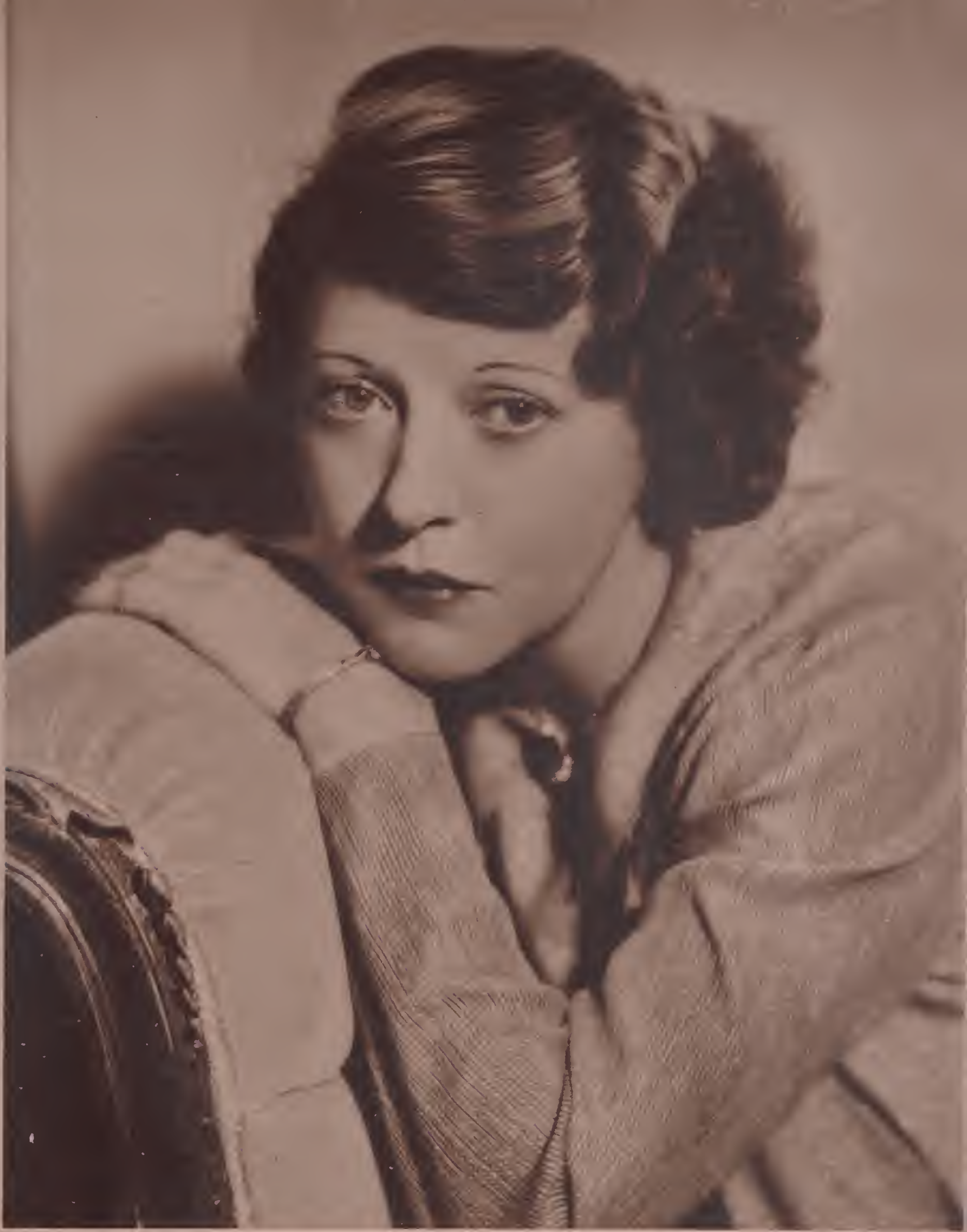
Why does any able producer waste his time creating cheap shockers like "Bride of Frankenstein"? Or monotonous song-and-dance shows like "Sweet Music" (of which there was none!)? Or morbid dramas such as "Imitation of Life" and "Private Worlds"?

Let's have less lurid stories for Greta Garbo, never any but the best leading men for Myrna Loy and Claudette Colbert, and some leading roles for Una Merkel.

Why can't William Powell do his sophisticated comedies without constant emphasis on drinking? What has become of El Brendel, who used to insert such sly humor into any part? Isn't Freddie Bartholomew appreciated to the point of giving him another lead?

Dorothy H. Glover,
Akron, Ohio.

(*Continued on page* 83)



RUTH CHATTERTON

Proudly we offer you this grand portrait of the woman who gained her movie immortality as Madame X, whose recent career has been none too fortunate, but who goes to Columbia from Warner Brothers for "Feather in Her Hat" based on the I. A. R. Wylie best-seller, to be followed by "Modern Lady."

GENEVIEVE TOBIN

She sings a beautiful soprano, plays the piano and the harp, dances exquisitely, has an illustrious stage record, designs her own clothes and is recognized by many as Hollywood's best-dressed woman—but Genevieve plays comic and villainous rôles on the screen. Her latest is "The Goose and the Gander."

FRANCES DRAKE

Another talented young lady who sings, sketches and dances, Frances is one of the busiest players in Hollywood, making pictures for everyone but her own Paramount. She had an important part in "Les Miserables" and will have the coveted rôle opposite Peter Lorre in his first American film, "Mad Love."

MONTGOMERY — CRAWFORD — TONE

Showing no cinematic partiality, Joan looks neither to the left nor to the right, preferring to favor *you* with her dazzling smile. But, of course, in real life her smiles are still exclusively for Franchot, although in M-G-M's "No More Ladies" he pretends to compete for her affections with Robert Montgomery.

"BARBAROUS!" *Says* GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BEAUTY EDITOR

"INTELLIGENT!" *Says* YOUR OWN DENTIST

IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"IT'S worse than a blunder, it's a social crime," exclaimed the Director of the new Good Housekeeping Beauty Clinic. "That girl," she went on, "is headed for social suicide."

But dentists looked at it differently.

"An excellent picture," was their general comment. "It's a graphic illustration of a point we dentists are always seeking to drive home. If all of us gave our teeth and gums more exercise on coarse, raw foods, many of our dental ills would disappear."

Time and again dental science has crusaded against our modern menus. Coarse foods are banned from our tables for the soft and savory dishes that rob our gums of work and health. Gums grow lazy...sensitive...tender! It's no wonder that "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"!

For unheeded, neglected—"pink tooth brush" may mean serious trouble—even gingivitis, pyorrhea or Vincent's disease.

Follow your dentist's advice. Brush your teeth regularly with Ipana Tooth Paste. Then, each time, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. For Ipana and massage help restore your gums to healthy firmness. Do this regularly and the chances are you'll never be bothered with "pink tooth brush."

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Use the coupon below, if you like. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy a full-size tube of Ipana and get a full month of scientific dental care and a quick start toward firmer gums and brighter teeth?

• • •

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

IPANA and Massage mean Sparkling Teeth and Healthy Gums

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. KK-85
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City______________________State________

MIRIAM HOPKINS

In the title role of "Becky Sharp," from the Thackeray classic, Miriam has been given one of the greatest honors of 1935. She's the first star to appear in an all-Technicolor film (three-color process), and critics are already prophesying that all movies will soon be in color, just as they are now all in sound.

Confident always

BECAUSE OF THE ASSURANCE THESE 3 KOTEX FEATURES OFFER

CAN'T CHAFE
CAN'T FAIL
CAN'T SHOW

CAN'T CHAFE

Means much on active days

To be happy and natural one must be comfortable. The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. You see, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But, mind you, sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

YOU need never have times when you're ill at ease. For now there is a simple way to carefree, perfect poise on the days it's hardest to attain.

Discover here what I believe every woman has a right to know. Here's a modern sanitary napkin—Kotex—that has removed all annoyance from women's most perplexing problem. Kotex brings women 3 gratifying comforts you can understand by simply looking at the construction of the pad itself.

With all of these extra Kotex advantages costing so little, there's no economy in accepting ordinary kinds.

For greater protection on some days depend on Super Kotex. For emergency, look for Kotex in ladies' rooms in West Cabinets.

Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

New Kotex Belt—adjustable—requires no pins!

It's conveniently narrow, easily adjustable. You'll be pleased with the comfort . . . and the low price.

CAN'T SHOW

Gives evening peace-of-mind

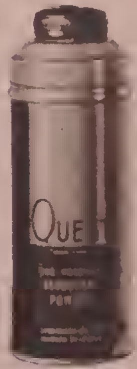
The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines. What an aid to self-confidence and poise. The ends of Kotex are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.

CAN'T FAIL

Is important, too

Security means much to every woman at all times . . . and Kotex assures it! It has a special center layer whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. This special center gives "body" but not bulk—makes Kotex adjust itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 *times* more absorbent than cotton.

QUEST—the positive deodorant powder for personal daintiness



A new scientific discovery makes possible the perfect deodorant powder for use with Kotex . . . and for every need! Quest, sponsored by the makers of Kotex, is a dainty, soothing powder, pleasant and safe to use. Quest assures all-day-long body freshness. Buy Quest when you buy Kotex . . . only 35c for the large can.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

JOEL McCREA

He's just signed an important five-year contract with Samuel Goldwyn, to take effect as soon as he's finished "Manhattan Madness" for M-G-M. He and Frances Dee (who turned down lucrative British offers to stay with her husband) don't get much time to spend with that baby of theirs out at their ranch.

Five..."Going on Two"

The DIONNE QUINTUPLETS, now safely past that perilous first year

All photographs copyrighted by NEA Service Inc.

(*Above*) The Dafoe Hospital for Dionne quintuplets. "Lysol" is the only disinfectant used to keep it clean.

(*Below*) "Lysol" keeps the babies' belongings clean.

(*At Right*) The simple birthplace near Callander, Ont., where the babies lived, kept *hospital-clean* with "Lysol", while Dafoe Hospital was being built.

Since the day of their birth, "LYSOL" has been the only disinfectant used to help protect these famous babies from the constant dangers of infection

THE very first registered nurse who reached the Dionne home, that exciting birthday morning in May, 1934, had "Lysol" with her in her kit, and went to work with it at once.

"Lysol" has been used in many thousands of childbirth operations all over the world. For the danger of infection is high in childbirth, and doctors and nurses know they need a safe, dependable germicide like "Lysol" to help protect mother and child from infection.

Following the most dramatic childbirth in medical history...in the care of the most watched-over babies in the world, "Lysol" has had—and still has—a most vital part.

Since the day the quintuplets were born, "Lysol" has helped to guard them from infection. Their clothes, bedding, diapers, cribs, and the interior of the snug, little Dafoe Hospital, have been kept clean with this effective, economical germicide.

Are YOU giving YOUR baby this scientific care? Are you using "Lysol" to clean the nursery, bathroom, the kitchen where food is prepared...to disinfect clothes, bedding, telephone mouthpieces, door knobs, banisters, etc.?

The scientific care given the Dionnes is an example every mother should follow. Directions for all the correct uses of "Lysol" come with each bottle.

NEW! Lysol Hygienic Soap

for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added cleansing and deodorant properties of "Lysol". Get a cake at your favorite drug counter.

Lysol Disinfectant

GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

LEHN & FINK, INC., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. LY-57
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant.

Please send me the "Lysol" Library, consisting of: "Keeping a Healthy Home", "Preparation for Motherhood" and "Marriage Hygiene".

Name ______________________

Street ______________________

City ______________ *State* ______________

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Inside Stuff

By PETER ABBOTT

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
BY HYMAN FINK

They're the best of pals, are Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel, but such off-the-screen pictures as the above are very rare. They were snapped with their wives at the Mayfair, Beverly Wilshire.

When Ruby Keeler (above) returned with the newly-adopted Jolson baby, reporters pleaded with her for information and pictures, but the shot at right was as close as anyone got to Albert, Jr. (he is in the basket).

DON'T let that Sweden stuff fool you. **Garbo** will be back and at Metro, and here's the news. Her first picture under her new contract will be "Camille."

As soon as **Brian Aherne** finishes D'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers," which **Francis Lederer** was once scheduled to play, he will be leading man for **Joan Crawford,** for which spot Francis Lederer was also once mentioned.

W. C. Fields did what every actor always dreams of doing—directed his own picture, "Everything Happens at Once," when his director, **Clyde Bruckman**, got sick the other day.

Now **Clark Gable** is going to be co-starred with **Jeanette MacDonald** in "San Francisco." Poor Clark, he gets handed from leading woman to leading woman at Metro. Not that Jeanette isn't a grand girl and a grand actress, but we do think Clark should be given his own starring pictures.

When you see **Jean Harlow** next, you'll see less of her. The reason: influenza.

Cary Grant will sport a beard in "The Last Outpost."

Charlie Ruggles has gone to the dogs in a "Shop for Canines," under his own management.

Fred MacMurray gets a big break by nabbing the leading role opposite **Katharine Hepburn** in "Alice Adams."

There's a rumor, but take it for what it's worth, that **Garbo** and **Brent** may be in Europe at the same time in a few weeks.

Despite all the big talk about flying, **Ruth Chatterton** is the only gal star to fly her own ship cross-country into Hollywood, which Ruthie did when she landed to pick up her Columbia contract the other day. In spite of bad flying weather, Ruth made good time and reported that she felt fine on arrival here.

Hottest Romances of the Month: **Nelson Eddy** and **Alice Faye; Nino Martini,** the opera singer, and **Astrid Allwyn** (both of Fox).

The **Dix** twins have been named **Robert Warren** and **Richard Archie.** Robert weighed six pounds, two ounces at birth, and Richard Archie weighed six pounds, nine ounces; they are now the same weight, which mixes up everyone. Robert has a birthmark on his left leg, which is the only means of identification; the birthmark is going to be removed, however. The proud father has purchased a new cow so they will get their own private milk.

Fred Stone, the famous stage comedian, and his daughter, **Paula** are working together for the first time—both at RKO.

Ken Maynard has signed a contract with Columbia to do Westerns which he will write himself.

John Beal is seriously ill, so much so that his career is in danger and he may have to leave the screen for a time.

* * *

ONE week after Dr. Thorpe was handed a divorce and custody of their child, he had the house that he and Mary Astor had occupied, up for sale. There was a huge sign on the lawn for a day or so, announcing that the place was for sale; under the sale price was the name of the company that was handling the deal: The Love Realty Company!

* * *

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON threw another of his famous champagne breakfasts last Sunday. All the guests were loud in praise of Eddie's ranch and the marvelous food. Most of the gals wondered why it was that such a grand fellow as Horton should have remained a bachelor all these years.

We have news to report.

Yesterday, at the Vendome, we saw Mr. Horton out with a lady! He had, as his luncheon guest, that famous New York comedienne, Helen Broderick! Afterwards, we heard Eddie whisper into a pal's ear this worried question: "Do you suppose people will talk?" The pal told him that he didn't think they would—but here we are, talking!

Another of Hollywood's adopted children is entering on a film career. Wally Beery's beloved four-year-old, Carol Ann, shown here in an informal pose with her pet dog, will make her début with Papa in "China Seas."

"Ivory-Washables" go to town!
These Frocks by "Carolyn"
IVORY FLAKES
for safe washing of fine things
99 44/100 % PURE

Makers of gay smart dresses advise, "Wash them with IVORY FLAKES*"*

Cape frocks . . . jacket ensembles . . . prints—the most exciting new frocks are being designed to take trips through lukewarm suds of pure Ivory Flakes. The Carolyn Modes we show, for example, are all tagged "washable with Ivory Flakes." And listen to what other creators of America's smartest daytime clothes say—"We have found that pure Ivory Flakes give the best results in laundering our washable fashions." Of course, Ivory is *pure*—that's why it's an "Ivory-washable" season!

Good news for you—and good luck for your pocket-book! You get *1/5 more flakes for your money* when you buy the big blue Ivory box. Ivory Flakes are your biggest bargain in fine-fabrics soap today!

The King's Jubilee ball at the Ambassador Hotel brought out many famous Britishers of Hollywood. In box above are Louise Brien, Major R. V. C. Bedley, Maureen O'Sullivan, John Farrow, Elissa Landi. Dancing at right are Merle Oberon and Charles Laughton, who is growing a movie beard.

HOLLYWOOD is no doubt better prepared for the next war than any city in the country! Listen to this, if you don't believe us:

Vic McLaglen has hundreds of members in his "California Light Horse," studying every day the ways and means of war.

Gary Cooper's recently organized "Hussars" will have several hundred mounted troops in every branch of soldiering.

George Brent, worried over the fact that it cost him over five hundred dollars to learn to fly, has formed the "Esquadrille." With the help of a flying ace, George is offering planes and landing field at minimum cost to all who want to learn aviation. Already, they have received eighty applications and it looks as though this third branch of service will measure up.

* * *

WILL there be a happy reunion for Virginia Bruce and John Gilbert? That possibility has gained ground in Hollywood recently because of the attention John paid Virginia while she was ill in the hospital; some reports have it that he made as many as five trips a day to see her.

Hollywood doesn't seem to know, though, that during John's recent illness Virginia was in almost constant attendance at his bedside.

Those of us who know and love them have waited patiently for them to go back together and make a real home for their little daughter. John has fallen so hard for his little girl lately that this may be the means of a reconciliation.

LIONEL BARRYMORE, much against his doctor's orders, got out of bed one day recently with a temperature of 102 and went to the studio for work. He did it because he heard that there were over a hundred extras called for the day's work and that his appearance would make possible a check for them for food for a few days.

* * *

MAY ROBSON has just purchased the portable dressing room formerly owned by Marie Dressler. She will paint the outside with a gleaming new coat, but she has vowed not to touch a single thing inside the room. Every picture will remain just as it was hung by its famous owner before she died. We asked May about it; she said:

"I hope the spirit of Marie Dressler will remain in that room to spur me on to the greatness that she, herself, attained!"

There is a lesson in artistic ambition. May Robson has just celebrated her seventieth birthday!

Among the other distinguished guests at the Jubilee ball were Brian Aherne, Gloria Swanson, Herbert Marshall (who gave the toast), and Frances Marion.

Henry Wilcoxon, too, was at the Ambassador that night for the gaiety and with him was the young Elsie Ferguson, who as you can see for yourself looks like her famous namesake.

OUT on the set of "Broadway Melody of 1936" they have some gadgets that Bill Powell, the gadget fancier, should see. If you press one button, a piano comes up out of the floor. If you press another, chair and table arise! In fact they have so many buttons that most of the gang at M-G-M are down there trying to get in on the fun. After about half of the studio had pushed the buttons until they had the piano almost out of tune, the bosses installed a guard to watch over the gadgets.

* * *

BRIEF NOTICE:

RUMOR hath it that Colleen Moore and her husband, Al Scott, the broker, are having their troubles, but Al claims that he will live in the Moore mansion in Hollywood this summer anyway.

Buddy Rogers is not only romantically tied these days but has developed athletic complications as well! Seems his father sent him two polo ponies and now Buddy is taking lessons every day from Snowy Baker.

* * *

JANE FROMAN, the radio star, tried to get out of singing for the guests the other night at John Boles's dinner

Does he ADMIRE YOUR HAIR in a "CLOSE-UP"?

Don't let OILINESS, or wispy DRYNESS cool his ardor. Cultivate the beauty of your hair with the correct shampoo for its special type

OILY HAIR wants this shampoo

Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo *is made especially for oily hair*. It is gently astringent . . . tends to tighten up flabby oil glands and regulate the flow of oil to your hair.

Such a nice, quick shampoo, too! Such snowy lather . . . so gentle . . . so easy to rinse! It is very simple to wash your hair with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo often enough to keep it shining, soft and fluffy.

DRY HAIR should have this

Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo is a corrective beauty treatment for *dry* hair. It is made *especially* for this purpose. In addition to olive oil, it contains soothing, softening glycerine. Dry, flyaway hair responds gratefully . . . gains gloss and silkiness.

Packer's Shampoos are absolutely safe. They are made by the makers of Packer's Tar Soap—specialists in hair care for over 60 years.

PACKER'S SHAMPOOS

PINE TAR for OILY hair

OLIVE OIL for DRY hair

party, but she didn't. A smart lad got the idea of playing a game in which a guest leaves the room and returns to find that the others have decided that he will do a certain thing. The victim's only clue as to what is expected of him is the playing of a piano, which becomes louder as he approaches his goal. Jane had to pick up a little pillow on the far side of the room, put it on the piano bench and sing a certain song. Surprisingly enough, every guest did exactly what we had planned for him to do and Jane actually sang "There's Going To Be Some Changes Made."

* * *

PASSING IN REVIEW:

PARAMOUNT is going to capitalize on the latest craze by titling a picture "Chain Letter." Now perhaps we may find out why we never got all those dimes we were promised. Shirley Temple is the youngest notable ever to appear in the New Wide World Illustrated Encyclopedia. She comes right between "Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury" and "Temple, William, Belgian Ambassador in the late 17th Century!" Herbert Marshall gave the toast the night Hollywood celebrated the Jubilee in honor of King George and Queen Mary of England. We just uncovered Lyle Talbot's romance-of-the-month (he should make it a club) and she is Maxine Doyle. M-G-M must be getting another Tarzan epic ready for production because we saw Johnny Weissmuller washing out his leopard-skin yesterday. Max Reinhardt tied the knot with his favorite German actress and now Helen Themig is Mrs. Reinhardt. Joe Schenck is planning a quick trip to Europe again; we hope he discovers another gal like Merle Oberon. Hollywood could do with a few more like her!

* * *

A NEW idea has hit Hollywood and I shall call it (even though I risk death at the hands of the originators) "The Culture Club." The members are Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Jean Muir, Lynne Riggs and Jean Dixon.

The idea is that every Saturday evening they have dinner together and then take in whatever concert or opera is playing at the moment. If nothing along these lines turn up, they generally show some late picture in Joan's living room.

* * *

A FEW years ago, the Los Angeles Park Commissioner held a large and silent audience spell-bound while he planted, with great ceremony, a rose bush in Exposition Park. He named it "The Mary Pickford Rose."

Yesterday, with equal ceremony, the Park Commissioner (the new one is a lady) dug up the same bush and then re-planted it under her own name! She was heard to explain to her audience: "Such honors should not be held by movie stars!"

At the right, Kay Francis buys her ticket at the TWA airport as she leaves for that long-awaited European vacation. She plans to spend much of her time in France, partly in Paris, where she'll shop for that famous wardrobe, and partly in Cannes where, strangely enough, Maurice Chevalier has a villa. Below, Sally Eilers, Lady Warwick, Adrienne Ames, Bruce Cabot and Joan Bennett look at Hyman Fink's photographs while Hymie's camera looks at them. Lower right, Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown are in style in ten-gallon hats at Gibson's rodeo.

ON THESE NEWSY PAGES

DICK ARLEN left Hollywood the other day bound for the Golden Wedding Anniversary of his parents in St. Paul. He took along 1500 fan pictures to give along the route if his fans asked for them. He just wired us that he had run out of pictures by the time he was half-way there!

Soon after the big celebration Dick, Joby and the baby planned to drive to Indianapolis where Dick had promised to work in the pits while Pete de Paolo drove his racing car in the Memorial Day Races.

* * *

DIRECTOR MAMOULIAN told a writer that he would have to rewrite a scene. "You have the girl lean against the door, and we can't have that because the door opens the wrong way!"

The writer answered, "Why not rehang the door?" Now Mr. Mamoulian goes around patting the writer on the back and calling him "Genius."

HOLLYWOOD IN SHORTS:

THE beautiful chorines on the set of "Broadway Melody" have the boys out at M-G-M all agog. Jack Benny has moved into the house vacated by Bill Powell when he built his famous mansion. One of the boys in Hollywood pulled a fast one on his movie star guests when he plugged about half of the slots in the roulette wheel with wax; the star who lost seven hundred lettuce leaves caught on, however, and now he has the guy in jail. Here's a new game they are playing in Hollywood and you might be able to figure it out for your own parlor: Everyone tries to guess what his studio pals would be doing if there were no Hollywood. Funnyman Jimmie Gleason cooked the steaks at Boris Karloff's barbecue the other evening. A certain producer said to a prospective actress, "I think you'll only photograph on one side." She quipped, "Okay, let me make HALF a picture, anyway!" (*Continued on page* 93)

Sir Guy Standing and Toby Wing form one of the very interesting—and very handsome—combinations frequently seen in Hollywood (right, at Hooter's Rodeo). Below, Evelyn Venable pitches a mean horseshoe before an interested gallery composed of Dorothy Libaire (the hostess), Pat Ellis, and Douglass Montgomery.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
in M-G-M's
"Anna Karenina"
Brownette, with blue eyes and fair skin . . . her color harmony is Max Factor's Rachelle Powder, Blondeen Rouge and Vermilion Lipstick.

JEAN PARKER
in M-G-M's
"Murder in the Fleet"
Brunette, with hazel eyes and creamy skin . . . her color harmony is Max Factor's Brunette Powder, Carmine Rouge and Carmine Lipstick.

ELIZABETH ALLAN
in M-G-M's
"Vampires of Prague"
Light Brunette, with blue-gray eyes and olive skin . . . her color harmony is Max Factor's Olive Powder, Carmine Rouge and Carmine Lipstick.

Three
M-G-M Stars
Tell *the*
MAKE-UP
SECRET
for
Brunettes

★
★
★ ***You can double your beauty if you adopt the make-up of Hollywood stars***

IN Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, originated color harmony make-up for the screen stars and for you. Having famous stars as living models, he created original shades in face powder, rouge and lipstick . . . harmonized color-tones to emphasize the individuality of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

In your very own mirror, you can see what wonders this new kind of make-up will do. The face powder creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours . . . the rouge imparts a natural blush of color to your cheeks . . . the lipstick brings out the alluring color appeal of the lips.

SO make this beauty secret of Hollywood's stars yours, too . . . share the luxury of Color Harmony Make-Up, now available at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar; featured by all leading stores.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood
SOCIETY MAKE-UP
Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

***Mail for your* COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK**

MAX FACTOR,
Max Factor's Make-Up Studios, Hollywood.

SEND Purse Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade, also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. ★ Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" . . FREE

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES-Color	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

A Hollywood Bachelor TELLS ALL

By JOHN CHATTERTON

Dick Powell gives the startling lowdown on the blonde blackmailers of movieland

"I *CAN'T stand it any longer!*"

That was all Dick Powell said, at first.

I said: "Can't stand *what?*"

"I thought I might have nerve enough to tell you about it, when I called you this morning. I had just about decided that some good, hot publicity might be the only means of breaking up the racket. Now I'm afraid I've almost lost my nerve again."

I didn't push him. Maybe if I just let him alone, he'd get it off his chest eventually. He held his head in his hands for a long time before he finally looked up at me again. Then he said, slowly:

"The busy, dizzy blondes are after me again. The old Badger Game! It's nothing new, every unmarried actor in Hollywood has had the same experience many times. But other bachelors have always kept it a hidden secret, just as I've done in the past. This time, though, it's really getting me down, beginning to make me cynical about all women, and I thought maybe, if we told the world about it, we might break up the blonde racket once and for all. Do you suppose the fans would understand? Do you think it would help them in judging some of the stories they hear about Hollywood bachelors?"

Here was an actor *offering* me the story I had always wanted to write, I thought needed writing, here was one who had courage enough to give me the facts, so I said:

"I think you'll be doing every man in Hollywood a real service, Dick. Let me print the facts, for the first time, and I can almost promise that every one of our readers will give you a pat-on-the-back for telling the honest truth about this *girl-racket* that is being worked here continuously."

"All right!" said Dick. "I'll give you the real lowdown! I'll let you have the unvarnished facts and we'll let your readers be the judge! If the glaring light of publicity is turned on the situation, I think it might be the means of ruining the racket for the future. It's got to stop; because I, for one, and other Hollywood men like me, are losing all faith in women and all desire for marriage. And that's bad. Why, when I came to Hollywood, I was looking and hoping for real love and romance. My first marriage had been unsuccessful, but I wanted another chance at happiness. But now I've just about reached the point where I'm afraid to look a woman in the eye. Afraid to speak to a beautiful girl."

"What's this latest blonde racket?" I asked.

"Last night," Dick began, "I received a telephone call from one of the chorus girls who has danced in so many of the musical pictures over at the studio. I considered her one of my many good friends, but I never thought she would do as much for me as she did when she told me, 'Dick, you're on the spot! This is serious! I'm out on a party with a lot of other kids and I was just talking to a beautiful blonde girl who seems to know you. She's had too much to drink and she finally told me that she had moved into your neighborhood last month—that she had moved there with just one purpose—*the purpose was to take you for ten thousand dollars!*'

"I almost dropped the telephone. Then, in a daze, I thanked her and hung up. Blonde girl? Beautiful? In the neighborhood?

"It took me minutes to figure out what it was all about. Then, at last, I knew whom she was talking about! The gorgeous girl who had asked for my autograph a couple of days ago! She told me she had moved into the house on the next corner only the month before. Her mother was living with her, she said.

"She seemed like such a—well, I guess the word is *wholesome* girl. Everything about her was in simple good taste and her voice was soft and melodious. No one would have dared point a finger at her and say: BLACKMAILER! Yet that's just what she was. Despite her simple-yet-costly manner of dressing, her seemingly-honest effort to be a cordial neighbor, she was nothing but the usual blonde racketeer we Hollywood bachelors have been up against so often! I shudder to think how close I came to extending an invitation to have dinner at my home! Probably I would have been in for the same thing that happened to a pal of mine four months ago.

"A careless servant left the front door open. That's all. And before it could be closed, an absolutely unknown girl had rushed into his home. She tore off most of her clothes as she ran through the house and then began calling for help at the top of her lungs! He had never seen the girl in his life, yet it cost him many weeks of misery and plenty of cold hard cash-on-the-line!

"Why? Because, first of all, he was a motion picture star. Because, as innocent as he was, being new to Hollywood, he was scared to death of the results. Because he was fearful of the morality clause in his contract, too scared in fact to call the police and explain the outrageous situation. He knew, as most men know, that the woman's testimony is generally believed, especially against an actor. So the girl and her proverbial boy-friend took him for $6,000 by demanding a thousand at a time for secrecy. They might still be collecting if he hadn't finally gone to his studio boss and told him the whole story. Within one week, the lawyers and detectives had the guilty pair behind bars!"

"But has this ever happened to you, Dick? Have you ever paid off rather than take a chance on the supposed notoriety you would receive if the story ever became public?"

"Yes, I have. That's what scares me so about this

close shave I just had. It happened during the first year I was in Hollywood. I got a good taste of what an unmarried actor is up against. A man in the East, whom I had met casually while on the stage, wrote that a young girl from his city was anxious to break into musical pictures and asked permission to have her see me when she arrived in Hollywood. Not suspecting a thing, I wrote that I would be glad to help her get started, introduce her to the right people and all that.

"About midnight, one month later, my doorbell rang. I had working for me a man whom I thought to be very loyal and when he awoke me with the information that a girl wanted to see me, that she had come in a taxi and that it was raining, so he had invited her in, I decided to see her. You know the answer: Miss Movie-Struck from the East. She was very pretty and full of apologies.

"'I know it's late, but I was on a party in the neighborhood so I called a cab and came over,' she gurgled.

"Remember that cab, it played an important part!

"Frankly, I was a little bored and (*Continued on page 95*)

The *Garbo* YOU'VE

Warm, human anecdotes from the childhood of the Lady of Legends, as revealed for the first time by an intimate friend

IT is like a beautiful fairy tale to me that the little girl who was once my dearest schoolmate should have grown up to be the world-famous Garbo.

But it amuses me when they call Garbo a woman of mystery. To me there is nothing mysterious about Garbo. I never met anyone in my life who was more direct. There was certainly nothing mysterious about the girl I knew, the loyal and beloved playmate of my childhood. I want to tell you about her just as I knew her. We were very close friends, and there were many experiences in her childhood which I was the only person to share with her, and which I am telling now for the first time.

When Greta and I met we were both seven years old, and were going through the ordeal of our first day at the Catherine Elementary School in Stockholm. There were some thirty-odd children, mostly unknown to one another, in the class, and the newness and strangeness of the surroundings made me feel bewildered and lost. I felt particularly self-conscious because I was much taller than the other children. Then I saw Greta and felt better, for she was just as tall as I. At once we began to talk together. Because of our height we were given seats together at the rear of the classroom. When recess came and we played "London Bridge Is Falling Down" Greta and I held hands and made the "bridge" for the others to dodge under.

I liked Greta from the start. She was so frank and cheerful.

Every day we would visit one another. When we were walking home from school, her parting words usually were, "Now, you hurry up, Elizabeth, and come over as soon as

Here is the Garbo we see today who again returns to the scenes of her early years after finishing "Anna Karenina," in which Fredric March is co-starred.

NEVER READ ABOUT

By ELIZABETH MALCOLM as told to RAKEL ERIKSON

you have had dinner. Then we can go coasting on Helgalund Hill."

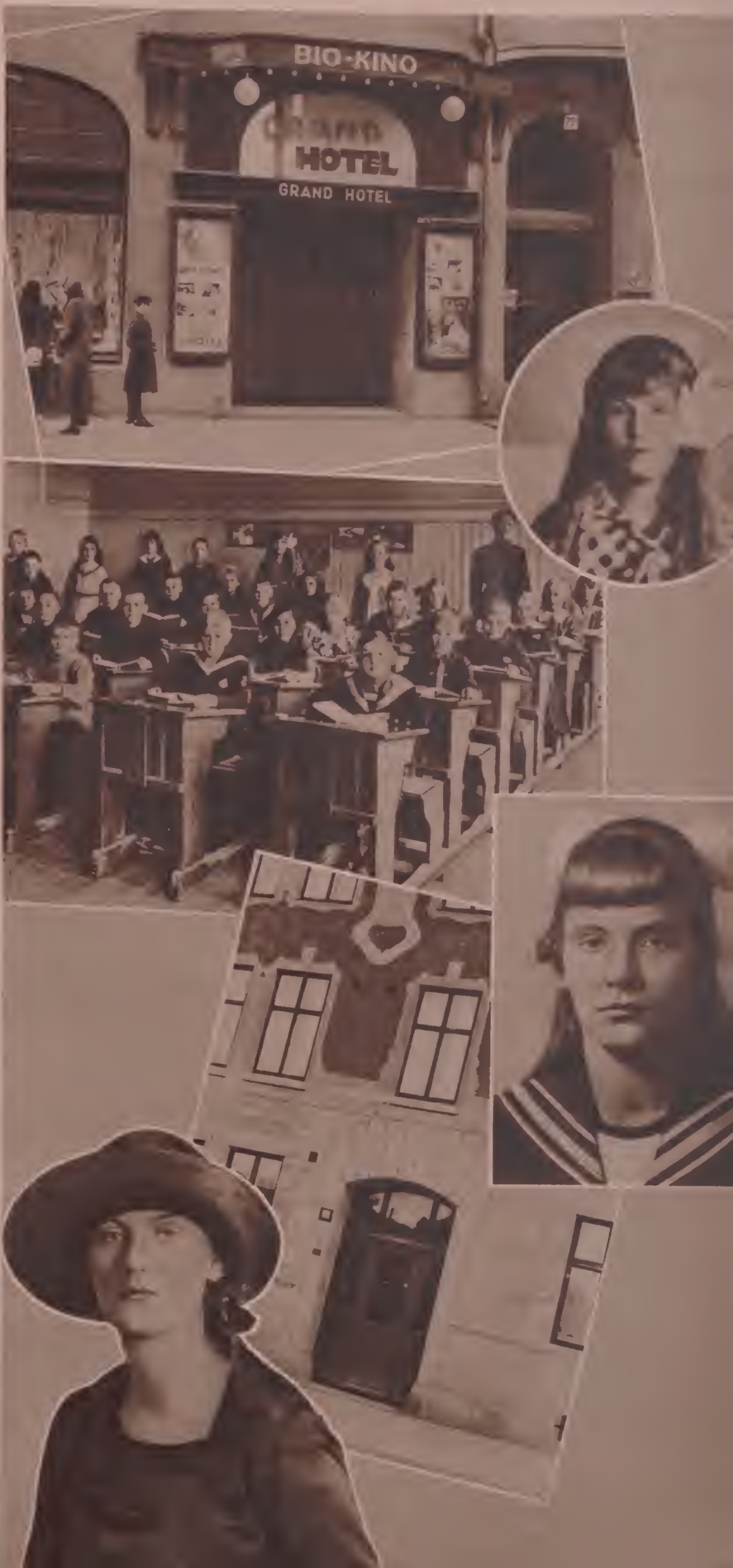
And hurry up I did, for coasting on Helgalund Hill was the grandest fun we knew. Greta had a big sled, blue as the sky, that she had inherited from her older brother and sister, Sven and Alva, and on that sled we risked life and limb many a wintry day. I can still see her going down Helgalund Hill like a streak, her light braids standing straight out behind her. There was nothing languid or weary about that Greta!

On bad days we played indoors. But we never played with dolls. Dolls didn't interest Greta. During all the years we were together I can't remember ever having seen her play with one.

But my brother's tin soldiers—*there* was something the future Miss Garbo could appreciate. For hours at a time we waged war on the kitchen floor. Since Greta was company, I used to let her have the little cardboard fortress that belonged with the soldiers. She loved that fortress. It had towers and a drawbridge and she never stopped admiring it.

Of course, I often used to visit at Greta's home. It was modest but immaculately clean and well-ordered. The Gustafssons rented an apartment on the third floor of Blekingegatan 32 in Stockholm, and in that apartment Greta lived from the time she was a few months old until the day she embarked for Hollywood. Sightseeing buses now stop outside the house which is popularly known as Garbo's birthplace. But it was not there that Greta was born, but at a Stockholm maternity hospital at a time when the family lived on Gottland Street.

I was fond of Greta's parents. They were never anything but kind and understanding to us youngsters. Her father loved children dearly and always had some jolly greeting for Greta and me when he came in. Mrs. Gustafsson was forever seeing to



Top, not a hotel, but the cinema theater Garbo attended as a child, now advertising her own starring film, "Grand Hotel." Because she was so tall, Greta sat in the last row of the schoolroom—can you locate her?, In the middy, she is 12 years old, and in the hat, in her later teens—this picture is the only one in existence; Greta tore up the others when she gave this to the author. In the background is Blekingegatan 32, her childhood home.

it that we weren't hungry. She knew we were fond of ginger snaps, so she always had a supply on hand. Both Greta and I had ravenous appetites and many a raid did we make on the Gustafsson pantry.

IN the courtyard of the house where Greta lived there was a shed with a gently sloping tin roof. Of course, we were forbidden to climb up on that roof, but many a summer's day we lay there sun-bathing for hours, until the janitor chased us down. Usually we had company, an enormous reddish cat which adored Greta. As soon as she appeared the cat would come from nowhere and find its way up to the roof where we lay.

"We are on a sandy white beach," Greta would say. "Can't you see the waves breaking against the shore? How clear the sky is, Elizabeth! And do you hear how sweetly that orchestra at the Casino is playing? Look at that girl in the funny green bathing suit! It's fun to lie here and look at the bathers, isn't it?"

Greta's vivid imagination had no difficulty in transforming the tin roof into a glistening beach, the back yard with its clothes lines and ash cans into a windswept ocean, the raspy gramophone music floating through some neighbor's open window into sweet melodies from a fashionable casino orchestra. The children shouting in the yard were, of course, the bathers.

"When I'm grown up and famous," said Greta one day as we lay there on the roof, "I'm going to the Riviera."

"To the which?"

"The Riviera. You know, somewhere down South. Lots of aristocrats and millionaires go there. One bathes all day in the sea and at night one gambles at the Casino."

I didn't say anything, for at that moment I caught sight of the huge form of the janitor making straight for our "beach."

"If you two don't come down from that roof this very minute," he began.

Long before he finished his harangue I had made my nimble way via ash cans back to the ground. But Greta was in no hurry. She got up slowly, stretched lazily and finally let herself down to the yard, followed by the cat.

But for the time being our dreams were shattered. Once more we were only a couple of lonesome and poor little girls in a courtyard.

Nothing, however, could discourage Greta for very long in those days. One day when I came to see her she was very much excited. She had been to the theater the night before to see her first show and she could talk of nothing else.

"Elizabeth, we are going to be actresses," she announced. I wasn't sure just what this would call for, but Greta did not leave me in the dark for long. She took out the box of water colors she used in school. A hasty search of Mrs. Gustafsson's bureau drawers netted us some shawls and veils and pieces of ribbon. We locked the doors and Greta made up our faces with the water colors until we looked like something from the circus. "Actresses always paint their faces, you know," Greta explained. Next we draped our finery around us. Now we were ready to act!

"You must come in like this and pretend you are very much surprised to see me and look like this," Greta instructed me.

Again and again I tried to follow her directions, but she was not satisfied.

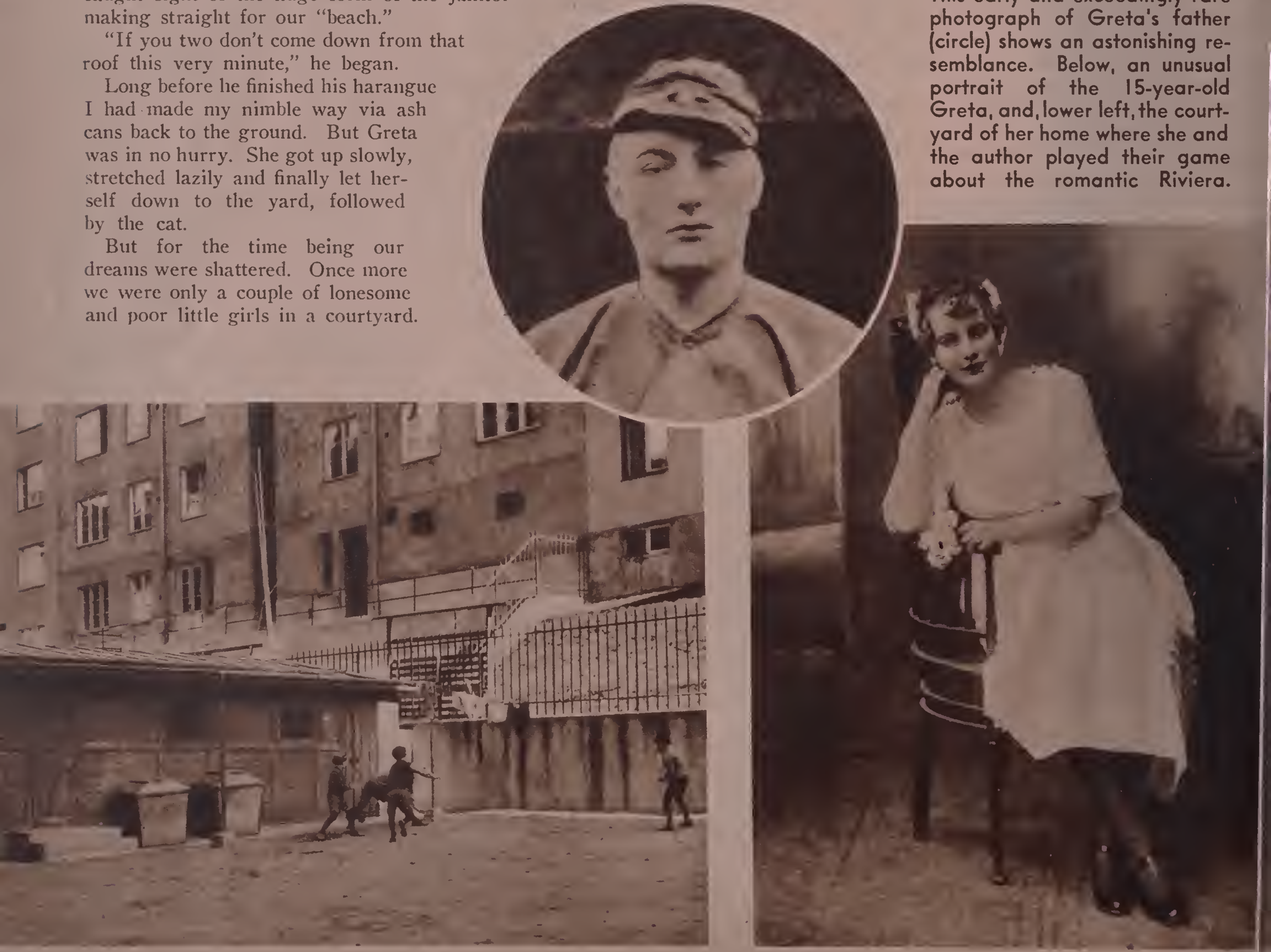
"This will never do," she broke out at last. "You see, Elizabeth, you've got to act. Now take that chair and sit down. You can be the audience and I'll show you how one really *acts.*"

And Greta acted. She was a show in herself. She danced and she kicked, she recited and sang. I still remember one of the songs she sang because it was just then the hit of the season:

"They see me on the stage and they believe so surely
That life for me is only fun and joy . . ."

After that day Greta and I

(*Continued on page* 68)



This early and exceedingly rare photograph of Greta's father (circle) shows an astonishing resemblance. Below, an unusual portrait of the 15-year-old Greta, and, lower left, the courtyard of her home where she and the author played their game about the romantic Riviera.

"WHAT AM I OFFERED?"

They even buy canary birds at auction!

By S. R. MOOK

IT'S always something in Hollywood. If it isn't one thing it's another. If it isn't Mah Jong, it's backgammon. If it isn't backgammon, it's bridge. If it isn't bridge, it's the fights. Everything has its little day—and a short-lived day it is, too. I don't believe there is any class of people on earth who tire of fads as quickly as picture people. Nor is there any class of people who fight ennui as determinedly. But auction sales always draw the stars.

No fire-horses of old ever strained more eagerly at the bit at the sound of a gong than do certain stars at the sound of the auctioneer's hammer.

It's an interesting side-light on the character of some of our well known stars, directors and writers to watch them and note the type of things that appeal to them.

Jimmy Cagney and his wife are such auction hounds, one has only to mention the word "auction" to either of them and they begin to drool at the mouth. Mrs. Cagney's taste runs to furniture, dishes, glassware and silver. But Jim! Ah, *there* is something different. Warner Brothers' tough guy is a push-over for anything in the way of firearms, oil paintings or etchings. Nor have I ever known him to stop bidding after he once started until he'd bought whatever he was bidding on.

At the first auction he attended out here, he and a young married couple were bidding against each other on a small Italian credenza. Jim got it—and some dirty looks with it from the couple. A minute later a bow and quiver of arrows were put up, which he bid in for something like $1.50. But when the sale was over and Jim went to collect his loot, the other couple had skipped out taking his bow and arrows with them. Jim was in a perfect frenzy and that couple should be glad they are not all the names he called them. In the end he settled down into a first-rate sulk. He reminded me of the small boy who sat through a lengthy picture program and finally demanded of his mother, "What! No Mickey Mouse?"

Albert Hackett (brother of Raymond) and his wife, Frances Goodrich, who, between them, have turned out such (*Continued on page* 98)

Right, Bing believes in buying up his competitors. Below, the arena of the auction-minded stars.

IT'S

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

When a man's "one swell guy" to all the people who have met him, it's time to figure out the reason

OUT in Arizona there's a man who gets telegrams from Hollywood with a certain regularity. They're short and to the point, these telegrams. They simply give a date of arrival and are signed "Gable." But when they come it means that Arizona hunter-guide and his men must get busy.

A few days later, while his household still sleeps, Clark Gable will throw a sleeping blanket, a few duds and his guns into his car and drive, through the heavy mists which lie among the Brentwood hills in the early morning, towards the rising sun.

This jaunt means that another motion picture has been completed. Once again Clark is off to follow the trail of the mountain lion and the cougar, to eat beans and ham and scrambled eggs and other plain fare beside a camp fire, to roll up in a blanket and sleep under the stars.

The recreation Hollywood offers—golf on beautiful greens, swimming in luxurious pools, tennis on perfect courts—he takes in his stride during week-ends and in between times. But, as soon as he is free for a matter of weeks, as naturally as a carrier pigeon streaking for home, Clark heads for Arizona where the hills rise sheer and stark under a limitless blue sky.

These Gable expeditions have come to be one of Hollywood's little traditions. They also have proved Clark's salvation. Without them it is doubtful if, as a human being, he could have withstood the heady wine of his sudden success or come through these last dizzy years with such an amazing balance.

Others who have had Clark's position in the film colony, skyrocketing into fame as great lovers whether or not they chanced to be darn good actors to boot, have been called a lot of things by their own tribe. Fairly complimentary things, in some instances. But never do I remember any of them being called what Clark is called—one swell guy.

We were sitting, this swell guy and I, on the lawn of a house being used for exterior shots in his new picture. He sprawled in a wicker chair. His soft brown felt hat was pushed back on his head. He was amused because two actors in the scene being made got in each other's way just as they came into the camera's range.

UNANIMOUS!

"Nice work," he called over to them in easy raillery.

They answered him with those insulting gestures and sounds with which men prove their fellowship. And Clark's grin spread all over his tanned face.

When the scene was filmed and quiet was no longer necessary he talked more of his hunting expeditions.

"I leave my car in the little Arizona town where I meet my guide," he explained, "and head north with him in his motor bus. Meanwhile, his cowpuncher has gone on ahead with about eight horses and the bloodhounds, and made camp. He meets us with horses when we can't go any further with the bus and we ride in.

"After that we're up at five every morning. A good, substantial breakfast, and we're off on the hunt. It's usually almost seven before we get back. And after dinner, too tired for anything else, we roll up and sleep until five the following morning."

"Warm and understanding" . . . "he's a human being" . . . "he's regular" . . . Ask the Hollywood girls about other men stars and you won't always hear the same story!

CLARK doesn't go on these Arizona jaunts to keep his perspective or to preserve his sense of humor. If such a thing ever were suggested to him he'd turn balky and the Pennsylvania Dutch in him would hoist warning signals in his eyes. He'd hate a picture of himself as a matinee idol who sometimes had to run away from it all. Hate it? He'd loathe it! Just the same those weeks of hunting and roughing it undoubtedly serve him well and, by preserving his better nature, win for him as sincere praise as Hollywood ever has offered anyone.

From those who have worked with Clark you will hear the same story, time after time. Claudette Colbert, discussing the Motion Picture Academy awards she and Clark received for their performances in "It Happened One Night" said, "Working with him was such fun. He isn't one of the grumps who flash the old charm (*Continued on page* 85)

WILL ROGERS

After a long reputation as Oklahoma cowpuncher, South American gaucho (no foolin'), and Hollywood polo-player, Will has finally confessed shyly that he once had a job breaking horses for the British Army. So his next movie role is that of "Steve Tatley" in the old play about horse-racing, "In Old Kentucky."

SEND in the CHILDREN'S PICTURES! ONE OF THEM WILL WIN $500.00

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

BABY LEROY

VIRGINIA WEIDLER

CORA SUE COLLINS

DAVID HOLT

ANOTHER WILL WIN $200.00

Sixty Will be Published at $5.00 Each

MOVIE MIRROR WILL ASK ITS READERS TO SELECT THE CHILD THEY WOULD MOST LIKE TO SEE IN A MOTION PICTURE

COME on, Folks! Send in the youngsters' pictures. There's a check for $500.00 in it for somebody's baby—and the babies can be any age under the tenth birthday! There is no promise of a movie career in this. BUT the most attractive pictures submitted—some sixty of them in fact—will be published in such fashion that all Who's Who In Hollywood will undoubtedly see them. And who can tell, with such a start, what might develop? To get started, send in the children's pictures as directed in the rules. The editorial board of Movie Mirror will select the most attractive sixty and publish them together with ballots so that you readers can elect your own favorites. But that will come later. Now is the time to send in pictures! You do not need a studio still. If of sufficient clarity to reproduce, a snapshot will be of equal value for the purposes of this competition. When you have selected the picture you wish to submit turn it over and on the back PRINT IN INK or typewrite the name of the child and your own name and address. If you are not the parent the permission of the parent must be written in ink and signed, also on the back of the picture. Although you have until October 11 to get the picture to us, don't wait. Send it in as soon as you are ready. There's no time like the present. Later you may forget to act.

The RULES

1. Any child who has not passed his or her tenth birthday is eligible in this contest.

2. To be considered, photographs must be received by Children's Picture Editor, Movie Mirror, P. O. Box 556 Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., on or before Friday, October 11.

3. The name and address of the child and name and address of the sender must be PRINTED IN INK or typewritten on the back of every picture entered. In the event a picture is submitted by someone other than a parent the consent of the parents must be written in ink on the back of the picture.

4. The editorial board of Movie Mirror will select the sixty most attractive pictures for publication in this magazine in the November, December and January issues. With each group a ballot will be printed. The readers of Movie Mirror will vote to select the child from this list of sixty whom they would most like to see in a screen role. The child receiving the greatest number of ballots will be awarded the first prize of $500.00. The runner-up will receive $200.00. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. Movie Mirror will pay $5.00 for each of the sixty pictures selected for publication and each of these pictures will become the property of Macfadden Publications for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Movie Mirror will not be responsible for the return of any picture although every effort will be made to return pictures which are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed return envelopes when submitted.

7. Quality of photography will not count. The attractiveness of the child will be the sole basis of judgment. Expensive portraits are not required. If of sufficient clarity for reproduction, a snapshot will be as acceptable as a studio sitting.

8. You can submit as many official ballots as you wish but only the official ballots printed in this magazine in November, December and January will be counted. All ballots must be in the hands of the counters on or before Friday, January 10, 1936, the closing date of this contest. Ballots should be sent by First Class Mail to Children's Picture Editor, Movie Mirror, P. O. Box 556 Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

I want to

The dramatic novel of a courageous, lovely girl who challenged Hollywood for a chance for herself and her brother

LOTS of girls have come to Hollywood in lots of ways. I doubt if any girl ever landed there dirtier or more awful looking than myself.

Lots of girls have left Hollwood in lots of ways. As for myself—but that is my story.

I was wearing a pair of my brother's corduroy trousers and a khaki shirt. I was covered with soot and my eyes were blood-shot from being smoke-scorched. I was so filthy that I looked like a badly made-up minstrel.

Blind Baggage! That was the way I rode in to conquer Hollywood. Nineteen days before my kid brother and I had run away from home. We had thumbed and tramped it, had ridden freight cars, slept in cold jungles and slowly beaten our way to the California state line. And we found it a ticklish job. It wasn't easy to get into California. We were forty-eight hours trying to dodge through and perhaps we never would have succeeded if we hadn't met Mike Sweet in our travel.

He was a big overgrown Irishman who had obviously been around. It was plain that like the girl in the song, he had known better days, but we asked no questions. He seemed very friendly.

It was he who taught us how to ride blind baggage—in the blind front of a baggage coach. We three stood rigid and cramped for six hours. The noises and grit were such that we couldn't talk. I stood against the metal door, my head barely reaching the two grimy pairs of shoulders set squarely in front of me. The boys were braced to save me from falling between the baggage and the tender but they couldn't save me from the jolt of couplings under my heels, the beat of sand in my eyes, the smothering smoke that strangled me and once, when the train picked up water, a swift downpour that turned all the filth and sand to mud.

It was late afternoon when the train slowed up. As soon as our feet touched ground we ran like fury and kept on running until our wind gave out. Then, confident that we weren't pursued, we dropped beneath huge eucalyptus trees to catch our breaths.

"Well, by jinx, we made it," said Jack.

"Sure, I told you," Mike shrugged confidently. "We are in California and the point is not to get kicked out."

"Is this Hollywood?" I demanded.

Mike snorted. "You can't call your stations when you are riding blind baggage, but I know these parts. This is part of Glendale and Hollywood is within shoe-leather distance."

"Oh, for a tub of water," I wailed. "Do you suppose we could find a river and take a swim?"

"Listen to her," Mike whistled. "They don't have rivers down this way. Except for the rainy periods they are dried up gullies."

Blind Baggage! That was the way I rode in to conquer Hollywood. We had thumbed and tramped it, had ridden freight cars, slept in cold jungles. I was covered with soot.

be a STAR!

By DORA MACY

Illustrated by STEPHEN GROUT

Jack eyed Mike. "You have lived here, before?" he asked.

Mike nodded. "Yes, and I'm going to try it again," he said, slowly. "There's a girl in Hollywood that I treated pretty badly. If she will take me back I'll settle down this time."

For a moment there was silence. It was the law on the road not to ask questions or pry.

"Is she in pictures?" I stuttered.

Mike nodded. "Yes, she is a knockout, too. She's in the stock company at Paramount. Just little bits but on regular salary. It took her six years to get even that. She thinks she will be a star sometime, but she will never make it."

I started to ask why but Mike turned away from me. He had finished with self-revelation.

Suddenly he got to his feet and stared down at me. "You are not aiming to go into pictures, are you?" he demanded.

"I certainly am."

"Good night," he muttered.

"I don't always look like this," I protested.

"Judy has a letter to a guy at Monarch Studios," Jack explained elaborately.

Jack was fifteen and at fifteen a letter of introduction is as good as money in the bank.

"Well Monarch is the biggest one of the bunch," Mike snapped, "but Hollywood is a tough spot to get a job."

"It can't be any worse than where we came from—Carteret, Massachusetts," Jack said. "The summer people leave on Labor Day and take the pavements with them."

"Oh, it's not so bad," I said defensively.

I FELT suddenly lonely for the smell of the sea, the wraith of fog slipping along the ground at dusk, the sharp fresh winds and the cranberry bogs.

Mike considered us briefly.

"You two are fresh out of the cradle," he decided. "You know in some states it's a crime for little kids to run away. You are apt to have the law snapping at your heels."

Before Jack could speak I got up hastily.

"Nobody cares enough about us to search for us," I said. "We told our parents where we were going, left them a note."

We tramped our way across the fields to a highway, a sorry looking trio. We had traveled until now in nothing but the clothes we stood in. In the note we had left the night we ran away I had asked Peggy, my kid sister, to mail all our clothes to Hollywood General Delivery. Hidden in a belt was my capital. It was every cent that I had saved from tips working in a sandwich shop two summers. I had always given my salary to my parents but I had always saved the tips for myself with the hope of going to Boston to a night school.

High fences hid the studio yard; we stopped at the gate, ending my panic of questions. My feet moved along like sticks. My heart hung suspended, frozen, in my breast.

But it wasn't any use hoping for such things. Our family was dirt poor, shiftless, good-for-nothing—half the time living off the town. And then Jack, my kid brother, started going around with a bad crowd. His gang stole a car one night, but Jack wasn't caught. Three months later they broke into a drug store to swipe prescription liquor which they could sell for a dollar a bottle. The night they were caught Jack wasn't with them. That was all that saved him. It was a close shave. Jack and I had a talk and decided to run away. There wasn't a chance for us in Carteret.

There weren't any jobs and there wasn't enough food for a family of twelve. Perhaps if Jack had a chance . . . so we ran away. I left a note for our parents and promised to write regularly. The reason I tried Hollywood was my own special secret and one that I treasured as the only worthwhile thing that had ever happened to me. In the past three years I had been told endlessly that I looked like Barbara Bell, that exquisite and glamorous blonde.

Even with such a silly remark dinning in my ear I would never have seriously considered Hollywood if it hadn't been for Dick Carr, but nobody was ever going to know that from me.

We weren't on the highway more than twenty minutes when we got a hop on a Ford truck that was going to Los Angeles. The driver had half a truckload of oranges. After I crawled up beside him in the front, he told me he would park the truck along Hollywood Boulevard and sell the oranges at six dozen for twenty-five cents. The price seemed symbolic of Hollywood to me—luxuries would be cheap!

The street lights flashed on against the fading glow of a September sunset as the truck stopped at Hollywood Boulevard. The boys jumped down from the tail board, while I scrambled down from the front, the three of us chorusing our thanks.

This was Hollywood Boulevard! Magic name—magic place! Clutching at Jack's arm to assure myself of reality, I walked between the two boys along the famous street.

"The first thing you want is a couple of cheap rooms," Mike said. "The girl friend of mine, Rene Dodd, used to live in the old Famous Players' studio on Vine Street. Let's see if she's still there."

We really passed studios before we reached Vine Street though Mike said most of the big ones were out in Dark Canyon, and in Culver City, everywhere but in Hollywood. He was our sightseeing guide, enjoying the job as we passed Vine Street, and the famous Brown Derby with a straggling group hanging around the door for a glimpse of celebrities.

JACK'S hand in mine was cold when Mike left us waiting before the old studio building. A business house occupied the ground floor. The upper floors, reached by outside, were now apartments. Actually they were former dressing rooms in the old studio. In a few minutes, Mike appeared on the stairs beckoning to us.

"Rene's moved, but they got a couple of furnished places you can have, $10 a month each."

In five minutes, Jack and I were in possession of tiny, scantily furnished rooms, a half a month's rent paid on each of them from my small store.

It was too late to go to the post office about our clothes, and I was too tired to care. The boys went off exploring, while I took a sponge bath and crawled onto the couch. I was asleep instantly.

Hours later I was awakened by pounding on the window that opened into the hall. They had sandwiches, fruit and a carton of coffee.

"Say, where did you get all this?" I demanded. "Neither of you had a red cent."

Jack sitting on the floor glanced at Mike beside him.

"Oh, around," he said casually, but his eyes avoided mine.

"I want to know," I insisted.

"Don't get excited, Judy." Mike put in. "There are ways and means."

"What kind of ways and means? Tell me!" I insisted.

"Don't get excited," Jack said, in the surly tone that I hadn't heard since we left home. "We didn't steal it. We just asked for it. Said we were hungry."

"Panhandling! Begging!" I flamed. "Well, you eat it. I'll starve first."

"Now, listen, Judy," Mike patted my hand. "It's one of the major industries in this town."

"It's not going to be our major industry," I snapped, "and Jack knows it. That's the very reason we left Carteret, because there wasn't any chance of making a decent living."

"Aw, pipe down, Judy," Jack's eyes were stormy, his mouth drooping and sullen.

"Well, pardon me if I enjoy the food. I'm hungry," said Mike.

HE bit with elaborate relish into a sandwich. A cold fear stabbed at my heart. A doubt as chill as a March wind on the Cape. This Mike was no pal for Jack. We ought to shake him. Whatever his story he was not above begging, perhaps swiping, stealing. That was what I was trying to get Jack away from. I stared at Jack and my eyes filled with tears. He was such a handsome boy, tall and straight and as blond as the Vikings who first landed on Cape Cod. Surely he was as worth-while as he looked and surely he wasn't like his father, shiftless, good-for-nothing Mortimer Pine.

Some of the fear must have shown in my eyes for Jack came quickly to my side, as Mike, flushed with embarrassment, strolled to the door.

"I'm sorry, Judy," he murmured quickly. "I shouldn't talk to you that way. You've been too swell. I won't bum nickels if you don't want me to, but, gee, it's nothing."

"Promise me," I asked. "We set out to make our way. It was a compact, Jack."

"O. K." he squeezed my hand. "I'll get a job."

He turned and I felt triumphant when his eyes considered

DIRECTOR MUNSON

the food and refused it. He took a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket and lit one. There was no use asking him where he got those.

I slept with exhaustion that first night, but at least I was rested when I faced Hollywood in the bright sunshine next day. The gay stretch of shops and theaters on the Boulevard, the brown mountains rising up only two blocks away, the houses perched pecariously, palm trees unreal as a stage set.

At the post office two bulky card-board boxes waited us, tied up with rope, string and shoe lace, so characteristic of the family. And a fat letter from little Peggy, written on pages from an old copy book.

Dear Judy:

I wish you had taken me, too. Pa seemed pretty pleased but Ma's worried, she's afraid terrible things will happen to you.

Your old school hero, Dick Carr, stopped me on the square and asked me about it. I think he's swell. Almost as handsome as a movie actor, one of those English ones. Said he was very glad you went, and when are you going to send for me? He didn't ask that. I did. Of course your running away is all over town but I never knew Dick Carr knew a Pine existed except in the woods. How well did you know him, anyway? Send me your address and get some new clothes soon. There isn't much in those boxes you can wear in Hollywood.

The rest of the kids are swell and Pa thinks maybe he can get a job in Price's garage this winter, but I guess he won't. Love to Jack and Ma says for him to stay away from pool rooms.

Write me all about the stars you see.

Love,

Peggy.

"So Dick asked about you?" Jack said abruptly. "I didn't know you two were friends."

JUDY PINE

"Not exactly," I said quickly. "I just knew him in the village school—he carried me off the gym floor the time I broke my ankle playing basketball. He was a senior and I was in the eighth grade. We spoke on and off through the years."

I was hoping that my cheeks weren't as red as they felt and that Jack, who was nobody's fool, didn't guess how much Dick Carr meant to me.

"The richest guy in town," Jack said. "Why didn't you make a play for him?"

"Oh, Jack, Dick would never look at me." He had kissed me, I couldn't forget that, but imagine Dr. Carr's son running around with the daughter of the town's best loafer. "Don't be silly. Anyway he's engaged."

"Well, he wasn't always engaged," Jack said lightly. "I never did think you made the most of yourself. And Peggy's right about these clothes. I bet you haven't a decent thing to wear out to the Monarch studio to meet that Munson guy."

"We'll see," I said grimly, starting off again.

But as I unpacked the box, I realized Jack and Peggy were right. My cheap, sleazy crêpe dresses looked worse than ever as I shook them out of the bundle. The dark blue one with a high neck and long sleeves and round white collar and cuffs was the best, but what could I do about pressing it?

But Jack had already thought of that. He had made a deal with a tailor to deliver clothes in exchange for the use of an iron for an hour.

Before we went to bed that night we bought two postcards. One we wrote home telling of our safe arrival and the other I wrote to Dick Carr, taking care that Jack didn't see.

Dear Dick,

I'm here and tomorrow I use your precious letter. If ever I'm a star it will be your fault. Hollywood is grander than I ever dreamed.

Your very happy,

Judy.

I posted the card myself. All along the journey across the continent I had written to Dick addressing him at his room at Harvard. It seemed to me as though he had been going to Harvard for a long time but evidently Harvard was going to turn him out a doctor just like his father, some day when it got around to it. Writing him meant more to me than I could explain to anyone. He was my only friend, the only person in the whole town of Carteret who told me I could amount to something, and he had given me courage enough to strike out. I loved him madly—but I had always loved him, distantly and from afar, worshipping at his shrine and reading about him and his family in the papers. Once I had helped out in the Carr household and for two precious weeks I had seen Dick daily and, what was even more important, I had seen how he lived. The difference in the two households, his and mine, widened the gulf between us.

Of course Dick could mean nothing in my life. Even if he had talked to me one night for two hours, even if he had forged his mother's name to this introduction which now was my one key to open the door of success.

The next morning I dressed carefully and set out for the Monarch studios.

It was an hour's travel by street car to that lot and in an hour you can think of a lot of terrifying thoughts.

I snatched glances of myself in car windows to reassure me. Black felt hat and black Oxfords, a small black bag, white collar and cuffs on a plain dark blue dress that was a size fourteen and a bit big in the shoulders.

My red hair, worn in a full bob, kept curling around the edge of my hat. Should I have worn my beret? Didn't I look too young as it was? Much more like seventeen than twenty. Then, too, the beret accented my upturned nose and showed up the sprinkling freckles.

Would this Mr. Munson think I (*Continued on page* 78)

MOVIES OF

A complete and dependable guide to all the latest motion pictures. One check (✓) indicates a good film, while a double check (✓✓) indicates those talkies which you just can't afford to miss

Despite good work by Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall, "The Flame Within" lacks entertainment value.

The Flame Within (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Ann Harding, Herbert Marshall, Maureen O'Sullivan, Louis Hayward, Henry Stephenson, George Hassell.*

It's About: *The regeneration of a young, very romantic couple by a woman psychiatrist who mixes health and romance.*

A rather slow and, consequently, dull picture about two youthful romanticists who fall the victim of neuroses, the boy driven to alcohol for solace and the girl to attempted suicide. Taken to a woman psychiatrist who, by various and scarcely-understood mental exercises and suggestions, brings them back to health and romantic happiness, their story wends its way to a boring close.

The performances were, for the greater part, good examples of technical skill but the spirit and enthusiasm of former roles was not carried out here. Miss Harding, as the psychiatrist, was handed some badly written scenes and dialogue that militated against her usual success. The fact that she convinces the audience at all is a tribute to her ability. Louis Hayward does a workmanlike job of his alcoholic-neurotic and Maureen O'Sullivan is quite good as the romantic girl whose unhealthy mental condition leads her to the brink of suicide. Herbert Marshall and Henry Stephenson stand, ingloriously, on the fringes of the story and do what they can to keep the tempo up to par.

Your reviewer says: Not a good evening's entertainment and we'd advise you to think twice before spending your movie money on this one.

✓✓Break of Hearts (RKO)

You'll See: *Katharine Hepburn, Charles Boyer, John Beal, Jean Hersholt, others.*

It's About: *A composer and musician—in love.*

Katharine Hepburn—the fiery Hepburn of "Morning Glory" fame—is enchanting in the role of the music-loving girl who falls in love with Charles Boyer, a famous musician.

The plot, itself, is hackneyed. The poor girl marries a philandering symphony conductor, and after an idyllic honeymoon they return to New York. The husband can't resist the worshipping women who pursue him, so consequently his wife leaves him. The rest of the story concerns their getting together again.

Hepburn's and Boyer's beautiful performances leave one breathless, and decidedly lift the picture into the real entertainment class. Between them they create an atmosphere of true romance and love, all too rare in most pictures recently.

John Beal does the best he can with a rôle unworthy of him, and Jean Hersholt, as the old maestro who loves both

Universal's "Alias Mary Dow," though weak, gives Sally Eilers a chance to do some real acting, for a change, and Ray Milland plays the love interest.

Jean Arthur, Chester Morris and Lionel Barrymore give excellent portrayals in M-G-M's dramatic picture, "Public Hero," which simply must be seen.

THE MONTH

This is one of those summer months of pictures with nothing much in sight to rave over. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Public Hero" is the best drama, being quite similar to Warner's "G Men" of last month and equally good. For a love story, there's "Break of Hearts" with Katharine Hepburn back in her old beautiful mood again and Charles Boyer something to watch. The picture itself is a bit on the weak side, but the two stellar performances make you forget all that. "Hooray for Love" is the month's best musical. It drags slightly, but it's tuneful and dance-y, and Ann Sothern is very charming. Little Miss Temple is present with "Our Little Girl," her least important film.

Ruth Waterbury

Boyer and Hepburn, is touching.

Your reviewer says: You'll want to see this—especially if you enjoy good music.

Beautiful performances by Hepburn and Charles Boyer make "Break of Hearts" romantic and touching.

✓✓Public Hero (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Lionel Barrymore, Jean Arthur, Chester Morris, Joseph Calleia, Paul Kelly, Lewis Stone, others.*

It's About: *The "G" men; how they cleaned up "The Purple Gang" and got the leader as he emerged from a theater.*

Plenty of fast action, romance and suspense makes this new story of the Federal men extra-good entertainment. A bit less stereotyped than the first pictures using this "G Man—vs—Public Enemy" formula and thus, despite the fact that it must carry the burden of following a similar film, it is still good enough to lose nothing by the handicap.

Since the studio has taken the trouble to give us real suspense and a carefully-laid plot, we can't bring ourselves to divulge the swell twists and turns for you; you'll have to see it for yourself. It is all about the famous hunt by the Government Boys directed against the "Purple Gang" and winding up with the death of Dillinger. Even the romance is believable and real.

Chester Morris acquits himself with a brand of excellence which should give him a real break in the future. Joseph Calleia, making his movie debut after much success on the stage, hits a high mark of character drawing as the No. 1 gangster and you'll no doubt be seeing much more of Mr. Calleia right soon! Lionel Barrymore's drunken *Doctor* surpasses his usual fine work. The high spot of the show, though, was (as far as we were concerned) Jean Arthur! Her ability is so apparent and her beauty, both of face and voice, so real that we hope she gets the break she deserves. Lewis Stone and Paul Kelly are both fine.

Your reviewer says: A grand evening! See this for sure.

✓Black Sheep (Fox)

You'll See: *Edmund Lowe, Claire Trevor, Tom Brown, Eugene Pallette, Adrienne Ames, Herbert Mundin, Jed Prouty.*

It's About: *An ocean-going gambler who saves his son from the toils of a bad gal and loses his heart to another.*

Good, smooth, action-mystery picture that should afford you a fair evening's entertainment. Laid aboard a trans-Atlantic ship, the story concerns the efforts of a famous card sharper to save his son from the gimmie-gal who has ensnared him. Enlisting the aid of an actress, the gambler frees his son from the tangle and then falls for the actress himself.

Eddie Lowe, as the gambler with a finer side, marches suavely through the picture making (*Continued on page 89*)

With plenty of action and a good cast—Edmund Lowe, Eugene Pallette, Tom Brown and Claire Trevor—"Black Sheep" is well worth an evening.

Paramount does right by George Raft and Edward Arnold in "The Glass Key," giving them perfect parts in this Dashiell Hammett detective story.

TIPS on Talkies

Brief comments on the more recent movies—those in italics are suitable for children, those marked ✓ are the really good films, and those checked ✓✓ are the ones you are not to miss

Out at the Paramount Studios, Hyman Fink caught Sylvia Sidney (in a new hairdress and make-up) chatting with Herbert Marshall between scenes of "Accent on Youth," in which they will be starred.

✓AFTER OFFICE HOURS (M-G-M). A newspaper story in which Clark Gable is the editor who hires and fires Constance Bennett while trying to solve a murder. A trite story, but Gable will make the feminine hearts flutter, as usual.

✓✓ALL THE KING'S HORSES (Paramount). Opera Star Mary Ellis, in her first picture, appears in a delightful version of the old mythical-kingdom story, studded with some grand singing, dancing and Carl Brisson.

BABY FACE HARRINGTON (M-G-M). Charles Butterworth, a timid soul, gets involved with gangsters and is zoomed to the skies as "Public Enemy No. 2" by reporters. Laughs are rather plentiful, though Una Merkel, the wife, has very little to do.

✓✓BLACK FURY (Warner Brothers). An adult story of stark realism and he-man stuff in which Paul Muni gives a superb characterization of a strike-breaking coal miner. Karen Morley, Tully Marshall and Sarah Haden are excellent. Recommended particularly for serious theater-goers, though thrilling for everyone.

✓BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN (Universal). Boris Karloff in a continuation of the first "Frankenstein" story plus a few added chills and the creation of a mate (Elsa Lanchester) for the monster. Plenty of thrills and chills if you like 'em!

✓CALL OF THE WILD (Twentieth Century). Jack London's famous book of the out-of-doors brings Clark Gable as the miner, Jack Oakie as his wise-cracking pal, and Loretta Young as the wife of another miner who casts her lot with Gable and Oakie. Buck, a St. Bernard dog, is the hero of the show.

✓CARDINAL RICHELIEU (Twentieth Century). This time Mr. Arliss saves France (instead of England) and Edward Arnold is a convincing King Louis. Maureen O'Sullivan and Cesar Romero are the love interest. It's a bit too slow and historical, though beautifully produced.

✓CASINO MURDER CASE (M-G-M). Now it's Paul Lukas who is Philo Vance. Here he rescues Rosalind Russell and solves a murder mystery which is quite like all murder mysteries but which will hold your attention to the end. Excellent cast.

CHASING YESTERDAY (RKO). A monotonous tale about an old man, O. P. Heggie, trying to recapture his lost youth through Anne Shirley, the daughter of his former sweetheart. Stay home and go to bed early!

✓✓CLIVE OF INDIA (Twentieth Century). After many soul-stirring scenes, Ronald Colman as Clive, conqueror of India, and Loretta Young, as his wife, find happiness together.

DARING YOUNG MAN, THE (Fox). James Dunn and Mae Clarke, two romantic reporters on rival newspapers, allow business to interfere with their pleasure and love. This is strictly a program picture but there's enough action and romance to hold you if you go.

✓✓DAVID COPPERFIELD (M-G-M). A gloriously faithful reproduction of the time-honored Dickens classic, perfectly performed by the entire cast, a few of which are Freddie Bartholomew, Roland Young, W. C. Fields, Edna May Oliver, Lennox Pawle and Frank Lawton.

✓✓DEVIL DOGS OF THE AIR (Warner Brothers). Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien in the same old roles of scrapping buddies, but there are some exciting flying scenes in this, especially one in which Cagney saves a burning plane. The younger you are the better you'll like it.

DEVIL IS A WOMAN, THE (Paramount). Marlene Dietrich is a soulless woman who traps men with her beauty and sex appeal in a picture that is like all the other Dietrich-Von Sternberg pictures. Lionel Atwill and Cesar Romero struggle vainly with poor parts.

✓DOUBTING THOMAS (Fox). Will Rogers, in a clean, funny picture that has some humorous situations, which are all too few. Billie Burke, Rogers' wife, wants to go on the stage, and it's all about how Rogers goes about ruining her ambition.

✓✓ESCAPE ME NEVER (United Artists). This sad and very sentimental little tale is made entirely credible by "Queen" Elisabeth Bergner's magnificent performance as the child-mother. Hugh Sinclair, of the original English stage production, plays the weakling husband who goes astray.

✓FOLIES BERGERE (Twentieth Century). Maurice Chevalier singing and cutting bedroom (*Continued on page* 94)

Let's Dance!

Song-and-dance films are making America more rhythm-conscious than ever. Our favorite stars are learning to put their best foot forward in ¾ time, loyal fans are studying the mysteries of hot tango steps — and on these pages are some of the famous dancers and pretty gals who set the pace. First, Eleanor Powell, of M-G-M's spectacular "Broadway Melody of 1936," gives us four demonstrations showing why she's called "the world's greatest feminine tap dancer." Now, if you'll turn the page, we'll show you the world's greatest male tap dancer. . . .

Let's Dance!

Why, of course, it's Fred Astaire, the gentleman in the "Top Hat" (that's his new RKO film with Ginger Rogers)! You have to start early in life to get that nimble nonchalance which raises "hoofing" into the arts. When he was only eight, Fred and his equally famous sister, Adele, earned $200 a week in vaudeville. Adele is now Lady Cavendish, and Fred—well, Fred is dancing king of stage and screen.

Let's Dance!

Those twelve beautiful girls above aren't doing their setting-up exercises—they're going through their dance routine for the "Palsy Walsy" number of RKO's musicomedy "Hooray for Love." Though you can see her in this shot, Ann Sothern, who is teamed with Gene Raymond in the featured rôles, sings the melody in the finished picture. At the right and at the top of the opposite page, are two action pictures of that world-famous adagio team, the DeMarcos, who fly through the air with the greatest of ease in Warner's "In Caliente." Their dance, strangely enough, is called "The Caliente." Charming Dolores Del Rio, who stars in the film as a great Spanish dancer, dances in a few of the musical sequences with Don Carlos. Leo Carrillo, too, is in the cast.

At the bottom of the page—gangway for the "Redheads on Parade" in the Fox song-and-dance picture by that name. A cavalcade of forty-eight Titian-haired beauties (one for each state) descends the stairs to the music of the band—and what a band! Dixie Lee, mother of those celebrated Crosby twins, plays the leading rôle opposite John Boles in this musical delight. Right, another view of the chorus in "Hooray for Love."

MORE CONFESSIONS of a Hollywood PRESS AGENT

By JULIE LANG HUNT

IF laughter were money, I would be a millionaire, for a decade of Hollywood press-agenting pays rich dividends in chuckles and chortles and downright ribald guffaws.

As I told you last month, I have, over the top of a work-scarred desk in the publicity department of the Paramount studios, watched an extravaganza of human absurdities for ten years and more, and found it perpetually diverting.

The opening sketch this month concerns Hollywood's strangest vendetta. The hero of our plot is Richard Arlen, but for obvious reasons our heroine must be nameless. We shall call her Miss Glutz.

Four years ago this pair made a casual picture together, a New York night club sort of thing, but the box-office returns for some unaccountable reason were far from casual. They were, in the Hollywood parlance, colossal, stupendous.

And although everyone in the studio, from the president to the night janitor crew, knew that Arlen and Glutz had mobilized for hostilities with their first love scene, the pair was teamed for every available love story gathering dust on the scenario department's shelves.

Professional jealousy, strangely enough, had nothing to do with the mutual malevolence of this "romantic" combination.

Arlen, it seems, objected in no uncertain or whispered terms to Miss Glutz's manner of singing and Miss Glutz, in turn, who was highly sensitive to criticism, countered with all manner of verbal aversion to Dick's chiding brand of humor.

When the unhappy pair had finished their second picture they begged to be released from the bonds of their celluloid romance, but their love scenes had a tender something in them that, ironically enough, appealed to the movie-going public. The executives took one good look at the profits on the Arlen-Glutz product and said, "No." Following their third production, Dick decided to take things into his own capable hands.

Dawned the morning of the first Arlen-Glutz clinch for their fourth film and the leading lady jerked herself free from the leading man's passionate osculation right in the middle of a take, screaming, "GARLIC!"

She screamed the same six-letter word throughout the afternoon takes and those of the next day and the day after that.

With seventy-two hours of ruined film behind him the distracted director pleaded touchingly with his romantic team, but Dick went on heartlessly munching Italian salami between all the discarded love scenes.

On the fifth morning Miss Glutz was advised by the picture's raging supervisor to take up, in self defense and for the sake of the picture schedule, the Arlen diet. But Miss Glutz, it was discovered, could not abide even the merest shred of onion or garlic garnishings without suffering painful aftermath.

On the sixth morning, with production one week behind schedule and a budget that balanced badly, the iron men in executive row knew they were licked. Even in Hollywood you can't fire an actor who prefers French and Italian cuisine.

To this very day there are hundreds of motion picture exhibitors through the country still wondering why this team was torn asunder so suddenly.

And to this very day those same puzzled exhibitors are still muttering, "Darned if we couldn't run things a danged sight better in Hollywood than those big guys in the studios."

Hidden heartaches and concealed laughter, intimate tales of the stars and studios known only to citizens of Cinematown—till now

ONE summer afternoon in 1925 my stenographic labors over a publicity typewriter were interrupted by a timid young couple who asked to see my boss.

The boy I recognized as one of the local newspaper reporters, but the girl, who was thin and pale and definitely on the dowdy side, was a stranger.

They waited silently in the anteroom for half an hour, but before the first five minutes had ticked by I knew that they were deeply in love.

Tenderness brimmed over in her brown eyes when she glanced up at the boy, and there was adoration in his wordless smiles when he looked down into her narrow little face.

When they disappeared into the boss's office, I sighed a gusty sigh of sentiment.

There, I said to myself, goes the ideal couple. She is clinging and thoroughly sweet, and the type that looks adorable in bungalow aprons, and he is protecting and tender, and they will marry and (*Continued on page* 96)

Secret tragedy shadowed Clive Brook's first big chance in Hollywood—"The Popular Sin" (above). Because she misunderstood one simple English word, Dorothea Wieck (extreme left) was exiled from the American screen. That's Gloria Swanson in her "Coast of Folly" hat, at the time of her famous feud with Pola Negri. Below, Lillian Rich and Rod LaRoque in the ill-fated candy scene of "The Golden Bed."

They Fell in Love AT FIFTH SIGHT

THEY were a couple of scared, shabby kids when they met nine years ago in the musty scene docks of a fifth-rate vaudeville house in Union City, New Jersey.

Theatrical booking agents on Broadway knew the girl as "that Allen filly from San Francisco" who had been haunting their offices for twelve months without a break.

The Forty-second Street crowd knew the boy as "Cocky" Burns, whose six years in vaudeville were crowded with discarded partners, cancelled bookings and a firmly established reputation as a less than fair song and dance man.

They were standing, on that fateful Sunday afternoon, in front of a faded backdrop that dismally misrepresented the "Romeo and Juliet" balcony scene when a mutual friend carelessly caroled:

"Gracie, wantcha to meet my frien', George."

They admit that it was not love at first sight.

George remembers that Gracie looked stringy and peaked from twelve workless months in New York, that she acted uppity and tossed the long black curls that hung over her shoulders. Anyway, nine years ago, he definitely preferred blondes.

Gracie remembers that George was outrageously conceited over a split-week engagement in a five-a-day grind house, that he wore a loud, checked suit and used out-of-date slang.

But two weeks later the girl with the long black curls and the boy with the impossible checked suit were rehearsing together in a new act.

It wasn't love at second sight, either.

They were practically forced together, because Mary Kelly, the mutual and introducing friend, had made up her mind that Gracie was going to get work of some kind in vaudeville to escape the threatening necessity of returning to San Francisco to help her sisters teach dancing. With singularly little enthusiasm, the team of Burns and Allen was formed.

To Gracie, George looked only a little better than a train headed to the Pacific Coast and obscurity.

And George, even after their try-out booking, entertained very disturbing doubts concerning Gracie. He realized that she was almost totally lacking in vaudeville experience. A three-year term in a one-act sketch was her only knowledge of variety work. He knew that the one time she had tried a song, dance and comic routine, up in Montreal, she had flopped. And added to all these handicaps she had some pretty stubborn ideas concerning her dramatic ability.

But the most disturbing factor in their partnership was Mary Kelly's final talk with George before she left town with her new act. There was a hard glitter in her eye when she collared him.

"Listen, Burns," she said, "Gracie is a NICE girl. Get that? See that you don't forget it for one minute when you're together."

Now George's circle of feminine acquaintances ran to easy-going blondes, most of them good sports who called everyone "babe" and "honey," and liked a rowdy story and a stein of beer with a pal after the show.

So George decided that Gracie was just another filler-in until he could find a new partner worthy of his talents.

Things went wrong from the first moment the pair arrived in Newark, New Jersey, for their try-out. Gracie broke a mirror as she unpacked a make-up case and this catastrophe sent her into an hour of uncontrollable hysterics.

During the act the audience remained glum and frozen when George rendered his funniest jokes, and with perverse determination roared every time Gracie opened her mouth with the straight feed lines.

They were cross, discouraged and exhausted when they collected their pay at twelve that night (five dollars for five performances) and caught the milk train back to New York.

As they clickety-clacked through the long, cold night in a dusty, stale-smelling day coach, George felt a strange, bitter flurry within him every time he looked at Gracie's tired young face pillowed against the unyielding wicker seat.

It was during their second booking at Boonton, New Jersey—where they were raised to ten dollars for five performances and had to dress in the boiler room to keep warm—that George suddenly knew he would never look for a new partner.

"I *would* fall for a *nice* girl," he muttered grimly to himself, in the dank dressing rooms of every village opera house in the states of New York and New Jersey. "Gosh, I don't even know how to talk to a *nice* girl. She's so darned prim, so darned pretty, so darned—well—*nice!* What a rotten break for me!"

But there was no such mellowing on Gracie's part. George remained just part of her act, the theater combine that paid her rent and kept her from the barren fate of being a dancing teacher. In her moments of courage, George to her became an insignificant stepping-stone leading to the cathedral offices of Mr. Belasco.

FOR two years they were unable to get a circuit booking. They were relegated to the ranks known as the "fire-call" teams that filled in on short notice wherever there was a cancelled engagement in the ranks of the small-time bills.

Agents advised them to stay in their rooms on Mondays and Thursdays until one o'clock for "disappointment calls." They kept their suitcases packed and were able to catch any train with fifteen minutes' notice. For two years they hopped buses, interurban cars, a few trucks and, more than once, local freight trains to reach some outlandish destination in time for second place on the bill.

George hoped that their mutual hardships and small successes together would grind down the intangible barrier between them, but for two years Gracie remained aloof and indifferent.

Only once did she relent. George still remembers it. It was Christmas Eve and they were crawling toward New York from Morristown on the midnight local. It must have been the relaxing, human glow of the holidays that caused Gracie to grow suddenly talkative with her partner.

"I will hang on in vaudeville," she confided to him, "until I have played just one week at the Orpheum Theater in San Francisco. If I can just get back home and play in the top house and show all my friends and relatives that Gracie Allen has finally made good, I will be the happiest woman in the world."

(Continued on page 76)

Below, Gracie with their adopted daughter, Sandra Jean, who's been such a success that Burns and Allen plan to adopt another—a boy this time, to be named Allen Burns.

"Don't waste your time playing Romeo," a friend advised George Burns, but he'd made up his mind to make Gracie Allen his'n

By

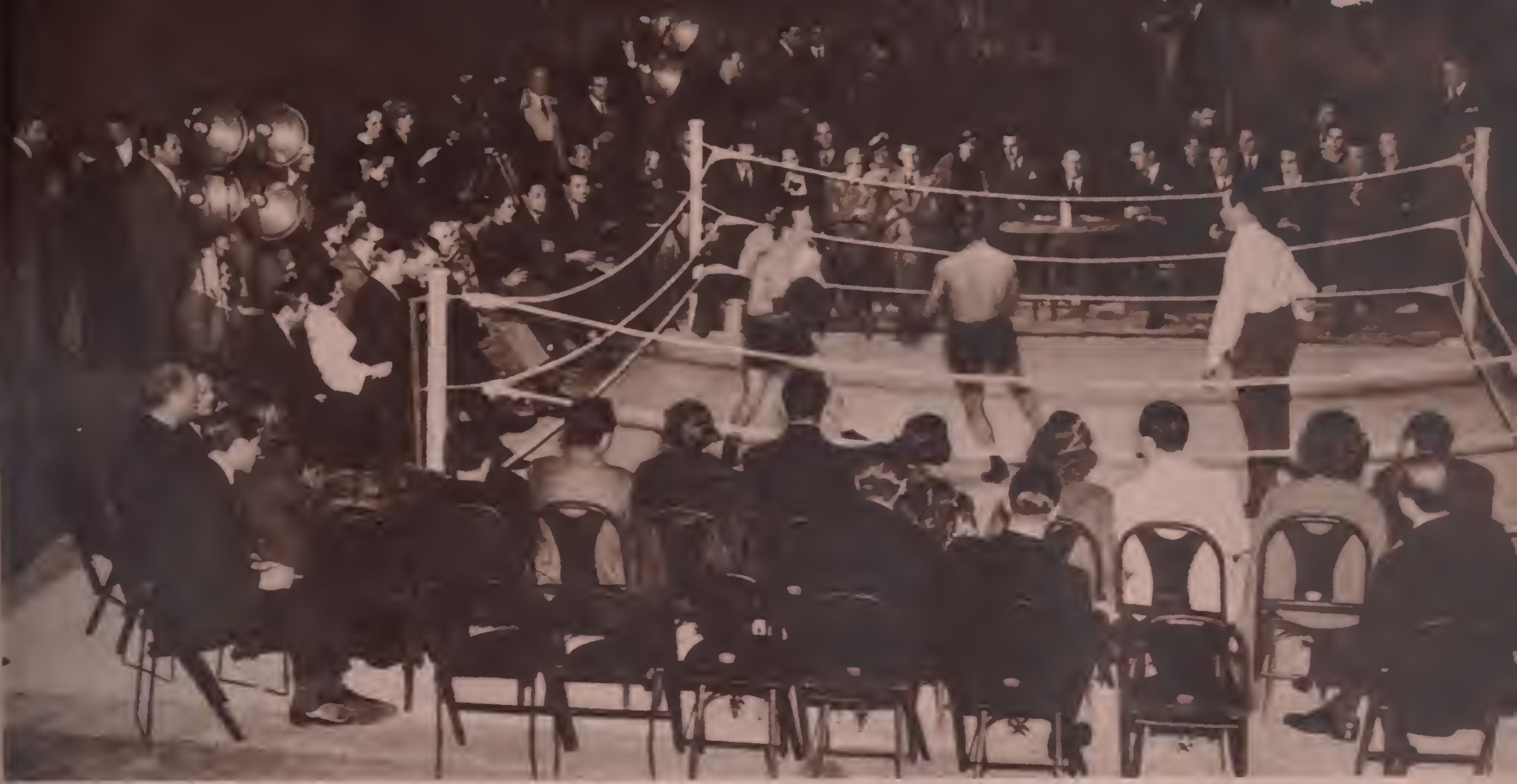
GAIL ROGERS

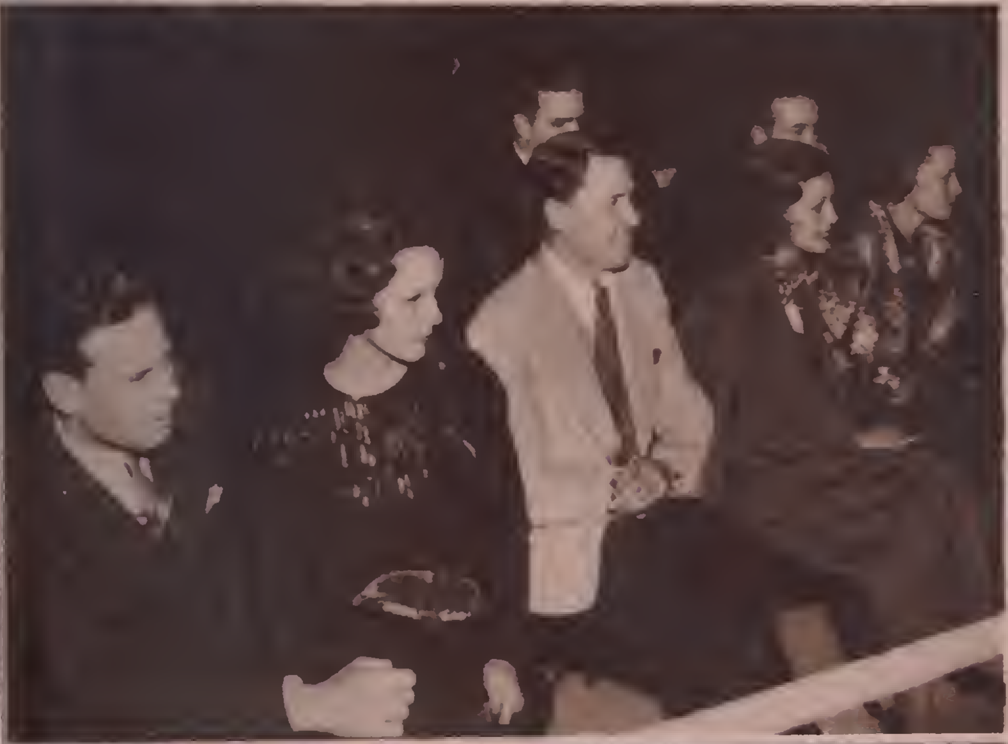
Backyard Prize-fight

Photographs by HYMAN FINK

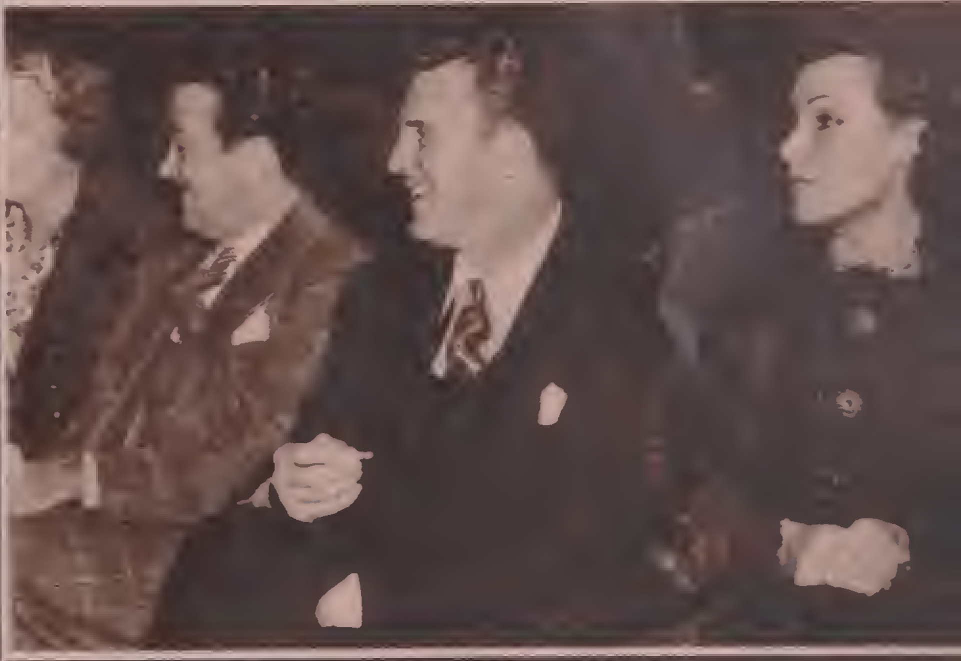
The popular Countess Di Frasso is one of Hollywood's most original hostesses, so her most recent party guests were not surprised to be ushered into the backyard for a real, professional boxing-match. Below are two pictures taken in the ring—in this corner, ladie-e-es and gentlemen, we have "Dimples" Gable (left), and in this corner (right) "Fighting Freddie" March—but they are only appearing as seconds to the real participants.

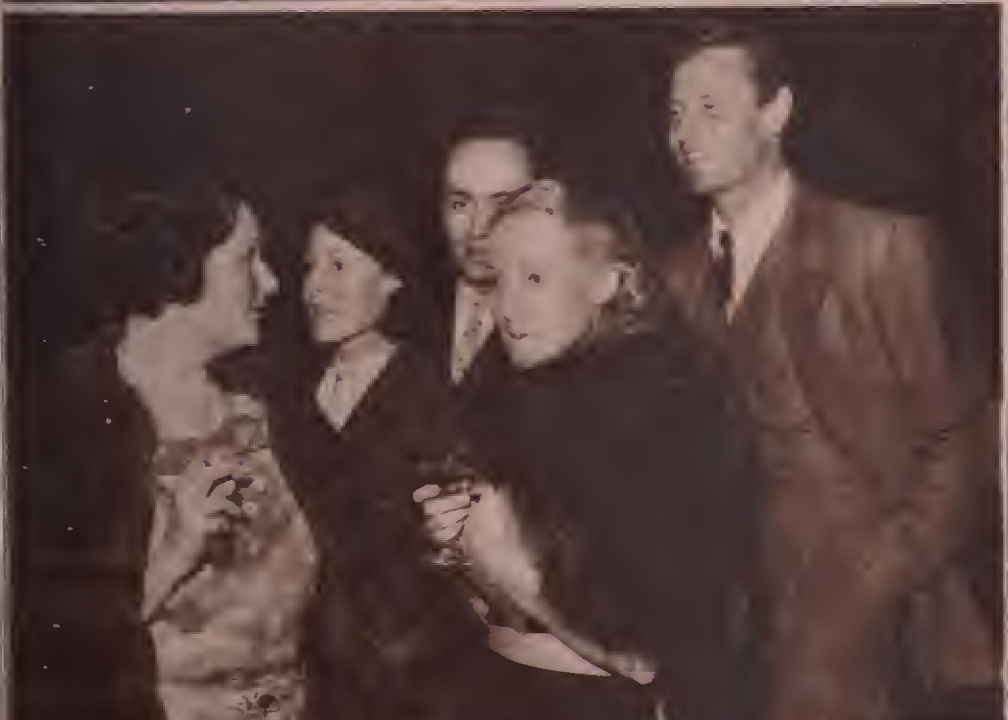
At the bottom of the page are a few of the interested—and famous—spectators. (Extreme left) Eddie Kane sits beside beautiful Gwili Andre, with Dick Barthelmess behind them—all intent on the bout. Count Tullio Carminati di Brambilla was snapped with Dietrich, whose dress was created especially to go with her magnificent emeralds. The smiling quartet includes Joel McCrea, pretty Mrs. Astaire, Randy Scott and Fred himself.



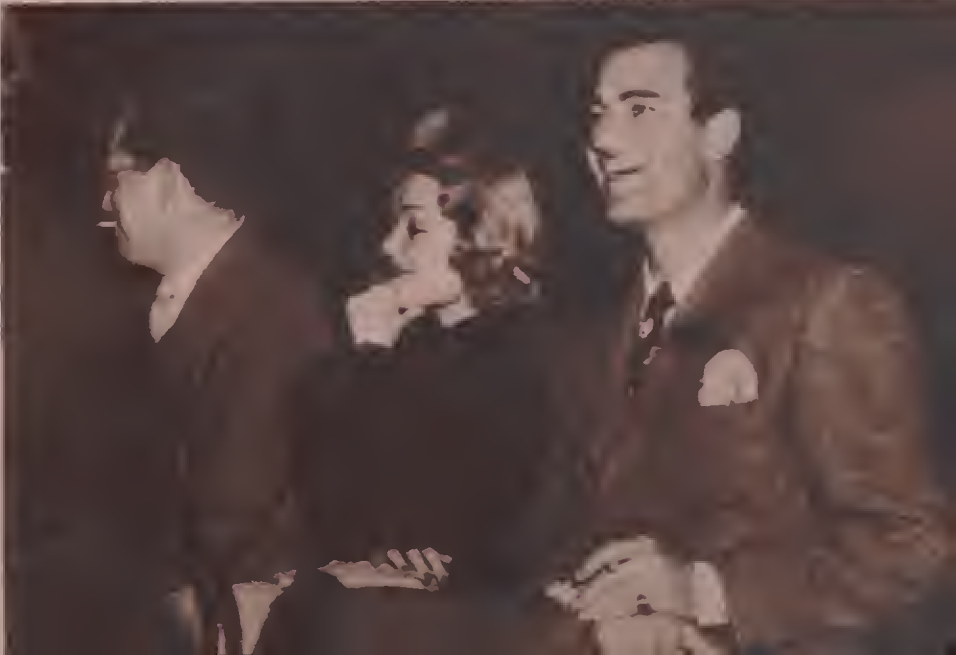


Hymie calls the picture above a "tence-eye view" of the entertainment—and he should know! How many of the celebrities can you pick out of the crowd? Left, Norman Foster and Sally Blane (there's a steady combination—can it be love?), Sir Adrian Bailey, Sally's sister, Loretta Young, and Olive McClure at the ringside. Below, with Cedric Gibbons and his wife, Dolores Del Rio, is Billie Wilkerson, owner of the Trocadero.





Above, the titled hostess stops for a chat with two of filmdom's most talented young married couples—Frances Dee McCrea, "Pat" Paterson Boyer, Joel again—and you can just see Charles Boyer beyond Pat's blonde head. Right, Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland watching the bouts.



Prima donna, actress, flaming personality— continuing the amazing, glamorous history of a most unusual and charming modern girl

The True Life Story of GRACE MOORE

By WALTER RAMSEY

PARIS again! This time, not the half-hearted young Bohemian playing at musical studies, but a conscientious student determined to avenge the slight of that try-out and failure at the Metropolitan. Here was a new Grace Moore.

At first the old haunts and the former play-companions saw her not at all, as she settled down to a very quiet existence with a French family on the Avenue Faissendre. Her pride had been so badly hurt that she had only one goal: to study, to work, to achieve such heights that the dignitaries of the Metropolitan would beseech her on bended knees to return to the fold.

Through Albert Wolfe, director of the First Orchestra, she engaged the services of a wonderful teacher, who must remain nameless in this story. When Grace first saw him she thought she must have been recommended to the wrong man. "In place of the stoop-backed *maestro* I had expected, here was a young man of great personal charm, a splendid athlete, and an exceptional artist, himself. He frequently sang in opera. In view of all that later happened, it was most amusing that I started work with him coaching in 'Romeo and Juliet'," explained Grace laughingly.

They worked very hard, these handsome young singers. With this new teacher, Grace again went through the books-on-the-chest routine which she enacted with Tullio Carminati in "One Night of Love." And with exactly the same results that happened in the picture. Her teacher fell in love with her. He fell so very deeply in love with his charming pupil that before the second month of their musical association it became dangerous for her to visit his studio. Grace never knew when his temperamental sweetheart would appear on the scene right in the middle of an aria they were studying and throw anything from a scene to the nearest book! The lady was jealous as she was fiery and beautiful.

"At first," confesses Grace, "I rather enjoyed all the excitement. But never for a moment was I seriously interested in this man, though I'll admit his attentions were flattering. In time, I became disgusted with these interruptions with my studies. The personal element that had developed was interfering with the work I had to do. The gentleman's infatuation had begun to distort his calmer judgment of my vocal ability and at the end of the third month I decided to change teachers and locales!"

In spite of the fact that she knew Mary Garden very slightly, she sent a personal cable to the popular star asking her to recommend a good teacher. To this day she cannot forget the delight and surprise of the cable she received in reply. It was lengthy, almost a letter, not only giving her the name of a splendid musical coach, Bartholemy, in Monte Carlo but insisting that she move into her own magnificent apartment while she studied with him for a year. Mary advised her that she would need all her money to study with Bartholemy who charged $10 an hour which was very expensive for an European instructor. "I will not be using my apartment or my staff for months," Mary cabled. "I insist you make your headquarters there." This lovely, generous offer from the great star to a struggling novice affected Grace so deeply she wept!

Mary Garden's apartment in Monte Carlo was a prima donna's home if there ever was one! The bed was of gold leaf, trimmed in pale green taffeta with an enormous gilt bird perched on the top. The magnificently carved dining table could have comfortably seated thirty people. The salon was hung with rich velvets and adorned with wonderful oil paintings. There were fourteen rooms of such luxury, staffed by five servants. Grace, the practical-souled little American, felt lost in all this magnificence.

At first she worried lest the elegance of her living background prove a bad influence, but it had just the opposite effect. She closed off nine of the rooms and lived as simply as the remaining luxury permitted.

"GARDEN'S apartment aided me in concentrating my entire personality on my work," Grace says today, "for living there, I came to know how beautiful it was to be a great success; what it really meant to be rich and have fame and to be able to surround oneself with beautiful things and comforts. I wanted to own these things for myself. Oh, there's no describing the loveliness of the apartment, the glorious blue view from the enormous windows, Monte Carlo figuratively at my feet, such landmarks as the Monte Carlo Opera House and the Casino forming beautiful pictures through the windows, the promenade where everyone walks. The effect was that of a gay musical comedy scene."

But Grace Moore was no part of the gayety of the vivid resort. Four hours a day she studied with Bartholemy, then piano lessons for two hours and later to the opera and concerts to listen to the lovely music and learn from other artists.

At the end of her fourth month with the (*Continued on page* 86)

Part of the star's romantic life-cycle shown in pictures—at top, with a friend on the steps of the Opera Comique, when Grace (left) was a young voice student in Paris—and was warned to fall in love! Next, at the age of 7, with her brothers Richard, James, and Martin—then the same group in later years. Last, the flowers (background) are gifts of Grace's admiring co-workers at the studio.

Could YOU overcome an UNHAPPY

Heartbreak "should be a springboard for our next experience!" says Miriam Hopkins. "I didn't blame him," says Kitty Carlisle. "That saved me." Irene Dunne felt sure she could never be as happy again as she finds herself today.

UNHAPPY love affairs. So few girls escape them. And those who do aren't fortunate at all, but unfortunate. For they miss an important emotional experience which for all its travail can be enriching, if only they'll let it be.

You become convinced of this talking with the different motion picture stars. They too have waited for the telephone to ring, lived from one mail delivery to the next. They too have dreamed of chance encounters on the street in which they would prove irresistible and life would become beautiful again. They too have known that inability to find any real interest in anything. And carried on alone, disciplining both heart and mind against even so much as a memory.

It was years ago in Rome that Kitty Carlisle faced her heartbreak. He was the son of an American consul whom she met at a party. From the first there was something dear about the back of his neck, something exciting about his strong, lean hands. He gave new zest to life. A dance was something to look forward to if he was to be there, not otherwise. And when he began asking Kitty out she found herself more aware than she ever had been before of the clothes and jewels and perfumes the shops sell to make women lovelier.

She wanted dresses gold as maple leaves in autumn and as bright and warm as little flames. Such dresses might lend her magic. She spent her last liras on tiny bottles of alluring scents. She so wanted to be lovely for him.

"Then," Kitty says, "a day came when I sensed this boy had lost interest. It wasn't anything he said or did. It was something I knew. I even had a sickening instinct about the new girl. She had been brought up in America. I had been brought up in Europe. I was formal. She had easy manners and she was carefree and happy.

"I was heartbroken. I remember being glad to have the night come so I could escape my loneliness in sleep. Even though I always knew it would be there to awaken me in the morning. I felt that I could never be happy again."

Kitty was in New York on a holiday as she told me this.

"One day," she went on, "I began making excuses for this boy, the way women will for the men they love even when the men don't need them, because we like to feel we understand everything about them.

"'I don't blame him,' I told myself. 'I'm not very attractive. I'm not much fun. I'm not pretty. I'm not amusing!'

"That saved me. That started me pulling myself out of my maudlin doldrums. I had set-backs, as you always do. But from that moment I went forward because I was determined to remake myself, to become so lovely and so charming and so amusing that he must fall in love with me

LOVE AFFAIR?

Learn how to conquer shattering heartbreak from the emotional tragedies these six famous women stars have experienced

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

again. And this time hopelessly. That would be essential."

Wise Kitty! In her secret dreams of eventual triumph she saved her hurt pride, always a serious complication in the convalescence of any love affair. More than this she actually began to develop herself into the unusually attractive personality she is today and to lay the very cornerstone of the career in which she has found fame.

Ann Sothern's life went crashing at her feet just when she needed every ounce of optimism and spirit and concentration she possessed in order that she might go out into the world and make her way.

"I borrowed money and got away for a few weeks," Ann told me, talking of this youthful love. "It proved to be the wisest investment I could have made. In another city I wasn't constantly coming to the corners on which we had said good-bye. I wasn't forever passing the little tables in restaurants where we had sat together. My holiday served me well even if I didn't enjoy it. For it gave me a chance to get myself in hand to make plans for the future.

"So to girls who are as unhappy today as I was then I say, 'Get away if you possibly can. And if you can't do this then find some work. And make it a matter of honor with yourself to be outstandingly successful in it, whether it's a job or something you're doing for charity.'

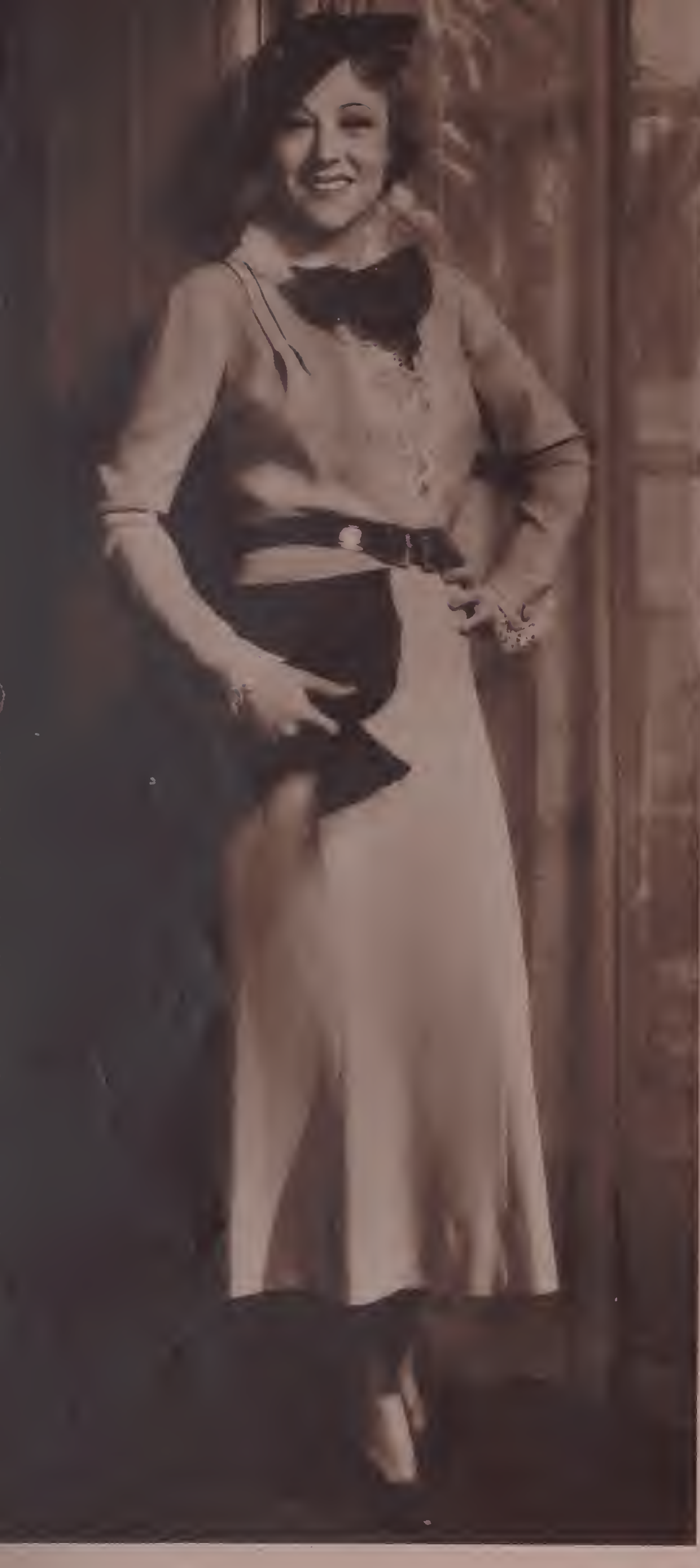
"As I see it now," Ann went on, "the great difficulty with this period of readjustment is that we go about with blinders on when we're in love, oblivious to the rest of the world. This is wonderful when things are happy. But when they turn unhappy it's well for us to get our minds focused on outside, impersonal things as quickly as possible, before this preoccupation with self precipitates us into even a mild degree of melancholia."

Carole Lombard learned that "time alone is permanent." Fay Wray says, "I couldn't have believed I ever could love another man." Ann Sothern borrowed money to take her broken heart on a stimulating holiday.

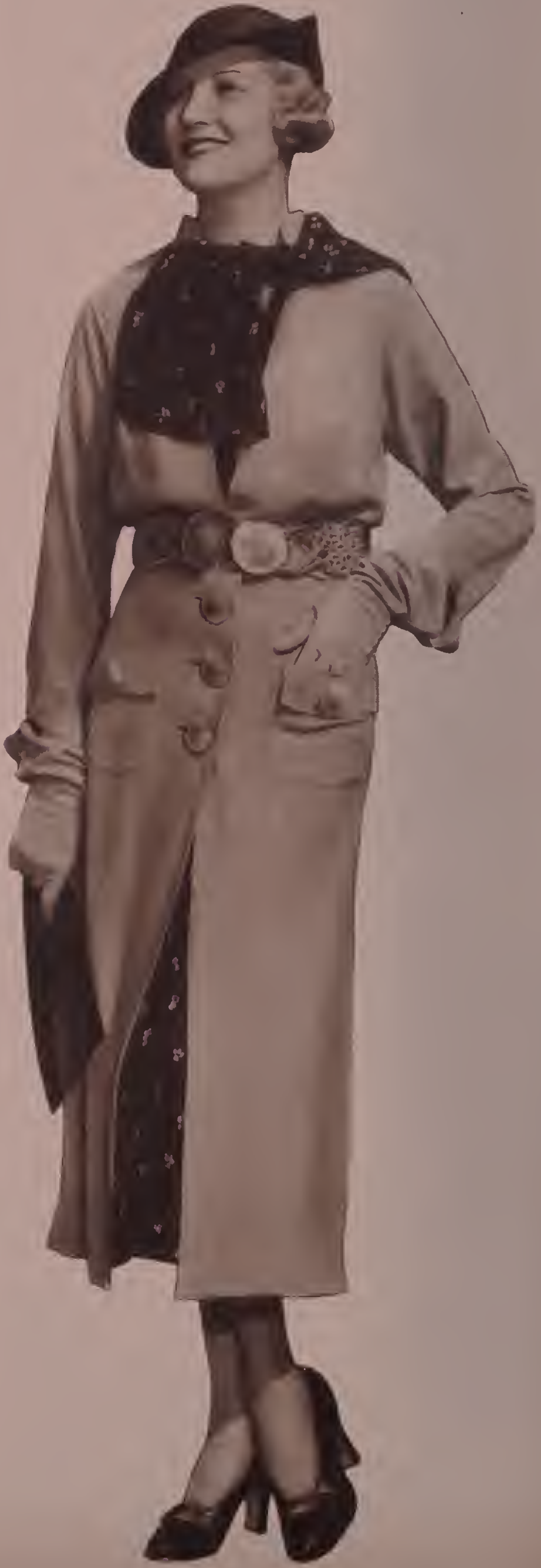
Next I talked to Carole Lombard. Carole's philosophy has proved her life saver.

"I feel," Carole told me, "that nothing is permanent, that all life is transitory. Flowers die. Colors fade. Clothes wear out. Buildings decay. Time alone is permanent. For one minute always follows another."

One minute always follows another. Suddenly there was a poignance in Carole's voice and (*Continued on page* 70)

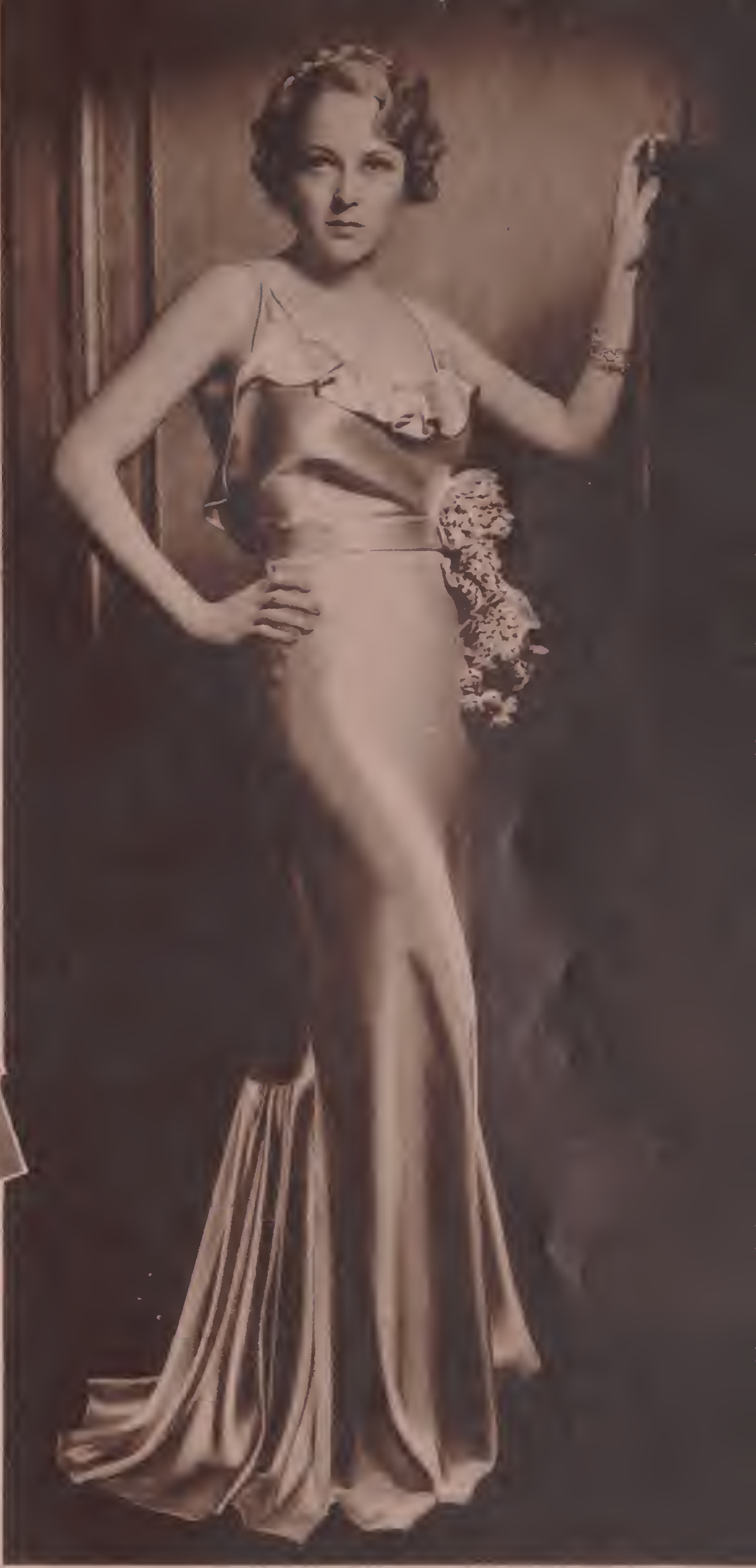


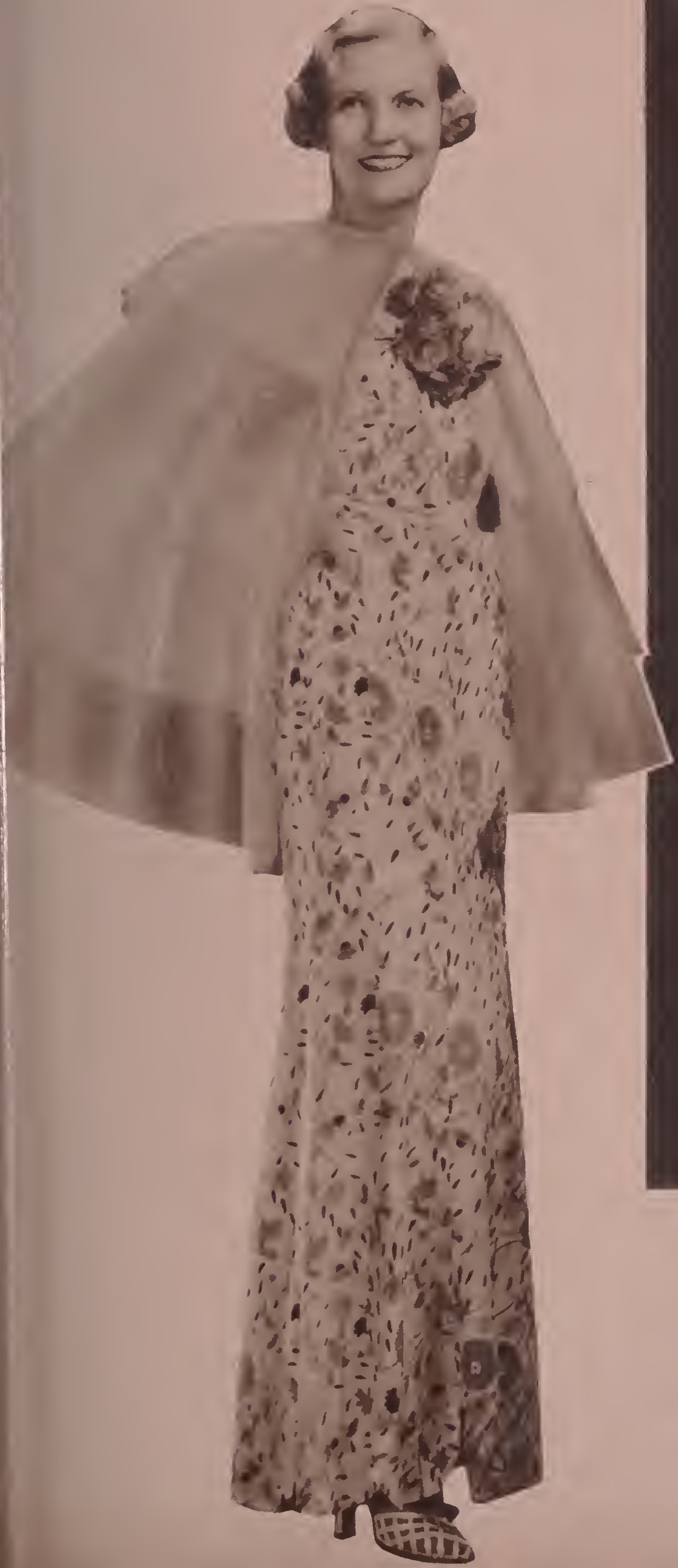
Sally Eilers and Verree Teasdale posed these exclusive midseason fashions to show you the new style trends—shorter skirts for daytime, lingerie touches at the neckline, interesting new sleeves, and straight skirts wide at the bottom. Sally's street dress (left) is of pearl gray crêpe with crisp and dainty touches of lingerie. Soft shoulder pleats and an amusing polka-dot bow trim the blouse, while gores give fulness to the skirt. Verree's beige wool coat (below) is combined with a brown-and-white frock (we'll wear prints until summer is actually gone). The hemp belt of sailor knots fastens with large orange wood buttons, and the brown kid shoes are trimmed with beige for contrast.



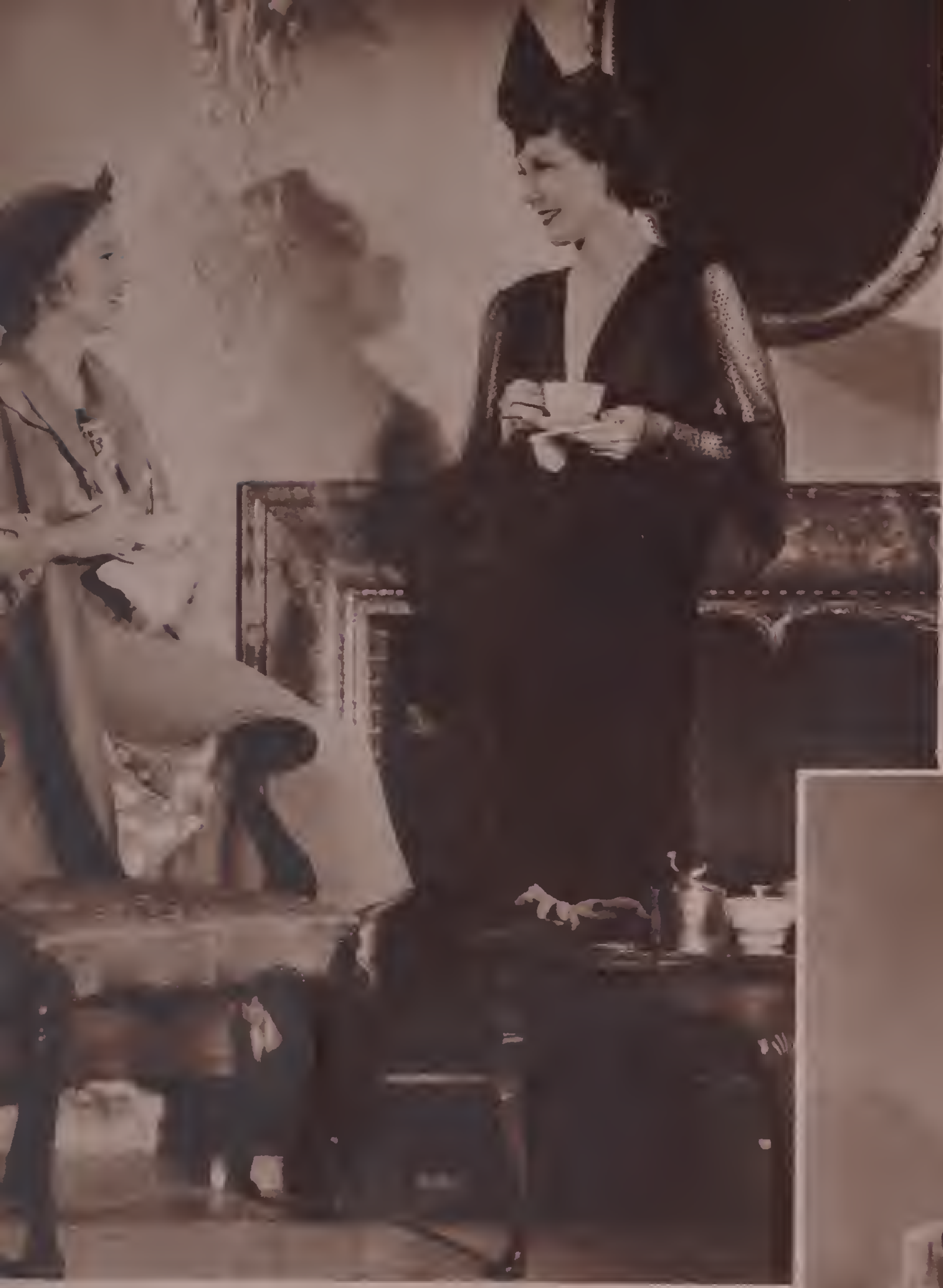
Star Fashions

The formal gown worn by Sally (right) is practically perfect, because shiny satins and low necklines will be the rage. The décolletage has a graceful bias ruffle supported by tiny braided straps. A gathered inset at the back contrasts with the slim front skirt. The cotton net cape (below) is leaf green, to match the stems of golden poppies dotting the white background of Verree's evening dress. The scalloped edges of the gored skirt reveal sandals of lattice work to harmonize with a garden print. Verree's ensembles were created by Howard Greer of Hollywood, and her shoes are from Huggin's Delman (Los Angeles and Pasadena). I. Magnin Co. of California furnished Sally's gown and hat.



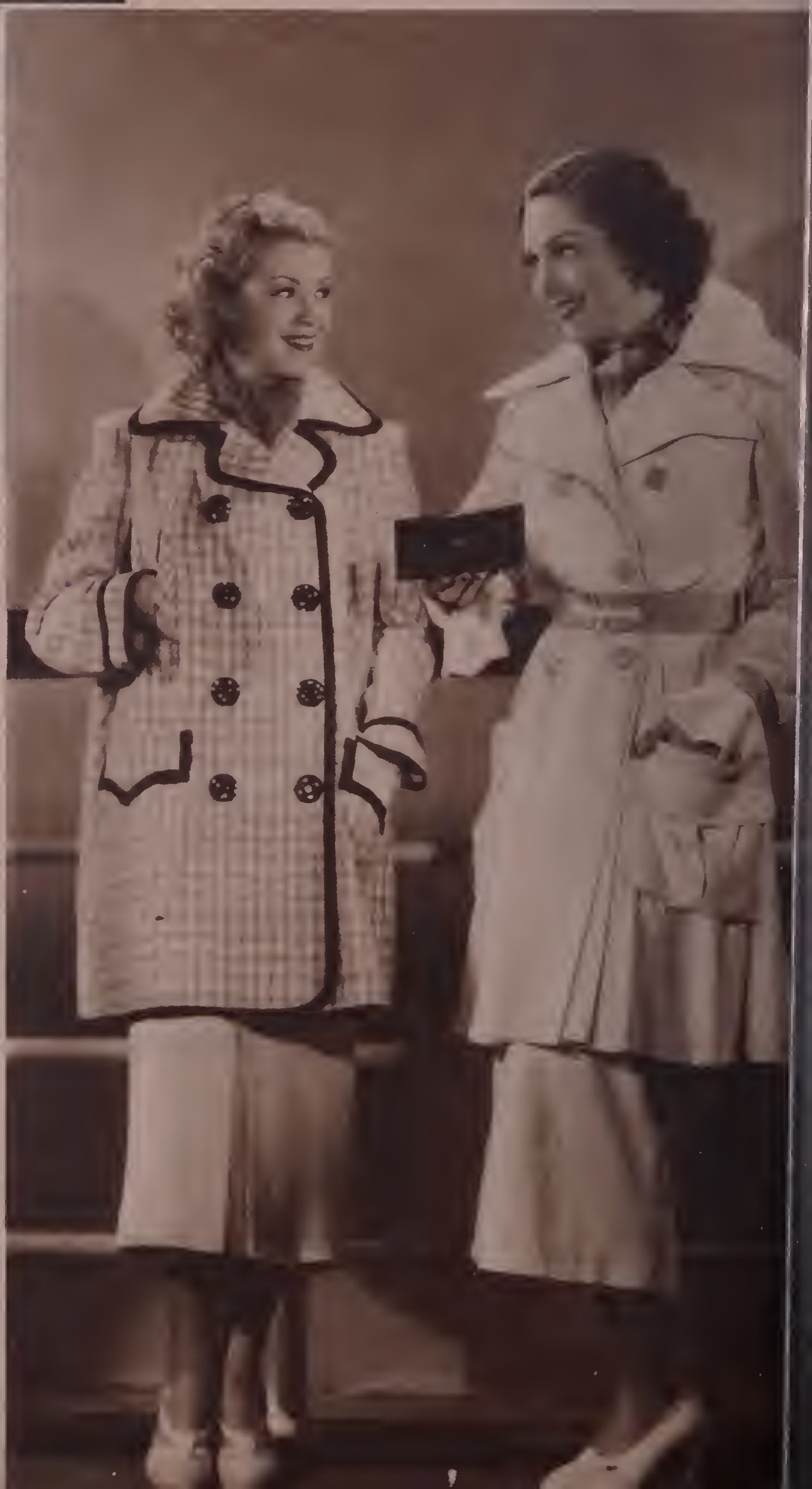


By
GWENN WALTERS



Star Fashions

Can Movie Mirror advise you on what to wear? Do you know what style and line suits you best? Would you like to know what your type of girl is wearing in Hollywood now? Address Gwenn Walters, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and she will be glad to answer your fashion questions.

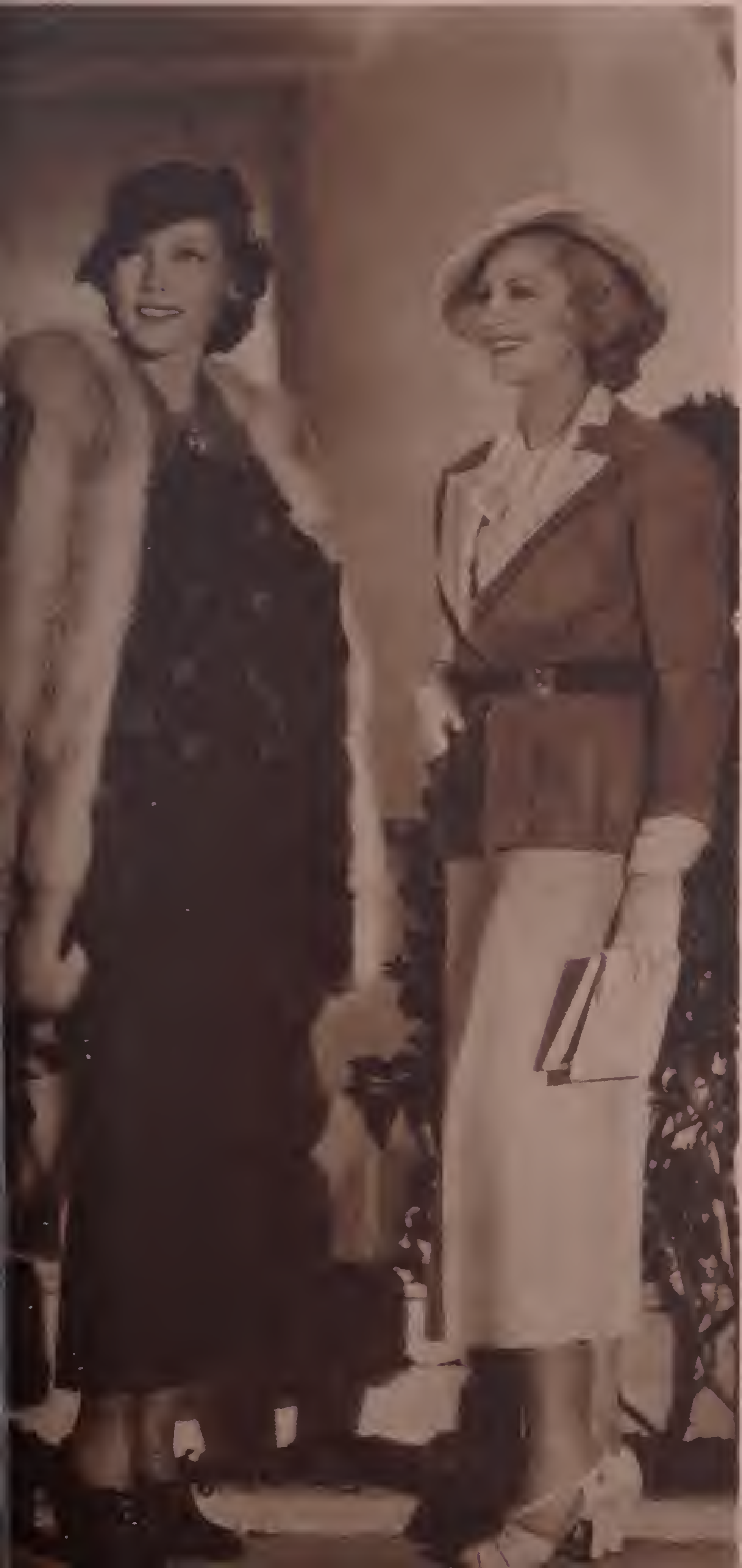


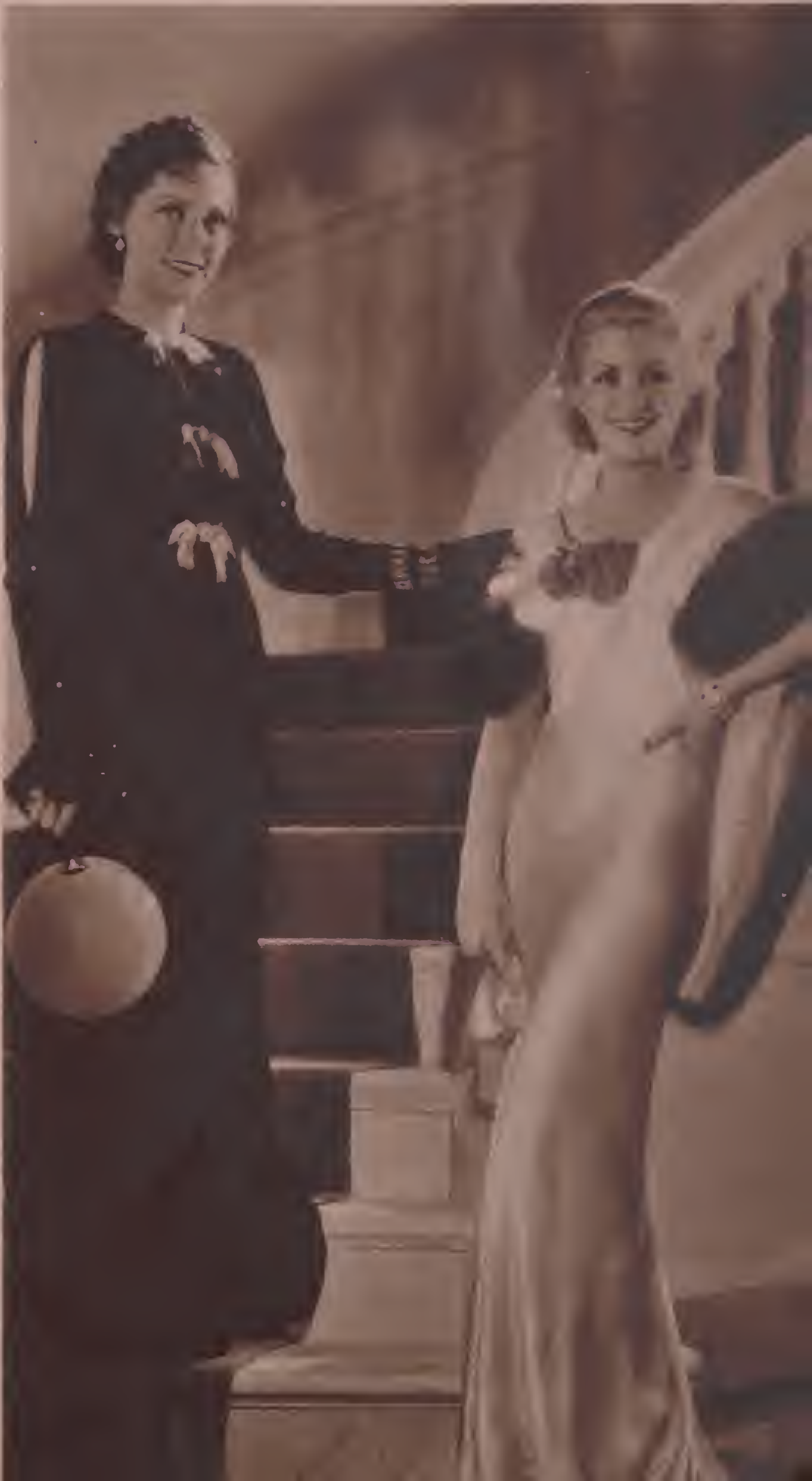
Small, blonde Claire Trevor and stately, brunette Adrienne Ames pose exclusively for MOVIE MIRROR in Royer's creations for "Black Sheep." Claire's summer afternoon ensemble (left, above) features a sleeveless jacket of ribbed watercress green crêpe lined to match the shirtwaist frock of gray and white. Inverted pleats trim the jacket and form the sleeves. Adrienne's cocktail frock of crêpe is puce-colored (that's a new name for mulberry), has smocked fulness at the shoulders and empire bodice, and net sleeves.

Royer names Adrienne's white doeskin coat and skirt (extreme right) "Diana," since it suggests a modern huntress. The knee-length jacket achieves freedom of movement with two action-pleats, both front and back, it has large English pockets (very, very convenient for vanities and cigarettes) and a belt, buttons and cuff-bands of natural pigskin. An exceedingly practical costume is "Marina," the reefer coat worn by Claire. It is of black-and-white plaid wool, accented with jet-black trimmings and boasting a windbreaker collar.

Below, left, Adrienne wears an early fall shopping ensemble which combines a woolen coat checked in cardinal red and cocoa brown with a double-breasted dress of matching brown wool trimmed with the coat material at buttons, pockets and collar. Kit fox forms the coat's tuxedo collar. Claire (at right) liked her sports costume so much she purchased it from the studio. The jacket, belted in blue suede, is fashioned of military blue and white novelty cotton and crêpe. Separate white revers, matching the simple dress, are attached to the coat's blue ones.

"Nathalia" is the name of the handsome black sequin and crêpe dinner frock worn by Adrienne on the stairs below. Rhinestone clips catch clusters of ermine tails at throat, breast, and waistline of the jacket. The long, tight sleeves are slit from shoulder to elbow and terminate in circular flounces over the hands. In startling contrast, Claire's princess style gown is designed of white bark satin. Two red carnations brighten the front neckline, while a large jewelled ornament accents the deep V of the back, and the unusual capeline is bordered with silver fox.





help yourself to beauty

By Gloria Mack

Maxine Doyle, Warner player, dives for beauty in a black and white woolen suit with braided belt, tie and shoulder straps.

LET GLORIA MACK HELP YOU with your individual beauty routine; learn how to take a sun-bath the *right way;* to solve your special exercise problem. And if you want to come back from your vacation with a glorified skin, write me for the splendid skin regime so many girls have used successfully, or for help on any other beauty problem.

Your private beauty consultant,
Gloria Mack, c/o Movie Mirror,
7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

There isn't any charge for this, but puleeze don't forget to enclose that stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write me.

VACATIONS are wonderful things and I never could understand using a word to describe them which even suggests "vacancy." Vacancy! When your vacations should be simply crammed with value and importance for you. And what's more, don't let your vacation take *you—you* take it!

Haven't you seen girls come back from a vacation much more tired, nervous, run down and generally worse off than when they went away? Their vacations took them, with a vengeance.

Now I'm not for a moment suggesting that you go about your vacation as you would a business day, every moment accounted for with grim determination. The very essence of a vacation is change, but it's up to you to make it a change for the better. Even while you are forgetting schedules, sleeping late and luxuriating in idle days, you can include things which will make your vacation pay you beauty dividends all the winter long.

I want you to come back from that time of freedom and play with so much health and beauty stored up that you can face the dark, cold days of winter and the trying confinement of a job with the lusty vigor which makes work a joy and not a penalty. And I'm going to give you some concrete hints on how to do it.

The first of these is not to plunge into activities the very first day! Give yourself a chance to relax, to adjust to the change. I know one girl who invariably spends her first vacation day in bed. She says she lets her mind just go blank. She doesn't carry over problems of her job, nor think about the good times ahead.

"I'm just a cheerful vegetable, soaking in rest, for that whole day," she says, "and the way I feel the next day is *something*."

They say that's exactly what Garbo does when she has finished the arduous grind of making a picture. Try it and see if it doesn't work for you as well.

The second thing about a successful vacation is to get all the sun and fresh air you can. Sleep out-of-doors, if it's possible. If you never did special breathing exercises before, do them now. Drink in the clear, fine air that comes to you from the fresh green fields, or over the salty stretches of the ocean. It's the very breath of life for you.

Sun baths? Most certainly sun baths. Best thing in the world if you go about them the right way. There is a wrong way, you know, and if you are careless about it, a sun bath, instead of being the splendid energizer it should be, may actually harm you.

Another important thing to remember when you are on a vacation is diet. A change of water and of food may temporarily upset the system, and it's not a bad idea to take a laxative for the first day or so. And if you've been having complexion troubles this is the time to begin setting them right. If you saved the exercises given in the January MOVIE MIRROR, by all means use them. If you haven't a copy of them, I'll be glad to send them to you.

This month in the Cooking Department, Miss Nelson tells you about a salad diet which she says is better than any medicine for helping to clear a complexion. If you need something like this, try it now, (*Continued on page 67*)

CONCLUDING:

COMEBACK

By DALE EUNSON

Joyce Wells was willing to do what no other actress dared do—and that decided her doubtful future for her

DURING the next two weeks Joyce felt like a pariah. Everyone looked to her to make a definite decision as to her future. Corey was good natured about it, but could not see why she would not marry him now, and think about her career later. Did he, or did he not, come first in her thoughts? He learned, too, that she had called on Goldman about playing *Nellie Wilson,* and while he made no comment, she knew he disapproved.

Each morning when she came down to breakfast she met her father's kindly, questioning eyes. He, too, expected her to make up her mind. He was patient and understanding, yet she knew that he thought it would be the sensible thing for her to marry Corey now, and let him get back to the bank in Hutchinson. The directors had given Frank Wells a short leave of absence, but she knew that in his heart he felt the bank could not get along without him, and that he was imposing upon his employers' good nature. Of course, Joyce knew that he had served the bank faithfully for more than twenty years, had never before asked, nor received, a favor, and that certainly a short vacation was due him.

And though she told him this and he agreed with her, she could see he was uneasy, that he wanted things settled. "After you and Corey are married," he remarked one day, "Margaret is going to spend half her time with me. It will seem like old times again. I've missed your mother."

Joyce told herself over and over that she was being an obstinate, selfish egotist. After all, what did her little pride, her complete justification weigh against the happiness of these three people?

During the day she often took long, solitary drives far from Los Angeles. This was, of course, to try to get away from her people whom she could not face because she knew they could never completely understand what she was going through. Yet no matter how far away she might be, she felt that the people she loved were waiting, waiting for her to regain her senses.

Every night Corey dropped in after dinner to talk over his day's progress. Joyce Elder was to play the ingenue lead—her name had skyrocketed during the past year—and Tad Rutledge was being tested for the rôle of *Allistair.* Corey said that Tad was very near greatness in the tests, that he seemed suddenly to have developed depth, emotion and subtlety which were astonishing in one so young. Joyce urged Corey to cast Tad in the part.

"After all," she said, "I do feel responsible for the boy."

Through Corey she learned of the difficulty in finding a big name to play *Nellie Wilson.* "At least ten of the biggest women stars have read the script," he said, "and not one of them has courage to make herself plain. 'If you'd just let me dress up in one scene, and turn out to be really lovely under that homely exterior,' they say, 'I'd love to play it. But I'm afraid my public wouldn't care to see me that way.' You see, Joyce, I was right in advising you. Nobody else is willing to risk her career in it."

Joyce said nothing, but again hope flickered in her heart. Suppose no one else would play it. Would Goldman then give her a chance?

SHE drove daily to the studio, and sat in Goldman's outer office like the lowliest extra girl. She did not even ask to see him, but sat there hour after hour. As he passed through she would merely call to him in greeting. On the third day he came up to her.

"What are you sitting around here for, Joyce? You waiting to see somebody?"

"No. I just wanted to be here in case you couldn't get anybody else to play *Nellie Wilson.*"

"Nobody else wants to be in that picture. I don't see why you're so crazy to be," he said, and passed on into his office.

Next day she said, "I'm still waiting. I understand your big foreign star has just refused the part."

"Uh!" he snorted. "That big Danish pastry. Such a headache."

Another week passed, and the date arrived for the beginning of production. It was nine o'clock at night, and Corey had not arrived. Joyce, realizing that he must have been detained at the studio, was preparing to take a drive as the telephone rang. It was Goldman.

"Come right out to the studio," he said. "Corey Preston and I got something to talk to you about. Don't get excited, now, and try to hold me up, because I'm a poor man and it don't mean much money."

(*Continued on page* 82)

Hollywood's dyed in the wool debutante, who weighed society against a career, tells you about her life here and abroad

By SHEILA WORTH

Kitty Carlisle

Rich Little Rich Girl

KITTY CARLISLE who is Bing Crosby's first screen songmate, is the only authentic debutante to make good in Hollywood.

This is an embarrassing bit of news for a lot of studio folks who, during the past two years, have welcomed several hundred upper crust girls into the best celluloid circles with made-to-order contracts and written-to-measure leading rôles.

Of course, there are those who insist that Katharine Hepburn and Miriam Hopkins are cheering examples of what a ballroom background can do for a career but, although both came from old and established families, the fact remains that neither one of these stars ever made a formal bow to society.

Among our all wool and a yard wide debs we have, to name a few, Mrs. Gary Cooper, neé Veronica Balfe of Park Avenue, who chucked whatever screen chances she had to marry Gary (and who can blame her?), Barbara Fritchie, of Kansas City, who flashed promisingly over Paramount way for a while and then sputtered out, the frisky Merrie Fahrney, Chicago's Gold Coast entrant, who was deadly serious about a film career for all of a month, and Winifred Flint. But why go on?

When Hollywood's social sorority is simmered down to talent, ability and the capacity for hard work, the net result is just one lyric soprano with superb legs, the dusky Kitty Carlisle.

First, I'll serve up all the statistics that prove Kitty an accredited, bona fide and unimpeachable debutante.

During the winter of 1928 she was introduced, at sixteen, to Continental society at an enormous ball held in the palace of Madame Surez in Rome.

Kitty admits that her social sails were trimmed and set for the gay course of the typical American expatriate, the climax to be a brilliant marriage.

But even the best laid plans of debutantes and their mothers sometimes go *phffff* and, at twenty-two, Kitty Carlisle is in (*Continued on page 74*)

Kitty is surprised because her legs helped her land a job. We're not!

Cooking Department

CONDUCTED BY PAULINE NELSON

The salad fork and spoon are magic wands which transform simple meals into tempting summer-time feasts

WRITE PAULINE NELSON
For More Interesting Salads

Do you know the two ingredients which make a plain potato salad into SOMETHING? Can you serve raw vegetables so people really *like* them? You should know how, because they are the real beauty foods that work directly on the complexion. If you have a cooking problem that you can't find the answer to, let me know when you write me: Pauline Nelson, c/o MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SALADS are beginning to assume their rightful place in the food scheme of things. No longer are they considered something fancy to serve when showing off for visiting friends, or merely silly trifles only women eat at lunch.

The salad, which started out as an old European custom, has become Americanized in the last few years. Men who scorned greens are now persuaded of the health value of salads.

Doctors and beauty specialists, ever alert to learn, are telling us that a certain diet of raw vegetables will work like magic on the skin and salads are also most important in any reducing diet.

Salads may be just as elaborate as you choose to make them, consisting of fruit, vegetables or fish, but to begin with you should first know how to make a perfect green salad of lettuce, romaine or other salad greens, glorified with a simple dressing. Yet it is surprising how few people understand this simple art.

The ritual of the salad bowl isn't complicated. The most bewildered beginner can make a simple salad so good that it gives that extra something to a meal which otherwise might not be so exciting.

The perfect salad begins with the bowl. You can, of course, use a deep china bowl, but the best way is to have a wooden bowl that is kept just for salad and never washed. Really, I mean that, *don't* wash it. An ordinary chopping bowl will do, but get a deeper one if you can, because you need room to toss the contents without spattering oil all over the tablecloth. It is this thorough mixing which bruises the leaves, brings out their juice and gives the real flavor so you mustn't be lazy about it.

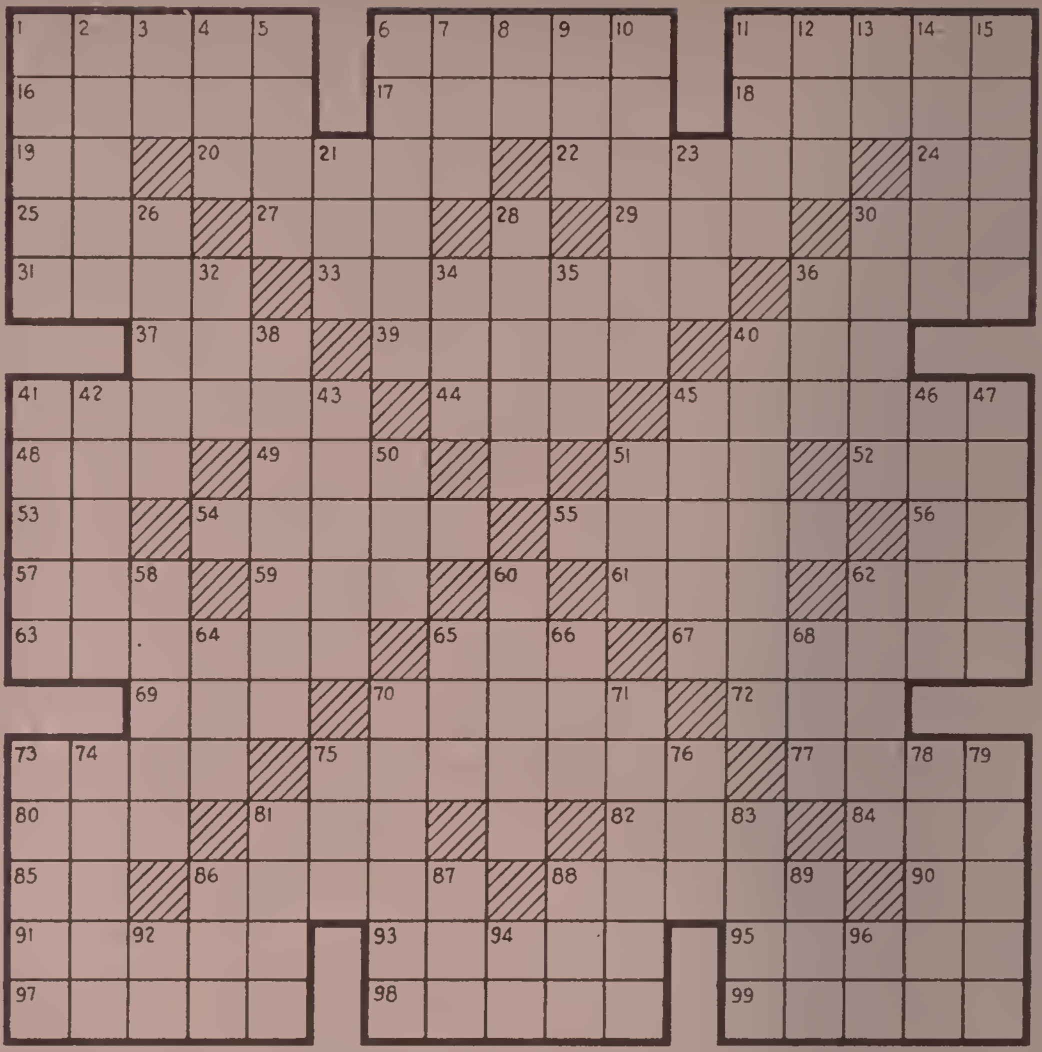
Rub the inside of the new wooden bowl with olive oil, working it well into the wood. Now take a fat garlic clove, split it lengthwise and rub the cut sides over the bowl. When you put your salad bowl away after using it, scrape out all the contents and then wipe it very thoroughly with a clean, dry cloth, and that's all, except, as I said, remember you mustn't use it for anything but salad.

The greens, lettuce, escarole, watercress, whatever you are using, must be carefully rinsed, and all the water shaken off. Then wrap them in a wet cloth and place them in the refrigerator well before you begin to get dinner. They should be cold and crisp when you are ready to use them.

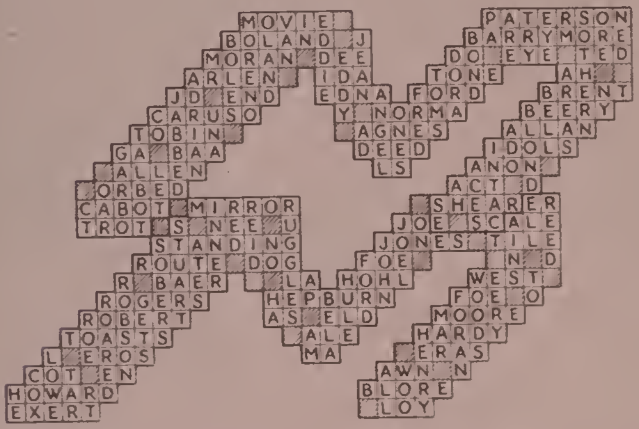
Begin by breaking each leaf into separate pieces and piling them into the salad bowl. (*Continued on page 72*)

The Victor Hugo, Hollywood's smart new restaurant, is fast becoming famous for its salads. Above, petals of asparagus and tomato radiate from a center of diced carrots. Right, the ingredients for the simple green salad, condiments in readiness for dressing which is to be made at the table.

MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE



MOVIE MIRROR awards $20 for the best original puzzle submitted in May, to Mr. William J. Stepien, 2318 W. Rice St., Chicago, Ill. Why not try your luck? You may win the same amount. You must create a new and original puzzle. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. We cannot undertake to return puzzles. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

HORIZONTAL

1. Deceased star often teamed with Polly Moran.
6. Her first name is Barbara.
11. He won the 1935 Academy award
16. Charlie Chan
17. Now starring in "Let 'Em Have It."
18. Deceased star of "Big Parade."
19. Rhode Island (abbrev.).
20. Her last name is Page.
22. Donald ——— is a singer.
24. Germanium (abbrev.).
25. She is playing in "Car 99."
27. Soft drink.
29. A bone
30. He is playing in "My Heart Is Calling."
31. He had a "Blind Date" with Ann Sothern.
33. Beloved Italian comedian.
36. He is starring in "One New York Night."
37. Fourteen.
39. He played the sheriff in "Rocky Mountain Mystery."
40. "The Phantom of the Opera."
41. He played in "Charlie Chan in Paris."
44. He was Ann Dvorak's manager in "Sweet Music."
45. Fred Astaire's dancing partner.
48. His wife is Fern Andre.
49. He plays dumb cluck roles.
51. Short for ever.
52. Society (abbrev.).
53. Doctor (abbrev.).
54. Her performance was splendid in "Bordertown."
55. She is playing in "It Happened in New York."
56. To move forward.
57. Prefix meaning upon.
59. Bebe's husband.
61. Occupy a seat.
62. Permit.
63. "Clive of India."
65. Rodent.
67. She is playing in "Laddie."
69. Richard Dix was the "——— of Aces."
70. He was the professor in "Little Women."
72. Formerly Harriet Lake.
73. "——— of Green Gables."
75. She played in "Million Dollar Legs."
77. Hollywood's Russian beauty.
80. Bing Crosby's wife.
81. Nickname.
82. Eleanor Holm's husband.
84. Affirmative.
85. One of the Gish sisters (init.).
86. She is playing in "The Goose and the Gander."
88. His first name is Harry.
90. Great (abbrev.).
91. June Collyer's husband.
93. Joan Crawford starred as "——— McKee."
95. Star of "Wild Boys of the Road."
97. She won the Academy Award for "A Free Soul."
98. She played in "Helldorado."
99. Step.

VERTICAL

1. Mrs. Martin Malone.
2. She often plays the wife of Guy Kibbee.
3. Star of "Helldorado" (initials).
4. One of John Gilbert's ex-wives.
5. She played in "The Key."
6. Radio singer in "The Gift of Gab."
7. Period of time.
8. Star of "The Night Is Young" (init.).
9. He plays cowboy rôles.
10. Forces air through nose.
11. A child's bed.
12. Fredric March is in "——— Miserables."
13. Article.
14. The singing oarsman in "Student Tour."
15. A cowboy whose first name is Tom.
21. Her family has been on the stage for generations.
23. By the way of.
26. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."
28. Her first picture was "Sin of Madelon Claudet."
30. Cowboy actor who played in "Child of Manhattan."
32. Cover.
34. A human being.
35. Orchestra leader of the Fio Rita boys.
36. To dress (slang).
38. She is starred in "Vagabond Lady."
40. Sister of Sally Blane.
41. Horseman.
42. One of the Marx Brothers.
43. Rescued.
45. Plays in "G-Men."
46. He played in "Lady by Choice."
47. Player in "Roberta."
50. Metal.
51. Printer's measure.
58. Silly.
60. Played in "Gift of Gab."
62. He played in "College Rhythm."
64. A war pilot.
65. Erase.
66. Sailor.
68. She is playing in "One New York Night."
70. Titania in "Midsummer Nights Dream."
71. Glares.
73. Burns and ———.
74. A member of the Ethiopian race.
75. Loot.
76. Wrath.
78. Polish actress who starred in "A Woman Commands."
79. Played in "The Return of the Terror."
81. She played in "School for Girls."
83. Spreads for drying.
86. Mr. McCoy.
87. Navigation (abbrev.).
88. An alcoholic liquor.
89. Same as 49 across.
92. Arline Judge's husband's initials.
94. District Attorney (abbrev.).
96. Sun God.

Miss Elphinstone's Jay-Thorpe print, spattered with carnations, tucks more in the belt for gaiety

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

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"They're so much milder and have so much more flavor to them," says this charming representative of New York's discriminating younger set. "They are tremendously popular with us all because they never make your nerves jumpy or upset. And smoking a Camel really does something for you if you're tired—you smoke a Camel and you feel like new—it gives you just enough 'lift.'"

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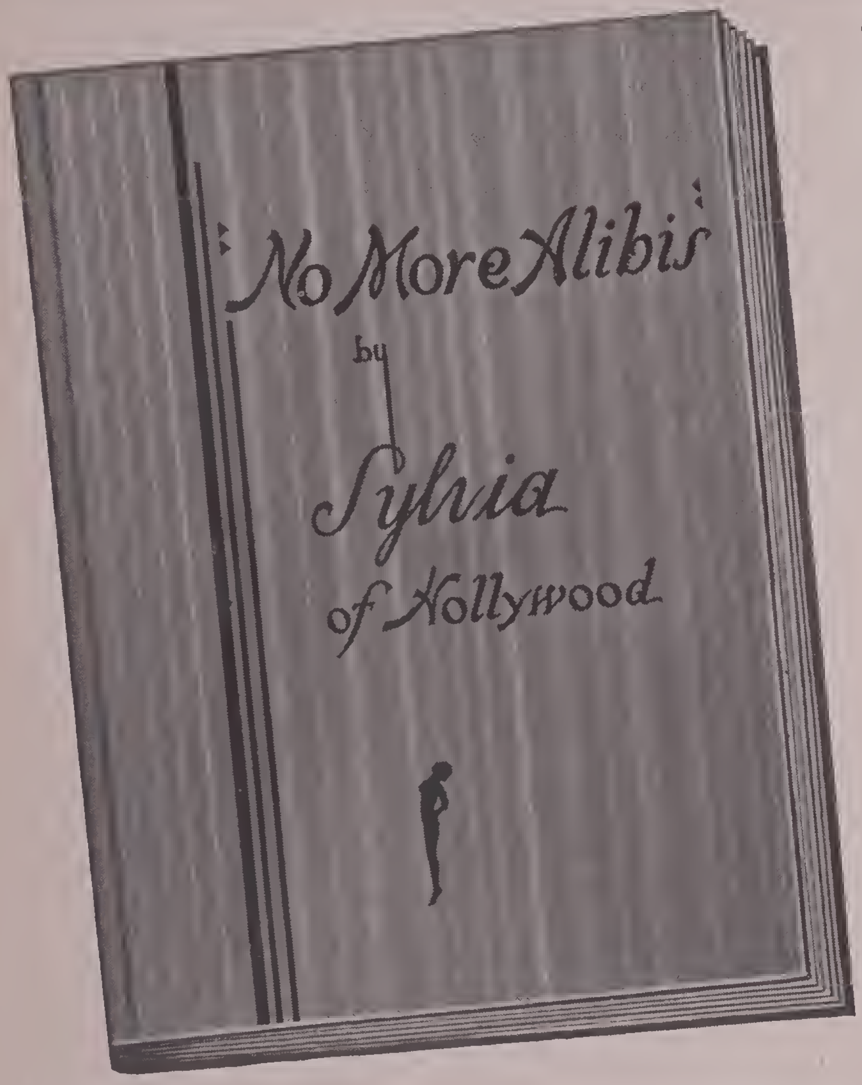
Sylvia of Hollywood Will *Streamline* Your Figure for Tomorrow's Styles



The Beauty Secrets of Hollywood's Glamorous Stars Now Revealed by the Famous Madame Sylvia

Haven't you often wondered how the gorgeous screen stars of Hollywood keep their flattering figures and their smooth velvety complexions? Certainly you have. And it may encourage you to know that these famous actresses are faced with problems identical to yours. They, too, find themselves getting too fat on the hips, abdomen, arms, legs and ankles. Or they may realize that they are actually getting skinny. Or they may notice that their skins are becoming muddy and blotchy.

Yet the stars of Hollywood always appear fresh, glamorous and radiant in their pictures. And contrary to public opinion the movie cameras are more cruel than flattering. But very often when a Hollywood star is in need of beauty treatment she turns to the foremost authority on the feminine form—Madame Sylvia.

Sylvia of Hollywood, as she is often called, is the personal beauty adviser to the screen colony's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and preserves the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It's she who transforms ordinary women into dreams of loveliness.

And now Sylvia has put all of her beauty secrets between the covers of a single book. In *No More Alibis* you will find all of the treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. You will find out how to reduce your weight 15 pounds a month—or gain it at the same rate. You will find out how to mold your body into beautiful proportions—how to acquire a firm, lovely face—how to keep your skin clear and attractive.

In this great book Sylvia names names. She tells you the very treatments she has given your favorite screen stars. And she tells you how you can be as lovely as the stars of Hollywood—if not lovelier!

Read the table of contents of this book carefully. Notice how completely Sylvia covers every phase of beauty culture. And bear in mind that Sylvia's instructions are so simple that they can be carried out in your own room without the aid of any special equipment.

No More Alibis gives you the very same information for which the screen stars have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price of the book is only $1.00. If unobtainable from your local department or book store, mail the coupon below—*today.*

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Read the Table of Contents of this Great Beauty Book

DECIDE HOW YOU WANT TO LOOK
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A FIRM, LOVELY FACE
CORRECTING FACIAL AND NECK CONTOURS—Off with That Double Chin! Enlarging a Receding Chin, Slenderizing the Face and Jowls, Refining Your Nose, Smoothing Out a Thin, Crepey Neck, "Old Woman's Bump"
SKIN BEAUTY DIET AND ENERGY DIET
BEAUTIFUL HANDS AND FEET
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Send me, postage prepaid, the book, "No More Alibis" by *Sylvia of Hollywood.* I enclose $1.00.

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(*Continued from page 60*)

especially if you are in the country where you can get fresh vegetables.

If you've been meaning to reduce for months, use your vacation as a starting time for this. It will be twice as helpful because you'll be doing your exercising outdoors and in the form of sports.

Those of you who have written me know how I emphasize the importance of a beauty routine, simple things you do every day, which don't take long, but the constant use of which is the real secret of beauty. Believe me, it is the real secret of much of the charm of the motion picture stars. Even when they are working, putting in long gruelling days and nights before the arc-lights, girls like Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers and others never neglect their beauty routine.

Maybe you've honestly been too busy to work out such a routine for yourself, even though you have wanted to, and have known that you need it. Well this is the time, and if you need help on it, write me and I'll send you suggestions.

THE things I've mentioned have been about health, and it's right they should come first. Health *is* the foundation of beauty but only the foundation, so let's consider what cosmetics you are going to take with you on your vacation. What you are using regularly, of course, and you will want, too, the proper oils for your sun-bath, and a cream for your skin after exposure to the sun.

Be sure you pack your jars and bottles carefully. Nothing is so discouraging as to open your bags and find things have leaked all over your brand new summer frocks! I would strongly advise you to indulge in one of the attractive compact, traveling beauty kits.

One girl I know has a very amusing stunt that she does every summer. Before she leaves home, she writes to manufacturers of cosmetics who offer samples and booklets, giving them her vacation address. Then she not only has lots of mail and interesting packages coming to her while she is gone, but she also has the time to use the samples in experimenting with different make-ups.

This is really a splendid idea. You might hesitate to go to the office in a new make-up that you weren't quite sure of, but when you aren't on schedule you can try out new things.

Included in this article you will find names and addresses of a number of cosmetic companies who do offer you information and samples of new things.

If you have hesitated to experiment with eye-shadow, which many people still seem to think should be used only on the stage or screen, now is the time to learn to use it, for, properly used, eye-shadow belongs equally to daytime make-up.

Extend this experiment idea to your hair, too. Do it a new way every few days. You may be surprised at what you discover about yourself in a new coiffure you were just trying for fun.

Think about your vacation beauty plans now, and if there is something with which you think I could help, and there *are* often little things that you don't know quite whom to ask about, sit down now and write me very specifically.

And now have the best vacation ever!

Write in to These Companies for Samples and Beauty Information

Here's that "experiment" list I told you about in the article. Do a little shopping around among these splendid products and make some valuable discoveries for yourself.

These companies will send you samples:

Perfume: Blue Waltz, Inc., 71 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Mascara and so on for beautiful eyes: Winx Products, The Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street, New York City.

For good health: Yeast Foam Tablets, Northwestern Yeast Co., 1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Beautiful hands: A three cent stamp, please, for a sample of Italian Balm to Campana Sales Co., Batavia, Ill.

These companies will send you booklets:

About sunburn and general skin health: The Noxema Chemical Company, 32nd & Falls Cliff Road, Baltimore, Md.

About care of the hands: Pacquin Laboratories, 101 West 31st Street, New York City.

Healthier, happier feet: Blue Jay Corn Plasters, Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

All about freckles: Stillman's Freckle Cream, Aurora, Ill.

"The New Science of Body Building": Hemp Bodi-Massager, Couley Co., Rochester, Minn.

"The Art of Society Make-up" containing illustrated directions on how make-up is applied by the screen stars of Hollywood: Max Factor, Hollywood, Cal.

Samples and booklets from these:

Powders, creams, rouges, all sorts of cosmetics: Helena Rubenstein, Inc., 8 East 57th Street, New York City.

Special news about "The Secret of Beautiful Hair": Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co., 1918-36 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

More excellent cosmetics: Sempray Jovenay, 650 Turner Avenue, N.W., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Lillian Bond, whom you will be seeing next in M-G-M's "China Seas," with Clark Gable and Jean Harlow, displays a cosmetic case which is compact and yet contains ample supplies for a long journey. That handsome and innocent-looking "purse" at left opens to disclose a quite complete arrangement of cosmetics which would be ideal, either for your office or that overnight or swimming trip.

The Garbo You've Never Read About

(*Continued from page* 28)

played theater whenever we had a chance. When we weren't actually imitating actors and actresses we would dress up as boys, making good use of her brother Sven's belongings. Once we even went to the shoemaker's down the street rigged up this way. I felt a little embarrassed at showing myself in public in boy's clothes but not Greta.

"I'm Gustafsson's youngest boy, you know," she said to the shoemaker, "and this is a pal of mine." She then proceeded to whistle and act the part of a boy as best she could until the shoemaker and his assistants roared with laughter.

When Greta was thirteen she made up her mind to start a theater, which she called "The Attic Theater" because it was housed in an attic. By this time she had given up any hope of making an actress of me. I was just part of the audience. Some of her other playmates were more promising, and they became the members of her "company." We all brought old furniture from our homes to serve as props and for costumes we used anything we could lay our hands on. The show consisted of a sort of revue in which Greta herself appeared as everything from the Goddess of Peace solemnly singing "Why do we fight, why must blood be shed?" to a would-be three-year-old in red rompers singing lullabies for her dolly.

EVEN in school Greta kept dreaming of acting. Many a time she was scolded for day-dreaming. Sometimes we were both kept after school because some note she wrote me was intercepted by our teacher.

Greta was so nice to me in other ways that I really didn't mind getting into trouble occasionally because of those notes. There was the time she defended me before our whole class at school. It was when I had my first tooth pulled. My cheeks were swollen and I felt as miserable as only a child with a toothache can feel. Greta walked with me to the dentist's.

On the way I kept whining. I was terribly frightened. I had never so much as seen a dentist's chair. But Greta talked reassuringly all the way.

By the time we reached the clinic Greta had succeeded in convincing me that having a tooth pulled must be almost a pleasure. Consequently I was calm and behaved very well, to begin with. But in those days dentists didn't use gas or novocaine. I cried like a baby.

When we got back to school it was recess. Immediately the children noticed my red-rimmed eyes and trembling lips.

"Cry baby! Cry baby! Elizabeth has been crying because her tooth was pulled." The taunting words rang out on all sides, as cruelly thoughtless as only children's words can be. Then it was that Greta came to my rescue. She said in a loud voice, "Elizabeth has *not* been crying. If all of you could be as brave as she in a dentist's chair you'd have a right to be proud of yourselves."

Another time we were walking along the street when we suddenly ran into a couple of men who were arguing very heatedly. They had been drinking and both were getting rowdy. A crowd soon collected, though people took good care to keep at a safe distance. Sure enough, the men started cuffing one another and in no time at all a fight was under way. One of them was much bigger than the other and naturally the little fellow soon got knocked down. He was getting the worst of it in every way when Greta walked right up to the men, tugged at the big one's sleeve and said, "Why do you beat him so? You mustn't do that!"

The big fellow took one look at Greta and then turned back to the man he had been pummeling. "So your kid sticks up for you, eh?" he said. "All right, I'll let you alone. You can go."

Greta, who adored her father, was confused and hurt at the thought that anyone could believe that the horrible creature sprawling there on the pavement was her father.

Always she clung to her dream of becoming an actress. She decided it would not be necessary to wait until she was grown up before realizing her dreams. We frequently went to the movies. Greta had become an ardent admirer of Mary Pickford. Mary Pickford played the parts of little girls, didn't she, although she was grown up? Then why couldn't we, who were little girls, do just as well?

No sooner had Greta reached this conclusion than she made her first attempt to get into the movies. Somewhere she had picked up the information that there was a motion picture studio at Liding Island, a suburb at Stockholm.

So one bitterly cold day in February, 1917, found Greta and me on a street-car rattling away toward Liding Island. Greta was very optimistic.

"If only we get inside the studio we'll show them what we can do, all right. Anyway, we must try. And don't you dare to look serious or frightened, Elizabeth! We must look cheerful and assured."

We reached the bridge leading to the island. To our dismay we discovered that the bridge was also the street-car terminal. "All out!" called the conductor.

NOR was that all. We found we would have to pay toll if we wanted to cross the bridge. This was out of the question, as we had just enough money for the fare back.

"We'll have to walk across on the ice," Greta said determinedly.

We slid down the steep bank and started across. There was a thick blanket of snow on the ice and our progress was slow, but finally we reached the island. We asked everyone we met where the studio was, but no one seemed to know. For two long hours we wandered about aimlessly. It grew dark and windy. We were terribly cold and began to feel hungry. To keep from shivering we jumped up and down and turned our coat collars up to our ears. And still we found no one who had heard of the studio. Finally we decided to postpone our motion picture careers until another day. After one last sad look at the island we trudged across the ice again to the street-car line and rode back to the city.

When Greta and I were fourteen we finished school, and shortly afterwards were confirmed in the Swedish State Church. The same year Greta was confirmed her father died. This was a terrible blow to Greta.

Almost immediately she began to look for work. As you know, she got a job as a stock girl in the department store of Paul U. Bergstrom in Stockholm, which led to her posing for advertisements. She also took part in some short films the store made for advertising purposes. Through this work she got her first part in a regular production, as a bathing beauty, of all things!

Eventually Greta made up her mind to give up her steady job at the department store for the precarious career of acting.

With Mauritz Stiller, who had discovered her, Greta traveled to Germany to make pictures and even went as far as Constantinople. During 1924 she returned to Sweden, and on Christmas Day she called me up. "I'd like to see you," she said. "What are you doing?"

I was on the point of lighting the Christmas tree and asked if she wouldn't come up. But she was reluctant to come to my house. Would I meet her somewhere outside instead so we could talk over old times by ourselves? I agreed.

SHE was the same Greta as of old, yet not quite the same. Her clothes made a big difference, of course, for now she was smart looking and better dressed than I had ever seen her before. But she seemed tired. The friendly smile with which she greeted me, however, was unchanged.

"I'm so glad you could come," she exclaimed. "I felt terribly lonesome tonight. You know that as a rule I'm not sentimental, but sometimes there does come over me a feeling that nothing is of any use. But now, shall we go for a walk?"

Our walk led us to the Catherine Church, the church where we both had made our first Communion. The clock in the tower was just striking six and the windows were a blaze of light. We decided to go to evening service.

After service Greta's restlessness seemed gone. She willingly came to my house for tea and stayed the whole evening cracking nuts and eating raisins and talking.

Once, when I asked her some question about her career, she said in a strained voice, "Don't let us talk about that tonight, Elizabeth. I'll talk to you about anything else you like, but not about my work. What did you get for Christmas?"

I took her broad hint and we immediately changed the subject. It was late when Greta said good night and left us.

A few months later Greta Garbo and Stiller sailed on board the liner "Drottningholm," bound for Hollywood, via New York. And a legend was born. The legend of a woman of mystery.

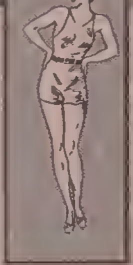
When nowadays I meet some of the girls who went to school with Greta and me, we always speak of her. "Who could have imagined?" we usually begin. Still, we are happy and proud of having shared her childhood. Her magnificent rise seems to lend a touch of romance to the life of each one of us.

That wonderful day on the river

● How precious a simple snapshot can be . . . Don't take chances with pictures that mean so much. Your camera — any camera — is better when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. Verichrome gives you the true expression, the naturalness. Your snaps turn out just the way you've always wanted them. Always use Verichrome and be sure . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

**This day will never come again —
save it with snapshots**

"DOUBLE-QUICK" REDUCTION During the SUMMERTIME



REDUCE YOUR WAIST and HIPS 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE ...or it will cost you nothing!

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

Could You Overcome an Unhappy Love Affair?

(*Continued from page* 55)

for a second her eyes seemed to rest on the picture of Russ Colombo which stood on the mantel with a little bowl of gardenias before it. When Russ died, surely Carole learned how relentlessly one minute follows another.

"It depends upon our reactions to the things which happen to us," she went on, "whether the minutes ahead of us are going to be richer or poorer. Love affairs, colorful and exciting, are particularly enriching. But so is the unhappiness they sometimes leave behind them. For, if nothing else, this brings understanding.

"A woman who's honest with herself usually knows when a love affair is about to end." Carole seemed very sure of herself. "I always do, I know, and quit first. I say 'I'll be seeing you——tomorrow——or some other day!' With the result that today I have for my good friends every man I've ever loved. Except Russell, of course. And that was Fate."

Here's to Carole, I say. Not once complaining because she had lost a great love, but counting herself fortunate that she had had it.

THERE'S Irene Dunne. Irene considered herself engaged. She wore no ring and no date was set for the wedding because the boy hadn't finished school. But there was a day to which she could look forward. There was a day for which she could plan.

It was, curiously enough, while Irene showed me the plans for the home she and her husband, Doctor Frank Griffin, are building in Holmby Hills that she talked of this first love.

"I remember," she said "how we used to discuss the house we would have. And plan our future together. If anyone had told me then that the feeling between us would end—I'd have pitied him for being mad.

"It was when that boy came home from school," she explained, "that things were different. He had changed. Or perhaps I had. In any event he wasn't the boy who had gone away, the boy I loved."

"Were you very unhappy?" I asked.

"Frightfully unhappy. Pathetically unhappy," she said softly. "Convinced that this unhappiness was my fate. Fortunately, I came to my senses. Nothing is worse than to resign ourselves to any state of affairs. In doing this we rob ourselves of our vitality, the one thing we must preserve at any effort. We must be active, acquire new interests even if we find no joy in them at first.

"Always," she ended, "we must believe in the future, go forth to meet it. For there always is a future even though temporarily we may obscure it with our own despair."

Everything, you see, depends upon the attitude we take when a love affair is over and we are plunged from happiness into unhappiness. As Irene——wiser and more charming than she ever could be had she lacked this other experience——pointed out, it is our instinct to be resigned at such times, to sit down and accept our lot, to delude ourselves that we loved more deeply and eternally than anyone else ever did.

These stars were strong enough to resist this dangerous instinct. They were intelligent enough to know that they stood at crossroads and that their very futures rested in their decisions. Had they not taken the right road we never would have heard of them, they never would have become the charming, talented artists they are.

I was very eager to hear what Miriam Hopkins had to say about unhappy love affairs. Miriam lives with beautiful spirit. Her attitude always seems to say, "Hi, Life, come on, don't pass me by!"

She was very definite. "Deliver me," she announced, "from anyone who counts unhappiness, however desperate it may be while it lasts, purely as unhappiness. We should teach ourselves to see further than that, should know enough to value every experience since it can serve us as a springboard for our next experience.

"As for the woman who says 'I've wasted four years of my life on that man,' she appalls me. For no woman ever gave a man four years of her life without receiving four years of life in return.

"After all," Miriam's voice turned gentle with sympathy for the girls and women who stumble along unhappy and hurt and hopeless because a love is over, "after all, it is so important that we come to the right reaction. Immediately we do this we've started to shape another happiness for ourselves. No matter how slowly or blunderingly. If we don't do it we become those tight-lipped women who sit around begrudging their neighbors the colorful and amusing lives they attract by *not* being tight lipped."

Fay Wray was the sixth star to whom I talked and I've purposely left her for the last because in the things she said she offered high hope.

"I WAS in my last grade at school," she began, "when the love affair about which I had built my life proved less than I had thought it. Some Providence must have guided me, for I immediately promised myself I would come out highest in my class. Under the circumstances, of course, this was the wisest thing I could have done. In order to take first place in my class I needed all my time and thought and energy. I left myself the least possible time to dwell on my emotional upset."

Fay picked up a cable from the table. It had just arrived from England and it was from her husband, John Monk Saunders. She re-read it for about the tenth time and laughed gently.

"At that other time," she said "I wouldn't have believed I ever could love another man. And certainly not far, far more.

"When we lose anything as beautiful and exciting as love we're forlorn. Naturally enough. But we make a mistake if we take the attitude that glamor and beauty have left us forever. At such times we must force ourselves to realize that only one phase, one chapter of beauty and excitement is over. Never doubting that there will be another, we must seek to grow attractively that we may be ready for it."

Movie Mirror Jr.

(*Continued from page 6*)

birds. And imagine, she trains them herself! It's not an uncommon sight to see her strolling about the studio lot with a pair of birds perched on her shoulder.

Not only is acting play to these children, but play also means acting to them. Little Billy Lee thinks it's fun to be a director, and consequently spends most of his play time "directing."

All the little boys' hobbies are action ones, such as building chicken coops (which is a favorite of Jackie Cooper's too) and "directing" and such. Freddie Bartholomew, who is English, thinks that riding a bicycle is more fun!

But the little girls like goodies and pretties and things. Baby Jane Quigley has a weakness for candy. One day she was given a box of candy and her mother put it away fearing that Baby Jane would eat too much. When Mrs. Quigley was away Baby Jane asked the housekeeper for the candy, informing her that mother had said she could give a party to the children, and the housekeeper, knowing that Jane always tells the truth, gave her the candy.

"But you told me I could give a party," she replied, when her mother scolded her.

"Yes, but why didn't you wait until I was here to invite the little girls?"

"Because you would invite too many," said Baby Jane quite seriously

One of the most interesting items of the month is in connection with Jane Withers.

While working on the set of "The Farmer Takes A Wife," which was supposed to be in Rome, New York, during the year 1853, Jane sat down at the desk of a hotel set and wrote Victor Fleming, her director, a letter telling him how much she liked everybody in the company and how much she enjoyed acting in the picture. Then she added that she loved the ink-well and other things on the desk. Mr. Fleming was amazed at the little girl's appreciation of such things. He thought so much of the letter he has kept it, but lent it to us so we could picture it here.

It's very interesting to watch these children grow, and to meet each new little starlet that appears in the screen's firmament. If I haven't mentioned a favorite of YOURS, do write me and I shall be only too happy to include some items about your favorite in a future article.

This month's contest is going to be a little different. We aren't having a cut-out, but instead we want to ask you which of the children mentioned in the article above is your favorite? And why? Simple, isn't it? Just answer the above questions in your own words, and you might be one of the lucky winners of the following prizes:

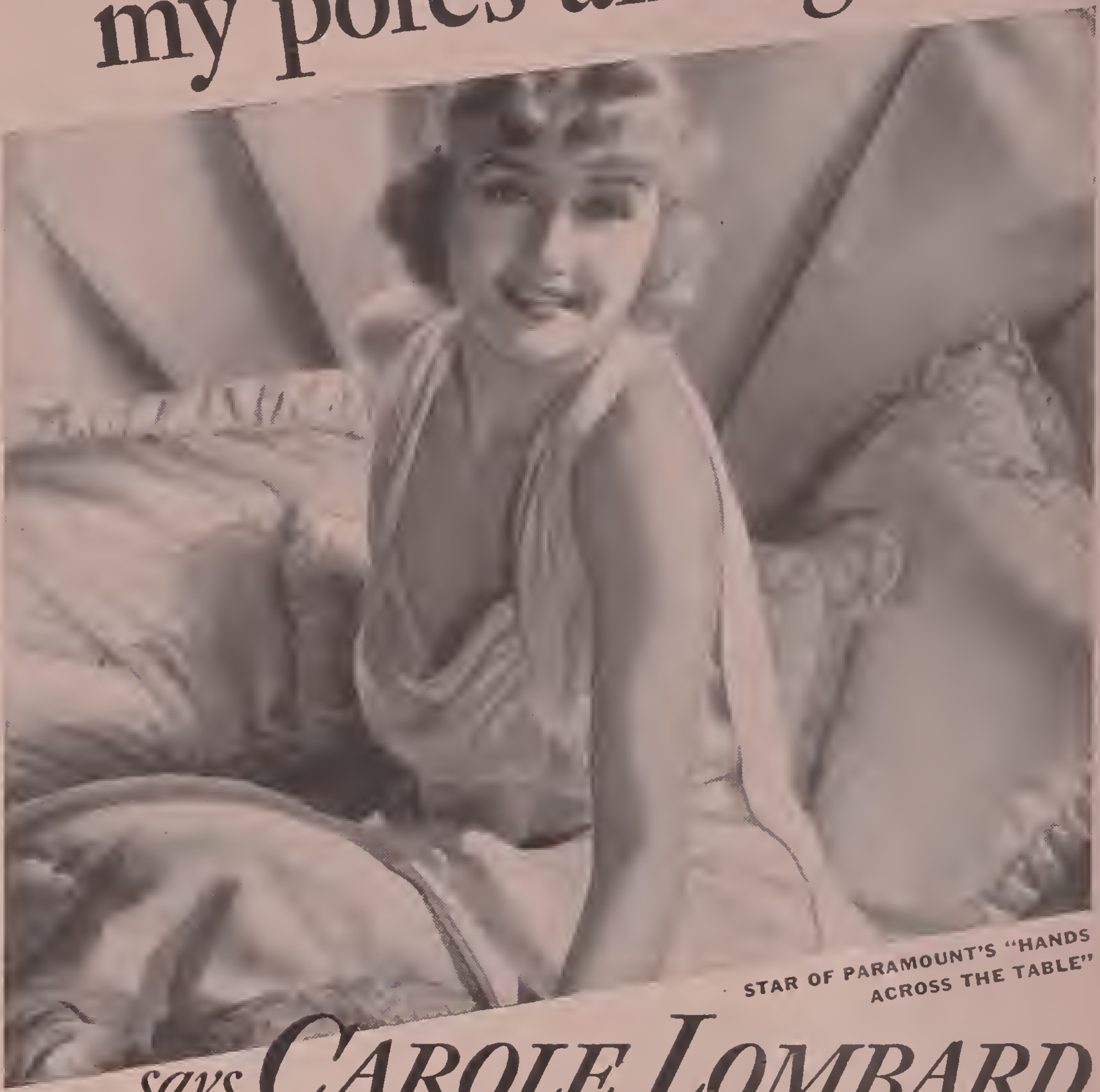
First prize, $10.00, second $5.00, and 10 third prizes of $1.00 each.

Address your letter to:

MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR,
7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

(Oh, yes, if you'd rather have another cut-puzzle contest, tell me and I'll see you get one next month.)

"I never let stale cosmetics choke my pores all night"



STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE"

says CAROLE LOMBARD

"YES, I use cosmetics," says Carole Lombard, "but thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I'm not afraid of getting Cosmetic Skin!"

This lovely screen star knows it is when cosmetics are allowed to *choke the pores* that trouble begins—tiny blemishes appear—enlarging pores—blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To guard against Cosmetic Skin, remove cosmetics *thoroughly* the Hollywood way. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores, removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

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LUX
TOILET SOAP

Movie Mirror Cooking Dept.

(*Continued from page 63*)

Make your dressing separately and pour it over the leaves. Take a big fork and spoon, wooden ones if you have them, and turn and toss the leaves about in this dressing till every bit has a thin coating of dressing. The French call this "fatiguing" the salad and that's just what you should do.

The basic salad dressing consists of oil, vinegar, salt and pepper. The dressing may be put together in one of several ways and with a bewildering array of spices and seasonings from which to choose, but the simplest and, many epicures think, the best, is the original French dressing. In Europe this is often made right at the table by the host himself, a custom which is beginning to be adopted right here in our own country. Here's a recipe for a French dressing that you can use as a guide, with as many or as few of the spices as you wish.

French Dressing

2 tbls. vinegar or part lemon juice
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. dry mustard
½ tsp. sugar
½ cup olive oil

And you can use a very little finely minced onion or garlic, but remember to take out the garlic just before you serve the dressing. Chill, and mix thoroughly, using immediately after the final mixing.

Plain salad greens are also served with mayonnaise, and Russian dressing, but of course these are not mixed with the leaves, simply poured over the tops. Men particularly like the spicy taste of Russian dressing. It is simple mayonnaise with chopped seasonings to give it color and extra savour and a little whipped cream.

Russian Dressing

½ cup mayonnaise
¼ cup whipped cream
½ cup chili sauce
1 tbls. green minced pepper

Mix ingredients thoroughly, chill, and give a final vigorous stirring before you pour it over the salad.

Vegetable salads are fun because you can compose your own, putting together the vegetables you like, or happen to have on hand. You will find your salad much more interesting if you marinate the vegetables before you combine them. Cut them into the shapes (sliced, diced and so on) you wish, and let them stand in French dressing for at least half an hour before serving. Then pour off the excess dressing and arrange them on the lettuce or other greens. An excellent combination is:

Vegetable Salad

1 small cooked cauliflower
2 cups cooked wax beans
2 small bunches cooked carrots
2 cups cooked green peas
4 small tomatoes, skinned
Mayonnaise

Marinate the vegetables and then arrange them on the crisp lettuce leaves, with the cauliflower in the center and a ring of peas around it; then the wax beans, and then the carrots sliced lengthwise, laid with the ends pointing out and the sliced tomatoes in between the carrots. Serve with mayonnaise.

And don't forget how perfectly delicious raw vegetable salads can be, besides giving us those precious vitamins and the roughage which every diet should have if it is to be perfectly balanced. I have a famous recipe for a raw vegetable salad which is supposed to do wonders for your complexion. I'll be glad to send it to you when you write in to me.

No article on salads would be complete without at least one fruit salad, though there, again, you can get splendid results using your own preference and an eye for the pictorial effect. But this is one which is both good and pretty.

Fruit Salad

Select small crisp lettuce leaves and lay three on each individual plate, with their stems toward the center, which you cover with a slice of fresh or canned pineapple. Remove the outer skin from lobes of orange and arrange them in a circle, pointing toward the middle of the pineapple but not covering it entirely. Place half a canned apricot in the center like a little cup, and in it put a maraschino cherry. Fill the ring between the apricot and the tops of the orange lobes with mayonnaise.

I have written about salads this month because so many readers have asked me how to prepare some good ones, but due to lack of space, there are lots of things I have had to leave out—how to prepare mayonnaise, for instance. Salad making is a big subject, you know, but I shall be glad to send you recipes or to answer questions. I hope you'll write me because salads are so very important in our diet, and everyone should have a big variety from which to choose when planning meals.

HER OWN WORST ENEMY!

The inside story of why Barbara Stanwyck now finds herself in the most crucial moment of her career, without a contract, without any assurance of what will happen tomorrow. This is a daring, revealing, and touching story which every motion picture enthusiast must read. It's in next month's MOVIE MIRROR, combined with Shadoplay, on sale July 24.

FAOEN No. 44 is warm and vibrant. It suggests romance so subtly and yet so definitely that many fascinating women prefer it to more costly scents.

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In ten cent tuckaway sizes as illustrated at all 5 and 10 cent stores.

Just Off Hollywood Boulevard

(*Continued from page* 4)

tache makes his face appear even thinner than it actually is. Maybe he lost weight by doing all the work; maybe it's just worry. No one seems to know but we all fret about it, anyway.

LAST night I went out to the bowling alley in Beverly Hills to watch all the movie stars who have taken up the sport lately. I watched on one side of the hall for a while, but then moved over to the other side because I saw a beautiful blonde girl bowling there. When I was seated, she turned around and smiled and I saw that it was Vivian. She isn't any shakes at bowling but believe you me she is one of the truly gorgeous girls of Hollywood.

Vivian has always maintained that she was in the movies. She would tell me she was in first this picture and then that, but I never saw her, ever. Last night I began kidding her about her movie reputation. She laughed and asked me if I'd like to see her right then. I said "Yes!" and she took me around the corner to a small theatre that was showing a horror picture.

RIGHT in the middle of the scarey scenes, Vivian nudged me and said, "There, there I am!" I couldn't see her and told her so. "Didn't you see that girl who walked into the room and screamed?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered, "but I know that girl very well and it most certainly wasn't you!"

"But," said Vivian, "I know that scream she screamed—and it most certainly wasn't her's. In fact it was *mine* and what's more I got $25.00 for it!"

I've been wondering about Vivian ever since. She is one of Hollywood's most beautiful and cultured girls, and she sells screams to the movies for $25.00 a day in place of acting at $250.00 a day. Hollywood becomes a funnier town with every person you meet.

HOLLYWOOD is having another of its "Extra Parades" tomorrow and George is worried. This is the third (and last) parade to determine which of the extras are to get on the select list of those who will be called for "dress work." Working in evening gown or full-dress, an extra receives $15.00 a day and that makes it the best-paid acting in their ranks.

The first time they had the line-up of dress people, George didn't have a suit of tails and he forgot to speak for one at the rental place early enough. When the second parade came around and George had reserved his suit in time, his mother became ill and George couldn't leave her. He had to pay the rental, anyway.

Tomorrow is the last chance for George and again he can't go. Since the rental agents had had to wait for their money when George's mother was sick, they won't reserve a suit for him this time without cash on the line. All his money had gone for medicine and by the time he had borrowed some, all the suits in his size (38

WHEN YOUR GUMS BLEED

Find out why

Two large glasses of fresh orange juice, each with juice of half lemon, now the daily rule

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Your dentist can help you avoid serious trouble—perhaps by *one single change in diet.* It lessened gum troubles 83% in 341 cases studied, free booklet shows.

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Copr., 1935, California Fruit Growers Exchange

long) had been spoken for in advance. Mine wouldn't fit him but I'm sending him to a friend. I sure hope he gets a suit in time. George's mother is pretty sick and he's too proud to ask for relief.

THE Captain is proud, too. He should be—he's got over two dozen medals for bravery and gallantry in action during six U. S. wars. Everybody knows the Captain. He sits in the autopark at the entrance to Fox Studios and collects dimes and quarters for watching over cars.

"The whole trouble with us all," he began today, right where he had left off last week, "is our fight for gold! Gold is our God! None of us is satisfied."

I always wonder, when the Captain says "all of us" if he is really referring to all of us or to just a few of us in Hollywood.

I said, "But the President took us *off* gold."

"But he forgot to take our *minds* off it!" smiled the Captain. "Now let's suppose I'm the President and you're just some little Congressman." Then the Captain told me all about the national picture as he sees it. Soon he swung to the local political situation and said, "Now, let's suppose I'm the Mayor and you're a ward boss."

The Captain always makes himself the Big Shot and his listener a Little Fellow. He knows all about the National Picture, the State Picture and the City Picture; but despite the fact that he stands on his wooden leg at the entrance of Fox Studio, I've never heard him mention the MOTION Picture. Maybe he's not interested.

Rich Little Rich Girl

(*Continued from page 62*)

Hollywood with a more than flattering contract and a trio of box office successes to her credit—"Murder at the Vanities," "She Loves Me Not" and "Here Is My Heart," the last two with Bing Crosby. Another one with Bing is scheduled for the near future, "Waikiki Wedding."

Kitty, who looks like a charcoal sketch of a Sistine Madonna but doesn't act like one, just missed being a New Orleans belle by the skin of her teeth. She was born on a Louisiana plantation, the kind you read about, and spent her winters in the city where her father was a surgeon.

But Kitty tells her own story so well: "When I was eight, we left for Europe quite suddenly following my father's death. We expected to stay there only a few months but I didn't return to America until I was seventeen.

"Mother discovered that she liked Paris, and I was placed in a girls' school in Switzerland.

"When Mother found that I liked my new French, German, Italian and English school friends, she rented a house in Paris, and before long I was calling that city my home town. We had practically no American friends, and I grew up in the chaperoned and sheltered atmosphere that all Continental girls accept without question.

"But a few weeks after my decidedly conventional début I fell head over heels in love, and I believe that romance is the real reason I am in Hollywood today. Mother thought I was too young to marry and, to get my mind off the young man, she suggested a visit to New York."

So at seventeen Kitty joined the party-raddled débutantes of New York and was both fascinated and repelled by the contrast they offered to her rigid European training. She wanted to be one of the easy-going, easy-kissing, easy-drinking group, but she didn't know how.

"I also met another startling group of girls in New York, girls with social backgrounds who worked for the sheer joy of using their hands, their feet, their brains and their bodies in something more durable and important than endless parties.

"At this time Mother decided that a course of singing lessons would help me to forget my Italian romance, and offer me a social asset as well. How she hit upon singing I'll never know, because my voice was very uncertain and stringy.

"Mother took me to a long series of famous teachers, and one after the other they told her it was a waste of time and money to attempt to train my unruly vocal cords. But Mother persisted until she found one instructor who thought he might make me bearable to listen to in time. He didn't say how MUCH time."

Although when Kitty returned to Europe a year later she had quite forgotten her bruised heart she was restless and vaguely unhappy. She tried the only remedies she knew: Parties, until she was sick with fatigue; clothes, until she couldn't bear the sight of a fitting room.

But her case was incurable. She had been exposed in New York to that deadly virus called ambition. She continued her singing lessons in Paris, and the remarkable development of her "stringy" voice was soon drawing attention in musical circles.

QUITE suddenly she decided what her cure was to be—work, study and career in equal parts.

"I decided upon London as the place for study because I didn't want to be tempted by gay friends and their amusements. I can't do things in halves. When I study I can do that and nothing else. I have never learned to mix play and work."

For three years Kitty practically buried herself in London, slaving under the guiding hand of the famous singing teacher, Madame Kaszouska, and during her few hours of leisure she studied dramatics at the Royal Academy, Charles Laughton's *alma mater*.

When her voice had improved to the point where Kaszouska spoke seriously of opera, Kitty packed her trunks on the spot.

"If I'm that good," she clucked to herself, "I'm ready for New York.

"Mother was still unconvinced about the seriousness of what I chose to call a career, but she patiently followed me.

"In New York I hired an agent and the best teacher I could find, and within a month I was offered the lead in a condensed version of 'Rio Rita,' one that played four shows a day in motion picture theaters throughout the country. Not a very glamorous start, but I knew I needed experience and I grabbed the opportunity."

Kitty literally sang for her breakfast,

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her lunch and her dinner. She was at the theater every morning, including Sundays and holidays, before eleven o'clock and never left until midnight. She hit high C fifty times a day, and still found strength enough left in her throat to practice one hour every morning before theater time. She played in thirty-two cities but never saw anything of any of them except dank little dressing rooms and depressing hotel rooms. She stayed in makeup all day long, slept fitfully between shows on a cramped and sagging folding cot she carried across the continent, and had dinners of tuna sandwiches and milk shakes sent in from the corner drug store.

But when Kitty came limping back to New York she was sure of herself. She knew she could take it, that her débutante beginnings hadn't softened her will power.

THREE months later, although New York was literally overrun with good sopranos out of jobs, the unknown Carlisle walked off with the leading rôle in the delightful musical "Champagne Sec." Kitty thought that her clear upper register had turned the trick, but later she learned that the way she filled out a pair of tights had much more to do with her good luck than her high C's.

At the opening of the show there was a movie executive (there's always an executive prowling around New York, you know) who saw Kitty in her tights, heard Kitty sing, and knew Hollywood could use the combination nicely.

The Paramount studio officials, who are counting her among next year's crop of stars, find but a single imperfection in Kitty: She has never been seen socially, actually not once, during her nine months in the film colony.

But Kitty has her own credo, one she likes much, much better. She says:

"I don't know how to mix work and fun, and without work life isn't any fun, anyway."

The Thrilling Story of

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OUT JULY 24

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Any Face Powder

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By *Lady Esther*

I get over ten thousand letters a week. Among them are not a few from men. And most of them have the same thing to say—or rather, the same kick to make.

It's this nefarious habit women have of constantly daubing at their noses in public and in private.

In a radio talk a few weeks ago, I said I wondered what young men think when a perfectly lovely girl takes out her powder puff and starts to dab at her face and here is the letter that answers my question from a young man of Detroit, Michigan, who signs himself simply "Dave."

"Dear Lady Esther: Your radio talk last night hit the nail squarely on the head. I know many of us would like to voice our opinion but can't. I hope you will repeat your message to the women of the world so often that not one will miss hearing you. What can be worse than seeing a woman using her make-up box in public, on the street, in the stores, at the table where she dines. Please, Lady Esther, I hope you will be the means of putting a stop to this."

Shiny Nose, No Longer a Bugaboo

There is no question that it is annoying, if not a wee bit disgusting, to see a woman constantly pecking into her mirror or daubing at her nose. It suggests artificiality! But to be perfectly fair to women there *was* a time when they were justified in worrying about their noses. The only face powder they could get did not cling or hold. It was no sooner put on than it was whisked off, leaving the nose to shine before the whole world.

But when I brought out Lady Esther Face Powder, I ended the bugaboo of shiny nose. Lady Esther Face Powder is distinctive for many things, not the least being that it *clings!* By actual timing under all conditions it clings perfectly for at least four hours, not needing replacement once in that time. Yet, as adhering as it is, it does not clog the pores. It goes *onto* the skin, but *not* into it.

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They Fell in Love at Fifth Sight

(*Continued from page* 49)

George expected more confidences, but the day after Christmas when they met again in the drafty backstage of a Bronx theater, Gracie once more had put up that impassive and impenetrable wall.

They were playing their first engagement in a good theater, the Columbia, in Brooklyn, when George discovered that Gracie had a full-time boy friend. A wire delivered to him by mistake, wished Gracie success in the new house and it was signed, "with all my love and many kisses." The knowledge left him numb.

A week later, in Hoboken, they ran into Mary Kelly again, and it was from her that George heard the fatal news.

"Don't waste your time playing Romeo," she advised him soundly. "Gracie's boy friend is the McCoy, a successful song writer and, furthermore, they plan to marry in the fall. Forget her, kid."

And just as Mary Kelly had said, Gracie announced her intention to marry her song-writing swain on the fifteenth of September.

THAT summer George was listless. His work fell off alarmingly and the team of Burns and Allen was warned by the booking offices that the act had to be pepped up if it was to remain even on the "fire-call" lists.

The day of Gracie's marriage actually dawned, and George saw that dawn because he did not close his eyes through the long night that preceded it. In the early morning he walked down Broadway to the agents' offices to inform them that the act had been split and that he wanted to be booked for a "solo." Before he could talk, however, he was rushed into a private suite where a contract for eighteen weeks on the Orpheum Circuit was shoved before him.

Of course, it was another "disappointment call." A girl and man were desperately needed to fill out the bill immediately. The bookers gave George and Gracie twelve hours to pack and get on the train for the West.

And then George did an insane thing. He took that contract, and ran all the way to Gracie's fourth-floor, back bedroom and banged on the door.

"Look, Gracie, you can get married any time," he pleaded. "We've been praying and dreaming for just this break, a chance at the Orpheum. It's just eighteen weeks, Gracie. If he loves you he will wait."

"Oh, George, I can't, I can't." She was soon in tears. "I want to for your sake, but I'm getting married in three hours."

"But Gracie," George persisted, "did you notice this contract? It bills us for one week at the Orpheum Theater in San Francisco."

Ten minutes later Gracie had promised to meet George at the Grand Central. The train left for Chicago at eight-forty.

At eight-thirty-nine Gracie, accompanied by her distrait but still loyal song writer, arrived breathless.

She was wearing her baby blue crêpe and orchids, but George noticed with a blessed relief that her fourth left hand finger was ringless.

It was slow work reaching the Coast. As usual the Burns and Allen act was pushed around to suit the theater owners. Instead of playing Minneapolis first and moving west, they were sent to Denver, to Winnipeg and then back to Chicago.

The act seemed to go well. Gracie was galvanized by a new hope, and a suffocating happiness—that promised one week at the Orpheum in San Francisco. Her work sparkled and George bounded back to his old snappy style.

Finally they were in Oakland. Gracie's family and relatives descended upon her in droves from San Francisco. She had no time to see or to speak with George after their two daily performances. Once he met her by accident at the stage door. She pointed to the lights across the bay.

"Somewhere in that glitter over there is the Orpheum. Just three more days, George, and we'll be part of it, too. Oh, I'm happy, happy, happy!"

But the next night Gracie went suddenly pale and limp in the middle of their act, and George caught her as she fell to the stage. An hour later she was on an operating table in the Oakland hospital where strange doctors worked rapidly to save her from the fatal infection of a ruptured appendix.

The first thing she saw as she fought her way painfully and slowly from the black depths of the anesthesia was George's face, tortured and haggard with worry.

During the four weeks of her convalescence, he practically lived in the corridor outside her room. Every day he carried to the hospital mountains of flowers, baskets of fruits and sweets she was unable to touch, books, magazines, games, everything the stores and their sales ladies suggested for the bedridden.

AND during those four weeks, the song writing sweetie in New York made his first and, it turned out, fatal mistake. He took the news of Gracie's operation casually. He sent two wires of condolence and then went back to his usual routine of four letters a week.

To Gracie, lying pale and lovely in the lace bed jackets George had provided, the operation loomed as a dangerous, dramatic interlude in her life. She was horrified that anyone close to her could take the incident lightly. Certainly her partner was acting properly under the circumstances with his constant attentions and unending tender little services.

And when she limped feebly from the hospital to her hotel room on George's arm, there was, quite suddenly, no barrier, no impenetrable wall between them. In its place there was a new bond, a splendid, soundless, exhilarating thing.

It was there to help Gracie bear the stabbing grief when George had to tell her that their week at the San Francisco Orpheum had been cancelled. They were booked back to New York by way of Arizona and the middle western states.

On the homeward tour, Gracie, for the first time, consented to join George in little suppers after the show. They made it a nightly ceremony. On the last night out of New York, she told him, over coffee and flannel cakes, that she had broken her engagement.

In New York they discovered that they were right back where they had started, in the "fire-call" ranks. Agents explained that the reports from the last half of their tour were bad, because George had eliminated all Gracie's dancing and cut down the entire act by five minutes. The agents knew George had done this to save his partner's shaky strength following the operation, but although they were sympathetic they could not change those damning letters from the theater managers.

But love and hope had stirred George's ambition. He spent all his leisure hours during the next six months writing a new act called "Lamb Chops." On Christmas Eve they gave it a try-out in a second-rate house in Brooklyn. And for the first time Burns and Allen knew the thrill of knocking 'em in the aisles. They were a riot, a panic, a SUCCESS.

After the show, they walked arm in arm through the snow drifts to Mary Kelly's flat where a big Christmas party awaited them. As they walked, shivering but happy, down the windswept, snow-hidden streets, George asked Gracie to marry him.

I LOVE you, George," she admitted, "but somehow marriage for a couple of ham actors—I don't know. I can't see how it could work out right. I want a home and babies and things that vaudevillians seldom have."

But there was a new softness in her voice and something vague and promising in her eyes that filled George with hope.

At Mary Kelly's George was the life of the party. He insisted upon playing Santa Claus and donned the crêpe paper whiskers and red bunting suit. He was distributing the gifts in his best wisecracking manner when the raucous jangle of the telephone tore into the gaiety.

It was Gracie's song-writing ex-suitor, calling to wish her a Merry Christmas and success in the new act. And George, listening shamelessly to Gracie's end of the conversation, heard her say pleasantly:

"Happy Christmas to you. Why, yes, I'd like to see you again some time."

Those last seven words caused something to snap inside George's head. He tore the whiskers from his face and shaking a threatening finger at an astounded Gracie, cried: "Merry Christmasing him, eh? Want to see him again, eh? Love me, eh? Bah!"

And grabbing an unfamiliar overcoat from a chair he rushed from the flat with his cotton trimmed Santa Claus suit flapping ludicrously about his knees.

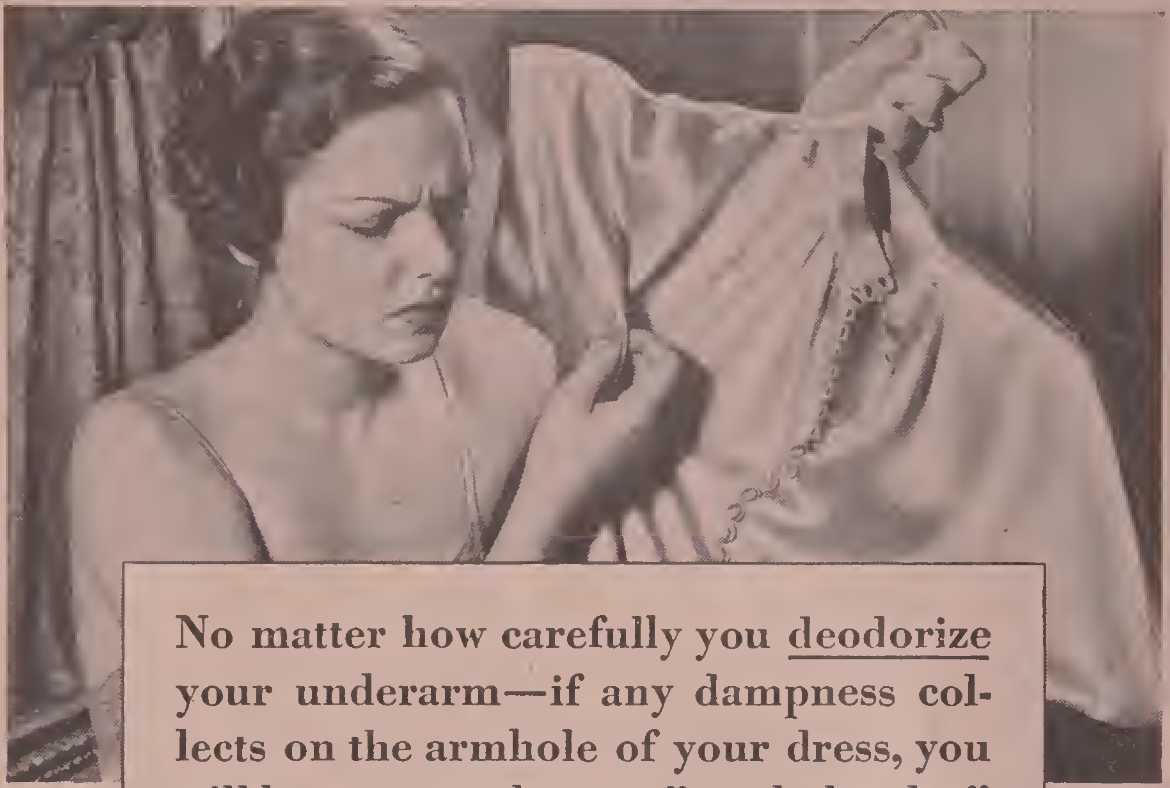
At four o'clock the next morning, his disgruntled and complaining landlady called him to the telephone downstairs.

It was Gracie's voice that greeted him, rasping and harsh with the violent racking of long dry sobs. She said:

"I've been crying all night. I can't stop. That's what you've done to me. If you'll say you still want to marry me, I think I'll be able to stop. And oh, George, I forgot to say this last night, a Merry Christmas, and I love you."

Tonight... make this

"ARMHOLE ODOR" TEST



No matter how carefully you deodorize your underarm—if any dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, you will have an unpleasant "armhole odor"

FAILURE TO SCORE a social success cannot always be attributed to a lack of personality. Often it is due to a condition that makes even sincere admirers turn away.

No matter how sure you are of yourself, make this simple test. Tonight when you take off your dress, smell the fabric at the armhole. That stale, musty "armhole odor" may be an unpleasant surprise.

Perhaps you thought you were sweet and dainty because you were using a cream or stick deodorant. But these easy-to-use preparations do only *half* the work needed. They deodorize, but they are not made to keep that little closed-in hollow of your underarm *dry*.

No Quick and Easy way!

THERE is no quick and easy method to prevent "armhole odor." When you *deodorize only*, moisture still collects on the armhole of your dress. And every time you put on that dress, the warmth of your body will bring out a stale, unpleasant perspiration odor. Women who want to be sure not to offend have learned always to take the extra minutes needed to keep the underarm sweet and completely *dry*—with Liquid Odorono.

Entirely Safe . . .

YOUR doctor will tell you that closing the pores in the small underarm area is absolutely harmless. Odorono gently draws the pores together and diverts underarm perspiration to other parts of your body where it quickly evaporates without giving offense.

With Odorono, you are entirely free from "armhole odor." You can be really unself-conscious—your most charming self. You need never again wear hot, bulky dress shields or be humiliated by wrinkled blouses or stained coat linings.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby Colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use. Use it daily or every other day.

On sale at all toilet goods counters. If you want to insure complete daintiness, send today for sample vials of the two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY—*with 8¢*

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 8B5, 191 Hudson Street, New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name____________________

Address____________________

"POOR ED! HE HAS NORA ON HIS HANDS AGAIN!"
"IT'S A SHAME NORA RISKS OFFENDING BECAUSE SHE IS AFRAID TO PREVENT PERSPIRATION. I'M GOING TO TELL HER ABOUT NONSPI."

Prevent underarm odor and perspiration this safe way

● Nonspi is the safe way to prevent underarm perspiration. It is approved by physicians. Even women with sensitive skins use it without irritation. It now comes in a bottle with a siphon-principle top, easier, more sanitary and more economical to apply. And Nonspi itself is also improved so that it covers a larger surface area, and spreads quicker and easier. One application protects you two to five days. 35c and 60c a bottle at all drug and department stores.

NONSPI

THE SAFE ANTI-PERSPIRANT FOR FASTIDIOUS WOMEN
THE NONSPI COMPANY—NEW YORK

I Want to Be a Star

(*Continued from page 37*)

looked like Barbara Bell? We stopped at the studio gate, ending my panic of questions.

My feet moved along like sticks, clump-clumping me toward the gate. My heart hung suspended, frozen, in my breast. High fences hid the studio yard from the street. A man in uniform stood in a little guard house at the entrance. He looked down at me inquiringly.

"I—I want to see Victor Munson," I murmured timidly.

"Got an appointment?"

"No, but I have a letter to him, a personal letter," I said.

"What's the name?" he demanded.

"Pine, Judy Pine, from Carteret, Massachusetts."

I waited while he muttered into a telephone. Other people came along, flashed passes and entered. A big car drew up to the gate and was admitted.

My guard came back, scribbled something on a piece of paper and handed it to me.

"All right, Miss Pine," he said. "Building K, straight down the main walk, then second avenue to the left."

PROBABLY saints entering Heaven after a lifetime of prayer felt as I did. I don't know what I expected but it wasn't the host of cities that stretched out before me. Drives and walks edged in palm trees. Buildings of all sizes, colors and descriptions from bungalows to hangars.

A Moorish village was on my right, narrow streets with overhanging balconies, bazaars, grilled doorways. Across the next avenue a farmhouse in the shelter of an artificial hill lay under artificial snow.

Munson's was the last bungalow at the end, a little larger it seemed to me than the others. A smartly dressed girl greeted me.

"Mr. Munson is on stage three this afternoon. I don't know what time he'll be free. Do you want to come back around six this evening?"

I shook my head. "No, thank you. I'll wait," I said.

I sat down in a deep red chair. After the first knowing glance the girl went back to her typewriter. Occasionally the telephone buzzed. I marvelled at her cool voice, "Miss Austin speaking," her gracious answers, the various tones she used to various callers.

The sun was going down. The long level yellow rays fell across the tiled floor. I had no idea how long I had waited.

A shadow broke the line of sunlight. A woman was coming through the patio, the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

She was tall, with blue-black hair and gardenia-white skin. Her beauty was greater than the fineness of her features or the full perfection of her figure. There was a sureness, a vitality, an alertness about her. I didn't realize it then but it was my first glimpse of a great personality, my first contact with a brilliant mind.

She crossed the room with an easy, graceful stride, her satin skirt clinging close to her hips. The elegant Miss Austin popped to her feet.

"Good afternoon, Miss Keiff," she beamed.

"Good afternoon, isn't it a glorious day?" Her voice was low, rich and exciting. "Where is Mr. Munson?"

I'm afraid I stared, probably even gaped, as the two women talked. Their words really meant nothing to me until "Miss Keiff" turned away. "Tell him I'll be in Miss Crane's dressing room. Call me when he is ready to leave."

Miss Crane, Elida Crane, one of Monogram's big names. But Keiff—I didn't know how to spell it then but it still would have meant nothing to me—who could she be?

Heavy footsteps sounded. I whirled around as a huge man came through the door. He was over six feet but the effect of his height was cut by the breadth of his shoulders, the set of his massive head with its thick, straight black hair shot with gray. His narrow green eyes under slanted heavy brows had a swift straight look. He wore a short-sleeved shirt open at the throat, showing powerful brown neck and arms. Gray trousers and puttees completed the costume.

"You waiting for me?" he asked sharply, his voice deep, commanding and yet not frightening.

"Are you Mr. Munson?" I blurted out.

"I am."

"I'm Judy Pine," I stammered on, trying to control my voice which was rising to a childish pitch. "This note is from Mrs. Carr in Massachusetts and I want a job.

Munson took the note but his keen eyes never left my face. Slowly, very slowly, a smile lifted the corners of his broad mouth—a smile that transformed his face.

"Well, you know what you want, don't you, Judy? But who is Mrs. Carr?"

"Why, she's your cousin," I gasped, stunned that anybody could be related to a woman as charming and completely superior as Mrs. Carr and not know it.

OH, yes, of course," he murmured taking a case from his pocket and lighting a cigarette. "It's a gift with women, remembering their relatives."

"They're wonderful people," I said.

"Umm," he said slowly. His big head turned slightly to one side as he surveyed me critically. "Tell me, how long have you been here?"

"Since yesterday?"

"Fine! Take my advice and go back tomorrow."

"Oh, but I can't do that," I objected. "I've got to stay and make good. There's my brother and the folks."

"Yes, and there's Judy. Do you realize, child, there are eight thousand extras in Hollywood? Eight thousand. That's a whole town in itself. Motion picture production uses about one thousand a year! How about the other seven? If they'd gone home the day after they got here, one thousand of them could make a decent living, but here, there are eight people for every job!"

"But I must stay," I said quietly.

"Have you any money?"

"Not much," I admitted.

"Listen, Judy," he laid his hand on my shoulder. "You look like a nice girl. It is one of the rules of my office that I always see anybody from Cape Cod, which is home to me. Now I want you to go back there, as nice as you came."

"I didn't come here—that is, travel—very nicely. I came by freight."

"Hoboed it, huh? Miss Austin, call Parker up at the casting office and tell him to send a slip down to the gate for Judy Pine, for tomorrow and Thursday."

"Judy, I'm giving you two days' work, as an extra in my new picture. You'll get $7 a day and a glimpse of a studio. I want you to take that money, and what little you've got and find yourself a ride straight back to Cape Cod. If you haven't enough I'll give it to you. Get your slip at the gate and be on the lot tomorrow morning at nine."

He turned abruptly, entered an office and closed the door. Stammering thanks into the air, I wrote down the directions Miss Austin gave me and left the office. I was to work the next day for Monarch. I couldn't believe it. All that Victor Munson had said about home was wafted right away with the evening breeze.

Jack and Mike were waiting for me as I almost fell in the door of my room. Sitting on the bed was a pretty girl, with blonde hair and smiling blue eyes.

MIKE greeted me. "Judy, this is Rene, the gal I was looking for last night."

I liked Rene immediately. She seemed regular, not the kind who'd tolerate Mike if he wasn't pretty decent.

"I'm working, too," I stammered. "I'm to report tomorrow morning at Monarch."

The three of them cheered loudly.

"How did you do it?" Rene asked. "Two days in Hollywood—after all, gal, you can't bust in like that."

"I had a letter to a Mr. Munson out there, and he got it for me."

"Not Victor Munson?" Rene asked.

"Yes, that's his name," I admitted.

"Oh," Rene held her head and made little moaning noises. "Only small children and folks from Iowa would dare!"

"Do what?" I demanded.

"Don't you know who Victor Munson is? Do you realize there are at least five thousand girls who would have given anything they've got left to have been in your place this afternoon? He's one of the biggest and most important directors out here. He's made Barbara Bell, and dozens of others.

"Of course, you'd never have the courage to go out there if you'd known, but you sweet innocent, you sail in, dressed as if you have a date with the studio mechanic, and look what happens."

"But," I interrupted, "this is my best dress."

"Oh, say, I'm sorry," she caught my hand impulsively. "Let's go eat and talk things over. My treat."

Rene led the way to a cheap little restaurant, back of a delicatessen store. But the food was good and the coffee wonderful. I kept thinking of Rene's comment on my clothes. Her costume was plain, too, but she wore it differently; her make-up had a finished look to it. By some magic touch Rene looked smart!

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Ex-Lax is the ideal summer laxative for the following reasons given by a well-known New York physician:

1. In summer you should avoid additional strain on the vital organs of the body, even the strain due to the action of harsh cathartics. Ex-Lax is thorough but gentle. No pain, strain, or griping.

2. In summer there is a greater loss of body fluids due to normal perspiration. Avoid the type of laxatives that have a "watery" action. Don't "dehydrate" your body. Take Ex-Lax.

And Ex-Lax is such a pleasure to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

So be sure to take along a plentiful supply of Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store.

When Nature forgets — remember

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CALLOUSES, BUNIONS, SORE TOES

STOPS NAGGING SHOE PRESSURE and FRICTION

Imagine a relief so quick-acting that it instantly puts you at ease in new or tight shoes; stops their nagging pressing or rubbing on your feet and toes and drives out the pain of corns, callouses and bunions at once! That's what Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do for you! They are specially medicated to end pain and scientifically designed to cushion and shield the sore spot from shoe friction and pressure and prevent tender spots and blisters.

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Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medicated Disks*, now included in every box, and your corns or callouses will quickly loosen for easy, safe removal. After that the pads alone will keep you rid of these foot troubles. You never tried anything so wonderful. Get a box today at your drug, shoe or department store.

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This modern way to hot starch ends mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. It restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. Send for sample.

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THANK YOU—
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Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

The boys wanted to go to a movie. Rene said she had to be on the set too early. She turned and put her hand on my arm. "If I can be of any help," she said slowly. "I mean I know the ropes here."

"I've been all night wanting to ask a favor," I said. "I don't know anything about make-up and what I should do tomorrow morning and I wondered if you'd tell me."

"Why, sure, I'd be glad to. You two kids run along," she shooed the boys off.

The moment I saw Rene's bungalow I knew I was going to stay in California. It was every girl's dream of a house come true. A living room, bed room, bath and combined kitchen and dinette, with windows and French doors and lavish closet space.

"We are going to make you over," Rene chuckled. "I'm going to stake you to a start in life."

That night was a dizzy process and Rene bossed me with feverish interest. She took me to a Turkish bath and went through the wringer with me. Then to a hairdresser. I had my eyebrows plucked, my hair thinned out, washed and set. I had a facial and was carefully taught the first foundations of make-up. My finger and toenails were shaped and carved, and painted a raw and gleaming red.

BACK at Rene's bungalow, at one in the morning, the work really began. A complete outfit of Rene's was snipped and tucked and fitted, finished and done when the light of dawn put the electric light bulbs to shame. I stood and stared at myself in Rene's mirror. I was completely transformed. Nobody could ever again tell me I wasn't beautiful. That is not as dreadful as it sounds for in Hollywood you need to believe you are beautiful. You have to feel it and know it in order to have the swing and assurance that sets you apart from the average girl.

In a powder blue suit with a fox collar, a hat that showed all my chic and slick hair, make-up that was dazzling and a deftly folded scarf high around my neck I was no more the girl who had run away from home than you are Constance Bennett.

Rene sighed with relief. "You are great," she said. "I knew you were worth it. Judy, you are going places," she said fumbling with her purse. She handed me a ten dollar bill. "All you need are shoes and gloves. Get those the first thing in the morning. No, don't try to thank me. You are going to pay me back a thousandfold. You are a good investment."

I didn't sleep much that night. I was afraid to wreck my wave by tossing on the pillow and I was too excited and thrilled.

I trotted immediately to buy shoes and gloves and then set out for the studio.

I got to the casting office and presented my card. The man behind the cage stared at me and whistled softly. "There must be some mistake."

"Oh no," I protested. "Mr. Munson sent me."

"Well, he must have been off his mind," the casting man said. "You can't work in that picture. Go on over to building K and see Mr. Munson's secretary."

Miss Austin caught her breath as I walked into the office, started to laugh and then shook her head with pity and understanding. "You poor kid," she said. "What have you done to yourself?"

I tried to answer but the tears wouldn't let me. She came over and put her hand on mine. She stood and surveyed me. "Of course you are exactly like Barbara Bell," she murmured. "I wonder if Mr. Munson realized that. You look lovely but you can't have this job. It's a factory mob scene," she explained. "You would have been perfect, looking as you did yesterday. Of course you look very pretty but you just won't do."

"But if I could see Mr. Munson," I began.

She shrugged impatiently. "Mr. Munson is out of town and won't be back until Monday." Her phone rang and she turned back to the desk. I realized that she had finished with me and presently I found courage to get up and leave.

Nobody was more heartbroken than Rene when she heard the story. She had meant so well and she felt now that she had ruined my one opening. Realizing her very genuine dismay I hadn't the slightest trace of bitterness.

I began the endless pavement beating that is the lot of unwanted people in Hollywood. Registering with casting bureaus, realizing to my horror that I hadn't the endless wardrobe equipment that is necessary to make good even as an extra. One needs clothes for any and every kind of part—evening dresses, sport clothes, riding habit, summer and winter outfits for all stages of society.

I BEGAN to realize with a growing despondency that was verging on the neurotic why this was a city of heartbreak. I couldn't sleep with the growing horror of what was to become of us and then one morning when I woke physically sick with fear and worry I received a letter. The envelope was marked "Monarch Studios" and I tore it open, trembling with hope.

> My dear Miss Pine:
> Mr. Munson wishes to see you between five and six.
> Very truly yours,
> MARTHA AUSTIN

A wave of hope swept over me. I was so weak with the thrill of being sent for that my hand shook as I tried to make up. I got out the suit that had cost me my job and brushed it off carefully. I fixed myself up with infinite pains and set out again for the Monarch Studio. Miss Austin showed me to Mr. Munson's office. He sat beside his desk in his shirt sleeves. He stared across at me as if I were a criminal.

"How do you do, Miss Pine." His voice was sarcastic. "Just sit down here, will you?" He tossed a letter over to me. "Explain this to me. It interests me."

I picked up the letter and read it, my eyes focusing with great effort on the thin blue lady-like handwriting.

> My dear Victor:
> The letter from your secretary was a complete surprise to me. Yes, I know of a Judy Pine who ran away

from home. She and her brother. They are from a very poor and shiftless family with a not too stainless reputation.

I never gave her a letter of introduction to you. I knew vaguely that you were in Hollywood. After all, I have not heard from you since you were in High School and your Mother and I were not very close before her death. I would never feel free enough to give anyone an introduction to you.

Sincerely your cousin,
Isobel Benson Carr

"You didn't suppose that I wouldn't check on you, did you?" he asked.

"I feel like a criminal," I mumbled.

"Did you forge my cousin's name? You might as well tell me."

"No, her son did. He wanted to help me."

"Oh," he made a grimace, "so that's the nigger in a woodpile. And what's her son to you?"

"Just a very, very kind friend," I blurted blushing at the insinuation. "The only person in the town who has ever been decent to me. I knew him at school. We all go to the village school. He went to Harvard later. I see him sometimes in the summer. I worked in his mother's house as a waitress for a while. We are a good for nothing family just as she says and nobody ever gave us a how-do-you-do, but Dick was nice to me as you would be nice to a dog. He gave me tickets to a baseball game once. He drove me home a couple of times and talked to me like a human being." I was crying now but once started I couldn't cut off my speech. "My father wanted me to marry—you wouldn't know the type. A grain and feed man. He had buried two wives already. I didn't know anything else to do and I was going to marry him. Dick picked me up at the place where I worked one night. He asked me why I didn't clear out, anything was better than what I was facing. Everybody had always told me I looked like Barbara Bell. Dick said it again and asked me why I didn't try Hollywood. Said he had some sort of relative out there. He didn't know anything about you but he said you must know somebody in the town that you might introduce me to. Why, they didn't even know you were a big director back home. Dick said he would write a letter coming from his mother because he didn't dare ask his mother to do it. So he did, that's all."

Victor Munson stood up, came over and patted my shoulder.

"Come on, now, no more big scenes. I'm not going to make any trouble. I don't consider Dick a forger. I guess he is just a nice kid. But you're wrong about one thing, Judy."

He half sat on his huge desk in front of me and lit a huge cigar.

"Your home town can't be half as bad as Hollywood. You are pretty but there are thousands of prettier girls here. You haven't any background. You haven't any idea of what you are facing. I'm not even going to bother to go into it. I'm going to take you and your brother and send you back home, whether you like it or not.

"I'm driving home now," he said, "and on the way we'll stop at your address. I'm going to sit in the car and wait while you

THEY SAY I'M TWICE AS PRETTY SINCE I GAINED 10 POUNDS
Posed by professional models

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SKINNY

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EVEN if you never could gain before, remember thousands have gained attractive flesh, lovely curves, this new, easy way—*in just a few weeks!*

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in little tablets, you can get far greater tonic results — regain health, and also put on pounds of firm flesh, enticing curves — *and in a far shorter time.*

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This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe — the richest yeast known — which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This rich yeast is then ironized with 3 special kinds of iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear—you're an entirely new person.

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No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, money back instantly.

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This French Rouge—Voila! It Lasts!

If you think all rouges are alike, try imported Po-Go! Touch it to your cheeks; see how smoothly it goes on to blend without bother — *see how exceptionally long it lasts.*

Po-Go is different because it is hand-made by Frenchmen who know feminine beauty. The box you buy was filled and closed in Paris. But even with its ocean voyage, Po-Go costs you only 60c anywhere . . . in five of the smartest, true-complexion shades you've ever seen!

At your favorite toiletry counter —or we'll serve you direct by mail. Guy T. Gibson, Inc., Importers, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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SHADES: *Brique* (Naturelle); *Ronce* (Raspberry); *Vif* (Bright); *Cardinal* (Very Bright); *Saumon* (Faint, for Blondes).

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The secret of the captivating beauty of movie stars! Long, dark, lustrous lashes that transform eyes into bewitching pools of irresistible fascination. Makes the eyes look larger, more brilliant, and far more expressive. Try a pair of these wonderful lashes and you will be surprised at such magic charm so easily acquired. Quickly put on by anyone, absolutely safe, can be used again and again. Mailed promptly on receipt of price. 35c pair, 3 pair $1.00. MITCHELL BEAUTY PRODUCTS, 4162-A Washington, St. Louis, Mo.

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You can learn at home in spare time to be a "practical" nurse. One graduate saved $400 while learning. A housewife earned $430 in 3 months. Clear, simple lessons. Course endorsed by physicians. Est. 36 years. Thousands of graduates. Equipment included. High school not required. Easy tuition payments. Men, women, 18-60. Add to your family income!

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the SHAMPOO with the tiny tint RINSE

Brightens Every Shade of Hair

and your brother pack. I'm going to drive you to a bus stop. I'm not even going to give you the money for fear you'll stay in Hollywood. I know your type."

I followed him through the outer office and climbed into his big car. I was so crushed by all that had happened that I didn't even care. After all there was no chance in Hollywood, no place for me.

Victor Munson turned and smiled at me. He patted my hand. "Cheer up," he said. "This is not the worst thing that could happen to you. Some day you'll thank me for chasing you out of here. You go back and marry my cousin's son."

"He is engaged," I said thinly. "He has been engaged over a year."

Mr. Munson began to speak but I was never to know his reaction to that. For at that moment our car swerved with a whine of brakes and scraping of tires. Even as I was thrown violently forward I saw a huge truck bearing down on us. It seemed to be on top of us. I heard Victor speak with an oath and then there was a crash. I felt myself plunging headlong and the splintering, shattering mass of mangled wood, steel and glass and then I checked out of the world, temporarily.

Can Judy Pine overcome the odds against her in Hollywood? Can she achieve her twin dreams, stardom for herself and security for her brother? Don't miss the continuation of her fight in the September MOVIE MIRROR.

Comeback

(*Continued from page 61*)

THE end of Joyce Wells's fight to come back is a travesty on happy endings. The only thing which saves it from the banality of a "Pollyanna" story is that it is not really an ending. Stories have beginnings in Hollywood, but they never quite end. I merely draw the curtain now on the saga of Joyce Wells, because that is all I know.

Her triumph in "Allistair's Folly" has made moving picture history. She has been the exception which proves the rule, "They never come back." Her new five-year contract with Goldman starts at two thousand a week and allows her to select her own stories, which some of the wise ones think that is a mistake. "Look at what happened to Nazimova," they say.

Joyce is married to Corey Preston and is reported by all who know her to be almost deliriously happy. She begged her father to stay with her in Hollywood, but he has gone back to Kansas, and Joyce realizes that he is happier there. Midge is now in Hutchinson, but Joyce knows from her letters that she is counting the days until she starts back to California. Midge will really never be happy anywhere else.

As I told you, this happiness of Joyce's is almost too perfect to be true. Interviewers are saying that the marriage of Joyce Wells and Corey Preston is the one ideal marriage in Hollywood. I hope that is true and I believe it is. But I wish they wouldn't say things like that. I'm almost superstitious about "ideal marriages."

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EASY MONEY for MEN and WOMEN!

Use spare time to sell Friendship **Christmas Card** Assortments. 21 attractive folders retail for $1.00. Also 7 other Assortments, 50c up. Religious, Humorous and Everyday Cards; Gift Wrappings. You make 100%. No exp. needed. **Free** Sample offer.
FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS, 407 Adams St., Elmira, N.Y.

A-B-C Shorthand

IN TWELVE *easy* LESSONS

HIGH SCHOOL, college or technical students who have at their command a practical, easy and efficient method of taking down lecture notes have a marked advantage over those who must set down all notes in longhand. Not only do you get far more from the lecture when it is delivered but *when examination time comes* a review of a word for word transcript of each lecture is the finest kind of preparation for successful passing.

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Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 8)

$1 PRIZE LETTER
New Rôles for Old Faces

Remember not so long ago when the appearance of Myrna Loy in a picture meant that the hero was due to get some poison in his soup or a knife in his back? But with her marvelous performance in "The Prizefighter and the Lady" all this was changed. She showed herself to be one of the leading actresses of the screen, and every rôle since has brought her new laurels, until today there is a great army of fans who know that the name of Miss Loy in the cast of a picture is assurance enough that it can't be missed.

No doubt there are many other capable players in Hollywood who are given only a certain type of rôle when, if they had the chance, they might rise to great heights. Surely the producers would do well to think this over with the fans clamoring for new faces.

Mrs. E. Seitter,
Chicago, Ill.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
The Charm School

As I am president in a social club, my clothes should be correct for every occasion, my bearing regal, my conversation very interesting, my mannerisms indicative of inborn good breeding, and my coiffures smart and up-to-date.

Where else could I find all these things but in the pictures? The movies are an education in anything and everything. I have had a high school education, but I had not been taught any of these things.

I follow Ginger Rogers for fashion, Constance Bennett for conversation, Janet Gaynor for simplicity of address, Loretta Young for lovably gaiety.

Charleen Gentry,
Dayton, Ohio.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Most-Discussed Picture of the Month

Despite our benevolent critics, nowhere before has Victor Herbert's gem, "Naughty Marietta," been so felicitously presented. I doubt if any studio but M-G-M could have produced so rich a version. The MacDonald-Eddy team is a classic for all times. Jeanette so stimulated the rather blasé Eddy that long before the climax he showed definite acting ability. He, in turn, supplied what she has pitiably lacked the past years, a real leading man. When they quarreled or foiled lightly there was the true note of conflict; when they loved there was tender sincerity.

It was a pleasure to watch Eddy bring out Jeanette's undeniable talents, after a weary cycle of frothy pictures in which she needs must sing and act blindly, while a music-hall entertainer squeaked and "monkey-shined." At the stirring rendition of "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" I recalled the MacDonald-Dennis King duet, "Only a Rose," in "The Vagabond King," and I realized joyfully Jeanette was a glorious star once more.

James Fitzgerald,
Vallejo, Calif.

(but the person she cheats is herself)

SHE cheats herself out of good times, good friends, good jobs—perhaps even out of a good marriage.

And all because she is careless! Or, unbelievable as it is, because she has never discovered this fact:

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$1 PRIZE LETTER

Something to Remember Them By

I take off my chapeau to the people who select the best pictures of the year. Not in reverence or admiration, however, but to scratch my head. They get in my hair.

"It Happened One Night" is no doubt an enjoyable and entertaining picture—while you are in the theatre. Is there any particular scene in the play which makes one stand up and take notice? I can't remember a single one which made an impression on myself.

Take, for instance, Gary Cooper in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—the scene in which he is being tortured. That's a scene I'll be able to tell my grandchildren.

Please give us more pictures which one can remember after he has left the theatre.

Clifton Wilson,
Martin's Point, S. C.

HONORABLE MENTION

I think it is just terrible for the producers to put a class of pictures on the screen as they have done lately. Just a few more pictures like "Under Pressure," "Stolen Harmony" (which, by the way, has no right for existence), "Mary Jane's Pa" and a few more, will cause the public to lose all faith, and the theaters will remain empty as they have been doing in the past—*Sidney F. Mills,* Cincinnati, O.

Mae West's famous quips and antics did more to make us forget the depression than all the new deals put together—*Joseph Scheltema,* Los Angeles, Calif.

For years our favorite screen actresses have been gracing the covers of the movie magazines. Why not give the actors a break?—*Alma M. Rail,* Peoria, Ill.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer should hide their heads in shame for keeping Nelson Eddy in the background for two years. His glorious voice, good looks and splendid acting in "Naughty Marietta" are a revelation—*Margaret Long,* Louisville, Ky.

What a starring team Joan Crawford and the screen's new discovery, Robert Taylor, would make!—*Marie Burr,* Woodhaven, N. Y.

As a rule I detest the over-publicized foreign importations—a parcel of unintelligible incompetents—but that was before I saw Carl Brisson. There is an actor worth his passage money—*Mary Irene Woodruff,* Charlestown, Mass.

Musical films annoy me because of the operatic noise. Woe is me! I hope Hollywood runs out of operas soon. Do you mind?—*Henry Bruno,* Chicago, Ill.

The great American public has given you the Academy Award, Bette Davis, don't feel bad because a dozen or so did not—*Ruth Whitman Bowers,* Childress, Tex.

Say, how about that title, America's Sweetheart, vacated by Mary Pickford, going to Claudette Colbert?—*John D. Koyer,* Paterson, N. J.

I get the biggest kick out of those who aren't the biggest stars. I adore Glenda Farrell, and she's the kind I'd like for a pal. I always hugely enjoy Una Merkel, and I'd like to open the door to her this minute! Patsy Kelly is another sure-cure for the blues—*E. W. Young,* Holyoke, Mass.

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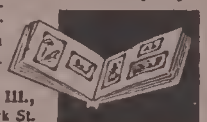

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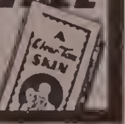

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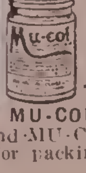

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It's Unanimous

(*Continued from page* 31)

only when he's acting. He isn't one of those who manoeuvre to get his face towards the camera regardless of what it does to the set-up of a scene. He's a human being, a darn swell one!"

On the Metro lot they'll tell you, "Joan's always in a good humor when she's working with Gable."

And Helen Hayes, explaining how close people become during the making of a picture even though they may never see each other again after it is finished, used her experiences with Clark in "The White Sister" as an outstanding example.

"When we were working late," she said, "Clark and I used to call up Rita Gable and Charlie (Charlie MacArthur, her husband) and meet them for dinner at the Brown Derby before we went back to work.

"At those dinners Clark and I would have little jokes pertinent to things which had happened on the set. We were like the married couple. But then, of course, Clark's especially warm and understanding."

Ask the Hollywood girls about other men stars and you won't always hear the same story. At the mention of this one you'll be greeted with a wry face and you may even discover that jowls are held up with fishskin or that there sometimes is difficulty about a toupee. Ask about that one and you'll hear that it is a chore to work with him, that he's a fusser, a worrier, an old woman.

After all, working in the studios isn't so different from working in an office, as far as human relationships go. And it's rarely the man who works beside her all day long with whom a girl falls in love. Usually it's a man in an office down the hall.

Clark has troubles. As many troubles as a successful man always has irrespective of how he earns his living. But Clark doesn't bring them to the studios.

"I hope," he said, turning grave for the moment, "I wouldn't be that stupid. They're *my* troubles, after all. Carried around they'd hinder my associations with those with whom I work. Inevitably. And I firmly believe that the warmer and friendlier things are on the set the better a picture will be."

In many ways he seems more a business man than an actor, a young business man who gets a kick out of anticipating trends and is challenged by the idea of getting ahead.

HE is acquainted with the business end of releasing and financing pictures. He knows the problems which harrass producers and writers. And he has a nice sense of doing things well and in the proper time. The last time he was in New York, for instance, he spent three days sitting in one of Metro's private offices behind a flat top desk giving interviews. He might have been visiting with old friends in Connecticut, but, because these interviews meant publicity and he sees publicity as part of his job, he stayed in town. And one writer after another left him jubilant over securing good copy. For Clark had things to say and

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he said them well. He had opinions with which to answer the dozens of varied questions which were put to him. In return, he asked only faithful reporting and in the two or three instances where he didn't get it, where liberties were taken with his quotations and his opinions were distorted to shape more sensational stories, he raised thunder. He's not the kind to mince matters. His Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry just won't let him.

He also talked about the future, that day I spent with him on the set. "This," he said with a comprehensive wave of his hand to include the cameras and the scene being filmed, "this never lasts any too long, you know. For anybody. A couple of bad pictures and it can end as suddenly as it began. Well, I've kept all that in mind. I've saved as I've gone along. And I've never let the other people who are my responsibilities grow accustomed to more than I can continue to guarantee them.

"Even if all this doesn't end for me I don't want to keep on and on, for years and years. I've had the kick you get out of fame, and I'd like to dodge the boot fame also can give you. No need going into details—they've been described often enough. But this is certain: No matter what you can get out of any game you do want to call your soul your own occasionally.

"I'm thinking of Mrs. Gable, too. She has the nuisance without any part of the —well—glory, shall we call it?"

I KNEW what he meant. Sometime previously I had seen the Gables in their box at the tennis matches. Fred Perry, the champion, was playing. Clark was excited. He and Mrs. Gable laughed at Perry's clowning when he jumped over the net, applauded a couple of neat shots with an exchange of enthusiasm. But as a crucial point in the game developed they moved a little away from each other to sit watching the court fairly tensely. Whereupon one of the photographers who swarm about all events where the stars congregate came along and snapped them. That picture appeared later in a magazine with a caption which read "None Too Friendly" or something of that sort. And if it amazed me, perhaps you can imagine how Rita and Clark Gable must have felt when they saw it, or when some dear, kind friend called it to their attention.

A STEWARD of the catering outfit that arrived in a large bus equipped as a kitchen to supply the company with a location luncheon came up to Clark with a movie camera in his hand.

"Mind if I photograph you?" he asked.

"Not at all," Clark said pleasantly. "Go ahead."

However he didn't pose. He kept right on talking as unaffectedly as though there was no camera within miles.

After luncheon I heard another of the catering attendants ask this particular steward if he knew where Gable was. He wanted to get a look at him.

"There he is," the steward said. "See, lying back in that chair with his hat tilted against the sun. And believe me, Butch, he's regular, he's one swell guy!"

That seemed to make it unanimous. And when a man's one swell guy to all the people he works with, well, he's *one swell guy*. You can count on that.

The True Life Story of Grace Moore

(*Continued from page* 53)

great teacher, they had an amazing interview.

"My dear child, your voice is lovely, but—"

Grace held her breath. Surely her famous coach was not going to blast all her hopes of great singing, surely he was not going to break her heart by telling her she did not have the talent for the heights!

"But *what?*" she breathed.

"You need color in your voice, you need *living* back of it, you need the heartbreak of a great love, you need experience that will touch your soul!"

Grace's relief was almost comic.

"Oh, *that!*" She tried to laugh it off.

BUT that is most important," the maestro replied with heat. "Terribly important in your case because you are an American. You Americans," he shook his head in bewilderment, "you are such amazing people. You are so ambitious, you work so hard, but you forget to live, more important you forget to love. Such practicality is not for the artist.

"Let yourself go. Fall in love!"

At first the command to love tickled Grace's sense of humor. Like all attractive women, she liked to know charming men and have them flatter her with attentions. But, until now, she had not wanted to be bothered emotionally. She had always counted herself very lucky because she had gone as far as she had in her career without the complications of a real love affair. Even those romances that *might* have touched her heart she had been very careful to keep on a platonic basis and she had been proud of the fact that she had never lost her head. It was highly disconcerting to be informed that such level-headedness had robbed her voice of an important quality of warmth.

So Grace Moore began to step out in Monte Carlo, deliberately to cultivate the society of charming people, particularly charming gentlemen.

The first man to intrigue her romantically was an old friend, George Biddle, the artist.

"Really," Grace laughed, "you can't imagine the difficulty of *trying* to fall in love with someone. George was so delightful, such a grand companion, and we really tried so hard to strike up a romantic flame. I actually argued to myself that I *should* love him. He was an artist, he was a delightful person. But always back of our friendship was the bedeviling thought that I wanted to love George because it would be good for my voice." Here she shrieked with laughter. "Can you imagine being exasperated with yourself because you can't love someone? I met other men but it was always the same thing. I tried so hard to fall in love. I couldn't. Oh, it is very funny now since I have known and married Valentin Perera and have come to know what real love really is, that I should have presumed to *will* myself into a state of emotionalism. But it was tragic then."

Then came an Italian Prince. He was very handsome. He was very rich. He was very much in love with Grace Moore. He was the first romance in her life!

EVEN their meeting was colored with romance and excitement. His car had careened, swerved dangerously, and finally crashed near her apartment one morning. Grace had seen the accident from the window of Garden's apartment and with a servant bearing water she had rushed to the scene. Two other men were in the car but obviously they had been slightly injured for by the time Grace reached the scene they were up and administering to the handsome man who lay as though dead. Grace held his head in her lap, bathed his cut forehead in water. She was amazed by the instantaneous flash of interest she had in this dashing stranger. When he regained consciousness Grace could have wept with relief, though she was at a loss to know why. "I'll never see him again," she thought as the ambulance came to take him away.

Three days later she was amazed when the same handsome young man, his head bandaged, stopped her as she was taking a walk through Monte Carlo. "How do you do?" he said in the warm tones of his native Italian. "I want to thank you for saving my life the other afternoon."

"I——really," she protested in embarassment, "I did nothing."

HE indicated a gentleman sharing an aperitif with him under a sidewalk umbrella. "My friend here tells me that you are the charming lady who rushed to my rescue." Grace immediately recognized one of the other men in the accident.

It was the beginning of the first unforced romance of her life. For a little while they were very much in love, the "cold" American girl and the dashing Italian Prince. Every hour she could borrow from her studies, Grace spent with him.

They golfed together, attended the Casino together, took long drives and walks discovering new café, new spots of color. They were as happy as two children together but something in the back of Grace's consciousness would not permit her to accept his proposal of marriage. Dashing Italian gentlemen have never been noted for their patience. When Grace would not say "Yes" he became insistent, an insistence that was flattering at first but as it wore on began to make her nervous. If he had left her alone, her life might have taken an entirely different course at this turning point, she might have. she probably would have, married him. But he pleaded and this very persistence was the first wedge to come between them.

Her year in Monte Carlo was up. Her finances were low. One day she read in the paper that Otto Kahn was in Paris. She put in a long distance call to his hotel.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Well, what do you think I am doing?" she replied. "I am still studying and still determined to go ahead."

"Bosh," he said, "I hear you are the gayest girl in Europe, that you are not working at all, that you are having the time of your life making men fall in love with you only to throw them over."

"So you think that, do you?" she said with a tone of false injury (she was secretly pleased at this exciting reputation). "If you will pay for my ticket to Paris I'll come and sing for you and then you will see for yourself how far I have come." Kahn said he would wire railroad fare immediately. Two days later Grace said goodbye to Monte Carlo.

KAHN had arranged that his audition with her be held, in the home of the wealthy French banker, Eduard Hermann, who has since become one of her closest friends. He had a salon of music. He knew Bizet, Saint-Saens, Massenet. He was a great friend of Mr. Kahn's.

"Oh, I was nervous as I stood before this critical audience," Grace relates. "My knees shook so badly I thought they would not support me until my accompanist struck the first chords of the aria from "Louise," *Depuis le Jour*. Kahn was the one man who knew how it should be sung. But the moment I started to sing I knew a greater confidence than I had ever known in my life. I knew I was singing magnificently, and let me say here that this is no conceit on my part. I have a gift that God gave me. For it, I deserve no credit. All I can do is to treasure it, take care of it, keep it fine and shining and thank God for the privilege of it! This is the philosophy of all artists. When I finished I knew I had done wonderfully well. Kahn jumped to his feet and embraced me. 'Wonderful,' he exclaimed. 'I don't know whether you know it or not but you are the white hope of the American singers at the Metropolitan. Your failure at your second audition was a disappointment to us and we hoped that something would give you the courage to break all contacts, leave everything and undertake this experiment of real study, just as you have done. My dear, I am proud of you!' But the words that thrilled my heart were, 'I am sending a telegram to Gatti-Casazza tonight and I am arranging for you to have your third audition with him at the Lyrico Theatre in Milan.' "

The memory of the preparations for that third audition before the great Gatti-Casazza will never be forgotten by Grace Moore. Days of coaching with her good friend Moranzoni in the preparation of two arias from "Bohème," the tiring train ride to Milan, the tragedy of an attack of laryngitis from fear and worry, finally *the day and the hour!* She took her place humbly among twenty-five students, young girls and boys who had been studying in Europe, whose hearts were beating as hers was. They drew lots to determine the "spot" of their audition. The boy who drew the number before her was Everett Marshall!

The calling of *her* name.

"Bon jour, maestro," she heard herself saying to the genius in the orchestra pit. He looked up. "Grace Moore," he smiled, "are you here again?" She tried to laugh. Her voice shook with nervousness. For a moment he talked with her, gently calling her "my child." He wanted that nervousness to be over before she sang. Suddenly the lovely music, *her* music. At the wave of his baton she heard her voice as though from a great distance. Nothing was very clear except the all-important face of the artist before her. The music faded, stopped. Gatti was beside her on the stage. "My child this is your third audition and the third time is always a charm. I am very pleased. Come and see me at my hotel at three this afternoon."

Later he told the excited girl, "There is vast improvement. You have come very far. But I advise another year of study—then I can promise you the Metropolitan."

"But maestro," the frantic girl argued, "I cannot wait. I have no more money to study. It is now or never!"

"I will give you a contract," he agreed after hours of discussion of her future. "Remember it is greatly against my will to do this. The hardships are going to be greater for you. You need experience, here in Europe. It is too much to expect you, a novice, to step for the first time upon an operatic stage at the Metropolitan! It may mean failure where it need not happen that way if you would take more time!" But that gamble Grace was willing to make. She must make it. She left Gatti-Casazza's apartment with a signed contract for the Metropolitan in her bag!

THAT night the happiest girl in the world sent telegrams to every close friend she had in Europe to come to Milan to help her celebrate. Two days later Cole Porter and his wife were there, also Moranzoni and his family, the young Italian Prince and his charming American mother, and Otto Kahn.

This amazing celebration started out as a spaghetti party in a little café Grace had engaged for the evening, but before it was over the gay group had covered every inch of Milan, singing and dancing through the streets, ringing doorbells, shouting to surprised Italians who stuck their heads out of windows, "Greet the new Queen of the Metropolitan, Madame Grace Moore." They chartered taxis and moved in laughing, singing caravans. Before dawn broke half of Milan had joined their gay entourage.

The next day, weary but with a singing heart, she accompanied the Prince and his mother to Venice to spend a few days at their thirteenth century palace, in which the poet, Browning, had once lived. There were days of great joy to Grace Moore. Her heart was touched when she discovered the Prince had attempted to

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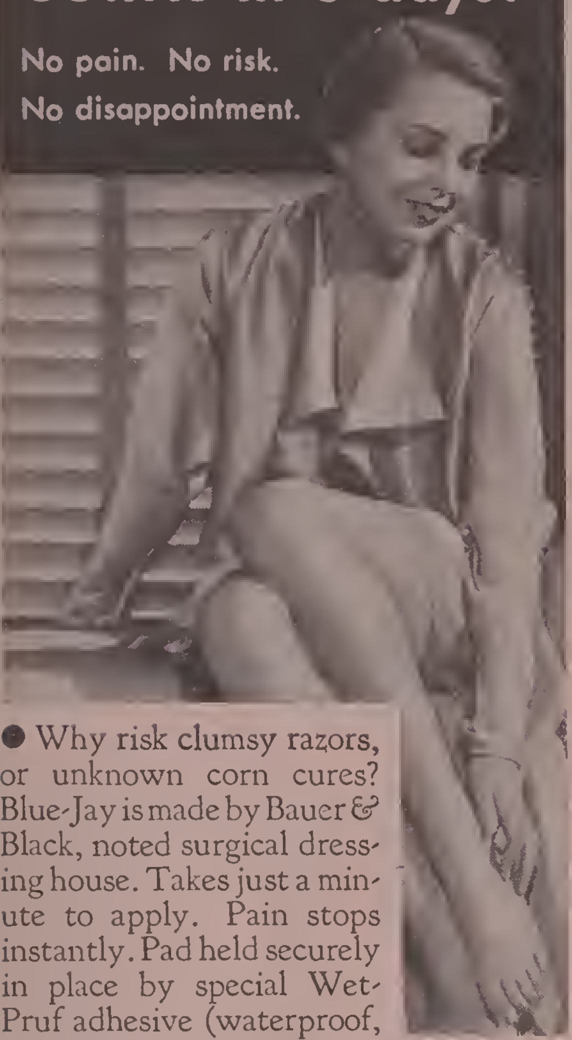

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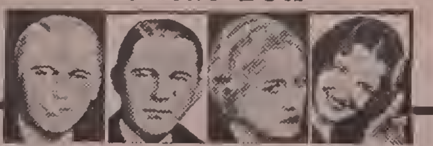

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turn composer so that he might accompany her on her road of music. But she knew by this time that all question of marriage was over between them. "There is only one real love in my life," she told him. "The love of song. You would always have to play a second part and you are much too charming and too Latin to be happy under such conditions. Forget about me!"

NEW YORK again, and the knowledge that she was suddenly "headline news" along with two other young American singers, Marion Talley and Mary Lewis. Their respective débuts at the Metropolitan were being eagerly awaited by critics, patrons and musically-minded gallery fans with the same amount of interest that is usually accorded to an established star.

From the moment the date of Grace Moore's début was set, her first American operatic rôle announced (it was Mimi in "La Bohème") a flare of interest began that extended from Grace's hotel suite to the senatorial ante-chambers in Washington, to the governor's office in Tennessee, for proud Tennessee was making a Roman holiday of the operatic début of her golden-voiced daughter. A private car bore to New York not only one hundred fifty of Grace's personal friends but also the lieutenant-governor of the state, its two senators and several congressmen.

"There is no describing the confusion, the excitement of few days previous to my début," Grace told me. "I was like a person in a dream, a nightmare. Nothing had reality to me. Even now, what really happened is blurred in my memory. There were moments when I soared in clouds of excitement and unbelievable, tingling happiness and there were moments when I was assailed with the blackest fears. Remember, *I had not yet set foot on the stage at the Metropolitan,* there was no operatic experience behind me. All rehearsals had been held with the director, the tenor, Edward Johnson, and Antonio Scotti, the great baritone, in my hotel room and I did not set foot on the Metropolitan stage until, in character, I knocked on the door (as you will see enacted on the screen in my present picture) preparatory to stepping on the stage to sing the first notes of my début.

"Ah, that moment must live forever as a highlight of my life. The applause that roared like thunder. The knowledge that my friends, my family, my well wishers were out front along with the critics.

The début of Grace Moore on February 7th, 1928, is an event that will live long in the memory of Metropolitan patrons. This lovely American girl with her divine voice soared on the wings of "La Bohème" straight into their hearts. Loudest among the cries of "Brava, brava, Grace Moore!" were the heart-felt shouts of the Tennessee contingent. Later, in Grace's flower-decked dressing room, great tears rolled down the face of her father as he proudly clasped her to his heart.

If anyone had told the girl whose heart was bursting with happiness that life still held the bitterest defeat of her career in store, she would have laughed. Defeat had no place in this triumph. Yet it was to come, in *Hollywood!*

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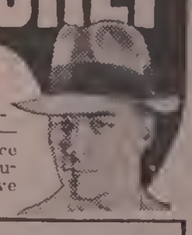

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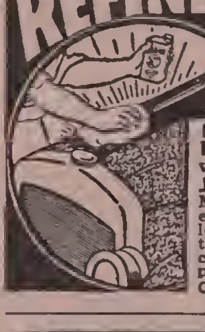

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Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 39*)

everything right in the end. Tom Brown, his son, doesn't even know that it was his father who saved him from the adventuress, Adrienne Ames. Claire Trevor proves that her acting is far above standard in the rôle of the actress-accomplice of the gambler; while Eugene Pallette and Herbert Mundin round out a good cast.

Bright and snappy dialogue helps the picture in many spots but the photography isn't what it should be.

Your reviewer says: A fair bit of entertainment that you can take or leave.

Alias Mary Dow (Universal)

You'll See: *Sally Eilers, Ray Milland, Henry O'Neill, Katharine Alexander, Lola Lane, Chick Chandler, Clarence Muse.*

It's About: *A girl who "stood in" for the kidnapped daughter of a wealthy family to save a woman's life.*

A weak, mediocre programmer that won't even stir the dust of its own death at the box office.

Eighteen years after the child of the wealthy Dow family has been kidnapped, her mother is laid low with an illness that causes her to become hysterical and begin calling for her daughter, Mary. The child's father picks up a girl of the right age and brings her home as "Mary Dow."

Sally Eilers, as Mary Dow, gets a chance to show some fairly good acting. Henry O'Neill and Katharine Alexander as Papa and Mamma Dow do as well as the antiquated plot and motivation will allow. Ray Milland handles the romance with Sally.

Your reviewer says: Skip it!

✓The Glass Key (Paramount)

You'll See: *George Raft, Edward Arnold, Claire Dodd, Ray Milland, Rosalind Keith, Guinn Williams, Robert Gleckler, others.*

It's About: *The murder of a senator's son and what happens when the Big Boss of the city is suspected.*

Plenty of fast action, mystery and suspense make this latest Dashiell ("Thin Man") Hammett story a very interesting evening at the theatre. The plot gives you a fair chance to play the detective, too, but George Raft will occupy 'so much of your attention that you'll probably forget to try! When you aren't watching Raft, in his best chance in months, you'll be following Edward Arnold whose reputation suffers not one bit from his excellent characterization of the Big Boss of the city who is suspected of a murder. For once the solution is logical.

The supporting cast is 'way above par for this type of show.

Your reviewer says: Yes, you mystery fans will like it.

✓Murder In the Fleet (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Robert Taylor, Jean Parker, Jean Hersholt, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, Nat Pendleton, Donald Cook, others.*

It's About: *A lost or stolen invention for the Navy and all the murders that are perpetrated before its discovery.*

With a full share of murders, thrills and mystery, this little picture is quite up to the standard of its type. Comedy galore and suspects by the carload help to keep the fast-moving film in high gear.

Story concerns a missing invention that must be found before the Navy can leave on its cruise. Most of the people on board the U. S. warship are suspected of the murders that result from the robbery.

Robert Taylor gives a swell performance. Arthur Byron as the commander, and Ted Healy teamed for comedy with Nat Pendleton bolster the picture with every appearance. Una Merkel is even better than usual. Donald Cook and Mr. Hersholt are good, but Jean Parker falls rather short of her best in a rôle that doesn't give her much chance.

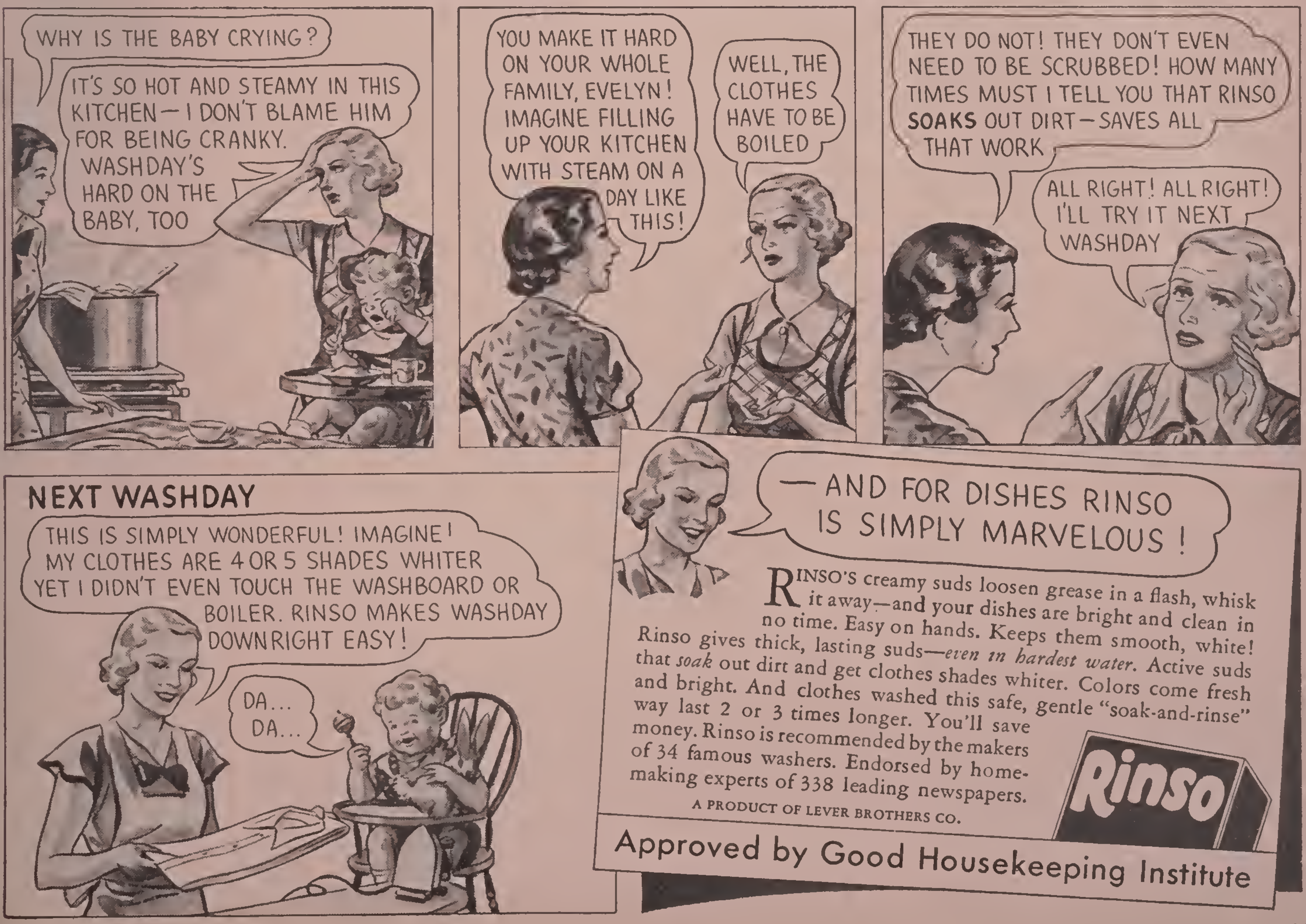
Your reviewer says: If you like murder mysteries, go.

✓Our Little Girl (Fox)

You'll See: *Shirley Temple, Joel McCrea, Rosemary Ames, Lyle Talbot, Erin O'Brien Moore and J. Farrell McDonald.*

It's About: *" . . . and a little child shall lead them"—in this case she leads her parents back to married bliss.*

IT HAPPENED ONE HOT WASHDAY


WHY IS THE BABY CRYING?
IT'S SO HOT AND STEAMY IN THIS KITCHEN—I DON'T BLAME HIM FOR BEING CRANKY. WASHDAY'S HARD ON THE BABY, TOO
YOU MAKE IT HARD ON YOUR WHOLE FAMILY, EVELYN! IMAGINE FILLING UP YOUR KITCHEN WITH STEAM ON A DAY LIKE THIS!
WELL, THE CLOTHES HAVE TO BE BOILED
THEY DO NOT! THEY DON'T EVEN NEED TO BE SCRUBBED! HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU THAT RINSO SOAKS OUT DIRT—SAVES ALL THAT WORK
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'LL TRY IT NEXT WASHDAY
NEXT WASHDAY
THIS IS SIMPLY WONDERFUL! IMAGINE! MY CLOTHES ARE 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER YET I DIDN'T EVEN TOUCH THE WASHBOARD OR BOILER. RINSO MAKES WASHDAY DOWNRIGHT EASY!
DA... DA...
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All about a young married couple, Joel McCrea and Rosemary Ames, and their child, Shirley. Joel is a country doctor and, as such, allows his work to interfere with his marriage no end. In fact, he is away so much that Miss Ames takes to horseback jaunts with a rich neighborhood bachelor, Lyle Talbot, finally running away with him. This is a particular tragedy to Shirley but in the end, she brings her parents together and all's happy.

Little Shirley is asked, as in most of her recent pictures, to carry too much of the load. She does well with it, though, and all her millions of fans should enjoy her a great deal. The remainder of the cast is good.

Your reviewer says: Not up to the best Temple picture.

✓Hooray for Love (RKO)

You'll See: *Ann Sothern, Gene Raymond, Bill Robinson, Maria Gambarelli, Jeni LeGon, Pert Kelton, Lionel Stander, Fats Waller.*

It's About: *That old, old story of how the show must go on—and it does!*

Most of the praise due this musical picture must be laid right in the laps of the song writers, McHugh and Fields, who gave us such grand tunes as "I'm Falling in Love All Over Again" and "Living In A Great Big Way."

About how the show is almost ruined on an opening night—but the show goes on, which is the important part. Every time the story rears its ugly head, it gets in the way, so why worry about the thing at all. The main things to look at here are the dancing of Bill Robinson and a newcomer, Jeni LeGon (the burlesque of Pert Kelton), the funny antics of Lionel Stander, and the beautiful ballet of Maria Gambarelli. Neither Gene Raymond nor Ann Sothern gets much chance. The remainder of the cast is quite up to standard.

Your reviewer says: Good musical entertainment, singing and dancing you'll like.

✓Age of Indiscretion (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Paul Lukas, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, May Robson, David Jack Holt, Ralph Forbes, Beryl Mercer.*

It's About: *The divorce question and what happens to the "children of divorce."*

Despite the fact that the story has all the familiar elements usually found in the divorce-and-custody picture, this movie proves to be a fine evening's entertainment because of the sincerity and honesty with which it was written and produced.

Paul Lukas asks his wife, Helen Vinson, to economize and she immediately runs off with Ralph Forbes. When May Robson (Vinson's mother) finds out that Lukas and his secretary (Madge Evans) are beginning to fall in love, she determines to catch them in a compromising situation so that she will be given custody of the child, David Jack Holt.

Master Holt is by far the finest performer in the picture and his crying scene in the courtroom is one of the finest bits of the current screen season. Paul Lukas, the publisher, Madge Evans, his secretary, Helen Vinson are all excellent.

Your reviewer says: A grand little picture. You'll like it.

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✓Kliou (Bennett)

You'll See: *Henri de la Falaise, Lt. Carney and a cast of native characters.*

It's About: *A romance that was saved when the native boy killed Kliou, the tiger, and thus brought peace to the tribe.*

Completely in technicolor, this feature-length travel film is one of the most entertaining and restful pieces of screen fare we've seen for some months.

Here at last we see the first picture produced by the titled husband of Constance Bennett, Henri de la Falaise, and financed by *Bennett Productions,* owned by Connie.

It is the simple story of the Kliou (tiger) which the tribe must kill before he makes life impossible for them. Romance enters the story when the boy-hunter, *Bhat,* is not favored by the girl's father. But when the father is near death and the witch doctors say he will live only if Kliou is killed, *Bhat* has his big chance. He finally gets the tiger and his marriage to *Dhi* is assured.

"Hank" plays a rôle and photographs like a million. The natives in the cast are all excellent.

Your reviewer says: See it! Beautiful, restful entertainment.

✓Ginger (Fox)

You'll See: *Jane Withers, Jackie Searl, O. P. Heggie, Katherine Alexander, Walter King, others.*

It's About: *A little girl of the slums who tries valiantly to keep her old uncle out of trouble.*

A trite plot and pure hokum become real entertainment because of Jane Withers, eight-year-old comedienne.

Beginning very slowly, the picture moves at a fast pace when once started. Jane is the niece of an old has-been Shakespearean actor, and they live together in a poor section. Her uncle, ably played by O. P. Heggie, is sentenced to jail after a drunken brawl, and Jane is adopted, temporarily, by Katherine Alexander, a wealthy writer of child psychology books. The boisterous, hoydenish, lovable Jane proceeds to upset the well-ordered existence led by Mrs. "Park-Avenue" as Jane calls her, and Jackie Searle, her son. Eventually, everything turns out all right.

Just to repeat the routine plot of this isn't doing it justice, because one has to see Jane Withers laughing, crying, quoting Shakespeare, and mimicing Garbo and others, fully to appreciate it. All of the supporting cast do nicely.

Your reviewer says: Take the family.

Abdul the Damned (Alliance-B. I. P.)

You'll See: *Fritz Kortner, Nils Asther, Esme Percy, John Stuart, Adrienne Ames, Walter Rilla, Charles Carson, many others.*

It's About: *The last of the great Oriental despots, a beautiful Viennese singer in his harem, and her love for a young Turkish officer.*

The movies have discovered a new and exciting revolution to weave their fantastic narratives about—the overthrow of their last Sultan by the Young Turk Party and the establishment of a constitutional government after the revolution.

Fritz Kortner, noted European actor, plays Abdul Hamid II, who lives in constant fear of assassination. Kortner gives an excellent performance, constantly hampered by stodgy direction. Probably the most effective portrayal is Esme Percy's Grand Eunuch. Nils Asther, our favorite heartthrob, plays another nasty villain.

The settings are magnificent and the photography interesting, though the camera is unkind to Adrienne Ames, as the actress shanghaied into Abdul's harem. More emphasis on the historical excitements of this period (1908), and less on the trivial love story, would have helped.

Your reviewer says: Ordinary entertainment, but you might find the unusual background interesting.

✓College Scandal (Paramount)

You'll See: *Arline Judge, Kent Taylor, Wendy Barrie, William Frawley, Benny Baker, William Benedict, Mary Nash, Edward Nugent, William Stack, Edith Arnold.*

It's About: *The murder of three pals in a college fraternity and how the rest of the kids solve the crimes.*

We were rather surprised when the first murder was discovered—we had the idea the picture was going to be a musical! But when the second killing took place and a third was attempted, we settled back to enjoy one of the best little mysteries we've seen for some time.

All the action takes place on a college campus. Besides two or three romances

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½ cup water
Vanilla wafers

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and stir over boiling water five minutes or until mixture thickens. Add water. Line oblong loaf pan with wax paper and cover bottom of pan with thin layer of chocolate. Then add layer of vanilla wafers. Repeat until chocolate mixture is all used. Top with layer of wafers. Chill in refrigerator for 24 hours. To serve, turn out on small platter and carefully remove wax paper. Cut in slices. May be garnished with whipped cream. Serves eight.

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and plenty of action and suspense, the picture manages to give lots of comedy touches and a song and dance now and then. Since the idea is well figured out we won't spoil your fun by giving you any hints as to the murderer.

The performances, for the most part, are excellent; the only criticism of the whole show is its direction, fine one moment and sloppy the next. Arline Judge gave a peppy and interesting performance. Wendy Barrie did a capable acting job. Edward Nugent was excellent; he should be headed for much bigger things. The rest of the cast was fine, too.

Your reviewer says: Good mystery and suspense. You'll be entertained.

Paris In Spring (Paramount)

You'll See: *Mary Ellis, Tullio Carminati, Ida Lupino, Lynne Overman, Jessie Ralph, James Blakeley, Dorothea Wolbert.*

It's About: *Paris in spring, with romantic music thrown in to prove the love story.*

When drama is heavy and slow, one may be able to forgive it, but when so-called comedy drags out to the finest point of boredom, there is no excuse to offer!

Tullio Carminati, broken hearted because Mary Ellis refuses to marry him, goes to the tower with suicide in mind. Ida Lupino is there for the same reason and they get together to make their respective sweethearts jealous. From there on, the picture wanders through a maze of intricate twists and turns that defy rhyme or reason.

Mary Ellis, neither a great beauty nor a great actress, should have been allowed to sing her way into the hearts of the public, but she is given only two songs. You won't remember either. Tullio Carminati falls headlong from his usual excellence. James Blakeley, as the sweetheart of Ida Lupino, steals whatever there is of the picture. Ida Lupino is no better than usual and Lynne Overman isn't given a chance to do anything. The photography and direction are on par.

Your reviewer says: Don't waste your time or money.

April Blossoms (Alliance-B. I. P.)

You'll See: *Richard Tauber, Jane Baxter, Carl Esmond, Athene Seyler, Paul Graetz, Charles Carson, others.*

It's About: *An imaginary romantic episode in the life of the composer Franz Schubert.*

Although the noted English playwright, John Drinkwater, is listed among the authors of this cream-puff, it's hard to imagine just what he had to do with it. Handsomely mounted, with fine musical interludes, the piece suffers from silly plot and dialogue and unimaginative direction, making it hard to tell whether the unfamiliar English cast can act or not. Jane Baxter, who never had the chance she deserved in America, doesn't get it in this particular British film, either.

It's the music that makes this memorable. You'll never hear the world-famous "Serenade" sung more exquisitely than by Richard Tauber, the great Wagnerian

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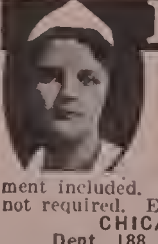

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tenor, who plays the rôle of Franz Schubert.

The story itself is the same sad tale of gentle Franz's unrequited love for a Viennese girl, and his noble efforts to help her win the man she really loves. The ruse by which this is accomplished is fairly amusing.

Your reviewer says: A "must" for real music lovers, because of Tauber; the rest of us had better forget it.

The Arizonian (Radio)

You'll See: *Richard Dix, Margot Grahame, Preston Foster, Louis Calhern, Ray Mayer, James Bush, Willie Best, Joseph Sauers.*

It's About: *The winning of the West plus horses, sheriffs, shooting and fun.*

Richard Dix Rides Again! That sounds like the title of a wild and woolly Western of your kid days and that's almost what it is. Plenty of riding, shooting, hero-work and romance all tied together with those old faithful strings: bad sheriff, bad motive and bad men!

Mr. Dix tries (again) to win the West the way the West should be won. He does, as usual. Margot Grahame is won, too. The crooked sheriff, the half-hearted mayor, and the bad-men are all neatly hog-tied before the last shot is fired. And so, while this isn't the old five-and-ten variety of cowboy action story, neither is it the type of epic Western yarn we've come to expect from actors of this calibre.

Mr. Dix does his best to be a hero. Margot Grahame is even more surprised to find herself in the cast than you are to see her. The other boys are all right.

Your reviewer says: As Westerns go, this goes well.

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page 23*)

WHEN Gene Raymond returned from his highly successful tour of the key cities, he brought back a surprise for Hollywood—a piece of music called "Will You?" The surprise is that Gene wrote it.

* * *

WARNER BAXTER has the toughest time getting a vacation! Last year, when he started out on a yachting jaunt with Bill Powell and Dick Barthelmess, he was called back to the studio for work before he had reached Catalina Island.

A few days ago Warner finished "Under A Pampas Moon" and thought he would have time to take his wife to Honolulu. A wire awaited his arrival demanding that he return by the next boat for re-takes on three scenes of that picture.

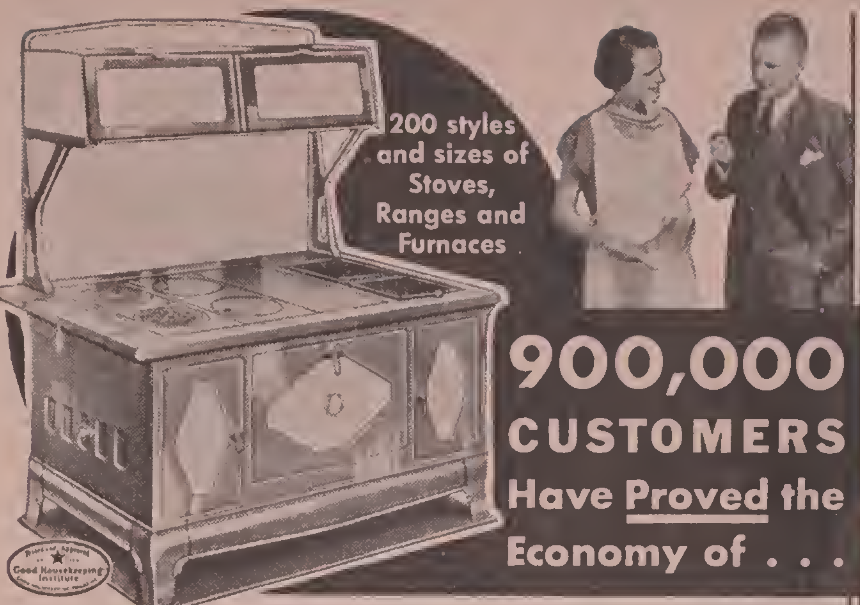
Now the Fox Studio is in an uproar!

Warner had taken about four months to allow his hair to grow for the part and when he was about to board the boat for Honolulu he got a hair cut.

* * *

NEWS SHORT CUTS:

BING CROSBY has just signed a new contract calling for ten pictures to be made in the next three years and he gets over a million for his end. Adolphe Men-



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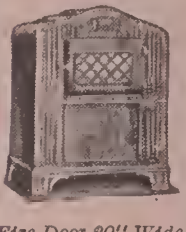

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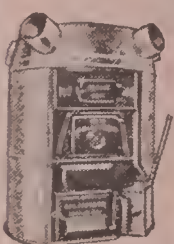

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jou is out of the hospital but the studio is holding up his picture on account of Adolphe has to gain back about thirty-five pounds he lost. The gang who went to the airport to meet Mary Brian had a three-hour wait but when Mary got off the plane they decided it was well worth it. They had to put a policewoman on the trail of a gal named Jessica Weston who was thrown in jail for breaking into Dick Powell's house without an invitation and the day after she was released, she did the same thing over again, which *must* be love. Mae West's next picture will be called "Lulu Was A Lady!"

* * *

GLENDA FARRELL got a very cute little postcard from a sailor-fan on the high seas and across the bottom of it was written "PERSONAL."

* * *

GRACE MOORE and her swell husband, Valentin Perera, came out with a marvelous dinner party the other night in honor of Mary Garden. The two hundred guests got a real thrill out of Miss Garden, but they can't know the real reason for the great friendship that exists between Grace and Mary. In fact you'll have it "on" Hollywood as soon as you read the third installment of GRACE MOORE'S LIFE STORY in this issue, because there you will find the true story behind that great friendship.

* * *

CAROLE LOMBARD thought she was going to have a marvelous vacation and rest right here in Hollywood. Carole hasn't had a day off for months and she was prepared for a very swell time indeed.

The day she started on her rest, her heart, Robert Riskin, got neuritis in his arm and now poor Lombard spends all her time running back and forth with hot water bottles.

* * *

KATHARINE HEPBURN must have been reading Ann Harding's publicity! Anyway, Katie is going to do likewise. She will star in a summer stock company in Saybrook, Conn. Or does she feel the need of more stage experience?

* * *

ROMANCE IN HOLLYWOOD:

THAT chap who's been taking the newly-divorced Mary Astor dancing and places is John Ryan. . . . Sally Blane and Norman Foster have it so bad that they sit out in front and make eyes and hold hands while the party goes on indoors. . . . Norman Krasna and Sylvia Sidney are at the point of ordering one dinner for two.

* * *

IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE

BILL POWELL ordered the gardener to plant a flock of grass seed on the newly-made terraces. Next morning Bill discovered that his St. Bernard puppy had used the banks to wallow in.

Mary Pickford is still holding out on that predicted marriage with Buddy Rogers, as we warned you she might do. When last questioned Miss Pickford said, "I have much more important things to think about than romance or marriage with *anybody!*"

'Tis said that Gloria Swanson is heartbroken that Edna Best won't give Herbert Marshall a divorce so that she and Bert can middle-aisle it.

Freddie Bartholomew wrote a letter to L. B. Mayer, head of M-G-M, asking that he use his influence to gain permission for Freddie to ride his bicycle around the lot!

Jackie Cooper had to get the permission of the Court before he could have enough money drawn out of his account to pay what he still owes on back income taxes, something over $3,000!

* * *

HATS off to Lewis Stone! He has just completed his twentieth year in pictures. M-G-M have had the excellent services of Mr. Stone for over eleven years, and as a means of expressing their appreciation for his work and to celebrate his fine record they have just handed him a nice new three-year contract.

* * *

THISA AND THATA:

MERLE OBERON has a new idea for beach clothes—canary-yellow corduroy overalls, sky-blue silk blouse with yellow beach sandals and powder-blue socks. . . . Joe E. Brown came close to a tragedy last night when his son was returning from a costume party dressed as a cowboy! Joe heard the noise in the driveway, grabbed his gun and was about to shoot the "intruder" when he decided to ask "Who goes there?" Luckily his son answered in time to avert a calamity. . . . Jean Harlow is so crazy about "Naughty Marietta" and the work of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald that she is advising all her fans not to miss it.

Tips on Talkies

(*Continued from page* 40)

capers; Ann Sothern, hysterically temperamental; and Merle Oberon, intoxicatingly exotic; in a gay musical that boasts a couple of tuneful songs.

✓✓FOUR HOURS TO KILL (Paramount). A melodramatic story, chock-full of smaller stories, in which Richard Barthelmess is a convict taken to the lounge of a theater to await the train which is to take him to prison. Charles C. Wilson, as his guard, gives a performance almost on a par with Barthelmess, who is swell.

✓GOIN' TO TOWN (Paramount). Mae West "on a ranch." Mae West "in South America" and Mae West "in society"—in other words MAE WEST! This may please rabid West fans, but it isn't up to par.

GO INTO YOUR DANCE (Warner Brother). Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler in a musi-comedy with not much to recommend save a few comedy scenes by Patsy Kelly and a few tuneful songs.

✓✓*"G"-MEN (Warner Brothers). James Cagney and Robert Armstrong, two tough guys, show us how the Federal boys really work when they start after Public Enemy No. 1. Margaret Lindsay and Ann Dvorak supply the love interest and give convincing performances. Action fans—SEE THIS!*

✓✓INFORMER, THE (RKO). A truly artistic triumph in which Victor McLaglen, a tiny mind, is ruled by Wallace Ford, a great brain, during the Irish Revolution. The theme is definitely of masculine appeal, but we think women will go.

✓✓*LADDIE (RKO). A wholesome, sweet story from Gene Stratton Porter's well-known book, in which little Virginia Weidler steals the show, even from John Beal and Gloria Stuart.*

✓LES MISERABLES (Twentieth Century). Victor Hugo's ponderous work appears on the screen with Fredric March as Jean Valjean and Charles Laughton as the police inspector who never forgot a face or his duty. If you like to cry, by all means go.

✓*LIFE BEGINS AT 40 (Fox). Will Rogers, a small-town newspaper owner, tries to prove the innocence of Richard Cromwell, with the help of pretty Rochelle Hudson. You'll chuckle plenty when Slim Summerville's hog-calling relations help break up George Barbier's political picnic.*

✓✓*MISSISSIPPI (Paramount). Bing Crosby, a Northerner, is in love with Joan Bennett, a Southerner. There's a misunderstanding, and he becomes a singer on W. C. Field's old river showboat. No matter when or where Bing sings, it's a treat.*

✓✓NAUGHTY MARIETTA (M-G-M). Victor Herbert's undying music is more poignant than ever when sung by Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in a picture abounding with romance, beautiful backgrounds, adventure, and above all, the lovely familiar musical score. See it!

✓✓*OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA (Warner Brothers). Pat O'Brien, a virile idealist, finds it romantic to supply backward China with oil in spite of the fact that his wife, Josephine Hutchinson, must suffer untold hardships with him. An interesting vehicle.*

✓✓PRIVATE WORLDS (Walter Wanger for Paramount). A stimulating picture despite its hospital-for-the-insane background, in which Claudette Colbert gives a subtle performance of great beauty, Joan Bennett is electrifying, Charles Boyer is enchanting, and Joel McCrea is quite perfect. A thriller. Don't miss this.

✓RECKLESS (M-G-M). Jean Harlow, a Broadway dancer, marries Franchot

Tone, socialite son of a rich family, only to prove that oil and water won't mix, and after Tone's suicide goes back to William Powell. Good, breezy hokum. See it.

✓✓ROBERTA (RKO). There's Irene Dunne for romance, Ginger Rogers for youth and laughter, and Freddie Astaire for dances in a mad, thrilling gay picture that has songs that are swell, lovely women's clothes, and above all Fred Astaire's dancing. See it!

✓RUGGLES OF RED GAP (Paramount). A laugh-provoker in which Charles Laughton, an English butler, is won in a poker game by Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles, and, after a taste of American customs, decides to become a gentleman.

✓SCARLET PIMPERNEL, THE (United Artists). Leslie Howard, disguised as the "Scarlet Pimpernel," and Merle Oberon as his French wife in a story that works up to an exciting climax and denouement.

✓✓STAR OF MIDNIGHT (RKO). Bill Powell in another "Thin Man" rôle, with Ginger Rogers, this time, as fellow sleuth. Mr. Powell turns detective once more, and there's a surprise ending to the mystery. It's gay, romantic, and you'll like it!

✓SCOUNDREL, THE (Hecht and MacArthur for Paramount). The most controversial picture of the year, with Noel Coward doing a magnificent piece of acting in the title rôle. Julie Hayden is superb as the betrayed girl. See it, if only to get in on the argument.

✓VANESSA — HER LOVE STORY (M-G-M). Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery marry the wrong people but eventually work out their lives satisfactorily. If you like action and crisp people who know their own minds, you will find this a bit out-dated and pokey.

✓WEDDING NIGHT, THE (Samuel Goldwyn). A simple story of three very human people: Gary Cooper, a dissipated novelist, Helen Vinson, his wife, and Anna Sten, a girl of the soil with whom the novelist falls in love. Their sincere performances will tug at your heartstrings.

A Hollywood Bachelor Tells All

(*Continued from page* 25)

annoyed but the old Arkansas hospitality got the better of me and I told her she could sit in front of the fire until the rain let up a bit. It was the usual story: No money, movie mad and just dying for opportunity. She did it awfully well, she might have made a great actress! Suddenly she began to take a great interest in my home and I offered to show her around the place. Bear that in mind, too.

"My solicitous butler-secretary remained close at our heels as we went through the house. I thought, at the time,

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Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free. Phelactine is the modern, odorless facial depilatory that fastidious women prefer.

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HOW A QUICK, EASY WAY TO LEARN MUSIC

changed my name from "Miss" to "Mrs."

LESS than a year ago I was friendless, lonely, unhappy. Then came the amazing event that changed my whole life.

It was at Jane Smith's party. I found myself sitting alone as usual. I had nothing to offer—no musical ability at all. Mary Nelson came over to talk to me. She was a wonderful pianist and the life of every party. "I wish I could play like you, Mary," I said. Imagine my surprise when Mary told me she had never had a teacher in her life.

Then Mary told me about the wonderful new method perfected by the U. S. School of Music. No teacher, no weary scales, no tiresome hours of practise. You play real music right from the start. That very night I sent for the Free Book and Demonstration Lesson.

I never dreamed that playing the piano was so simple. Although I never had any "talent" I was playing my favorite pieces almost before I knew it. Then came the night that proved the turning point in my whole life. I went to a party and this time I had something to offer. My friends were amazed when I sat down at the piano and played song after song. Before the evening was over I was invited to three parties, and it wasn't long before I met Tom, who shortly afterwards asked me to be his wife.

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Name..

Address..

Instrument..

that it was nice of him to switch off the lights as we left each room—economical fellow! In a short while, my visitor glanced at the clock and remembered the ticking meter in the cab at the door. We said goodbye. Apparently, that was *that*.

"Two days later, my butler informed me that this girl was demanding $400 for the treatment she had received at my house the night she had dropped in to call!

"'Why, it's nothing but blackmail!' I said, flabbergasted.

"He said, 'It looks like it.' Somehow, there was something peculiar about the way he said it, but I didn't know about *his* police record at that time.

"It's absurd," I said. "She won't get a cent!

"I tried to reason it out as he told me that the cab driver was ready to swear what time he had brought her and how long she had stayed, just when the lights were turned on in various rooms and of how they had been turned out soon after!

"But you were here!" I protested. "You were with us every minute. You know why the lights were flashed on and off, *you* were the one who turned the switch in every room!

"When he merely shrugged his shoulders, I knew the heat was on. There's no feeling like it! You get sick in the pit of your stomach. I didn't know where to turn, I was too new to Hollywood and the ways of blackmailing women. I think I know now! The answer, I am sure, is publicity! If I had used that the first time, I could have saved myself a lot of trouble and money. Anyway, I gave the butler the four hundred in cash to give her, sending her a written statement to sign in return. That's all I ever heard from her because I told her that if she ever demanded another penny that I would give up my job in pictures rather than pay her a cent!

"But I *still* may not have heard the last about the case! You see, some time later, I found out about my butler's police record and fired him. *He took that signed statement with him!*

"That's the real danger. You never know when the racketeer is going to strike! Cary Grant outsmarted the underworld mob the last time they came after him with the girl racket by taking some precautions beforehand. Although he has never mentioned this for publication, I am sure he won't mind my telling the facts.

"Late one night, Cary got a telephone call from a girl who claimed to be Katharine DeMille, the actress daughter of C. B. DeMille. She said she was in trouble and needed his advice. He kindly offered to come to her home but she demanded that she come to his place! That was her mistake and Cary's tip-off. He realized that Miss DeMille would not do a thing like that. He called the police station and asked that a matron be sent over immediately. He hid her in a bedroom closet, just in case. Sure enough, the girl arrived, rushed past him at the door and headed for the bedroom. Of course, she ran right into the arms of the matron, bless her, and was in jail that night. In her purse they found a list of bachelor actors together with their phone numbers and also the names and numbers of actresses or friends who could be used as bait to get the door open."

I SAID, "It looks as though the open-door-to-Hollywood-money is merely the open door of a bachelor actor's home! By the way, Dick, what was the inside story of that girl named Jessica Weston who forced her way into your home some time ago on the claim that she was your cousin? How did that happen?"

"That was an unusual case," he began. "You see, I wasn't home when this girl arrived. She rang the bell and demanded to be let in on the grounds that she was my cousin. The secretary tried to reason with her, told her that I wasn't home, but little Miss Weston put her foot in the door and refused to take it out! Police were called and she went to jail.

"The next day I was told of the matter and before I had finished breakfast, all the newspaper boys were there to get my side of the story. I went with them to the station and talked with the girl. Within ten minutes I had her story. She had only been in this country for six years, had lived in my home town, gotten the facts of my history and hitch-hiked her way to Hollywood to pull her scheme. I made out a check for $100 bail for her, but when I asked her age, I put the check back in my pocket! *The girl was under twenty-one and if I had put up bail I would have been personally responsible for her!* You see, I couldn't even do a kindness where the girl was concerned. If I had, she would have had me just where she wanted me. Since she has been out of jail, she has come to me twice for money and both times I've helped her out. I suppose it was a mistake. Maybe I'll hear more from it later!"

I told Dick how glad I was that he, of all the actors who have been victimized by blonde blackmailers in Hollywood, had had the courage to publish the truth. It should help. At least it should be a warning to the beautiful blonde girl next door to him that she might as well move away.

Confessions of a Hollywood Press Agent

(*Continued from page* 47)

have lots of babies and be absurdly happy.

The next morning my boss called me to account for a string of slight errors.

"And among other things," he roared, "don't let love-lorn reporters in here with their stage-struck girl friends. Yesterday I ruined a busy afternoon introducing that Miss ahh——, what's her name, ahhh—Gaynor, that's it, Janet Gaynor, introducing her to the casting director because she thinks she can act and so does that beau of hers. Of course, she'll never get beyond extra work, if that. Just a bad photographic type."

The girl never returned to our anteroom, but the boy did, some months later, to tell us that Janet had gotten a swell break in a picture called "Seventh Heaven," one that might mean a good contract!

During the film town's hobbledeboy adolescence (1916 to 1926) when all studios were housed in hastily repainted barns and all feminine brunette stars were "vamps," Cecil B. DeMille was the most powerful, talked about, feared and bizarre personality west of the Rockies. It was during this period that a novel called "The Golden Bed" came to his attention.

Now this story offered an opportunity to stage something never before attempted in front of, behind or to one side of the cameras, an opportunity to use an entire set executed in candy. Yes, I said candy, and I mean just that, and what is more, I saw it and even ate some of it.

Rod LaRocque, Lillian Rich, Vera Reynolds and Warner Baxter were cast in the mighty opus, and an entire confectionery factory ceased boxing its product to build our props.

For months the boys and girls in the publicity offices pounded out copy on the "candy ball," and "the sugar set."

But our labors went unrewarded, for the drama critics throughout the country, took unanimous and energetic exception to "the poorly executed props used in the big scene, that did not resemble candy."

DURING my press agent years I have turned out countless stories based on that hackneyed favorite of every publicity department, "the show must go on" theme. But I have witnessed only a single instance of sublime courage before the cameras.

It happened way back in 1926, in May. I was opening the boss's morning mail when a tall stranger dressed in a grotesque Russian outfit peered into my office and asked to use my telephone.

THIS is Mr. Brook, Mr. Clive Brook speaking. How is the baby? No, I cannot possibly get to the hospital this morning, I am in the middle of a picture. Certainly, at lunch hour. Will a blood transfusion be necessary? Please do not let my wife know. Please call me if there is any change."

The next day and the next he came to my office hourly, offering with each visit a speech of apology for the annoyance.

On the fourth day he came at half-hour intervals because, I knew from his end of the conversation, the baby was worse.

I learned that Clive Brook had been in this country but one year, and with true English reserve he had made but few acquaintances during that time. I learned that the picture he was making for us, called "The Popular Sin" starring Florence Vidor, was his first American break.

I learned that he had not told the director or anyone in the entire studio that his only son, a son planned for, longed for and prayed for, was dying.

On the sixth afternoon there was a definite turn for the better, and on the ninth day, Clive Brook announced to me that his son was going to live.

Few people know that if Dorothea Wieck had not been confused during her first interviews concerning her husband's work in Germany, which was the uncertain, poorly paid calling of writing articles for obscure publications, she would be today one of the great in Hollywood.

She had everything geared for success and fame. She had (and still has) youth and beauty and prodigious talent. But she said "yes" when asked if her bridegroom of six months was a newspaper editor (she thought "editor" was just another English word for "writer") and thereby ruined her American career.

For within a month of those interviews, the entire world was convinced that Dorothea Wieck's husband, Baron von der Decken, was a leading European newspaper editor, Hitler's right-hand man, and the power behind the Swastika. Under the glare of violent disapproval that was caused in many sections of the country over the garbled interviews, her film career died.

We must turn back, for comedy, to 1924, when Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson were grappling for the supremacy of the shabby ten acres of the old Famous Players Lasky Studio, now Paramount Pictures Incorporated.

Negri topped Swanson upon the very day of her arrival from Europe by walking off with the coveted Mary Pickford bungalow for her dressing room.

Swanson retaliated by going off to New York to make her pictures in the company's New York studios, while her new dressing room was built.

Negri then announced her engagement to Charlie Chaplin.

Not many months later Gloria topped this superb gesture by returning from Europe with a real Marquis and a wedding band. Negri was momentarily nonplussed, but the Polish are excellent fighters and she was back in the ring after a short interval bearing off the plum production, "Forbidden Paradise." The whole studio waited anxiously for action.

There was plenty. A private dining room with electric kitchen was built near the Swanson dressing room for Gloria's exclusive use (in those days there were no studio commissaries). Negri, who had been satisfied with the uncertain lunches sent in from Greasy Joe's place across the street, now had orders rushed for a kitchen and splendid dinette in her bungalow. But before a single board had been torn from that crumbling and historic little building, Swanson walked off with the final and complete victory.

One windy morning when all good stars were hurrying to their sets (there were no roadways for automobiles in the old studio and everybody, great and humble, hoofed it), Negri left her bungalow clutching at the cumbersome royal robes she was wearing for "Forbidden Paradise."

And from the opposite direction came Gloria Swanson seated serenely and luxuriantly in a wicker Palm Beach chair, pushed by a white-coated Negro porter. The door leading to her set was whipped open at the amazing approach, and Swanson was wheeled up to the very cameras, where it was necessary for her to take but one step to get into camera range!

From time to time, during my eleven years of press agenting in Hollywood, I've found myself on the red side of the ledger, but there is little bitterness in such deficiencies. My ringside seat at the greatest show on earth has declared enough dividends in laughter and glimpses of humanity to balance the books nicely.

"I've only been here a few months . . . but I think I'm going to like it"

THE WORLD looks pretty rosy to this little lady.

She gets Fletcher's Castoria for a laxative. And she loves it! It is one laxative every child takes willingly!

And that's *very* important! For if a youngster hates the taste of a laxative and struggles against taking it, her nerves are upset by the struggle. And her stomach may be upset also!

So pleasant taste is one of the important reasons why Fletcher's Castoria is the right laxative for children . . .

Here's another:

Fletcher's Castoria is designed *just for* a child's system. It contains no strong, purging drugs such as some adult laxatives contain.

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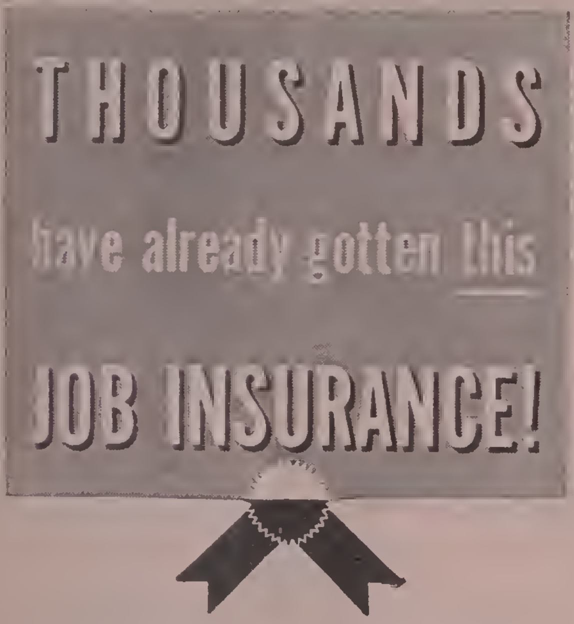

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What Am I Offered?

(Continued from page 29)

hit pictures as "The Secret of Madame Blanche," "Penthouse," "The Thin Man," "Fugitive Lovers" and the play "Up Pops the Devil," are a riot at an auction. They never go ahead of time to see what's going to be offered that they might be interested in. They arrive after the sale has started and sit quietly, inconspicuously on a couple of chairs. Presently something—say a chair—will be offered that attracts one or the other of them. While they are discussing whether or not to buy it, it will be sold to someone else. I've seen them at a number of auctions but I've never known them to get in a bid on anything.

RICHARD and Jobyna Arlen do their buying, or wishing, along similar lines. Once we went to a sale together and an electric orange squeezer was put up. As they showed no signs of bidding on it, I bought it. When we got outside they began to argue, blaming each other for not bidding on it. As Dick's voice took on a slightly acid quality, Joby grinned beguilingly at me. "Mookie was just bidding on it for us," she told her husband. But for once she was wrong. Mookie wasn't. Mookie was bidding on it for Mookie.

Mary Pickford used to come to sales occasionally. The only thing she was interested in, apparently, was art.

Edward G. Robinson is a curious figure in an auction room. I've never seen him at a sale. He prefers to go beforehand and try to get the auctioneer to sell him what he wants. Eddie likes to haggle and bargain. His taste runs to tapestries, paintings, silver, English lead pieces and garden ornaments.

Jean Harlow comes to sales, too. Usually she is accompanied by her mother and step-father. The last time I saw her, William Powell was also with her. In order that Jean may remain inconspicuous, Mrs. Bello (Jean's mother) stands in the rear and does the bidding.

Bing Crosby went to a few of the sales. His home was furnished—and how—by Harold Grieve, but after they had moved in, Bing and Dixie decided they needed a few more plates, as well as a Sheffield tray.

As I have often mentioned, Bing is the most unselfconscious person on earth. We went to one sale with Bing dressed in some soiled flannels, a sweater so loud it shrieked to the high heavens, a cap, unshaven and a wad of chewing gum in his mouth.

He bought a piece of porch furniture for $15—but it costs him close to a hundred before he finished because he had to buy a complete set of porch furniture to match it and then have it upholstered in the same shade of henna.

At another sale he bought two canaries before we could stop him and before they had put up the plates he had gone to buy.

Frances Marion, the highest priced scenarist in the business, attends frequently but unless you know her, you'd never guess she was in the audience. Her weakness is English furniture and rare books.

Ernest Vadja, the noted playwright, is another frequent attender. His taste runs to Siamese silver, although recently he bought a set of theatrical medals, included in which was a badge which members of the original Shakesperian Club wore.

One night a collection was being auctioned off belonging to Edwin Willis, set designer for M-G-M. Nina Wilcox Putnam and her husband were there. I don't recall what was being sold but suddenly Miss Putnam's voice rang in clarion tones above the uproar. "$1.50," she announced.

"Too much," came in just as audible and positive tones from her husband. There were no further bids from Nina that night.

It was at the same sale that Zeppo Marx and Arthur Freed, the song writer, practically disrupted the proceedings. Two glazed chintz chairs were offered. Freed and Zep were together and Freed had been bidding on the chairs right along. They had finally got up to $42 each.

"$42.50," said Zeppo suddenly.

Freed glanced at him in open-mouthed amazement.

"Do you really want these?" he asked, "or is it one of your lame gags?"

"I want 'em," Zeppo announced unconcernedly.

"Well, how high are you going on?" Freed asked. "There's no sense our bidding each other up."

"That's collusion," Paul Curtis, the auctioneer screamed at them excitedly, "and it's against the law."

"We're not colluding," Zeppo shot back. "We're arguing."

They finally agreed that $45.00 was enough to pay for the chairs and they would each take one. Afterwards they matched to see which would get them both. I think Zeppo came off with the chairs. But it was fun while it lasted.

THE ubiquitous Louella Parsons, who knows more about Hollywood and its denizens than all the rest of us put together, graces the gatherings occasionally. So far as I can see, the only things that interest her are marquetry pieces.

And Adrian, who designs gowns for Crawford, Shearer, Garbo, Harlow and all the rest of the M-G-M tribe, attends to collect curios.

Zoe Akins, the scenarist who, in her playwriting days, turned out "Declasse," "Moonflower," "The Varying Shore," "The Texas Nightingale" and other hits, goes in for Aubusson pieces, French and English furniture and Chinese porcelains. But the buxom Zoe saves her wit for her writing and at auctions her conversation is comprised chiefly of bids.

Miriam Hopkins is the latest to start collecting pieces at auctions for the house she has recently purchased in New York.

It's a great game and, in the words of the immortal Frankie Albertson, "Some fun, eh, kid?"

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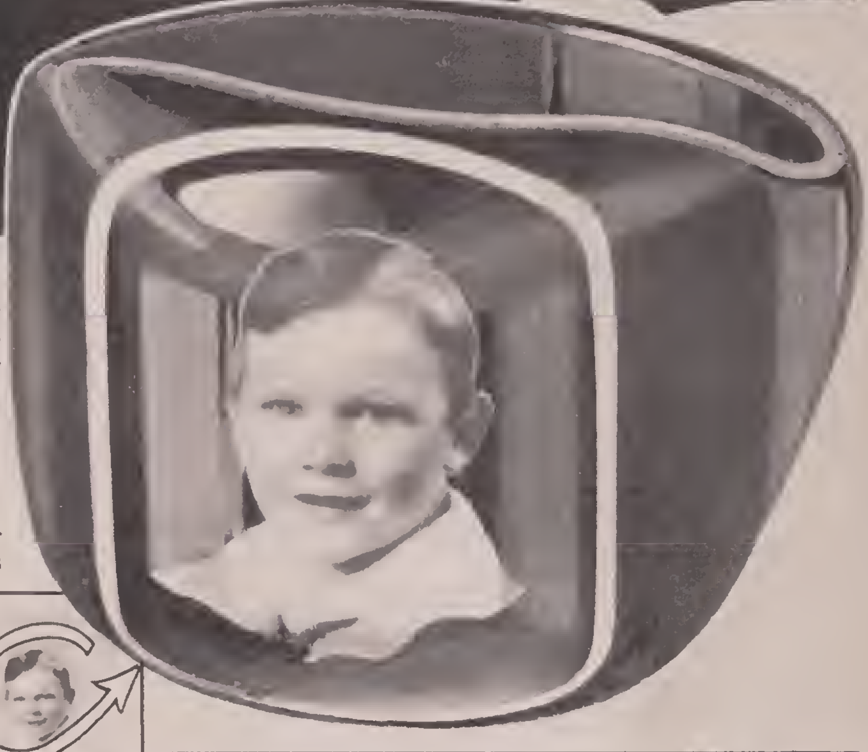

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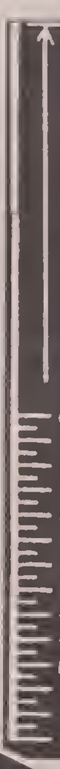

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Try me

I'll never let you down

ROUGH COPY

THE HIDDEN HOLLYWOOD

The ins and outs of Filmland's infinite variety brought to you again in this newsy feature

By

Ruth Waterbury

Madge Evans, "The College Boys' Delight," and Howard Sharpe, journalism student, whose interview with Madge won Movie Mirror's recent new writers' contest. Watch for it next month.

MY favorite moments of the month: The day I went to the Vendome for lunch and sat next to where Dolores Del Rio, Virginia Bruce, Fay Wray and "Rocky" (Mrs. Gary) Cooper were lunching together . . . easily four of the most beautiful and most smartly groomed women who could be observed anywhere . . . but the thing I liked was the way the very blonde Virginia and the very brunette Dolores had managed to sit, side by side, against the wall with the other two girls as foils.

I LIKED, too, the night my favorite screen he-man (and yours, too) stopped by my house to say hello before dinner. The thing that got me, however, was his hair, all done up in a hairnet on account of his wave had just been set and he was driving in an open car. I must say he was pretty fussed about it!

A BIG moment, also, was Bill Powell at the swankiest ranch on earth going riding on a $10,000 pony and wearing faded overalls and a bedraggled polo shirt down to there and yet looking perfectly debonair about it all.

AND then there was that witty and delightful leading man who said that the studio had told him to get his teeth and his toupee ready so he knew that a most important part must be coming up for him.

BUT nothing could surpass that lovely moment at Marion Davies' house party when all the girls lined up against the wall after dinner to see who had the roundest tummy after the sumptuous Davies' meal and nobody could decide between Claudette Colbert and Jean Harlow, though all the men were that interested.

DISCOVERY DEPARTMENT: The keen-faced young gentleman there along side of Madge Evans is Howard Sharpe, and don't stop reading because you never heard of him. You will. In fact you are going to right now. The way he happened to get in MOVIE MIRROR is this. It seemed to me that this magazine, in common with many others, needed new talent in it, new writers, particularly young writers. Burned up with this thought I huddled with Howard Strickling, the brilliant head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity, who said that if I wanted young writers I ought to go where they were, and that he knew there must be some talented ones over at the University of Southern California in the journalism class.

In the natural course of events, that led to my speaking before the USC journalism class, of MOVIE MIRROR's offering a contest for the best interview, of Mr. Strickling's and my choosing Madge Evans as a likely interviewee, since she is the college ideal anyhow and a girl who can reply with intelligence and poise to almost any question.

And that, in turn, led to some fifty essays popping down on my desk in New York when I made my recent trip there. I'd come around by boat, so the manuscripts got there first, MOVIE MIRROR's reading department had already gone over them, and unanimously selected Mr. Sharpe's the winner of the lot.

Mr. Sharpe's story, called "College Man's Portrait of Madge Evans," will be in next month's issue of MOVIE MIRROR. Watch for it. And then if any of you, college boys or girls, or just plain readers have any ideas for stories, do send them in to me. I'm quite sincere about wanting new writers, and my luck with this contest makes me believe I can get some more fresh points of view.

THE greatest excitement was generated this month over the previews of "Becky Sharp" and "Love Me Forever."

Both were terrific disappointments, and for the very same reason—story weakness. You will want to see "Becky Sharp." It will make a great amount of money and because of its color treatment it is one of the most important films ever made. The contribution of Technicolor, backed by its smart inventor, Dr. Kalmus, and made vital through the hard work of Mrs. Natalie Kalmus; the artistry of Designer Robert Edmond Jones, mark a great step forward. But for all that, there is no escaping the awareness that, color or no color, star or no star, the story, after all, is the thing. But one thing startled me. It's this. Every woman in "Becky Sharp" looks years older than she had ever screened before. Something will have to be done about that before color films attain their full value.

It is story weakness that sinks "Love Me Forever," taking along with it Grace Moore, for all her charm and exquisite voice. The music of the film is glorious, Miss Moore has been exquisitely photographed. But a silly scenario keeps Miss Moore off screen a good third of the film and the whole picture is thrown to the distinctly ham talents of Leo Carrillo.

"Becky Sharp" started out to be an epic. So did "Love Me Forever." Now if some bright lad will only make a picture that is just a good yarn, as "It Happened One Night" was, he'll make box-office history.

movie MIRROR

combined with *Shadoplay*

VOL. 7, NO. 4 September 1935

Edited from Hollywood

ERNEST V. HEYN, Eastern Editor
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Editor

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IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE

(Out August 23)

There Should Be a CHARLES BOYER in Every Woman's Life!

A man who understands women completely, not as a man of many affairs and flirtations understands them, but as one who really knows the gentleness, the kindness and the loyalty that women can offer men—that man, hit of "Private Worlds" and "Break of Hearts," is revealed in next month's issue. Don't miss this fascinating story.

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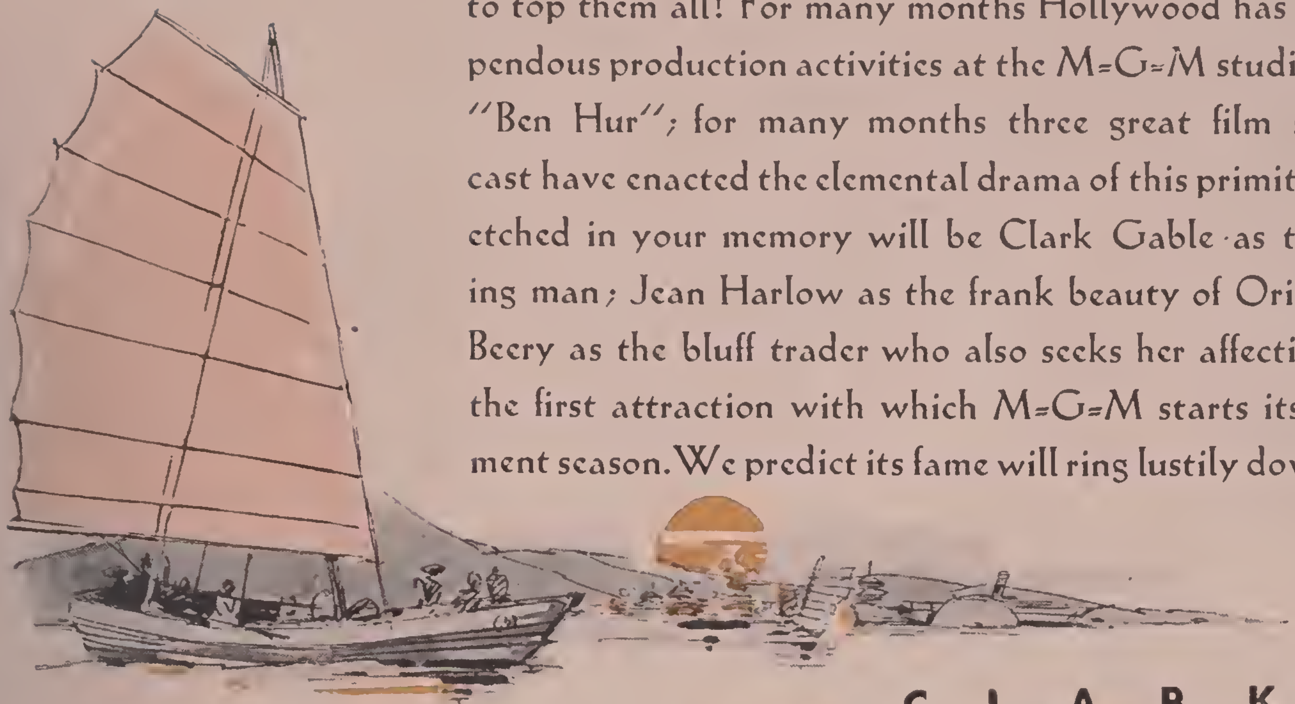
A CHALLENGE TO ALL SCREEN HISTORY!

Think back to your greatest film thrill! Recall the mightiest moments of romance, action, soul-adventure of the screen! A picture has come to top them all! For many months Hollywood has marvelled at the stupendous production activities at the M-G-M studios, not equalled since "Ben Hur"; for many months three great film stars and a brilliant cast have enacted the elemental drama of this primitive love story. Deeply etched in your memory will be Clark Gable as the handsome seafaring man; Jean Harlow as the frank beauty of Oriental ports; Wallace Beery as the bluff trader who also seeks her affections. "China Seas" is the first attraction with which M-G-M starts its new Fall entertainment season. We predict its fame will ring lustily down the years to come!



CLARK
GABLE
JEAN
HARLOW
WALLACE
BEERY

CHINA SEAS

with

Lewis STONE · Rosalind RUSSELL

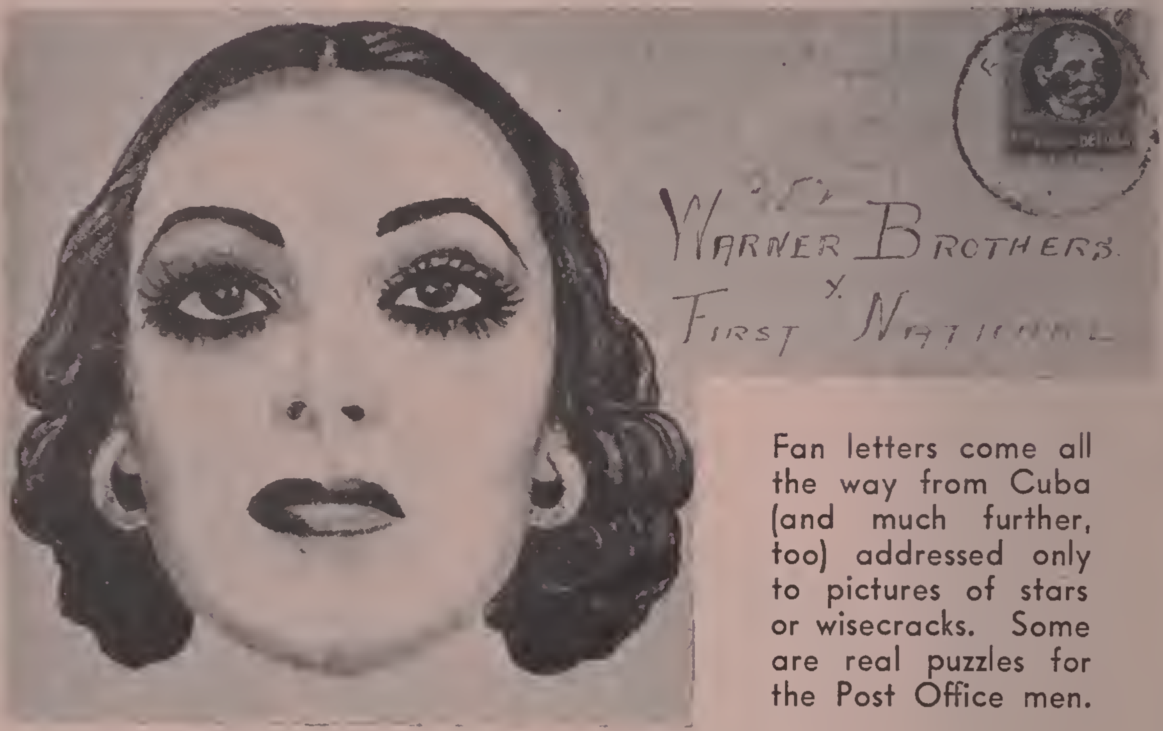
Directed by Tay Garnett • Associate Producer: Albert Lewin

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

JUST OFF HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

By WALTER RAMSEY

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *Thanks and more thanks to all you grand people who have written me about this column; your considerate words of encouragement help a lot and I hope many more of you will take time to tell me what you think of these little stories of famous-but-little-known places and people in Hollywood. Thanks also for several letters suggesting items you would like me to write about. I'll get around to them in the order in which they arrive. Should you have suggestions as to number of items or their length, please include them. Address letters to me in care of* MOVIE MIRROR, *7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.* W. R.



Fan letters come all the way from Cuba (and much further, too) addressed only to pictures of stars or wisecracks. Some are real puzzles for the Post Office men.

MR. T. A. SHIPMAN looks like a typical, war-time aviator—medium tall, slender and soft spoken—but he isn't. Mr. Shipman is a distributor in the Hollywood Post Office. He's the one who figures out all those funny letters addressed to movie stars. Ones like:

Peel Me a Grape.

"That was one of the easier ones," smiled Distributor Shipman. "Sometimes we get some tough ones and then I have to call on Eddie Stillwell, carrier No. 1027, to help me. Yesterday we got a letter that had three pictures drawn on the envelope: (1) a pair of stepins, (2) a dog and (3) a bone. We finally doped it out to mean Stepin Fetchit. A few days ago we got one like this: (1) a small horse, (2) the letter "Y", (3) an automobile radiator and (4) an island. Eddie and I finally got it; it was Mary Carlisle!

"It's bad for me to tell you about all these letters because the Post Office regulations prohibit us from delivery; still we like to, so we always do. That is, when we can.

"But there is one that we never have doped out. I'll tell you about it and maybe some of your readers will get it. Here it is: the front of the envelope has a drawing of a White Horse. The back of the envelope has a picture of a country estate with a lake and a swan on it. Eddie and I couldn't get that one."

Come on readers: Mr. Stillman has had eleven years service and this one letter stands in his way of a perfect record with the goofy letters. Send me the solution and I'll hand it to Distributor Stillman who will, in turn, be very happy to pass it along to the movie star you have designated.

EDDIE SCARPA has been in Hollywood fifteen years and all that time he's been waiting to satisfy one ambition: to die *slowly!*

Eddie's been acting in the movies all these years, so I've known him a long time. Last night I saw him sitting in the all-night restaurant. "Come on over and sit with me," he said. He looked even sadder than usual.

Eddie is an Italian and wears snappy clothes; that is, they look snappy when he's sitting down. When he stands up, some of the snap disappears. Eddie's too short to look snappy, standing up. He's too short for those big cigars he smokes, too, but he's been inhaling 'em for years.

"How's the dying coming?" I asked him.

"I'm worried," says Eddie. "I don't think I'm going to get a break, even in this one."

"You're going to die, aren't you?"

"Yah, I die, but I don't die right. I'm a gangster, see, like always. I get shot while I'm driving a cab. But I die fast—too fast, no close-ups. Maybe I'll ask the director to let me die slower."

Too bad they won't let Eddie Scarpa die slowly. He's got the thing all figured out: he'd smile in his pain and pray in Italian. He's been practicing for years. You see, Eddie saw Barry Norton's death scene in "The Big Parade" and he's sure he'd get a break if he

(*Continued on page 93*)

until death do us part

Gary Cooper and Ann Harding in a scene from the Paramount Picture "Peter Ibbetson" directed by Henry Hathaway

Romeo and Juliet!...Antony and Cleopatra!...Tristan and Isolde!...Dante and Beatrice!...Heloise and Abelard! ...Lovers all—out of the scores upon scores of lovers who down through the ages have fired the imagination and the creative artistry of bards and minstrels, poets and playwrights, painters and writers.

Without end are the enduring love stories of the world—those transcendental, inspiring romances that reach into the hearts, souls and minds of people—to lift humans out of themselves for one brief, thrilling instant in the scheme of things and make them kin to the gods in Paradise!

Taking its place alongside the immortal love romances of all time is the touching, tenderly beautiful story of Peter and Mary in Du Maurier's glorious tale, "Peter Ibbetson." Here was a love truly beyond all human understanding—a love that endured through childhood, manhood and old age—a love that flamed with a brilliant intensity—a love that burned even beyond the grave.

As a novel, "Peter Ibbetson" left an indelible imprint on all who read it. As a stage play, and then again as an opera, idealized with music, it entranced those fortunate enough to have witnessed its performance. Now it is being brought to the screen by Paramount, with a devotion to casting and direction that promises to further deify, if possible, what is already recognized as an immortal work.

Gary Cooper has been chosen to portray the sincerity and manly manliness of Peter Ibbetson, while Ann Harding has won the coveted role of Mary, who was the Duchess of Towers. The screen play has been placed under the lucid and understanding direction of Henry Hathaway, who guided the destinies of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

As a living, breathing canvas that recreates the glamorous scenes and the passionate interludes of Du Maurier's story, the photoplay "Peter Ibbetson" gives every promise of presenting another screen masterpiece in this story of a love that will last through all eternity.

Preview

from the latest hits of

"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley! SHE DANCES AGAIN . . . SHE SINGS 2 SONGS in this excitingly different story!

"SURPRISE!" SHIRLEY SEEMS TO SHOUT GLEEFULLY. For what a joy package of surprises this picture will be!

"Curly Top" is completely different in story and background from all the other Temple triumphs. This time, Shirley plays the mischievous, lovable ringleader of a group of little girls, longing for happiness and a home. Once again, she dances—she sings—in that winsome way which captured the heart of the whole world.

And . . . SURPRISE! . . . Rochelle Hudson, as Shirley's faithful sister, sings for the first time on the screen, revealing a rich, beautiful voice in a song that will be the hit of the year. Her song duets with John Boles—their wealthy and secret benefactor—lead to a love duet that ends in perfect harmony!

"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley . . . and that means tops in entertainment *for the whole family!*

"All my life, I've had a hunger in my heart . . . a hunger to love and be loved."

Shirley TEMPLE
IN
'CURLY TOP'

with

JOHN BOLES
ROCHELLE HUDSON
JANE DARWELL

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by Irving Cummings

You'll cheer these 5 HIT SONGS
by RAY HENDERSON
America's Number 1 Songsmith!
"When I Grow Up"
"Animal Crackers In My Soup"
"The Simple Things In Life"
"It's All So New To Me"
"Curly Top"

"Spunky—if you don't stop sneezing, you're going to catch p-monia. You really ought to have a hot lemonade."

Flashes

your favorite stars!

by Jerry Halliday

JANET GAYNOR
AND
HENRY FONDA
IN
The FARMER TAKES a WIFÉ

Charles Bickford
Roger Imhof
Slim Summerville
Jane Withers
Andy Devine
Margaret Hamilton

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by Victor Fleming
Screen Play by Edwin Burke
From Max Gordon's Stage Play • Authors Frank B. Elser and Marc Connelly • Based on the novel "Rome Haul" by Walter D. Edmonds

A STAR OVERNIGHT . . . Henry Fonda zooms to stardom as the son of the soil who works on the canal to earn money for a farm.

JANET GAYNOR SCORES the greatest performance of her career as the fiery canal boat girl who accuses the man she loves of COWARDICE!

YOU . . . who loved "State Fair" . . . HAVE ANOTHER TREAT COMING!

Set in a dramatic, colorful era of American life now shown for the first time . . . when the speed of the railroad doomed the picturesque waterways . . . this story is a refreshingly new, vital, heart-warming tale of simple folk on the great Erie Canal, when it was one of the world's wonders, the gateway through which civilization took its Westward march . . . when its lazy waters rang with the shouts of swaggering boatmen, bullying their women, brawling with their rivals.

Through it all threads the romance of a kissable little miss who hides her sentimental yearnings behind a fiery temper . . . while a dreamy lad, homesick for the soil, contends for her affection with the mighty-fisted bully of the waterways.

Ask your theatre manager when he plans to play it!

movie MIRROR JR.

CONDUCTED BY BETTY TURNER

IT is only natural that boys and girls all over the world should envy the children in pictures. Not only do the young stars like Shirley Temple and David Holt have the whole exciting run of the studios for their playground but they don't have to go to school. That's what you think!

Well, now that the fall session is approaching, perhaps you'd like to be in pictures just so you wouldn't have to study your lessons. But children in pictures have to study, too. They don't go to school, however. School comes to them.

Over at Paramount, Miss Rachel Smith is head of the studio school. She is an accredited teacher, as all picture educators must be, just like the teachers in regular grammar schools. She gives a test every Friday and a big examination at the end of the term. And Virginia Weidler, David Holt, Lois Kent, Dickie Moore, Billy Lee and even little Baby LeRoy worry and study for those tests just as much as you do for yours.

Their fame doesn't get these children out of their lessons. Even when they are working in a picture, they have to go to school at least three hours a day. Between pictures they go to school from nine in the morning until three in the afternoon, with an hour and a half off for lunch. When the camera is shooting, the kids study right on the set. But when they are not needed for work, Miss Smith goes with them to their dressing rooms where they work out their writing and arithmetic together.

Most of the child players are brighter than average for their age. And most of them like their lessons. That is, they like *some* of their lessons although, as in your case, there are some subjects that cannot be mastered easily. But this only makes them work the harder.

Virginia Weidler, the little brunette girl who was so fine in "Laddie," likes arithmetic best. She is eight years old and is doing fractions now. Once in a while she makes a mistake and explains it all by saying she was crazy that morning. Virginia isn't perfect by any means. Though she shines in arithmetic, she has many tardy marks against her. She's a regular tomboy in her recess hours. She likes engines better than dolls and would rather play with her brothers than her sisters.

David Holt, one of the most popular boys on the screen, likes arithmetic, too. He is seven years old and ready for fifth grade arithmetic right now. He knows all his tables and is just beginning fractions and not having very much trouble with them. The thing that David does best, however, is write. His penmanship is practically as good as a high school student's.

Little Dickey Moore, the boy with the great big eyes, has a terrible time with writing. But he has been trying hard and with a lot of practice his writing has improved steadily in the last few months. So when you see "Peter Ibbetson," in which Dickey has a role, you'll see someone who should encourage you very much in your studies. For Dickie is overcoming difficulties by hard work and study.

Billy Lee has just begun school at Paramount. So far, he prefers writing little compositions and drawing. Most of the Paramount children seem to prefer arithmetic, so perhaps Billy, who is only five now, will develop that taste when he gets a little older.

Baby LeRoy is a Paramount player, too. He's only three years old and hasn't been talking much more than a year, so he doesn't have real lessons yet. But he has to study just the same! He is trained on the sets, learning his lines and "business" for scenes in which he is to appear. In his last picture, he had to learn five cue lines in one day. He doesn't have a regular examination like the other students, but he did take a psychology test, sent (*Continued on page 104*)

REVIEWS FOR JUNIORS

MEN WITHOUT NAMES (Paramount). It's about the G-Men and you'll think it's keen.

MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, THE (Paramount). Here's a funny film with that funny man, W. C. Fields.

39 STEPS, THE (GB). No gangsters, but lots of spies and a good mystery.

CHINA SEAS (M-G-M). The love scenes may bore you, but you'll get a kick when the pirates come aboard.

HARD ROCK HARRIGAN (Fox). The very best; you will love it.

Spanky McFarland has to study at least three hours a day at M-G-M's studio even when he's in costume for "O'Shaughnessy's Boy."

NORMA SHEARER

Congratulations to one of the screen's First Ladies! At last, Norma has the daughter she has looked forward to so eagerly, as a sister for little Irving Thalberg, Jr. (now five years old). And that she's happy about it is readily proved by this radiant portrait from the first sitting Norma has posed for since her eight-pound baby was born on June 15. The new Thalberg child has been named Katharine, after Katharine Cornell, who created Norma's "Barretts of Wimpole Street" rôle on the stage

RUBY KEELER **AL JOLSON**

Here's a real-life romance that outrivals both the long run and the plot of "Abie's Irish Rose." They've been married seven years, and have just adopted a Junior from "The Cradle," Chicago's famous orphanage (where Burns and Allen got their baby).

Among all the tiny babies that she saw, Ruby chose the one "who looked most like Al." But they're not giving out his picture at present, thank you, because he might be recognized by those who abandoned him—and they couldn't give him up now.

PORTRAIT BY MAURICE GOLDBERG
EXCLUSIVELY FOR MOVIE MIRROR

"In no other napkin can you find these exclusive Kotex features"

Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

"CAN'T CHAFE"

The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. The sides are cushioned in a special soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

"CAN'T FAIL"

Security at all times ... Kotex assures it! A special channeled center guides moisture the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk. Ends twisting. The Kotex filler is 5 *times* more absorbent than cotton.

"CAN'T SHOW"

The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines when you wear Kotex. The ends are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.

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Regular Kotex

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IN THE GREEN BOX

Junior Kotex

Somewhat narrower—is this Junior Kotex. Designed at the request of women of slight stature, and younger girls. Thousands will find it suitable for certain days when less protection is needed.

IN THE BROWN BOX

Super Kotex

For more protection on some days it's only natural that you desire a napkin with greater absorbency. That's Super Kotex! It gives you that extra protection, yet is no longer or wider than Regular.

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the Positive Deodorant Powder for Personal Daintiness

The perfect deodorant powder for use with Kotex . . . and for every need! Quest is a dainty, soothing powder, safe to use. Buy Quest when you buy Kotex—only 35c.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

A BOY and HIS DOG

Freddie Bartholomew, the most famous little Englishman in Hollywood, romps on the sands in front of his home where he lives with his devoted Auntie Myllicent

Life isn't all hardships and cruel parents for young "David Copperfield," but he isn't taking any chances! He's learning the manly art of self-defense at an early age (right).

The two things that Freddie likes best in America (outside of Indians and cowboys) are chewing gum and baseball (below).

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THE FRANKLIN

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FREE

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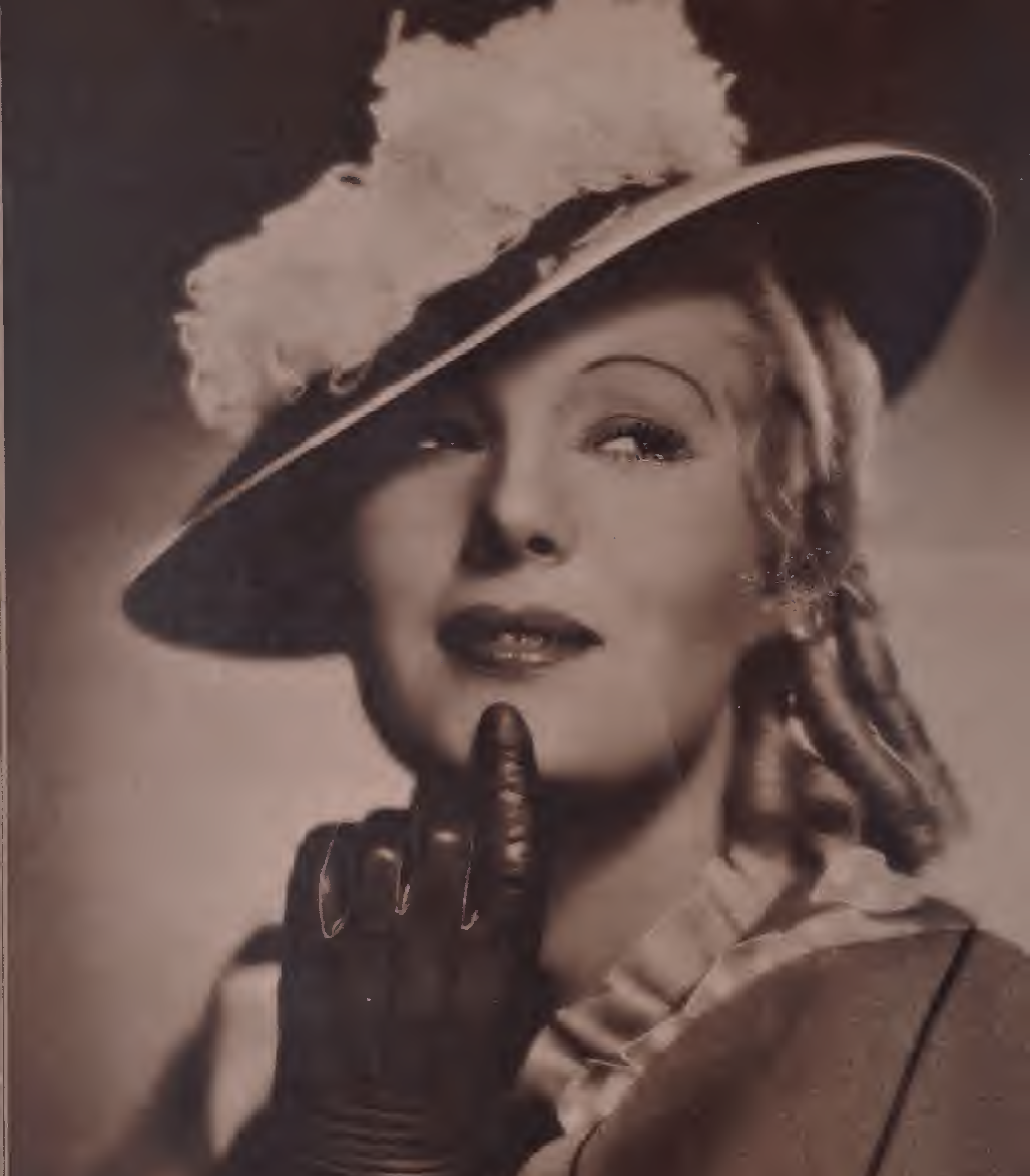

BINNIE BARNES

True to its eccentric reputation, Hollywood has cast one of its most typical English girls in the rôle of that great American beauty, Lillian Russell, in Universal's "Diamond Jim." Anyway, there's no denying that Binnie is beautiful enough—and she's one of the most regular gals from Britain that filmland has ever seen. She actually got her start on the stage as "Texas Binnie" Barnes in a rope-twirling act, although she had never seen Texas or even a cowboy. She's a London "Bobbie's" daughter.

NUMBER TWENTY IN A SERIES OF FRANK TALKS BY EMINENT WOMEN PHYSICIANS

The Woman who "thinks she knows" so often is Headed for Tragedy

"When it comes to marriage hygiene, a little knowledge is truly a dangerous thing"

...writes Dr. Steinberger Sarolta of Budapest

"We consider ourselves modern, yet most women today still have a natural reluctance to talk frankly about such a delicate subject as marriage hygiene. And hidden in the shadows of this secrecy, the doctor finds a shocking amount of misinformation, quackery, and—too often—stark tragedy.

"My heart aches for the victims of half-truths, especially when there is a proper method of marriage hygiene.

"Millions of women have found that "Lysol" deserves their confidence. It is so reliable that hundreds of modern clinics use it in that most delicate of all operations . . . childbirth. And if every young married woman knew "Lysol's" effectiveness in personal hygiene—fewer marriages would come to tragic ends.

"It is a privilege for a doctor to recommend "Lysol" for feminine hygiene. For, in the cases of countless women, I have seen that method turn worry into serenity, change despondency into happiness."

(*Signed*) DR. STEINBERGER SAROLTA

6 "Lysol" Features Important to You

1. Safety. . ."Lysol" is gentle and reliable. Contains no free alkali; cannot harm delicate feminine tissues.
2. Effectiveness . . ."Lysol" is a true germicide, which means that it is effective under practical conditions . . . in the body (in the presence of organic matter) and not just in test tubes.
3. Penetration . . ."Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus actually *search out germs.*
4. Economy. . ."Lysol", because it is a concentrated germicide, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. Odor . . .The odor of "Lysol" disappears immediately after use, leaving one both fresh and refreshed.
6. Stability. . ."Lysol" keeps its full strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how much it is exposed.

"...too many women are reluctant to talk frankly about such a delicate subject."

If you are to make a real success of your marriage, make gentle, reliable "Lysol" a part of your personal hygiene. Its regular use is such an assurance of immaculate feminine daintiness . . . to say nothing of the peace of mind it brings.

Throughout your home, fight germs with "Lysol"

You can't see the millions of germs that threaten your family, but you must fight those invisible foes through disinfection. Use "Lysol" in washing handkerchiefs, bed linen, towels, and to clean telephone mouthpiece, door knobs, laundry, kitchen and bath room.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Mail coupon for a copy of our interesting brochure—"LYSOL vs GERMS," containing facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol."

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., *Dept. LY-61*
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

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*City*__________________ *State*________

© 1935, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

Lysol Disinfectant

NEW! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

Inside Stuff

By PETER ABBOTT

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

HOT NEWS: That romance between **Merle Oberon** and **David Niven** is now past the substitute stage and is the real thing; Niven is to get his first break in Columbia's "A Feather in Her Hat," opposite **Ruth Chatterton.**

Dietrich is reported romantically interested in **Count Carpagne.** She appeared at **Carole Lombard's** party in shorts, after promising to go feminine.

Toby Wing is off the Paramount payroll until she loses eleven pounds; she plays badminton in the backyard of a famous director every day now.

Mary Carlisle wishes no one to mention her renewed romance with **James Blakeley,** since publicity is blamed for the last breakup.

There's a story going around that **Bob Taylor** is secretly married to **Irene Hervey.**

Fay Wray, who is Canadian-born, just received her first citizenship papers.

Colleen Moore and **Al Scott** are separating.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will return to Hollywood to play the lead opposite **Hepburn** in "Sylvia Scarlet."

Janet Gaynor suffered a brain concussion as a result of a fall while on location, but it's not serious.

Nelson Eddy is leaving for a European vacation before his next picture.

A visiting minister tried to convert **Clark Gable** to becoming an evangelist.

Joan Crawford is busy denying stories that she married **Franchot Tone** last year.

You may expect an engagement announcement any day from **Paul Cavanagh** and **Reine Davies, Marion's** sister—and also from **John Warburton** and **Lucile Morrison.**

* * *

WHEN Carole Lombard was in New York, she was rushed off her feet by wealthy and handsome William Rhinelander Stewart. When she is in Hollywood, however, it's rather well-known that her constant and devoted escort is Robert Riskin. That's why Hollywood was wondering what would happen when Willie Stewart came to town. They found out last night when Carole came waltzing into the Trocadero with Bob on one arm and Willie on the other. After a hasty vote, the famous onlookers came to the conclusion that Carole should have been in the diplomatic corps!

* * *

CARY GRANT is still having Betty Furness trouble——and we were so sure he would never get over Virginia Cherrill! But then, so was he!

* * *

THE story got out that W. C. Fields would never make another picture, that his health was absolutely gone and that his career as one of the top-line box-office stars was at an end.

We dashed right over to Paramount to get the truth for you.

W. C. Fields is very ill. He is leaving immediately on a three-months' leave of absence. A combination of things is responsible: the hard life he led as a youngster, the fact that he hasn't

READ THESE PAGES FOR NEWS OF THE STARS' OFF-slept over two hours a night for fifteen years, plus the broken ankle and badly-turned back he suffered in his latest picture.

But W. C. Fields will come back to Hollywood and he will make more of his grand pictures! We know that to be a fact because Mr. Fields told us himself.

* * *

BUT one such story, also this week, is true!

The rumor broke that a certain young, newly-discovered actor had made his last picture. Rumor revealed that, just as he was on the threshold of stardom, a dread disease had laid him low and that his future was to be spent, not on the silver screen of Hollywood fame, but in a little house in the desert where he will try to recuperate.

While this story happens to be true, we would not break his heart by revealing the name of the actor. Enough to disclose that he has become a national favorite in his first three or four pictures and that he was headed for sure stardom. Imagine his thoughts: after years of hoping and struggling for a chance, he got a real break—and then his health broke! Truly a pitiful case.

Left, Lucile Gleason, Ben Alexander, Anita Louise, Frank McHugh, Jimmie Gleason, Ginger Rogers, Pat O'Brien, May Robson—Jimmie's birthday party.

Below, it's hard to tell from Jimmie Cagney's expression whether he envies Fred Keating's appetite or disapproves of it. At Pat O'Brien's party.

"Wash hand-knits with *IVORY FLAKES*," URGE THE MAKERS OF MINERVA YARNS

"Gosh, I hope my sweater turns out as nice as yours. But mine's dirty *already!*"
"Oh, I washed mine when I finished it. These Minerva yarns wash beautifully with Ivory Flakes."

1. TAKE MEASUREMENTS or trace out line of sweater on heavy paper.

2. SQUEEZE LUKEWARM SUDS of pure Ivory Flakes through garment. *Do not rub, twist* or *let stretch.*

3. RINSE 3 TIMES in lukewarm water of same temperature. Knead out excess moisture in bath towel.

4. DRY FLAT, easing back (or stretching) to original outline.

WHEN DRY, appearance is improved by light pressing under damp cloth.

Knit one, purl one—when you put a lot of time into knitting a sweater you don't want it to become little-sister's-size after its first washing! Wool *is* sensitive—it shrinks at the mere mention of rubbing, hot water or an *impure soap!*

So wash your woolens with respectful care. And be especially sure to use cool suds of Ivory Flakes. Why Ivory Flakes? Well, listen to what the makers of Minerva yarns say: "We feel that Ivory Flakes are safest for fine woolens because Ivory is really *pure*—protects the natural oils that keep wool soft and springy."

Read the washing directions on this page, follow them carefully—and your hand-knits will always stay lovely as new!

99 44/100 % PURE

IVORY FLAKES

AT THE SAN DIEGO FAIR—MOVIE

Left, the Official Guide which started many stars Fairward. Below, we always thought Thelma Todd was a big girl until she had her picture taken with the giant at the San Diego Fair.

HOLLYWOOD got the tables turned on itself this past month when what was to have been the greatest sob story of the year turned out to be one of the best laughs.

When Warners announced "Keystone Hotel," bringing together such oldtime Mack Sennett stars as Marie Prevost, Ben Turpin, Hank Mann, Chester Conklin and many others, it looked like a real collection of sobs for the sentimental. After all, most of these players had been off the screen for quite some time. Had they been starving to death? Had they lived in old abandoned studios? Had Hollywood, at last, awakened to its duty to these Keystone Comedy stars? What a tear jerker it would be!

Hollywood expected to sob over Marie Prevost, then Chester Conklin and finally the rest of the boys and girls in the picture. Marie Prevost had to admit that she had been making quite a success on the stage with her personal appearances; Chester Conklin's old salary of $2,500.00 a week was still marked on the payroll. Ben Turpin, much to the chagrin of the sob artists, was rated as a wealthy man! So it was with the others.

So, those of you who may have made the same mistake, be assured that the oldtimers of the Keystone days are doing very well. In fact, this first revival picture may be such an overnight success that there will be many others to follow.

* * *

HERE is news! The rumor is out that Television will be a reality soon, in fact, sets for home use will be on sale in time for Christmas. The very first stars signed from Hollywood to be the newest stars of Television are Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay!

* * *

JOHN BOLES has an idea that should be adopted by more husbands: while he is working on a picture he runs down to his home at Malibu Beach over each week-end, *alone!* His beautiful wife and charming children don't see him until Monday evening for dinner. "I have to have a chance to get away from telephones and noise. Malibu gives me this, also affording me a grand opportunity for the study of lines for the following week's work."

* * *

HOLLYWOOD SHORTS:

Mary Pickford was hardly chosen by Margery Wilson (expert) as "The Most Charming Woman in Hollywood" when half the town was up in arms demanding that Mary pick a list for herself. Every time she picked a new list, it grew larger.

It comes to light that when Jack Gilbert was divorced by Virginia Bruce he

Lower left, it's a good Fair, but there's too much of it underfoot, so Lucile Gleason takes to a roller chair propelled by George Murphy. Below, Cameraman Hal Mohr and Mrs. Mohr (Evelyn Venable), also members of the roller-chair brigade, stop to chat with Eddie Cantor's very life-like dummy.

Below, Jean Hersholt, Anita Louise and George Breakstone (standing) at the Fair. We're puzzled about the hat, too—maybe it belongs to George.

made a lump sum settlement of almost $50,000.00.

Ronald Colman covered a lot of ground in Arrowhead over the weekend, dodging autograph hunters. He really got exercised!

'Tis said that William Wrigley is anxious to buy the sets constructed on his Catalina Island by M-G-M for "Mutiny on the Bounty" and keep them there as a permanent exhibit to attract the tourist trade.

We're beginning to think that Charles Laughton gets a sort of fiendish delight in cutting his hair as screwy as he does, at least when he goes to a formal party. Some of his fore-lock chopping is almost an art.

It's becoming a game to guess where Janet Gaynor hides! She's never seen in public at all, anymore. We got to wondering, last night, if she doesn't worry about never seeing such late-spots as the Trocadero and the Clover Club. Maybe she has fun, though.

Saw Buddy Rogers sitting in the RKO lunchroom this noon. He doesn't look a day older than he did the last time we saw him.

They say that Joe E. Brown was all set to buy an interest in a major-league baseball club until they told him the price.

* * *

IF you are as anxious as most of the tourists in Hollywood for the stars' autographs, you would have been in your heaven at the party Pat O'Brien threw last week. The idea of the party was half barbecue and half autographing the new bar.

Below, Edward ("Diamond Jim") Arnold throws his money about at the Fair, and Binnie Barnes takes advantage of the opportunity for some gold-digging.

DOES YOUR *hair* WIN HIM IN A *Close-up?*

Watch your "close-ups"! OILY, stringy hair, or DRY, lusterless wisps, are no "beau-catchers"! Use a shampoo made for YOUR OWN TYPE of hair to guard its beauty

Special shampoo for DRY HAIR

If permanents, harsh shampoos, outdoor swimming, or summer's sun have left your hair too *dry, begin now* to give yourself Packer's *Olive Oil* shampoos. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is *made especially* for dry hair. In addition to nourishing olive oil, it contains glycerine to soothe and soften your hair until it shines like silk.

Packer has specialized in the care of the hair for over 60 years. Packer's Shampoos are absolutely safe.

Individual shampoo for OILY HAIR

Do you know that *over-oily* hair means that the oil glands in your scalp are relaxed—flabby? They *spill over . . .* flood your hair with oil.

Tighten them up! Wash your hair frequently with Packer's tonic Pine Tar Shampoo. This shampoo is gently astringent—*made especially* for oily hair. It gives a rich snowy lather, too, that takes up all the excess oil and rinses cleanly. Just see how your hair fluffs and gleams!

PACKER'S SHAMPOOS

OLIVE OIL for DRY *hair*

PINE TAR for OILY *hair*

THE LAST WORD FROM HOLLYWOOD

Dudley Digges being measured for a wooden leg for his rôle in "Mutiny on the Bounty," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's famous saga of the sea.

Lily Damita, arriving at the dining room in sports clothes when every other guest was dressed for dinner proceeded to amaze the onlookers by combing her hair constantly between courses.

* * *

MERLE OBERON thought she had a grand idea for saving time each morning. She had noticed that certain of the boys, like Gary Cooper and Clark Gable, wore no screen make-up at all, merely spent some time in the sun until they got a good tan. The tan, almost the color of screen make-up, saved time.

So, during the weeks just before "Dark Angel" was to start, Merle spent all her time on the beach getting a tan that would knock your eye out! Came the day for the make-up tests. The experts were flabbergasted. Tan wouldn't do on a woman! So now Miss Oberon is going through the painful process of bleaching her skin back to normal. It hurts. So much that she rubs castor oil on her face to take away the sting. And is that hard on all her admirers!

* * *

WHEN you see and hear newcomer Michael Bartlett singing so beautifully in Grace Moore's "Love Me Forever," you may wonder how Grace happened to be so open-handed about the whole thing, so open-handed that Mr. Bartlett steals most of the show!

The truth is, she wasn't! But after Grace had departed for Europe, the studio bosses got out the cameras and equipment again and gave Michael a bit better break than Miss Moore had planned. So if you think you're surprised at his chance, just imagine Gracie's face when she sees the final cut!

* * *

UNUSUAL TRAVEL NOTES:

JEAN HARLOW, immediately after the preview of "China Seas," left for the northern part of California where she will vacation for about ten days.

Greta Garbo passed through New York on her way to Sweden and allowed pictures to be made.

Bill Powell, immediately after the preview of "Masquerade," left for the northern part of California

Left, the bored young man whose sea-going coiffure is being arranged by Make-up Artist Bryden is—Clark Gable!

Three hundred of the famous gathered and each was handed an ice-pick and told to write his name in the soft wood on the top of the bar. You ought to see the names! We watched Joan Blondell, Jimmie Cagney, Hugh Herbert, Mary Brian and a host of others write their names until the whole top of the bar looked like that autograph door that Lew Cody used to make all the gang sign.

The honored guest was Bert Lytell who is appearing on the stage in Hollywood. Leo Carrillo did the carving—and what a mean flourish he has.

* * *

CALIENTE recently pulled quite a crowd out of Hollywood. And, as usual, lots of funny things happened.

Bing Crosby was sitting in a box at the races and losing his shirt. Suddenly, a modest-appearing little gal in the next box yipped, "Ain't you goin' to croon?" Bing answered, "If I win this next bet." The race over, she repeated the question and Bing replied, "No crooning on *that* horse race!"

Right, Clark, again, with Charles Laughton and Franchot Tone, between "Mutiny on the Bounty" shots which are being made on Catalina Island.

where he will rest for about two weeks.

George Brent is rumored to be planning a trip to England very soon. He may visit the Scandinavian countries while abroad.

* * *

LUISE RAINER, the unusual little Viennese actress, is gaining quite a reputation in Hollywood. First, she is cast opposite Bill Powell for her initial picture. Second, she's what might be called "a little hell-raiser!" Here's how she is acquiring that second reputation:

(1) Tearing up whole pages of dialogue (right in front of the horrified writer) and saying: ". . . eet iss not the way Luise can say eet. . . ." She then proceeds to write her own. Oddly enough, it turns out swell.

(2) Demanding a "closed set." That trick is all right for a well-established Garbo—after all, Greta has recently signed for her eleventh year at M-G-M—but Luise has just arrived. She capped the climax the other day when she demanded that her producer leave the set or she wouldn't work. He left, too.

(3) Arriving at the studio with a "little girl look" on her quaint little face and handing five speed tickets to the studio police officer with, "Luise doesn't know what to do with these." Five minutes later, the look on her face has changed and she's doing her temperamental act!

Add to that the fact that she never combs her hair, that she doesn't like to wear feminine clothes, that she talks the same to the producer and the electrician and you get a fairly good picture of her. On the other hand, she almost stopped May Robson's birthday party with her honest sincerity! She arrived on the scene clutching three (3) flowers from her own garden. She said, "I pick them for you." All the rest of the guests had either sent baskets of roses or expensive gifts. The little hell raiser's three lonesome posies almost stopped the show. Her hair still wasn't combed.

* * *

MRS. JULIA COLUMBO, mother of Russ Columbo, has recovered from her long illness—but she hasn't yet been told of Russ' death last September!

* * *

DID you know that Nelson Eddy, John Boles, Lawrence Tibbett, all got their vocal start and first chance singing in church choirs?

* * *

'TIS said that the Gertie Lawrence-Doug Fairbanks, Jr. heartthrob is almost as cold as the one between Elissa Landi and Jean Negulesco.

* * *

A WRITING gentleman by the name of Bennett Cerf is the reason for all these hectic New York jaunts that Sylvia Sidney has been taking of late.

(*Continued on page* 23)

WHY JEAN! HOW DID YOU GET SO THIN ?

"I have . . .
REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES *with the* **PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"**
. . . writes Miss Jean Healy

"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company ...and sent for FREE folder".

"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial".

"The massage-like action did-it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away".

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds".

REDUCE
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR
. . . it won't cost you one penny!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

● The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous massage-like action gently reduces surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Ventilated . . . to Permit the Skin to Breathe!

● And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today!

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense!

»TEST *. . . the*
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE FOR 10 DAYS
. . . at our expense!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 289, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________ State________
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

ROCHELLE HUDSON

Will she step into Gaynor's shoes? Janet had to leave the cast of "Way Down East" because of a head injury from an on-the-set collision with Henry Fonda—and Rochelle gets the rôle once made famous by Lillian Gish.

Not since "Let's Fall in Love" has Ann had a chance to sing in a Columbia picture, but we're promised that in "The Girl Friend," new musical comedy film with Jack Haley and Roger Pryor, she'll be warbling once more.

ANN SOTHERN

(*Continued from page 21*)

MRS. VALERIE VON STROHEIM, wife of Eric, received a settlement amounting to a one-third interest in a Hollywood beauty parlor for a ten-year period, in lieu of cash judgment of $125,000 which the courts allowed her for the terrible burns she received while having a treatment in the same beauty salon!

* * *

THE reason Shirley Temple's mother let out such a whoop in the children's department of a large Hollywood store today, was that she looked up in time to see a lady take off Shirley's hat and start to snip off her golden curls for a keep-sake!

* * *

Peter Lorre had to come to Hollywood to learn what it means to have a reputation of being a "horror-man!" In Europe, they look upon his performances as excellent acting but in America he has found that his rôles have stamped him *personally* with most of the attributes his screen characters possess! For example:

The other evening, Lorre was the honor guest at a small dinner party held at the home of a well-known director. His present rôle requires him to have a shaved head and his private life has to take the brunt of the punishment. When he walked into the library of his host's home, the nurse grabbed up the two little children of the family and with a squeal of terror rushed from the room. The host tried to smile away the unfortunate incident, even explaining later that the nurse had asked him to apologize for her. "It seems," he told Lorre, "that my nurse had seen you in your picture, "M" and she wasn't quite sure you didn't mean it!"

* * *

"It's easy to tell which way the wind is blowing on a star's career; just watch the way the public reacts right here in Hollywood," has always been more or less gospel to the trained observers in the Glitter City. If that is true, though, we have a secret to tell:

Connie Bennett had better do something, pronto!

The other day at the tennis matches, Connie was seated in a box watching the games, particularly the games played by Gilbert Roland. It kind of made us shudder to observe the lack of interest on the part of the gallery! Other stars, in much less conspicuous seats, were getting the attention usually accorded Connie.

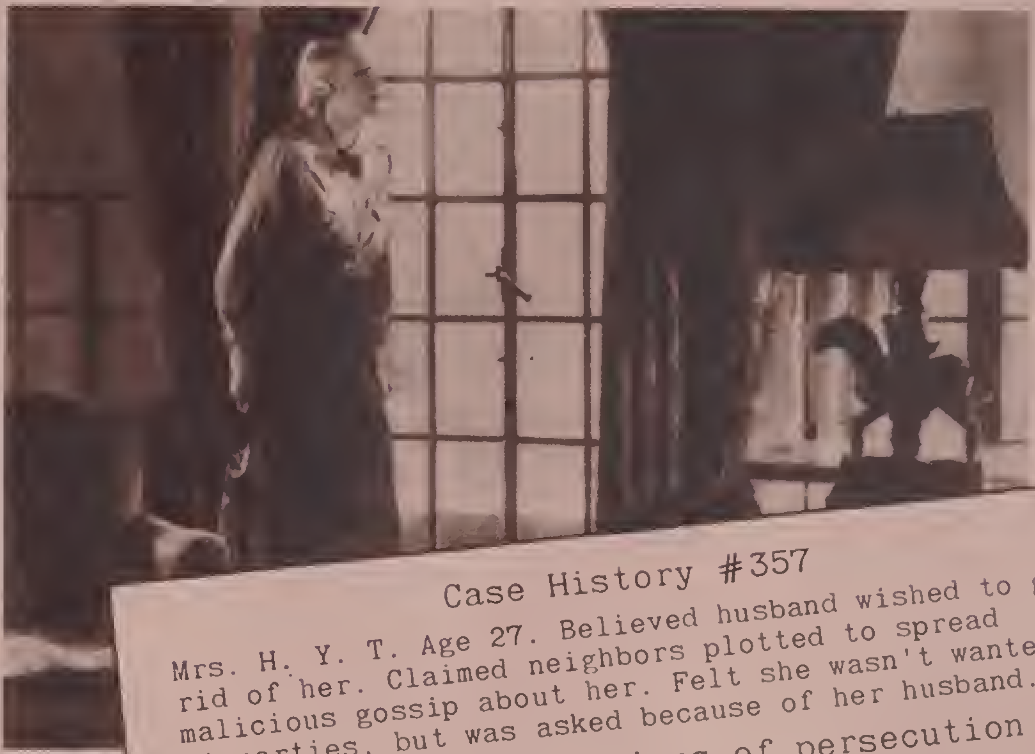
* * *

WE WISH DEPARTMENT:

That more actresses would run their careers like Frances Dee, who has just turned down three of the biggest productions in years because, "the rôles are not fitted to my ability."

"Mental Cases I have met"

WOMEN AS THE PSYCHIATRIST SEES THEM



Case History #357

Mrs. H. Y. T. Age 27. Believed husband wished to get rid of her. Claimed neighbors plotted to spread malicious gossip about her. Felt she wasn't wanted at parties, but was asked because of her husband.

DIAGNOSIS: Delusions of persecution

CURE: Complete—when cause of fear was discovered (in this case, the unfounded belief that her husband was ashamed of her in social groups.)

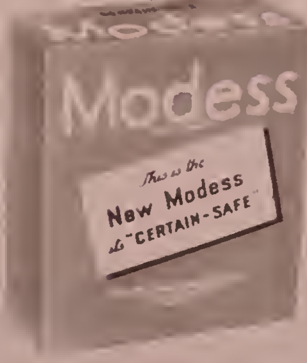
Case History #358

Mrs. R. W. V. Age 30. Often cancelled engagements and stayed home from parties without giving any convincing explanation. Or, if persuaded to go, seemed worried and ill at ease.

DIAGNOSIS: "Accident panic"—the fear that the sanitary napkin she wore did not afford complete safety and protection.

CURE: Complete—when the cause of her fear was discovered and the fear ended by introducing to her a sanitary napkin ("Certain-Safe" Modess) that was so designed that an accident was impossible.

Whether or not *you* have "accident panic," take no chance of an accident ever happening. Get a box of Modess today—at your druggist's or any department store. Modess is "Certain-Safe"—and you can *see* why:



1. Extra-long gauze tabs provide a firmer pinning basis and protect you against *pulling away*.
2. Specially-treated material on back and sides protects you against *striking through*.

Wear Modess, and say goodbye to "accident panic" forever!

MODESS STAYS SOFT . . . STAYS SAFE

NOVO . . . the new refreshing douche powder made by the makers of Modess

"I found a little *SECRET OF POPULARITY* that so many women *OVERLOOK*"

"FOR years I was left out of things—a young girl who rarely had a date and never had a beau. Now that is all changed. I am invited everywhere . . . life is gay and interesting—and all because I discovered a little secret of popularity that so many women overlook."

Popular People Realize It

Popular people are never guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. That is one of the reasons they are popular. Realizing that anyone may have bad breath without knowing it, they take this easy pleasant precaution against it—Listerine, the quick deodorant, used as a mouth rinse. Most causes of halitosis, says a great dental authority, are due to fermenting food in the mouth. Tiny particles which even careful tooth brushing fails to remove, decompose and release odors. It happens even in normal mouths. No wonder so many breaths offend!

Listerine quickly halts such fermentation, then it overcomes the odors it causes. The breath—indeed the entire mouth—becomes fresher, cleaner, more wholesome. Get in the habit of using Listerine. It's an investment in friendship. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Keep your breath beyond suspicion. Use LISTERINE before meeting others

When this picture of "Hollywood's happiest family" was taken, Harry and Ann Bannister never dreamed they would be battling for the custody of little Jane.

Ann Harding Throws Love OVERBOARD

A new tragedy faces "the cameo star of the screen," caught between her newly-found great love and devotion to her daughter

By SHEILA WORTH

ALL Hollywood thought they were to be married the middle of June.

According to the whispers they had it all planned. The ceremony uniting Major Ben Sawbridge and Ann Harding would be read in the spacious living room of Ann's hilltop home, near the enormous window that sprawled Hollywood at their feet—Hollywood, that had taken so much from Ann Harding and given so little in return.

Even the hour was supposed to have been set. Five o'clock in the afternoon, they had decided. Five o'clock, a particularly quiet and lovely hour on Ann's hilltop before the summer fog had dimmed the first far-off glow of the lights in the valley.

Ann's sister was expected to be her only attendant. There were to have been two flower girls; Ann's own Jane Bannister and Jane's closest friend. Jane, of course, would be chief flower girl; Jane wearing pink, with pink rosebuds to carry in a little basket; Jane's chum would wear blue and carry blue flowers.

Ann Harding had gone to Honolulu a sick woman, sick in body and spirit. Sick with a fear that was so deeply rooted in her heart that she could not do justice to the career into which she had thrown herself so wholeheartedly after her divorce from Harry Bannister. Sick with the fear that her baby might be taken away from her.

Impossible to believe, but they might try. True, the Nevada courts had decided the matter in her favor, awarded the sole custody of the child to her. That was all she had asked for, all she had wanted from life. With Jane always with her, she could return to work without the worry and torment of wondering where she was, whether or not she was safe.

But would her prayers be answered? Might the law of California refuse to recognize the law of Nevada? Could they, after all, take Jane away from her? When that awful possibility dawned on her something broke in Ann Harding's strong courageous heart.

For the first time in her life she ran away!

Picture contracts? Hollywood obligations? What did they matter, balanced against the sickening possibility of losing the sole custody of her daughter? She ran away and hid like a fugitive. Gallant Ann, who had always tried to meet life so squarely, flew like a hunted creature outside the pale of the law. Leaving Jane with her sister, who, with the help of three bodyguards, could *(Continued on page 95)*

"I Should have MARRIED TWELVE YEARS AGO" says Nelson Eddy

By JOHN CHATTERTON

Feminine America sat up and cried for more when Eddy made love to Jeanette MacDonald in M-G-M's "Naughty Marietta."

NELSON EDDY and I were an hour getting around to the subject of women!

Before that, we'd pretty well covered horse racing ("Following the bang-tails," Eddy called it); the decline of the glory that was once prize fighting ("It serves them right for their stooge set-ups!" he commented); the New Deal *vs.* the Old Deal; Dictatorships ("The greatest racket of them all!") the elements of luck in even the most successful movie career and other subjects of current interest before, as I said, we got around to the subject of *women*.

I wasn't at all surprised when he called them "dames" and the younger ones "dolls." This new singing lover of the screen is the most down-to-earth star who ever cast a romantic shadow across Hollywood. Damon Runyan might have written his off-screen dialogue.

When Eddie sits, he sprawls. The average chair isn't large enough to hold his well-muscled, six-foot-two physique. Even the chintz-covered couch, for two, in the vacant publicity office wasn't quite large enough, so he threw one leg across the arm and swung it back and forth. When cute, obviously smitten, little secretaries would look in on us on one pretext or another he'd call, without shifting his position, "Hello, sweet!" They'd giggle and retreat to think up another good excuse to poke their bobbed heads in again while Eddy was still there. His face had been sunburned the week before and was now a grand tan. His hair, in contrast, looked almost as platinum as Harlow's and he continually ran his hand through it.

Only the rich tones of his speaking voice carried "romanticism," that term by which the color writers, following "Naughty Marietta," have so insistently described his appeal on the screen. If he is a romantic, he's a nonchalant one! He grinned and peeled a piece of chewing gum when I said I wanted him to tell how he manages to dodge the women who follow him around at stage doors and movie lots.

Now that this star of opera, stage, and screen has reached the heights of success, he has begun to wonder just what precious happiness he threw away in exchange for a career

"Well, that's a tough angle," he scowled.

I just grinned and peeled myself a piece of gum.

"Okay," he said. "Let's skip it. I've never been followed around by any desirable dolls. Only *nuts!* Only a nut would follow an actor around, anyway."

"But women do like to read about themselves as seen by their idols," I suggested.

"But I'm the last guy in the world to be an expert on women," he protested. "I've muffed every big experience I've had with them. The ones that might have meant the most, I've muffed the worst. Most men do. We're a dumb bunch about women. Most of us never know what we've got until we've lost it and then it's too late. The real romantics of the world are women. Men are too innately selfish. Even the works of genius, great music and fine painting, that have come from unrequited masculine love are just proof of the male ego. The artist takes a heartbreak and builds a reputation on it."

It seemed like a good opening, so I said: "Did you?"

Nelson knocked the ash off his cigarette before replying. He has a funny trick of smoking a cigarette. He doesn't take it out of his mouth except to knock off the long ash. For the most part, it rests in a slightly pulled-down corner of his mouth.

"That's what I've been wondering lately. Until this last year or so, since everything's been set, I haven't had much time to think about anything but my career—getting somewhere and accomplishing something. But now, since the breaks, I've begun to think back and wonder what I might have thrown away."

His foot resumed its restless swinging.

"Yeah, I threw it away. I was too dumb or too wrapped up in my career, or what I thought was going to be a career, to realize that I was tossing away something that I might never find again. We were just kids, you understand, but we were in love. I was a reporter on the *Philadelphia Evening Ledger* at the time; she was an assistant music reviewer on a rival paper. It was our mutual love of music that drew us together."

The complicated route over which he came before he took up reporting in Philadelphia, started at his birthplace, Providence, Rhode Island. From the very first, he says, a voice career was (*Continued on page* 90)

She was an assistant music reviewer and he was a reporter, but in those days they had grand dreams of the fame which should be his. He achieved fame—but forgot love until too late.

They may flit through the films with the greatest of ease, but our favorites have had comical mishaps Hollywood won't forget!

Were They Embarrassed!

By MILDRED FRANK and JERRY ASHER

WHEN the entire world became Clark Gable conscious the studio sent word to the newly arrived idol that they wanted some special portraits. Magazines were clamoring for art on the virile Gable in outdoor attire. They wanted Gable in riding clothes, Gable on a horse.

This was Clark's first big sitting and he determined that nothing should stand in the way of making it a huge success.

Although he really couldn't afford it, he chose the most exclusive tailor in town for his riding habit. The outfit, of imported English whipcord, was fashioned after the smartest English lines. Perfectly fitting boots, an imported turtle-neck sweater and hand-knitted gloves completed his attire. Down in his heart, Clark wasn't so keen about the way he looked but this was to be a big moment in his life and he was dressed for the occasion.

On the day of his appointment with the studio cameraman he arrived at the riding academy in sartorial splendor. Heretofore Clark had always used a western saddle. But western saddles were for cowboys and he was to represent the gentleman rider that day. So, although he had never tried one before, Clark determined to use a flat English saddle. He insisted on the most spirited horse, to present a dashing picture.

Out on the trail he galloped and immediately he realized that something was wrong. He and the horse couldn't get together on rhythm, and the horse was quick to sense the uncertainty of his rider. Down a narrow path they sped. Where the ground was smooth, Clark managed to hang on, but when they hit a patch of muddy ground, the horse began to slip.

Clark tried to draw in the reins but it was too late. The horse's hind legs gave way and Clark slid off backwards, down into the muck. And to make matters worse, the horse landed on him, assuming a sitting position in the middle of Clark's chest. Just at this moment the cameraman arrived. You can imagine how much Clark looked like the well-dressed matinee idol. The look of consternation on the cameraman's face was sufficient to make Clark wish

Illustration by

COLE BRADLEY

Until the world suddenly became Gable-conscious, Clark had always ridden Western fashion. But the studio clamored for pictures of our hero in English clothes and saddles —with disastrous results!

All eyes were turned upon Joan Crawford as Doug Fairbanks, Jr., brought his bride to be welcomed by Mary Pickford and Doug Senior for the first time. A heavy foot descended on her silken train —there was a ripping sound . . .

that the earth would suddenly open up and swallow him. There were no pictures that day. Clark ruefully walked back to the stable, soaked to the skin and caked with mire. It was many days before he could throw off the mortification he had suffered, but today tells it as a huge joke.

Joan Crawford married Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., because she loved him. But, love or no love, Mary and Doug at Pickfair didn't approve, and they made no bones about their feelings in the matter. Joan suffered much in those days for her humility did not allow her to visualize the dizzy heights that were some day to be hers.

But one day there arrived an invitation, bearing the Pickfair coat of arms, to a formal reception in honor of some titled guests. For the first time Joan and Doug, Jr., were to enter the famous home on the hill as man and wife. At last the feud was to be forgotten and they were all to be friends. Joan wanted them to like her for Doug's sake and she determined that she would make him proud of her.

Hairdressers, manicurists, bootiers—all contributed their practised skill for this great occasion. A gown that made her eyes dazzle was specially designed for Joan. She left no stone unturned to attain the pinnacle of perfection and to prove to Mary and Doug just how wrong they had been.

The ride up to the brilliantly lighted home had nothing on the thirteen steps up to the gallows as far as Joan was concerned. Her entrance on the arm of her husband sent a hushed murmur through the house. (*Continued on page 70*)

COSTUME PARTY

Above, Ruth Chatterton, who's making a fresh start at Columbia, chats with Clifton Webb, who may turn out to be the Fred Astaire of the Metro lot.

That daredevil, Hyman Fink, fought his way with sword and camera through the Countess di Frasso's latest shindig to bring back these living pictures—including a portrait of himself disguised as Admiral Dewey

Left, Clifton Webb, Dietrich as "Leda and the Swan," and Elizabeth Allan costumed as—La Dietrich.

Sally Blane, in velvet, and Norman Foster, in rags, enact a little drama entitled "Poor But Honest."

Ivan Lebedeff and the attractive Wera Engels are a persistent romantic combination.

Above, Clive Brook (flaunting a dramatic beard) and his wife, with Fay Wray and Dolores Del Rio—just notice how much alike Fay and Dolores look!

Paulette Goddard, whose film appearance still is eagerly awaited, was with Charlie Chaplin, of course.

Right, the hostess, Dorothy di Frasso, with Jack Oakie, Tom Tyler, Dick Barthelmess (on the cushions).

When Preston Foster is working on a picture (he's doing "Strangers All" and "Last Days of Pompeii" for RKO) he and his wife secure a temporary divorce! Read the strange details of this unusual pact on the opposite page!

Hollywood's COMPANIONATE DIVORCE

By

STEPHEN GREGG

A new way to stay married, as practiced by the Preston Fosters, a divorce-to-end-divorces which every couple should know about

"I want to stay married to the best friend and gayest companion I've ever known," says Preston. Here's how he does it. . . .

YESTERDAY, just as Preston Foster stepped into the starring role of "The Last Days Of Pompeii," the actor and his wife separated for the fourth time since January first.

Couple Solve Marital Problems In Unique Way!

Will Hollywood make COMPANIONATE DIVORCE a more acceptable practice than Judge Ben Lindsay's famous theory of Companionate Marriage?

This was the gist of a series of newspaper headlines and stories that caused Hollywood to sit up one morning over her orange juice and coffee and gasp: "Is there really something new under the sun? Has someone actually discovered another answer to the usual Hollywood marriage question? Or has one of our supposedly-happy married couples merely agreed to disagree?"

Not since the theory and collapse of the "separate-domicile" arrangement, fostered by Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster, has the old town been so intrigued with a marriage plan that might even be the solution to the hurdles that have wrecked so many professional unions.

Here, in the very cradle of the divorce problem, was a new idea that not only might work, but had, apparently, already worked most successfully in the case of the Preston Fosters for over two Hollywood years!

It's no wonder the locals buzzed with interest.

"It looks as though you've started something," I remarked to Preston as he joined me in his dressing room after the first morning of shooting on "The Last Days of Pompeii."

One of my favorite best-guys-in-Hollywood grinned as he pulled out his chair, took a quick slant at the studio menu and ordered a small lamb steak with grilled tomatoes. "Yeah, I've heard a lot about it since they started mentioning it in newspaper columns. Funny, isn't it? My wife and I have been practicing this form of separation almost ever since we hit the town and never thought anything particular about it, except that it was a swell solution to our own marriage problem."

"And it's also very funny," I added, "that one of the happiest married couples in Hollywood should be the inventors of a new form of divorce! Everyone knows you're happy, too; that's why I thought maybe you'd tell me all about it. Not only Hollywood, but every married couple in the world should be interested in the details and I'm sure they would like to hear, from you, how the unique idea started."

"It started because we were just plain scared of the problems and difficulties that Hollywood seemed to hurl at the happiest of marriages," he began in that direct, getting-down-to-cases manner that is so much a part of his personality. "We were married several years before I stepped out of a Broadway play into a Hollywood contract. More important, we were happily married and our whole aim was to stay that way!

"We had seen marriages, marriages that we'd have banked our last dollar on, smash and end in the divorce courts because of admitted inability to defeat the Hollywood precedent of divorce! It seemed that there was something about staying married and working in motion pictures that just didn't jibe. So, True and I concocted a deliberate plan of periodical separations in a real effort to beat the Hollywood formula of sure divorce! The idea is merely this:

"My wife leaves me while I am working on a picture!

"Usually, she makes a vacation of it: either a little jaunt to Palm Springs or Arrowhead, or a longer trip to New York. If for some reason, however, she has no desire to leave town, she moves into an apartment right here in Hollywood!

(Continued on page 104)

Something's happened to Claudette!

MORE sheer nonsense has been written and published about Claudette Colbert than about any other star in Hollywood.

If I had not known her well for the past five years, I would be completely mystified.

As I write this, I have before me four recent Colbert stories. The writer of one describes her as "self-conscious and constantly discontented with her personal appearance as well as her screen work."

Another eulogizes her as "placid, with great content and refreshingly selfless both in her personal life and on the screen."

The third scribe decides that she is "a woman of amazingly few friends, difficult to know, and living in practical isolation (according to Hollywood standards)."

And the fourth author observes that "La Colbert is the friendliest of the Hollywood stars and the belle of filmtown's current social season, following on the heels of a recent separation from her husband."

Strangely enough, this mass of inconsistencies concerning Claudette Colbert is, in a sense, true.

But these four writers, and most of the Colbert interviewers before them, failed to dig deeper than the upper crust of her self-consciousness that parallels, strangely enough, her complete lack of egotism in any form.

They did not plow through the thin shell of her aloofness, nor has any of them taken the time to explain her talent for sincere cordiality.

The forces behind her early leanings toward a secluded private life, and her recent absorption in the hearty business of having fun, have never been diagnosed.

And it is only with digging and diagnosing and plowing

Hollywood is astounded and pleased by the change in young Miss Colbert's life since she won the Academy Award for her acting

By JULIE LANG HUNT

Her adored mother is so beautiful that Claudette has always considered herself decidedly plain. She still hasn't overcome her own doubts about her charms and talents, but she is finally shaking off that shyness which has barred her from the active outside world.

deep into the past that one finally runs down the real story of Claudette Colbert. It's an absorbing story, too, well worth the excavating.

As you must know very well by this time, Claudette was born in France, of French parents, and came with them to America as a small child. And if you know anything about the French race, you can easily understand that the New York home was established and maintained without the change of a single Parisian tradition or habit.

Among the many Gallic customs carried to America by the French family was the ritual of absolute sanctity and privacy in the home. Claudette once told me that she could not recall more than six people who visited their Gotham apartment during her childhood. And the six, mind you, were mainly relatives with a friend or two included who were bound closely by many years of association in France. No stranger or casual acquaintance ever crossed the threshold.

It is not strange, then, that she was terrified by the sudden sea of unfamiliar faces when she entered her first district public school. Her over-worked teachers casually pigeonholed her as just another hopelessly shy child.

But the other rowdy kids were not so casual. They made her painfully aware that she was "different." She became keenly conscious for the first time that a strange language was spoken in her home (because her mother did not want her son and daughter to forget their native tongue), that her family ate things Americans couldn't even pronounce, and that neighbors were never asked into their kitchen for a friendly cup of tea, or the children for cookies.

And so her childhood was spent without girl chums, kid parties, dancing school, Saturday night movies, and the inevitable crushes on boys.

She found her entire early happiness within the family orbit. And today she still finds most of her moments of happiness there, with her mother, Tantine, her aunt and her brother (her father died ten years ago). She has made almost a lifelong habit of sharing the important things of life with her family.

At thirteen she suddenly discovered the importance of physical beauty. She spent tortured hours before every available mirror despairing over an upturned nose, broad cheekbones and a pair of skinny legs.

Claudette was certain that these defects made her ugly, because her mother, who is a very beautiful woman, and Tantine, with French thoroughness, had combated the first signs of vanity by criticising these three features.

But secretly at night, in those moments between dreams and reality, she some times doubted the truth of this. Perhaps she was beautiful, after all. Maybe people did whisper when she passed on the streets, "What a lovely child."

Perhaps she would grow up to be famous for her face and figure, if her arms and legs managed to fill out.

But a June graduation swept away hope forever. She had to pose for an individual picture for the school year book, and after hours of hysterical hair combing, and tearful selections and rejections of frocks, she arrived at the photographer's dingy studio, happily satisfied with her appearance.

For a week Claudette dreamed about that picture. It would prove her beauty, she was sure. She wondered dreamily which would show off her ravishing points better, the serious or the smiling pose. She was feverish with excitement when the picture was finally delivered, the picture that was to cast the cloud of self-consciousness over many years of her life.

It was horrible, as all such pictures are horrible. The cheap harsh lighting showed up every slight defect, even the tiniest freckles, and hope was annihilated in one swift moment. Mamma and Tantine were right. She would never be beautiful.

Because it has been told and retold so many times during the past five years of her screen

(*Continued on page* 82)

WHAT WOULD YOU DO—

If you had only 24

Clark Gable's only special desire would be to see the sunrise; Arline Judge says she'd commit suicide, rather than face the dread uncertainty! Bette Davis, screen sophisticate, surprised us by saying she'd spend her last day in the mountains, fishing with her husband, while Buddy Rogers (remember "Wings"?) would like to keep flying on over the Pacific until he ran out of gas—or time. Sylvia Sidney wants to die "in harness," applause in her ears, and Doug Montgomery has loads of things to do!

SOME of the stars laughed nervously, others looked thoughtful and were very quiet, and the eyes of just a few were darkened by a fleeting shadow of fear, when I stopped them and asked: "What would you do if you had only twenty-four hours to live?"

Strangely enough, no one refused to answer my question. Not a single player backed away from the macabre implications of the issue. All of them talked fully and freely, and some with the soul shredding truthfulness of a confessional.

There was Lionel Barrymore's amazing admission that he would spend every second of his final twenty-four hours trying to defeat and waylay even certain death.

"I wouldn't take it lying down," he roared at me, "nor would I spend my last hours gazing romantically at my last sunset. I'd be too busy rushing to the greatest physicians who might be able to extend my time. I'd get to the most skillful scientists I could find in that short space of time to hold back the clock for me.

"I can't think of any better way to spend my last twenty-four hours on earth than to fight for more life. There's too much to live for to take a death verdict on the chin without a struggle."

And then there was the alarming revelation of Hollywood's pocket-size Venus, Arline Judge, who sent my hair soaring when she cried:

"I'd commit suicide. I could never bear to wait through twenty-four hours knowing that each minute ticked away my life. Call it what you will, but the truth is I couldn't sit and wait serenely for the wings of death to touch me.

"But I would have the courage to end my mental agonies quickly and swiftly. I could and would do away with myself even though it is considered man's greatest sin."

Such avowals as these offer startling contrast to Mae West's reactions to the death query. She said:

"When I had recovered from the shock that would come with such a pronouncement, I'd make a quick date with my beauty shop. I'd order the works, and emerge as well groomed as the art of water waves, massage and manicures can make me.

"Then I would put on my loveliest negligee and go to bed, because I don't like the idea of suddenly falling down on some street corner with a curious circle of strangers for my first mourners.

"And when I was quite settled in bed, I'd call up the four people who have been closest to me, that is the four who are still living. I'd ask them to join me for an afternoon of casual talk and tea. I'd explain my bedridden condition as a slight indisposition because I could not stand any premature lamenting.

"With these four people (sorry, I cannot reveal who they are) I would talk my last hours away, reminiscing and recalling the happiest and greatest moments life has given me, and, believe me, life has served me a generous helping of both."

Carole Lombard is another star who wants to gather her friends about her for the last bow. Instead of just a few, she prefers a large gay cocktail gathering in her home.

"Because," she explained to me, "I think it would be great to go out with the ring of laughter and music in your ears, don't you?"

I wonder if many fans will be surprised to learn that both Bing Crosby and Cary Grant voiced fervent desires to spend their last moments alone in prayer in some deserted church.

Bing told me he would not go berserk with fear if he heard the fatal tidings.

"In fact," he admitted, "I'd be grateful that I knew twenty-four hours before my time that I was going. There are certain important things I would be anxious to do, and I could accomplish them well in that time."

HOURS TO LIVE?

Only one more day of life! Could you face the situation as wisely as Hollywood's famous stars face it here?

By

CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

And the things Bing Crosby would accomplish include a drive down to his new estates at Rancho Santa Fe with his wife, Dixie, and his three sons. There would be a full day alone with them, and he would tell Dixie that the end was near so that they could work out sensible plans together for her future and that of the boys. Then he would like to ride his horse to one of the little adobe chapels nearby and pray until oblivion swept him off to the adventure of death.

Cary Grant is certain that twenty-four hours would be ample time in which to perform the two things that would make the finality of death less terrifying.

"By cable, telephones, wires, and radios I would get in direct communication with the few people I have hurt during my life. With death hovering near, I could explain and ask their forgiveness, a thing that seems too difficult to do in the midst of life and living. I would make my peace with them, and then I would go to some out of the way church and make peace with my God."

There was no hesitation or nervous silence when I fired my death question at Claudette Colbert.

"First," she replied almost gayly, "I hope I could arrange for those precious twenty-four hours to take place in New York City, and I'd like the day to be a Wednesday or a Saturday. I would want it this way so I could attend a matinee and another performance in the evening. You see, I would like to witness two whopping good plays on my last day on earth.

"And, somehow, I think I would like to find death in the same place where I first found life, in the theater."

Gary Cooper's answer was just what I expected from him. He said:

"I'd charter a plane and fly up to the family's ranch in Wyoming. The trip should take five hours, leaving nineteen for a swim and some fishing in the waterfall pool near the ranch house, a short ride into the mountains and one camp fire meal. I can't think of anything else more satisfying for my final day."

Bette Davis also selects the mountains as the perfect setting for her last scene, because, she explained:

"I can forget every worry, fear and irritation in the High Sierras. I am sure I could even forget impending death there. I would want Ham, my husband (Harmon Nelson) to be with me, and, if possible, our two dogs.

"We have a special camping place in the northeastern corner of Kern County, California, that few people know about. I'd like to pitch camp there, catch one rainbow trout, cook it over an open fire, eat it, and then watch one of those impossibly beautiful mountain sunsets."

For Clark Gable there would be no heroics or dramatics. He would dispense with farewells, last talks with friends and loved ones, and would live his one short day as if it were just another casual date on the calendar.

"I'd like to go to work at the studio as usual, see familiar faces, do familiar things, eat familiar foods, that's all."

And then after a full minute's hesitation he added:

"Oh, yes, just one more thing, I'd like to see a sunrise."

And for Dolores Del Rio, also, the last day would come and go as all her days dawn, brighten into blazing noons, and then slip placidly into night. She said:

"You see, life has given me so much, in fact, everything I shall ever want. Why should I rush about during my last twenty-four hours seeking some last hurried experience that would probably prove disappointing? There is nothing I could add to my store of experience in one day or a hundred days that could make me happier.

"Every twenty-four hours is filled with its quota of happiness for me now. Therefore, if I was given a single day to live I would not change one moment of it from my usual plan of living. I should like to have my husband (Cedric Gibbons) and other members (*Continued on page* 86)

MOVIES of the

Reviews of all the latest films, with ✓ for the good ones, and ✓✓ for those you shouldn't miss

Fred MacMurray continues his march toward stardom in "Men Without Names," with Madge Evans and little David Holt.

Lewis Stone, Clark Gable and Wallace Beery are seen as hardboiled adventurers in M-G-M's melodramatic "China Seas."

✓✓China Seas (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Rosalind Russell, Dudley Digges, C. Aubrey Smith, others.*
It's About: *A hardboiled girl, gold-smuggling, mutiny, love and treachery.*

If that outline above sounds to you as though "China Seas" were loaded with plot, you're right. Every exciting moment you've seen in a dozen films is packed into this one, none of the moments very new, but so slickly contrived into one pattern that it's all a thrill. It's Clark Gable who plays the captain and Jean Harlow who plays the girl, with Wally Beery as the guy who sells them both short when all three of them put out into the China seas and Beery tries to get the gold on board away from Gable. There's a sub-plot about Gable's fancied love for Rosalind Russell, but you'll need only half a guess to decide whether it's Jean or Rosalind who gets Clark in the final reel.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll certainly want to see this because it's both melodramatic and romantic, with Beery, Gable and Harlow back in those rôles they do so perfectly.

✓✓Becky Sharp (RKO)

You'll See: *Miriam Hopkins, Frances Dee, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Billie Burke, Allison Skipworth, Nigel Bruce, Alan Mowbray.*
It's About: *A beautiful, blonde hussy of the 17th Century who fell for love once and for money thrice. In color!*

A picture you will want to see for sure! Not because it is such a great story, but because it is the very first feature-length film completely done in Technicolor. An important picture, perhaps as important as the first talking picture, and one which will leave you gasping at the grandeur of the new color for films.

So breath-taking is this new color that if the film were on a par with the technical beauty it would be one of the great pictures of the year. Unfortunately, such is not the case. The actual motivation of the plot leaves much to be desired and the direction is disturbingly obvious. The performances, in the main, are better than average. Miriam Hopkins, while not an excellent choice for such a rôle, does excellently. Alan Mowbray is fine as Miriam's husband and, we'll venture, runs away with more of the picture than was

Color comes to the screen in full glory in "Becky Sharp," which has Miriam Hopkins and Alan Mowbray as the leads.

MONTH

A disappointing month, on the whole, with expected masterpieces turning out to be weak and the big stars away on summer vacations. The chief disappointment is the Grace Moore picture, "Love Me Forever." The color of "Becky Sharp" thrills; story is dull. Far and away the best picture of the month is "China Seas," a rousing melodrama with Gable, Harlow and Beery in fine form.

By Ruth Waterbury

intended, while such actors as Billie Burke, Alison Skipworth and Sir Cedric Hardwicke must be contented with small opportunities.

We must repeat: the *color* is the thing. Special notice should be given Robert Edmond Jones, Natalie Kalmus and W. B. Ihnen for the marvelous color and art direction.

Your Reviewer Says: See it for its important new beauty!

✓✓Men Without Names (Paramount)

You'll See: *Fred MacMurray, Madge Evans, Lynne Overman, David Holt, John Wray, J. C. Nugent, Leslie Fenton, others.*

It's About: *A G-Man who foils the crooks by unearthing the hot money via the serial numbers on the bills.*

Here's Paramount's contribution to the present "G-Man" or "Public Hero Number One" craze. It's an exciting opus and worth an evening's attendance. Fred MacMurray, on his first government assignment, is sent out to a small Kansas town to discover who is unloading hot money in that neighborhood. At a country boarding house he unearths the plotters. His governmental pal, disguised as an aluminum salesman, comes to aid him and together with a pretty girl and a little boy they get mixed with as rascally a group of crooks as you've seen in many a month.

Mr. MacMurray continues his long strides toward stardom in this one, Lynne Overman and Leslie Fenton helping him.

Your Reviewer Says: A swift and exciting film.

✓Nell Gwyn (United Artists)

You'll See: *Anna Neagle, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Jeanne De Casalis, Lawrence Anderson, Miles Malleson, Esme* *(Continued on page 87)*

"Nell Gwyn," with Anna Neagle and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, is another of those slight but sparkling British historical films.

PICTURES in the CUTTING ROOM

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

FOX

The Farmer Takes a Wife. A distinct departure for Janet Gaynor, since it offers her in costume yet keeps her playing a sweetness and light rôle. With newcomer Henry Fonda, who is said practically to steal the picture. All about young love, an ambitious girl, and the building of the Erie Canal.

M-G-M

Masquerade. The William Powell picture with new-discovery Luise Rainer opposite William, who, for a change, doesn't have to play a hard-drinking detective. Also Virginia Bruce, Frank Morgan, Mady Christians. All about artists, intrigue and Vienna.

PARAMOUNT

Accent on Youth. A lightsome comedy, with Sylvia Sidney and Herbert Marshall, in which Mr. Marshall discovers young love isn't necessarily the only brand worth knowing about.

Big Broadcast of 1935. With Burns and Allen, Jack Oakie and a huge cast. Paramount's big musical of the fall season. Very gay.

Shanghai. Produced by Walter Wanger, who did "Private Lives," with Loretta Young, Charles (new thrill) Boyer, Warner Oland, many others. Swift moving melodrama of trouble in the East.

RADIO

Top Hat. The next Astaire and Rogers musical. The studio insists that it's even better than "Roberta;" has almost the same cast. Music by Irving Berlin. Sounds perfect.

UNIVERSAL

Diamond Jim. The story of Diamond Jim Brady, great guy, great spender, great eater of the late nineties in old New York. With Edward Arnold in the leading rôle and a terrific cast headed by Jean Arthur and Binnie Barnes. Very colorful.

Lady Tubbs. The picture that gives Alice Brady the acting chance she has been waiting for in Hollywood. She plays a washwoman who gets on in the world, hobnobs with royalty, and has much laughter and tears. Douglass Montgomery finishes up his Universal contract in this.

WARNER'S

Page Miss Glory. Marion Davies' first picture under this banner, being the light-weight story of a housemaid who becomes famous through no intention of her own. With Pat O'Brien opposite Marion. Expected to be the comedy hit of the fall.

We're in the Money. Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell playing those gold diggers they've made so popular. Ross Alexander and Hugh Herbert are the men concerned.

TIPS ON TALKIES

Take note of this young opera-singing actor — Columbia promises lots more of Michael Bartlett since his fine work in Grace Moore's "Love Me Forever."

Brief comments on recent films—those in italics are suitable for children; ✓ means a good movie, ✓✓ means one you mustn't miss

✓AFTER OFFICE HOURS (M-G-M). A newspaper story in which Clark Gable is the editor who hires and fires Constance Bennett while trying to solve a murder. A trite story, but Gable will make the feminine hearts flutter, as usual.

✓AGE OF INDISCRETION (M-G-M). Although this one is about divorce-and-custody-of-the-child, it is sincere and honest and holds the interest throughout. Paul Lukas, Madge Evans and Helen Vinson give their usual fine performances, but it is little David Holt who steals the show.

ALIAS MARY DOW (Universal). Sally Eilers is the girl who "stands in" for the kidnapped daughter of a wealthy family. Miss Eilers gets a chance to show some fairly good acting when she switches from a hash-slinging taxi dancer type to the drawing room.

ARIZONIAN, THE (RKO). Richard Dix and Margot Grahame in a winning-of-the-west story, with horses, sheriffs, shooting and fun. As westerns go, this goes well.

✓✓BLACK FURY (Warner Brothers). An adult story of stark realism and he-man stuff in which Paul Muni gives a superb characterization of a strike-breaking coal miner. Karen Morley, Tully Marshall and Sarah Haden are excellent. Recommended particularly for serious theater-goers, though thrilling for everyone.

✓BLACK SHEEP (Fox). Edmund Lowe, an ocean-going gambler, saves his son, Tom Brown, from the toils of bad gal Adrienne Ames, only to fall for her himself. A good, smooth, action-mystery picture.

✓BREAK OF HEARTS (RKO). Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer in a somewhat slowly moving love story about a famous maestro and a poor, music-loving girl. There's good music, too.

✓BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN (Universal). Boris Karloff in a continuation of the first "Frankenstein" story plus a few added chills and creation of a mate (Elsa Lanchester) for the monster. Plenty of thrills and chills if you like 'em!

✓CALL OF THE WILD (Twentieth Century). Jack London's famous book of the out-of-doors brings Clark Gable as the miner, Jack Oakie as his wise-cracking pal, and Loretta Young as the wife of another miner who casts her lot with Gable and Oakie. Buck, a St. Bernard dog, is the hero of the show.

✓CARDINAL RICHELIEU (Twentieth Century). This time Mr. Arliss saves France (instead of England) and Edward Arnold is a convincing King Louis. Maureen O'Sullivan and Cesar Romero are the love interest. It's a bit too slow and historical, though beautifully produced.

✓CASINO MURDER CASE (M-G-M). Now it's Paul Lukas who is Philo Vance. Here he recues Rosalind Russell and solves a murder mystery which is quite like all murder mysteries but which will hold your attention to the end. Excellent cast.

✓✓CLIVE OF INDIA (Twentieth Century). After many soul-stirring scenes, Ronald Colman as Clive, conqueror of India, and Loretta Young, as his wife, find happiness together.

✓COLLEGE SCANDAL (Paramount). A murder mystery with music. Action takes place in a college campus between editions of the school paper and rehearsals for the school show. A fine cast, including Arline Judge, Kent Taylor, Wendy Barrie and Edward Nugent.

DARING YOUNG MAN, THE (Fox). James Dunn and Mae Clarke, two romantic reporters on rival newspapers, allow business to interfere with their pleasure and love. This is strictly a program picture but there's enough action and romance to hold you if you go.

✓✓DAVID COPPERFIELD (M-G-M). A gloriously faithful reproduction of the time-honored Dickens classic, perfectly performed by the entire cast, a few of which are Freddie Bartholomew, Roland Young, W. C. Fields, Edna May Oliver, Lennox Pawle and Frank Lawton.

✓✓DEVIL DOGS OF THE AIR (Warner Brothers). Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien in the same old rôles of scrapping buddies, but there are some exciting flying scenes in this, especially one in which Cagney saves a burning plane. The younger you are the better you'll like it.

✓DOUBTING THOMAS (Fox). Will Rogers, in a clean, funny picture that has some humorous situations, which are all too few. Billie Burke, Rogers' wife, wants to go on the stage, and it's all about how Rogers goes about ruining her ambition.

✓✓ESCAPE ME NEVER (United Artists). This sad and very sentimental little tale is made entirely credible by "Queen" Elizabeth Bergner's magnificent performance as the child-mother. Hugh Sinclair, of the original English stage production, plays the weakling husband who goes astray.

FLAME WITHIN, THE (M-G-M). A rather slow, and consequently dull, picture about a romantic young couple, Maureen O'Sullivan and Louis Hayward, who are regenerated by a woman (Ann Harding) psychiatrist.

(*Continued on page* 100)

MARION DAVIES

MOVIE MIRROR proudly presents a little album of famous stars as they are today—and as they were in 1930. First, that perennial and beloved favorite, "M.D." Right, in costume for "Page Miss Glory," her new Warner film. Above, a five-year flashback of the girl who has always been Hollywood's most popular hostess.

BING CROSBY

He's come a long way since he was a Rhythm Boy with Paul Whiteman's orchestra some five years ago. Now he's a very popular film star and the father of the next most famous babies in America (the Dionne quintuplets coming first, of course) —the Crosby twins, but he still has the same blond good looks, grand sense of humor—and honeyed voice.

JANET GAYNOR

The Fox Film company is already raving about Janet's new picture, "The Farmer Takes a Wife"—and about her new leading man, Henry Fonda. They do say that the Gaynor-Fonda combination is going to be as romantically successful as the Farrell-Gaynor team of five years ago (the days of "Sunny Side Up"), when the portrait at left was taken.

GARY COOPER

Five years ago he was outgrowing the Westerns into which his lanky height and Montana background had forced him. Then he made "Morocco" (right) with Marlene Dietrich—and Hollywood discovered a new dramatic actor. There's been a steady succession of great rôles since; next will be the title rôle in Paramount's "Peter Ibbetson."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Hollywood's most amazing success story. Left, only a banker's daughter five years ago, without a thought for the future. Above, the Fox star who holds the all-time fan mail record for a single week—7,000 letters. Now an encyclopedia lists her between an archbishop and an ambassador. Her next, "Curly Top," will be musical.

I Want to be

"What are you two doing here?" I gasped. Mike lowered his eyes, Jack covered his face with his hands. "Tell her," said Bert sharply. "Sit down, Judy, you have a disagreeable story to hear!"

SOME day you'll thank me for chasing you out of Hollywood" Victor Munson, the great director, observed lightly.

So this was the end of my great adventure, my desperate attempt to raise myself out of the mire of my family background. For this I had tramped and ridden freight across the continent to California, eaten with bums of the road, and travelled in dirty boys' clothes. What good was it that people said I looked like Barbara Bell, the popular star? What was the use of fighting against an environment which was bound to engulf me? But I had to fight for Jack. After all, he was my favorite brother, and I couldn't take him back to New England, back to his gang of car-stealing hoodlums. He was so young—and so weak.

My letter of introduction to Mr. Munson had meant so much to me. Yet it had taken him so short a time to find out it was forged, that Dick Carr, my high school idol, had signed his mother's name to the precious note. Now he was threatening to see me directly to the train. How could I escape? I had only two friends in Hollywood, besides Jack—and he was a liability rather than an asset. Mike Sweet, whom we had picked up in our travels, was even more dubious, but his girl, Rene, was a grand scout. She had loaned me the clothes to wear to the studio, had even given me money for accessories. Rene was a bit player at Paramount. Oh, if I only had that little assurance of work to go on for myself and Jack!

Mr. Munson noticed my terrified expression as we rode through the studio gates in his beautiful big car. "Cheer up," he said kindly. "You go back and marry my cousin's son."

"He's—engaged," I answered with that painful throb I always felt when Dick was mentioned. What Mr. Munson's answer would have been to that, I shall never know. There was a glimpse of a truck, looming above us. Our car swerved sharply, screechingly. I plunged into oblivion through a splintered, shattering mass of wood, steel and glass.

I CAME to in a hospital bed only to discover that the slightest move made me cry out in pain. For a day or so I was only semiconscious. Occasionally I would rouse myself with a vivid memory of everything that had happened and a clear vision of everything that went on around me.

I picked up from the nurses the details of the accident. Mr. Munson was laid up with a

a STAR!

By DORA MACY

It takes more than youth, gallantry and loveliness to buck Hollywood—but Judy Pine wasn't a quitter

Illustrated by STEPHEN GROUT

broken shoulder. The chauffeur had been killed outright. The fault had been with our car and the expense and consequent suits formed a handsome financial mess. Victor Munson felt responsible for me and had ordered every care and comfort.

Again I lay back thinking it over. Anyway, I was still in Hollywood, even though my hip bone was splintered—but not seriously enough to require a cast—and under my right side there was a long piece of needle work done by the best surgeon in town.

I was told I had got off awfully well. In five days the hospital was ready to dismiss me, even though it was painful for me to sit up for a long period.

On the day I was to leave, Sonya Kieff walked into my hospital room. "I meant to get here before," she said, "but I am so worried about Victor. He is a terrible invalid, so cross and so unreasonable. He has the whole house and studio head over heels with confusion. Oh, that man's temper." Her white kid gloves went up in the air expressively. "I called you every day but didn't leave any message because I knew you didn't know my name. I have come to take you home. We have a lovely, big, sunny room all ready for you. It's going to take you about three weeks before you can get around. Vic and I want you to be our guest."

I mumbled very inadequate thanks. "Vic and I" puzzled me. Was she Mrs. Munson? Rene had told me that Vic had been married three times and as often divorced.

"We are going to move you up right now," she said. "As for your brother, don't worry about him. I have got him a very nice job with my furriers. He is a good looking boy, your brother. It runs in the family. Even being sick, you know, you look exactly like Barbara Bell."

She went on chattering, completely overriding my attempts to thank her for Jack. Nothing could make me happier than the thought that Jack would have a good job and a decent chance.

Sonya Kieff had the whole place in action. Within five minutes she was signing me out, arranging for the doctor, and a regular nurse. She walked beside me as I was wheeled down the corridors into an elevator and finally to the ambulance entrance where I was lifted into a comfortable bed in the most magnificent ambulance I have ever seen or heard of. Sonya dismissed her own car and climbed in beside me, and, still talking, rode the twenty miles to Munson's home. Certainly from the way she talked she was something very close to Victor Munson but what the relationship was I didn't guess until the next day.

On the edge of their extensive grounds Munson had built for Sonya a studio. Here this strange, tireless and beautiful creature worked with a detachment from the world that only artists know, and under her beautiful fingers grew statues, busts and sometimes complete groups more real and more convincing than the models who posed for her. I came to realize that she was one of the most successful sculptors of our day and that her figures commanded staggering prices. I came also to realize that she was the center of Munson's world. That she was his balance, his level. The studio was small but it gave Sonya not only her magnificent work shop but a complete home of six simply, almost severely, furnished rooms. Victor Munson's huge home was referred to as the "big house" and in the "big house" Sonya was in complete charge and adored as much by the help as by Victor.

It isn't too late to start this great novel about the real Hollywood, based on an intimate knowledge of studio doings and film personalities. Start it today, and follow Judy's courageous struggle against overwhelming odds

I wondered often why she didn't marry Victor but I didn't dare ask for nobody around discussed their relationship. I felt somehow that I should disapprove of her but somehow I couldn't. I could only come to love her more and more and be grateful for the thrill of her companionship and her gentle manners and her wide interests. She became an ideal to me. I thought her perfect. I was to learn one day what her weakness was and while it did crush me I found that my devotion to her withstood the shock and that I could even understand and forgive. Was that tolerance, I wondered, or was that the slow disintegration of old standards? Where does one begin and where does the other leave off?

Jack came to see me every night and at the beginning he was pleased with his job and a little impressed at the atmosphere of the very elegant furrier. I could see him begin to imitate their manners and their attitude and then the old weakness crept out in him.

He envied me my surroundings and the people I met. Sonya and Victor had made me a special pet of theirs and I had long evenings as one of their group, meeting star after star, writers, painters, producers—a string of famous names. I would sit quietly near Sonya and listen, enthralled.

Rene came to see me, too, but neither Rene nor Jack was invited for any of the evenings. It was a comfort to find that Rene knew my problems with Jack and had taken him in hand.

"I keep a close leash on both of the boys," she said wisely. "Mike is nobody's angel, you know, but I think he is straightening out. I never let them far out of sight, so they can't get into mischief."

"You have done so much for me, do you mind if I butt in on your affairs?"

Rene looked at me from under her magnificent false lashes. "Sounds as if you are going to talk about Mike."

"I am. Jack tells me he wants to marry you. Jack says he thinks it's wrong for you to keep him dangling. Mike isn't the kind that can take it. You do love him Rene?"

"Sure I love him," she admitted. "But he has got to prove to me that he can walk the line. I'm not even taking him in this time."

"You mean . . . ?"

"Sure," she said. "When I was down and out Mike took me into his place and looked after me. Then he ran into a little trouble with the authorities and had to leave town. He knows I'm holding out on him for his own good. He knows I'm nuts about him. But this time he has got to show me." Her voice was wistful and lonely. I wondered what trouble Mike had been in and much as I loved Rene I wished that Jack had some other pal besides that charming Irishman who wanted freedom without working for it.

The time came when I no longer needed a doctor or nurse. Under Victor's and Sonya's kindness and generosity I had put on weight. I looked more rested and fresher than ever in my life and because it was easy to talk to these people straight from the shoulder and right from the heart I had an out and out understanding with them.

"I can't say I'll pay you back for all this," I told them. "That would be impossible and I know you wouldn't in any way expect it. I think you are the two grandest people I have ever met and I'll do everything in the world to be worthy of the friendship you have given me. But now I can't take any more. I'm going back to my own way of living and call this a heavenly interlude."

"And you won't leave Hollywood?" Victor asked.

"No, Victor, I want to try a hand at Hollywood even if you don't approve."

"All right," he grunted. "But Sonya and I want to see you now and then. I'm not going to give you any help in this game or any boost. You can learn it for yourself. That is the only way to learn it but I'll give you a springboard. I'll write you a letter to our casting director telling him to use you every chance he gets."

A letter like that on top of having lived for three weeks in Victor's home was about all I needed to get a chance. But Victor was right. Having the chance it was up to me to learn, to study and to make good. I left his home brimming over with love and gratitude. I hadn't had many people in my life to love and Sonya and Victor were stars in my heaven that could never be replaced or dimmed.

I went to Rene's apartment and outlined my plans. We had Jack's salary and nothing more. I found two rooms in an old house near Vista Street in the center of Hollywood. It was really one room divided by ancient chenille draperies, but it had that rare treasure, an electric plate, and I didn't have to depend upon sterno for cooking. And that week thanks to Victor's letter I worked two days at Monarch and collected fourteen dollars, seven dollars at the end of each day.

It was an Elida Crane picture and the scenes were the interior of a girl's school. Elida was grand, an incredibly thin girl with huge eyes and friendly smile that made her famous. The lowest extra called her by her first name and was greeted in return. Marsh Holt, the leading man, was insufferable. I had always admired him so much on the screen and now standing only a few feet from him I saw an ill-tempered, ill-mannered person, petulant as an old invalid.

(Continued on page 77)

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A woman's soul torn between an all-consuming passion and her love for her son—the story of Garbo's new film from the great Tolstoi novel

The Cast

Anna Karenina	GRETA GARBO
Vronsky	FREDRIC MARCH
Sergei	FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW
Kitty	Maureen O'Sullivan
Countess Vronsky	May Robson
Karenin	Basil Rathbone
Stiva	Reginald Owen
Yashvin	Reginald Denny
Dolly	Phoebe Foster

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production
Directed by Clarence Brown
Screen Play by Clemence Dane, Salka Viertel and S. N. Behrman, from the novel by Count Leo Tolstoi

Fictionized by DOROTHY EMERSON

ANNA tried hard to keep her mind on what the Countess was saying, but the old lady had been talking, it seemed for hours, about her wonderful son, Alexei, and Anna wasn't in the least interested. Besides, the motion of the train and the rhythmic clack-clack of the wheels made her drowsy. She felt wonderfully relaxed and it was beginning to occur to her that she had needed this trip, her first away from home since Sergei had been born, six years ago. If only she might have brought him with her, but his father wouldn't hear of the boy leaving his studies.

It had been sufficiently difficult to persuade Karenin to to let her go to Moscow to visit her brother and his wife, but the fact that the Countess was going on the same train had helped considerably. Anna Karenina's lovely lips curved in the suggestion of a smile as she remembered her husband's elation at discovering his wife would have a real Countess for a travelling companion. He had said nothing, but after ten years as his wife, Anna knew what he was thinking.

" . . . and the Colonel told me he considered Alexei the most brilliant young officer in the Regiment. I tell you, Madame Karenina, it makes a mother proud."

Anna realized the Countess was waiting for a reply and she murmured politely, "Ah yes, Countess, we mothers!" and then began to think about Sergei, her little son, as the Countess continued her monologue on the subject of the irresistible Alexei. Sergei was only six, of course, but everyone said he was already a most unusual child. But Anna could see that he really was exceptional, even when she judged him coldly, and forgot how much she loved him.

"So you left with the mother and return with the son!" Karenin said in that thin, mocking voice that jarred so.

Her child—here was love unstinted that she had a right to, love that she could return unstinted!

Anna wondered idly what the Countess' son really *was* like and, for a moment, remembered with a little pang the days when she would have been wildly excited at the prospect of meeting a handsome young officer in a crack regiment of his Majesty the Czar. It all seemed so long ago, for she had married Karenin and somehow, life hadn't turned out the way she had expected. Had she expected too much? Were such things as romance and beauty only dreams?

There were her brother Stiva and his wife. The situation there certainly wasn't a pretty one, with Dolly threatening dire things every time she uncovered another of Stiva's flirtations. This last quarrel looked serious and it was in answer to Stiva's pleading letter that Anna had come to Moscow. Stiva knew Dolly would listen to Anna when she wouldn't to him, and he loved his Dolly, indeed he did! There seemed to be a great many kinds of love, Anna reflected, for she knew Stiva did love his Dolly, in spite of his philanderings. She supposed, too, that Karenin loved her, also in his way. Certainly in the eyes of the world he had been a model husband. Anna couldn't imagine her husband flirting, even with her, and she sighed a little.

WHEN they arrived at Moscow, Anna descended from the carriage and looked about for Stiva. Not seeing him immediately, she walked slowly down the platform while the crowds surged around her.

A little man, a station workman, was testing the rails under the train. Tap-tap, tap-tap went his hammer, the sound clear and distinct, much surer and stronger than one might have expected from such a frail little chap. All down the platform, Anna could hear the clink of the hammer. Then she forgot him as she heard Stiva hail her. Oh, it was good to see Stiva, though she almost laughed aloud at his woebegone face.

"Come come, Stiva, it can't be as bad as all that!" she rallied him.

"But it is, Anna. Dolly has found some letters, and she says . . ." He had to stop. The Countess Vronsky had joined them. She was introducing her son, the Alexei Anna had been hearing about all the way from St. Petersburg. "So this," Anna thought to herself, "will be the wonderful, the extraordinary Alexei." And then she looked up into eyes so black, so intense, they seemed to be reading her very thoughts. He *was* handsome, this Count Vronsky! She was glad when he bent to kiss her hand because, for the first time in years, Anna Karenina felt she was blushing.

No one seemed to notice Anna's confusion, and they were all moving away toward the waiting sleighs when a commotion arose at the end of the platform. The train had just departed and, over its diminishing roar, a woman screamed. Stiva dashed back to see what had happened. He returned in a moment, his amiable face showing his distress.

"So sad, an unfortunate accident. A workman who was testing the rails slipped between the coaches just as the train started. He was killed."

"Shocking!" said the Countess. "But at least it was all over in an instant."

Anna stood gazing at the crowd which shielded them from the sight of the body. Her eyes were wide. She stood stock still as though refusing to advance another step into Moscow. "It is an evil omen!" she said, and her trembling voice seemed almost to hold a question.

On the way to Stiva's house, Stiva explained at length just what had happened between him and Dolly. Anna scolded him, but promised to do her best. Her best proved quite enough, for Dolly forgave Stiva once again, and soon forgot the whole thing in her anticipation of the big ball to which they had all been invited at the end of the week.

"It's to be at the Korsunsky's. You always have a good time there. Funny how some people's balls are so much jollier than others. You go out so much in St. Petersburg, Anna, haven't you noticed that about balls?"

"No, my dear." Anna smiled at this flighty, but sweet little sister-in-law of hers. "For me there are no balls where one enjoys oneself. There are only some less dull and tiresome than others, that's all."

Nevertheless, Anna was looking forward to the Korsunsky's ball. She would scarcely admit to herself with what pleasure she dressed in her elaborate, full-skirted ball-gown.

It was absurd, of course. More than that, it was most undignified to be feeling this flutter of interest, in who might or might not be at the ball. She had been to so many balls. Karenin's important position in the Ministry required that they go much into society. Yet Anna stepped into the great ball-room, with its brilliant lights and gay throng, almost like a young girl at her first party. And Count Vronsky was the first person she saw.

They met in the mazes of the Mazurka, which is danced with many changes of partners, and the dance kept bringing them together and then separating them. As he touched her hand the first time, he looked straight at her; his face was unsmiling. In that curious intimacy and isolation which two people may enjoy in the midst of a crowd, he said, "I knew it at the railroad station. Nothing else has mattered since."

The figure of the dance divided them, but when they came together he continued. "Better than being a spectator, isn't it?"

She tried to answer lightly. "For the moment, yes."

"For eternity," he replied.

As another partner claimed her she withdrew her hand and said, "There, eternity ends."

She was recovering her poise. Other men had talked to her like this. She knew how to handle flirtatious young officers.

Back again, "Our meetings are so brief," he said.

"But our reunions are so frequent," she smiled at him.

"When I leave you," he insisted, "I am lost in a world of strangers. When I touch your hand, we are alone."

Another partner came for her, and she bowed Vronsky graciously to the lady waiting to dance with him, saying, "I return you to the world."

She could laugh, she could play her part perfectly, but while she danced she came to a decision, and when next the dance brought her to Vronsky, she said, "I am returning to St. Petersburg tomorrow. I have a husband and son to look after. It may be years before I see you all again." She was lost in the crowd before he could remonstrate.

THE next night found Anna on the train homeward bound to St. Petersburg. Toward morning, she woke from a restless doze as the train slowed down at a station. She could get a breath of fresh air. She rubbed the frost from the window and peered out. Yes, she knew where they were. Not so long, now, before she would be home. She would never see Vronsky again. She knew she had done a wise thing, to run away like this. The glimpse of her own heart had frightened her. She had discovered what life might be like, but it must not be for her. It had come too late.

The train had come to a full stop and she stepped out on the platform, but the intense cold soon drove her back to the train. By the door of her compartment was Vronsky.

There they stood, facing each other, while the snow fell silently, as silent and as unhurried as the footfalls of fate.

"I didn't know you were going back to St. Petersburg," she said finally. "Why this change of plan?"

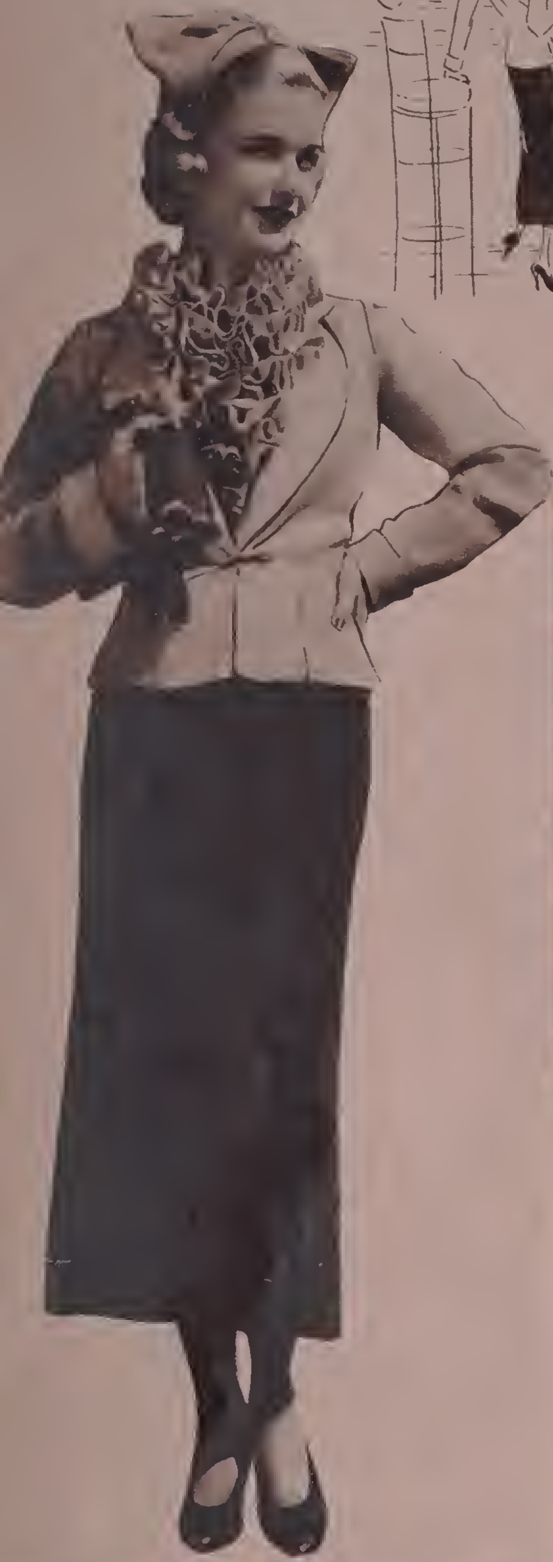
Vronsky brushed aside the conventional opening. "Why? To be where you are. Forgive me," he went on. "I had to say it."

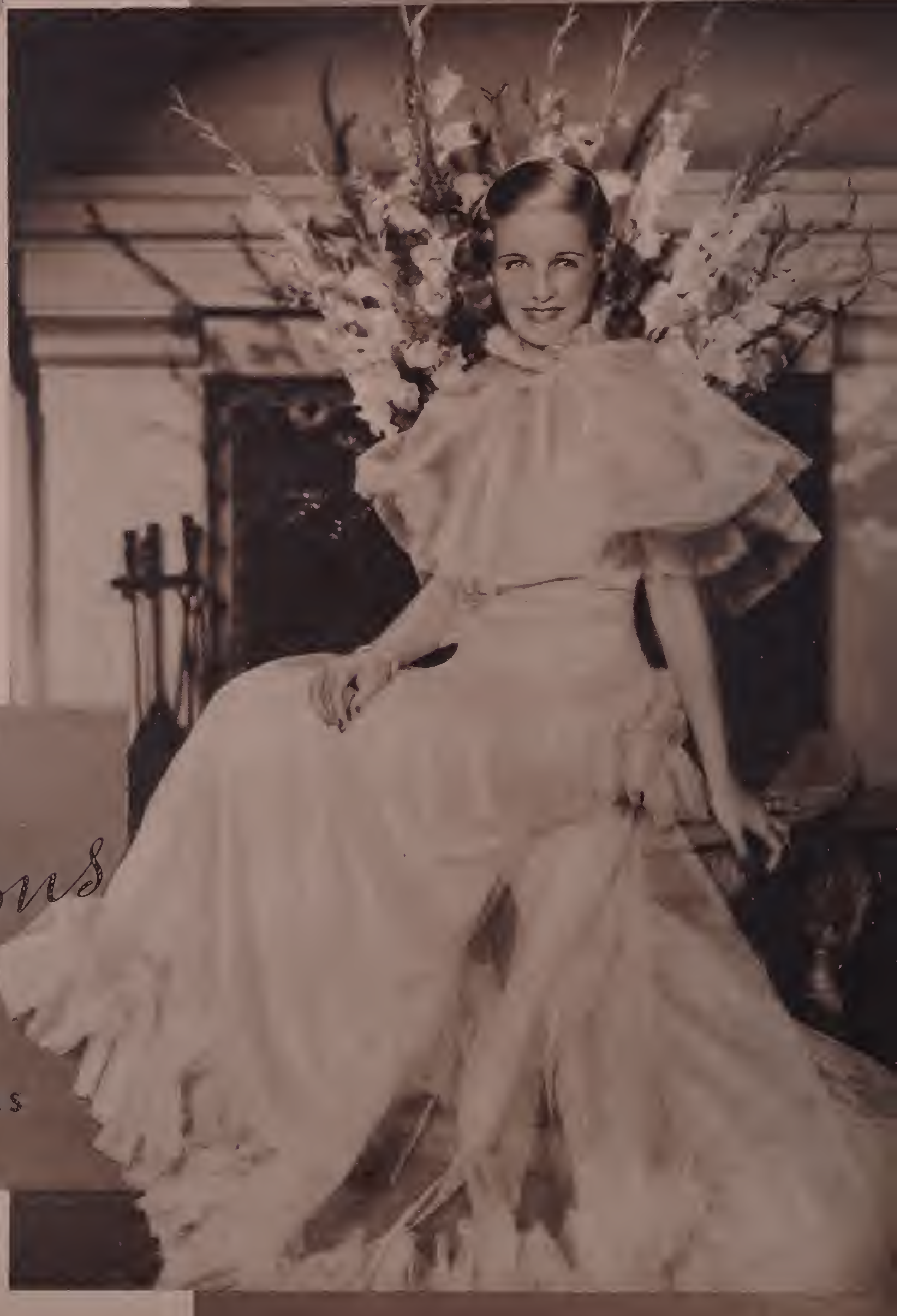
Yes, he had had to say it. She knew that, but she answered with firm dignity, "You must forget that you said it."

She had hoped to avoid seeing him when they arrived in St. Petersburg, but he insisted on helping her with her bags, and she was forced to introduce (*Continued on page* 71)

"Anna! You're not going back to him now." A smile lit her tired face. "Don't ever leave me, Alexei, because I have no one in the world but you."

Not all blondes should dress alike. Joan Bennett and Ann Sothern show you the difference. Joan's suit, left, is just right for her cocktail parties or informal dinners. It combines a sheer navy wool skirt with a ruffled gilet and jacket of powder blue linen, the latter fastening with a navy kid bow (suit and hat—Bullock's Wilshire). The pink tulle evening gown (by Yvonne Caret) was inspired by Joan's next picture, "Two for Tonight." The dainty jacket-blouse has raglan sleeves caught by elastic just above the elbow, forming a wide ruffle, and the wee neck ruffle ties with a matching net bow. The ruching at the hem is repeated at the hipline.



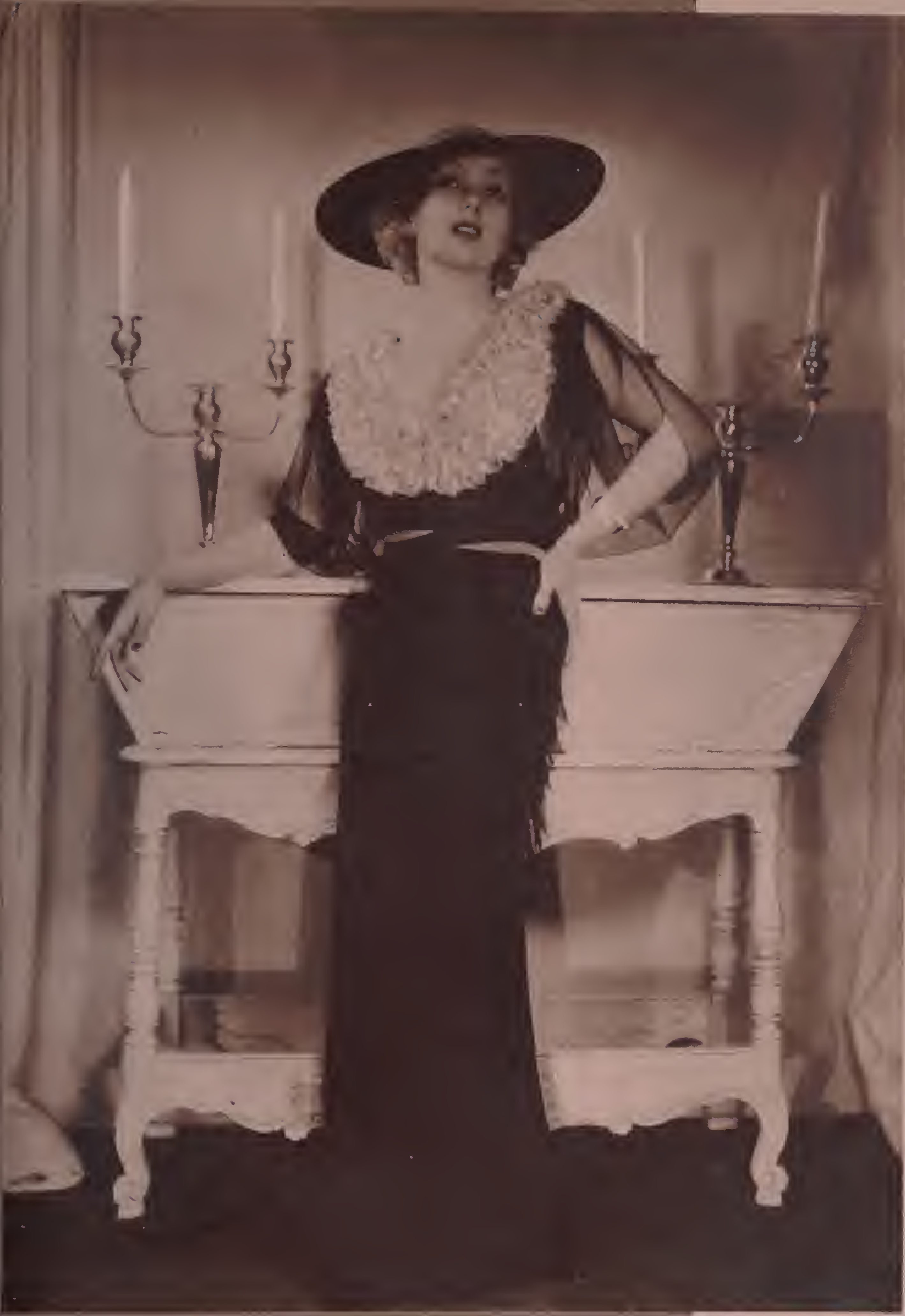


Star Fashions

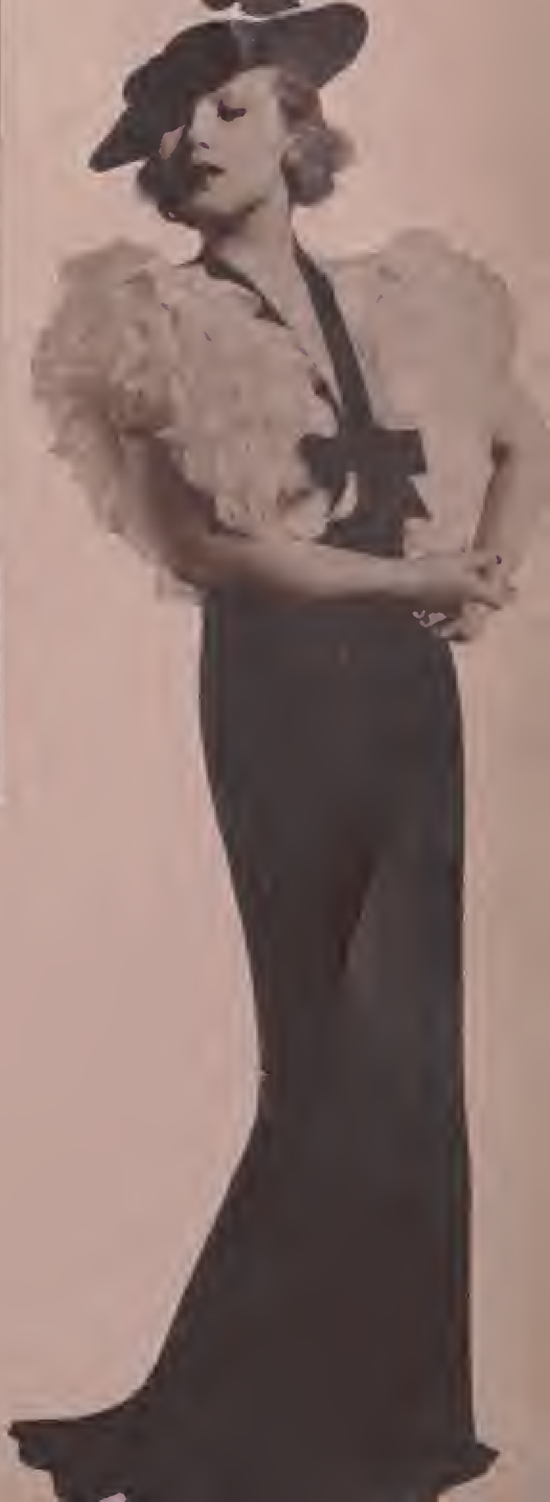
By

GWENN WALTERS

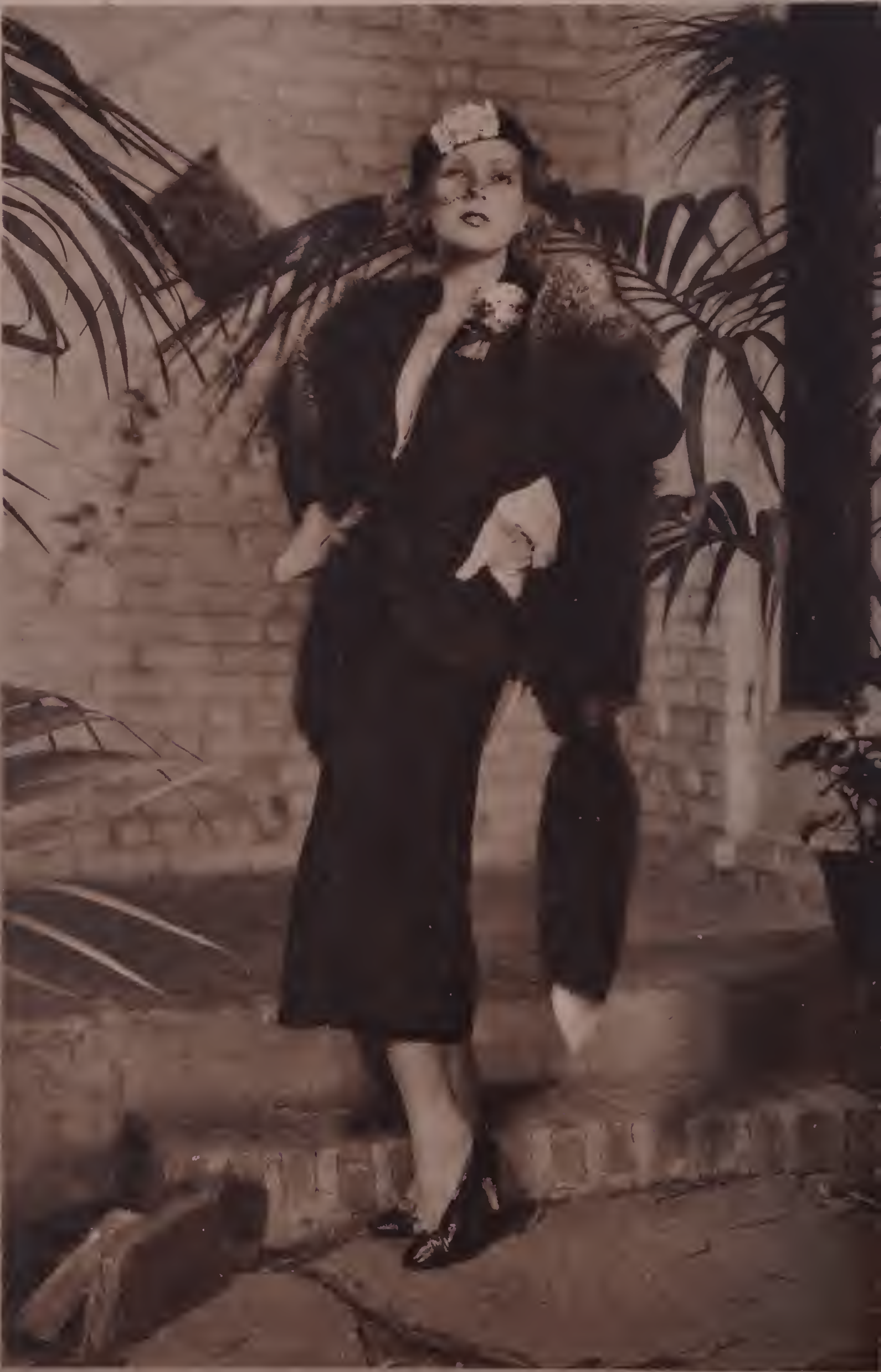
Are you blonde or brunette, stately or petite? What lines and colors are most becoming? Do you need slenderizing styles, or more fulness in your fashions? Write your problems to Gwenn Walters, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California — she'll be glad to suggest styles for your type, or help you choose clothes for that late vacation, those first fall activities, or your campus wardrobe. Be sure to enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope!

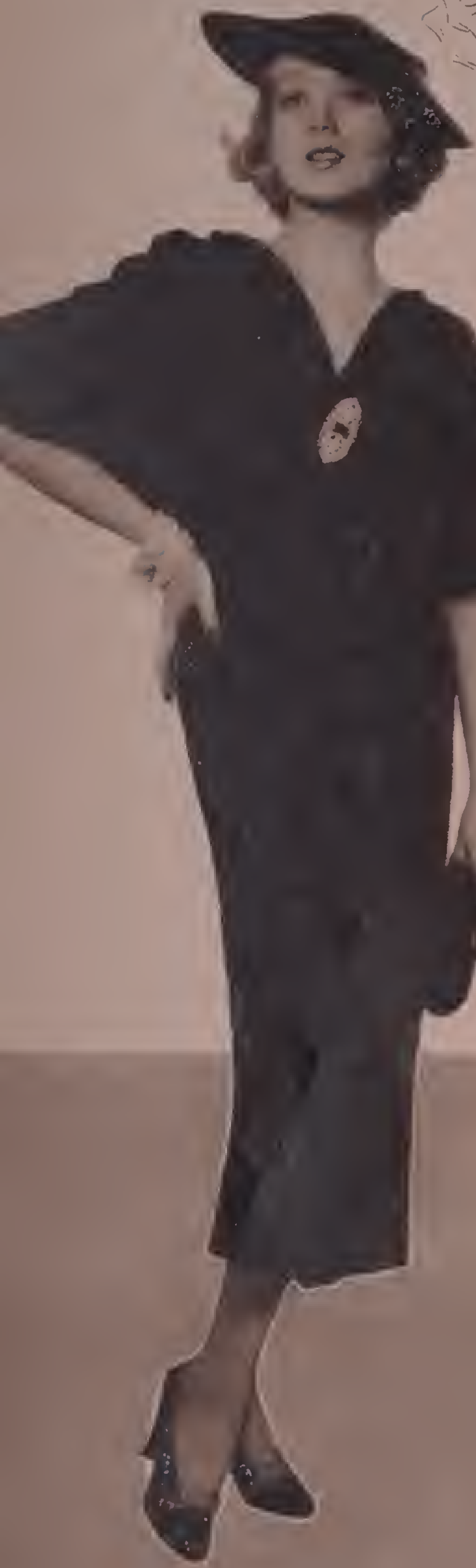


Blonde Ann Sothern chooses quite another type of wardrobe. For dinner hours she wears the gown, above, of black souffle with a yoke collar of pale blue ruching (also souffle) which holds the softly draped sleeves. The back runs high across the shoulder line, while a bias ruffle originates from the side seams to form a back peplum. Sleek and sophisticated is the black velvet with white souffle at right. Note that the ruched sleeves form the entire bodice, while the velvet halter-neck is a modern adaptation of a Victorian style. The back bodice is identical with the front. Her hat is also of black velvet. (Ann's gowns and hats—Dot Gregson, Los Angeles.)



Ann's rich wine-colored broadcloth suit is another sophisticated informal ensemble. The pink grosgrain accordion pleating just visible through the "V" trims the plain bodice beneath; it also edges the tiny sleeves hidden by the jacket. The frock is perfect for dress occasions when the jacket is removed. The flower-trimmed felt toque, with its very smart nose veil, was especially designed for wear with the suit. (Ann's hats and gowns — Dot Gregson, Los Angeles.)





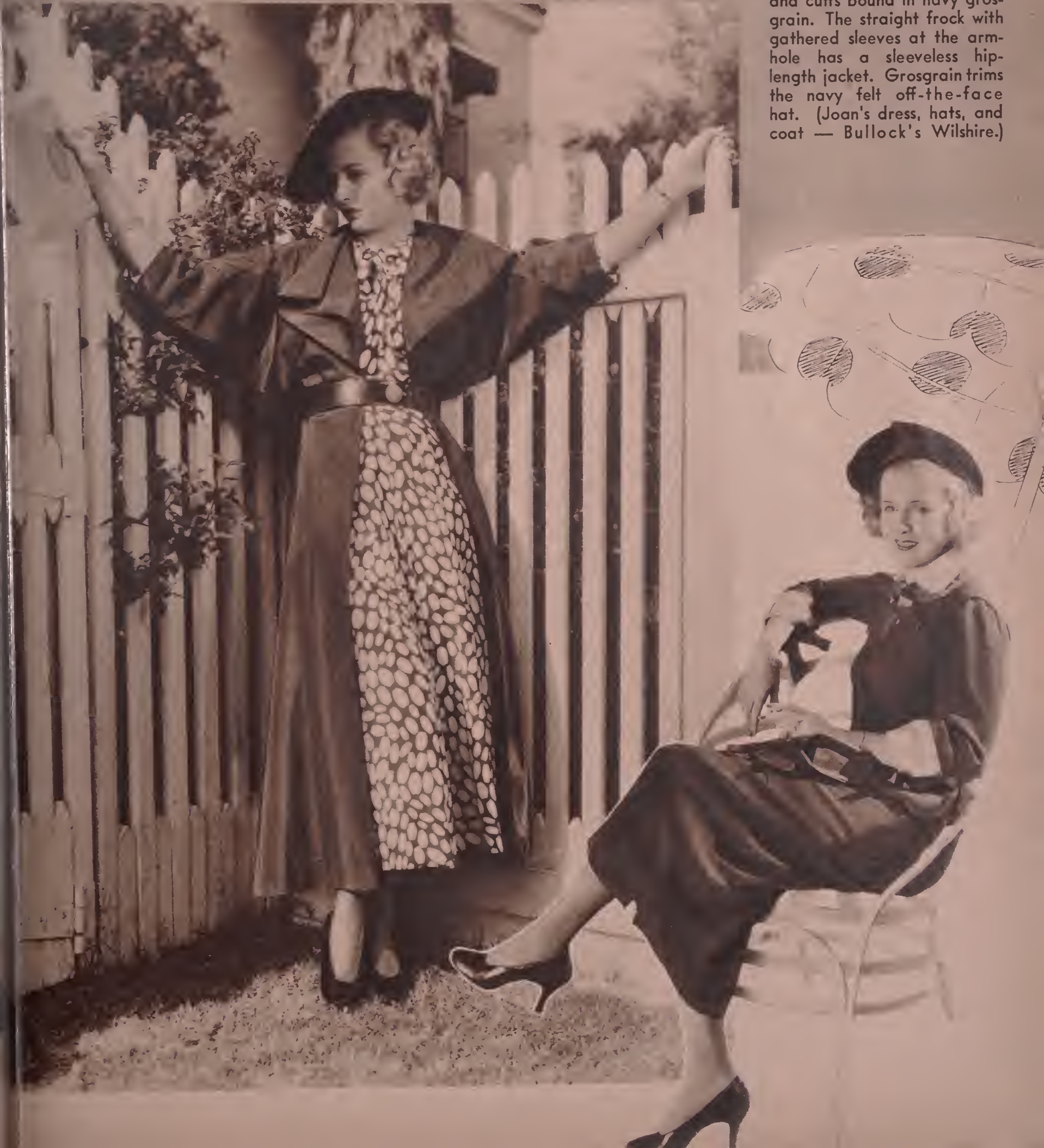
For informal wear, Ann loves nothing better than black crêpe, intricate in cut and plainly styled. The straight frock above is adorned only by an elaborately shirred shoulder cape and a very large rhinestone pin. The cape is part of the frock, stitched on the upper center sleeveline, and the shirring forms the V-neckline. With it Ann wears a mushroom-style black felt hat.

MISS BENNETT'S PHOTOGRAPHS
BY WILLIAM WALLING, JR., OF
PARAMOUNT

MISS SOTHERN'S PHOTOGRAPHS
BY IRVING LIPPMAN OF
COLUMBIA

Joan contrasts Ann's sophisticated costumes with outfits a bit more feminine in style and cut. The navy and white print frock below has a peasant blouse which ties at the throat with a self-fabric bow, a full, gored skirt and three-quarter-length sleeves with tiny cuffs. The navy taffeta coat has sleeves of intricate cut, wide double revers, and is held in at the waist with a patent-leather belt. The ensemble is completed with a hat of matching taffeta.

Joan's chic street costume—less severe than Ann's tailored suit—is of navy sheer wool with natural crash linen collar and cuffs bound in navy grosgrain. The straight frock with gathered sleeves at the armhole has a sleeveless hip-length jacket. Grosgrain trims the navy felt off-the-face hat. (Joan's dress, hats, and coat — Bullock's Wilshire.)

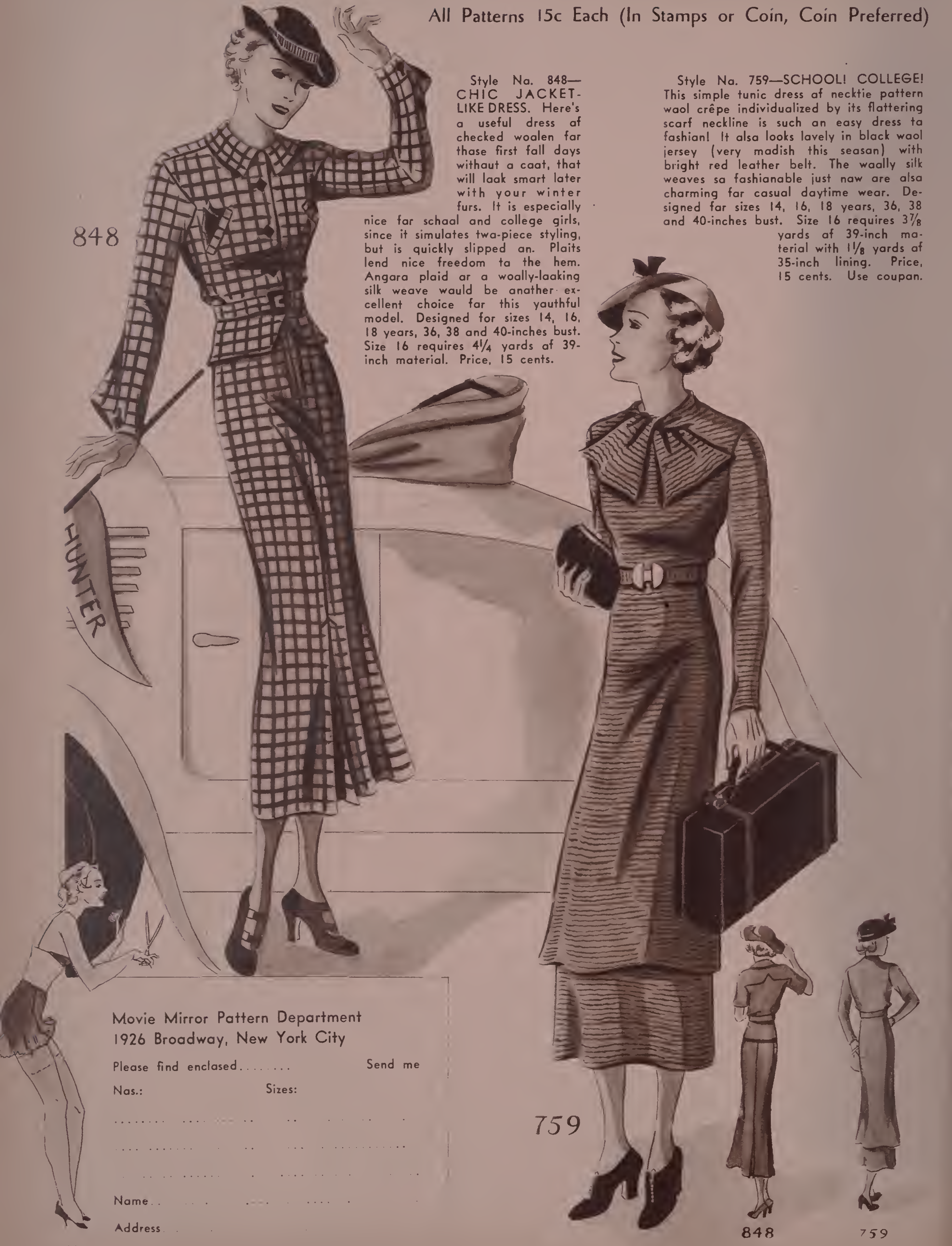


MOVIE MIRROR'S PATTERN DEPARTMENT

All Patterns 15c Each (In Stamps or Coin, Coin Preferred)

Style No. 848—CHIC JACKET-LIKE DRESS. Here's a useful dress of checked woolen for those first fall days without a coat, that will look smart later with your winter furs. It is especially nice for school and college girls, since it simulates two-piece styling, but is quickly slipped on. Plaits lend nice freedom to the hem. Angora plaid or a woolly-looking silk weave would be another excellent choice for this youthful model. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards of 39-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

Style No. 759—SCHOOL! COLLEGE! This simple tunic dress of necktie pattern wool crêpe individualized by its flattering scarf neckline is such an easy dress to fashion! It also looks lovely in black wool jersey (very modish this season) with bright red leather belt. The woolly silk weaves so fashionable just now are also charming for casual daytime wear. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards of 39-inch material with 1⅛ yards of 35-inch lining. Price, 15 cents. Use coupon.



Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City

Please find enclosed....... Send me

Nos.: Sizes:

....

....

....

Name.. . . ..

Address

Remake your face for BEAUTY

By Gloria Mock

MAKE-UP is, or should be, an art. Every girl knows this. I am sure of it because I have so many letters from you asking questions such as: "How can I put on rouge so my face won't look so round and chubby?" or "I think my eyes are too small. What can I do about them?"

Observe that they don't say, "*Can* anything be done?" but "*What* can be done?" And of course, this is perfectly right for there are many tricks of make-up which emphasize good features, and other tricks to tone down the things in our faces about which we aren't enthusiastic.

Here in Hollywood, the art of make-up has been intensively studied because of its vital importance to the movies, and out of this study has come a great deal that every girl, not only the screen stars, can use to make herself more charming.

Two of the greatest artists in the use of cosmetics are the Westmore brothers, Perc and Ern. I'm going to repeat to you some of the interesting answers Perc Westmore gave when I put to him some of the questions you have been sending me.

Mr. Westmore said first, and he said it emphatically, "In the last ten years, the meaning of the word 'make-up' has changed. It used to apply almost entirely to the use of cosmetics on the stage or screen. In everyday life, to say 'that girl is made up!' was anything but a compliment. Today, make-up means using cosmetics with knowledge and taste with the result that the inherent beauty of any face can be brought out, but in such subtle ways that the old meaning of 'make-up' has totally faded out."

"Yes," I answered, "and it's just those subtle ways that my readers want to know about. What, for instance, should a girl do who feels her face is too long?"

"I'll tell you," Mr. Westmore said, "but first I want to say one thing. It is very important that no girl should ever try to get too far away from her type. It frequently happens that the feature of a face which is furthest from the average is the *one* feature which gives that face its greatest charm. High cheekbones, for instance. So many girls feel they ought to do something about them, yet they can be very beautiful. Be yourself. It is the foundation of charm."

I thought immediately of Claudette Colbert, and of Sylvia Sidney. Wouldn't they have been mistaken to attempt to disguise the contours of their lovely faces?

"But," I interrupted. "Do you think a girl's instinct about herself can be trusted?"

"Absolutely," Mr. Westmore nodded, "because when she gets an effect she instinctively doesn't like, she finds

(*Continued on page* 99)

Frances Grant, Fox player, faces the dog days in white organdie, with red cherries at throat and waistline, also on her Milan hat.

Write to Gloria Mock if you have a beauty problem you don't quite know how to handle. Whether it's getting rid of large pores and blackheads, or a new, becoming coiffure, or how to work off those too-plump curves, begin now to solve your individual problem by finding out how! And remember this is a confidential service. Your private beauty consultant, Gloria Mock, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. And please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write for advice.

The True Life Story of GRACE MOORE

By WALTER RAMSEY

Concluding the inspiring Cinderella history of the Tennessee girl who took the world by storm with her glorious voice—and tasted success and love and disaster

SAFELY launched at the Metropolitan Opera, the next five years of her life listed dizzying triumphs in every professional venture Grace Moore undertook. Three sensational seasons at the Metropolitan in "La Boheme," "Faust," "Romeo and Juliet," "Manon," "Pagliacci," "Tales of Hoffman" and "Louise." At the end of her second season she made an European tour, filling engagements at the Paris Opera House and the Opera Comique. Later she sang in the Cannes and Monte Carlo opera houses, following with a concert tour through Belgium. Proudly, yet humbly, the little Tennessee girl sang "command performances" before the crowned heads of Europe: the present King of England, the late beloved Albert of Belgium and ex-King Alfonzo of Spain.

Her work, her career and her studies were everything, until she began to believe that the singing Grace Moore was the only real part of her personality and the rest of her life was taking on the form of shadowy, unreal existence.

As a star of the Metropolitan she was at the heights. As a woman she was what? Suddenly, in the middle of a triumphant concert tour through Spain, she became very tired. Not only physically weary from the exhausting schedules of making trains, fulfilling engagements, living gypsy fashion from one hotel suite to another, but heart-tired, and homesick.

In the very teeth of managerial pleas and threats, she cancelled the tour and booked passage for Tennessee! Of course,

Her first movie venture was her bitterest professional defeat. Left, in a scene from "A Lady's Morals," with Gilbert Emery.

After two early failures in films, neither Hollywood nor Grace herself could foresee the unparalleled triumphs of "One Night of Love."

it was really to New York, but Grace Moore hardly paused there. The nostalgia for honeysuckle vines, soft spoken darkies and kindly neighbors filled her heart and she could not rest until she satisfied this want.

Home again! Her own room, her dear family, old friends, long summer afternoons under magnolia trees—this was the luxury for which she had cancelled a singing season that would have earned her a fortune. Two months of this, two months of singing as she played her own accompaniments, simple songs her neighbors loved and understood: "My Old Kentucky Home," "Way Down Upon The Swanee River." She went back to the little Baptist Church where she had first faced a congregation and sang "Lead Kindly Light." It was reluctantly that she finally brought to a close her first rest in seven years, and began the American concert tour her managers had been clamoring for.

Even before talking-pictures came onto the scene, Hollywood had been calling Grace Moore, but she had never given silent pictures a single thought. First, and primarily, she was a singer. As a personality, she was modestly convinced that she could not hold a candle to the super-luxurious women of the Hollywood screen. But suddenly the screen could talk and *sing*, and with the coming of the little mechanical toy that revolutionized the industry, Hollywood would no longer be put off. Emissaries from various studios besieged her and for the first time she listened with interest.

It was M-G-M and their plan for starring her in a film of the life of Jenny Lind, to be released under the title of "A Lady's Morals," that finally wore down all her objections, and in May of 1930, Grace signed a contract that was to bring her to Hollywood and, subsequently, the bitterest defeat of her professional life.

Impressed by tales of movie gaudiness and stellar luxury with a feeling that this was the only way to make an impression in the cinema capital, Grace arrived in Hollywood a veritable personification of what the grand opera star is *supposed* to be. With retinue, and *what a retinue*: a personal chef, maid, butler, chauffeur, secretaries (two of them), she made a gala entrance in a private car!

"It was a thoroughly 'Oooh, la la!' entrance," Grace smiled as she remembered the roses with four-foot stems she clutched in her arms as she left the train; the group of officials that met her; the triumphant luncheon in her honor at the studio; the castle-like home she had rented in advance; in short, the grand-stand act of her first arrival in Hollywood.

"As a matter of fact, I was far more impressed with living the life of a super-movie star than I was with plans for the picture. Frankly, I was spoiled. There had been no professional defeats in my past that really mattered. Why should I expect one in Hollywood? So in place of studying and preparing myself for the camera as I had studied and prepared for the opera and concert, I merely coasted along, taking everyone's advice. There were plenty of old friends in Hollywood to wine and dine me. It was hilarious fun."

And it continued to be fun, until the cameras actually started grinding. Only then did the lovely *diva* realize how lost she was in this complicated new medium. The knowledge that she was not prepared for the work she had gone into so lightly worried and upset her. She was not used to working within "chalked in" camera lines. It exasperated her to be interrupted in the middle of a line or a song and be told that she was out of the camera range. But she was too proud to admit her ignorance of the new medium and in time she earned the reputation of being the most temperamental star who ever set foot on that movie lot, a lot that has seen considerable (*Continued on page* 92)

Grace has no less than three leading men in the eagerly awaited "Love Me Forever"—Michael Bartlett, Leo Carrillo and Robert Allen.

She had begun to think there was no Grace Moore, the woman, only the singer—until she met Valentin Parera.

Speak for yourself

MOVIE MIRROR awards Seven Prizes each month for the best letters—$20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about talkies, stars or stories, in 200 words or less. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

We've had lots of letters lately asking for bigger parts for Glenda Farrell. Maybe Warner's "We're in the Money," her next film, will satisfy.

$20 PRIZE LETTER

Wanted—A Code Against Unfair Competition

So many people write to tell you what they've learned from the movies—styles in clothes and hairdressing, how to walk like Garbo and talk like Connie Bennett—but all *I* get from these beauteous gals is an inferiority complex and a headache.

After the boyfriend has taken me to a Bennett movie, how do you think I feel when he looks me over afterward? All I can think of is that my eyelashes aren't a yard long, that I'm six pounds overweight, and that my dress cost only $6.98 in the basement.

I'd like to see these glamorous gals in a real situation once: Connie waking up in the morning with a layer of stale cold cream on her face and a wave-cap over one ear; Joan Crawford coming in from a swim with her eye make-up washed off and her hair in limp, wet slabs; Marlene Dietrich just once stumbling against a chair in that sinuous glide of hers.

Then I'd know that movie stars are as human as I am and could take the boyfriend to see someone besides Wallace Beery and Shirley Temple!

Andrea Miller,
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

Hands Across the Sea

A hushed silence, a tear or two, and then the strains of "God Save the King" ring out. The audience rises with one accord and stand rigid; a patriotic feeling sweeps over all, and everyone turns homeward with a feeling of patriotism, glad to be British and proud of the Union Jack. This is what I found both times I saw "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Each time I asked myself the same question: "How is it that America can produce such an all-British atmosphere and such typically fine British soldiers and manly Britons when, in our own films, we give to the world such poor examples of manhood and intellect?"

Every Englishman will doff his hat to Hollywood for such a fine piece of work and for making us proud to have such a regiment as the "Bengal Lancers." It is good for us to remember that there are still men in our midst of the calibre of Captains McGregor, Forsythe and Stone.

F. Wakeling,
London, England.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

He's Everybody's Sweetheart Now

Welcome, Nelson Eddy. And where have you been all this time? Your first picture, and one of the best hits of the year! You've conquered your big chance in "Naughty Marietta" and we want you to know you're filling a long-felt want. We had Grace Moore and Jeanette MacDonald, but we lacked a vital, vigorous man to sing his way into the hearts of the ladies in the audience.

In "Naughty Marietta" we meet a great new personality, and what a personality! It's something to rave about—a handsome, ingratiating newcomer with a glorious voice and a gift for grace and gallantry; yes, and more. A real man who doesn't look like a sissy when he sings, who is as disarming as F. D. R., as straightforward as Dempsey—well, as elegant as Nelson Eddy, because it's Eddy who will be setting new standards of comparison for our movie men!

Michael A. Zichelli,
Montclair, N. J.

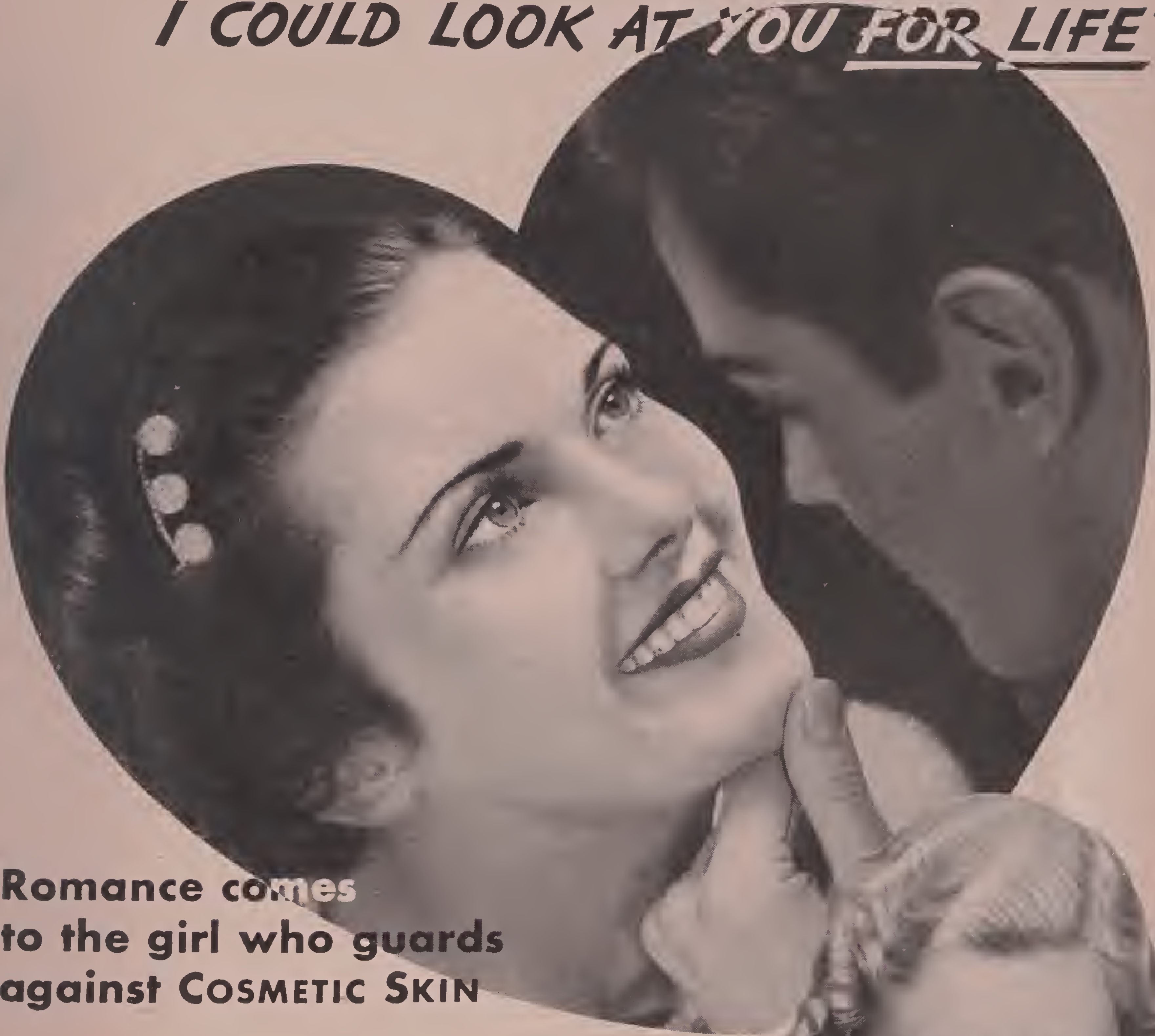
$1 PRIZE LETTER

Have a Heart!

Must Hollywood take the lurid dramas from the front pages of our newspapers and make films of them? When Hollywood grabs one of these sensational stories and produces a screen drama for the thousands of movie-goers throughout the country, the men and women who figure in these "headliners" suffer again the penetrating eye of public attention, endure criticism, taunts and ridicule. Often it is a case of several people re-living a stark tragedy in their lives.

Truth is stranger than fiction, yes, but we should have some consideration for those concerned in these stories. Perhaps they do provide good (*Continued on page* 102)

"YOU'RE EASY ON THE EYES, JEANIE— I COULD LOOK AT YOU FOR LIFE"



Romance comes to the girl who guards against COSMETIC SKIN

SMOOTH, LOVELY SKIN wins romance—and *keeps* it. So how foolish it is to let unattractive Cosmetic Skin destroy the loveliness that should be yours!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

It is when cosmetics are not properly *removed* that they choke the pores—cause the ugly pore enlargement, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps—that are signs of Cosmetic Skin.

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather goes *deep* into the pores, gently removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Use all the cosmetics you wish! But to protect your skin—keep it lovely—use Lux Toilet Soap ALWAYS before you go to bed at night and before you renew your make-up during the day. 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap!

USE ROUGE AND POWDER? YES, OF COURSE! BUT THANKS TO **LUX TOILET SOAP** I'M NOT A BIT AFRAID OF COSMETIC SKIN

JOAN BENNETT

SEND in the CHILDREN'S PICTURES! ONE OF THEM WILL WIN $500.00

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

BABY LEROY

VIRGINIA WEIDLER

CORA SUE COLLINS

DAVID HOLT

SECOND CHANCE!

MOVIE MIRROR ALSO WILL AWARD A $200.00 SECOND PRIZE

Sixty Pictures will be Published at $5.00 Each

ACT NOW!

COME on, Folks! Send in the youngsters' pictures. There's a check for $500.00 in it for somebody's baby—and the babies can be any age under the tenth birthday! There is no promise of a movie career in this. BUT the most attractive pictures submitted—some sixty of them in fact—will be published in such fashion that all Who's Who In Hollywood will undoubtedly see them. And who can tell, with such a start, what might develop? To get started, send in the children's pictures as directed in the rules. The editorial board of Movie Mirror will select the most attractive sixty and publish them together with ballots so that you readers can elect your own favorites. But that will come later. Now is the time to send in pictures! You do not need a studio still. If of sufficient clarity to reproduce, a snapshot will be of equal value for the purposes of this competition. When you have selected the picture you wish to submit turn it over and on the back PRINT IN INK or typewrite the name of the child and your own name and address. If you are not the parent the permission of the parent must be written in ink and signed, also on the back of the picture. Although you have until October 11 to get the picture to us, don't wait. Send it in as soon as you are ready. There's no time like the present. Later you may forget to act.

The RULES

1. Any child who has not passed his or her tenth birthday is eligible in this contest.

2. To be considered, photographs must be received by Children's Picture Editor, Movie Mirror, P. O. Box 556 Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., on or before Friday, October 11.

3. The name and address of the child and name and address of the sender must be PRINTED IN INK or typewritten on the back of every picture entered. In the event a picture is submitted by someone other than a parent the consent of the parents must be written in ink on the back of the picture.

4. The editorial board of Movie Mirror will select the sixty most attractive pictures for publication in this magazine in the November, December and January issues. With each group a ballot will be printed. The readers of Movie Mirror will vote to select the child from this list of sixty whom they would most like to see in a screen role. The child receiving the greatest number of ballots will be awarded the first prize of $500.00. The runner-up will receive $200.00.

5. Movie Mirror will pay $5.00 for each of the sixty pictures selected for publication and each of these pictures will become the property of Macfadden Publications for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Movie Mirror will not be responsible for the return of any picture although every effort will be made to return pictures which are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed return envelopes when submitted.

7. Quality of photography will not count. The attractiveness of the child will be the sole basis of judgment. Expensive portraits are not required. If of sufficient clarity for reproduction, a snapshot will be as acceptable as a studio sitting.

8. You can submit as many official ballots as you wish but only the official ballots printed in this magazine in November, December and January will be counted. All ballots must be in the hands of the counters on or before Friday, January 10, 1936, the closing date of this contest. Ballots should be sent by First Class Mail to Children's Picture Editor, Movie Mirror, P. O. Box 556 Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow you must take Today

What can bring back the mood and meaning of a precious hour — like snapshots? First aid to romance — how well they tell "the old, old story." Don't take chances with these pictures that mean so much — your camera is more capable, surer in performance, when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. You get people's real expressions, their naturalness. Your snaps turn out. Always use Verichrome . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

The loveliest day of all

Cooking Department

CONDUCTED BY PAULINE NELSON

Vary your menus during the last hot weeks of summer with these well-balanced and delicious meatless dishes

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. A. WHITTEN, LOS ANGELES

WRITE PAULINE NELSON

For her recipes for other meatless meals: Egg-Plant Special, Lentil Soup and How to Bake an Egg! If you mention it, she'll send you the unusual new Brazil Nut Cake too, and help you with any cooking problems you have. Address: Pauline Nelson, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Miss Nelson sends you these things without any charge, but remember to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

WITH the price of meat soaring and getting quite out of sight for the most of us, it's high time for smart cooks to begin figuring out how to lure a husband's taste and save his pocketbook on meat substitutes.

I don't suppose there's ever been a man—an American man, that is—who didn't adore steak. But you can sneak up on him with meatless meals that have delicious flavour, plenty of nourishment, and which will be distinctly different from the routine meals you have to serve if you simply prepare beef, pork, lamb night after night, the year round.

Now please don't regard these meatless dishes as makeshifts or substitutes. When you have tried some of these recipes I'm going to give you, you will see they have a delicious, individual flavor, and if you look at the pictures of two of them, here on this page . . . well, wouldn't you be proud to serve them to company, to say nothing of their tempting the family appetite at luncheon or dinner time?

Below, a "Meatless Loaf" based on lima beans and carrots which tastes so much like a good meat loaf that not even the menfolks will miss the meat!

Brazil nuts are used for protein in the appetizing "South American Peppers" above. Unusual recipes for both dishes illustrated are given in the text.

When you plan a meatless meal, go about it in your usual way, keeping in mind that you must balance the sweets, the starches, the proteins, fats and mineral salts. Only instead of meat, you use *another* food which contains the necessary protein, such as eggs, cheese, nuts or beans. That's all there is to it, but the clever cook will know so many ways of cooking and serving these rich-in-protein foods, that the meat won't be missed.

I'm going to give you first the recipe for the Meatless Loaf that is photographed herewith. This is a valuable recipe to have, as a loaf can be served either hot or cold and makes a splendid "late supper" dish, to say nothing of the ease with which it goes on a picnic. This one also gives you an absolutely different way of using left-over carrots and beans. And when you read what goes into it, you'll see it's about as inexpensive, good, nourishing food as you could serve a critical family.

Meatless Loaf

2 cups cooked lima beans
2 cups cooked diced carrots
6 tbls. peanut butter
½ cup dry bread crumbs
2 tbls. butter
1 tbl. minced onion
1 tbl. chopped parsley
½ tsp. celery salt
1 egg
¾ cup milk
Salt and pepper to taste

Mix the peanut butter and shortening together thoroughly and stir in the seasonings. Mince the carrots, beans, parsley and onion. Mix in the bread crumbs, and add to this the combined peanut butter, shortening and seasonings. Beat slightly together the egg and the milk and stir this in, beating vigorously. Bake in a well-greased loaf pan in a moderate oven (350° F.) for about an hour, till the loaf is firm and delicately crisped and browned. Turn it out, surround with mashed potatoes and serve hot, with a sauce if you wish. Regular white sauce to which you have added the meat-flavored extracts is good with this loaf.

And right here, let me add a word about the various extracts, bouillon cubes and so (*Continued on page 97*)

The TINTEX Color-Magician Says:

TINTEX makes YOU a Color-Magician

Do you want to perform a miracle of color? Then—just Tintex all your faded summer apparel and home-decorations and make everything as fresh and color-gay as when new. Tintex is so easy—so quick...results are *always* perfect! And Tintex gives you 38 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

PARK & TILFORD, *Distributors*

Avoid Substitutes . . .
Tintex quality never varies! Perfect results every time. That's why millions of women *INSIST* ON TINTEX.

Tintex

World's Largest Selling
TINTS AND DYES

Tintex brings gay color to all your faded sportswear. In the twinkling of an eye!

Tintex means new color beauty for summer dresses and frocks. Safely, too!

Tintex is color-magic for "washed-out" underthings. "Tint as you rinse"!

Tintex restores the bright colors to faded curtains and drapes. Try it—today!

AT ALL DRUG STORES, NOTION AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

Were They Embarrassed!

(*Continued from page 29*)

All eyes were turned in their direction. She was so frightened she could barely catch her breath.

At the bottom of the steps stood Mary, Doug., Sr., and a visiting lady from England. To Joan it was the greatest moment of her life. To the titled one it meant meeting another personality. As Joan started down the steps to greet her host and hostess, someone quite unwittingly stepped on her train. Oblivious to what had happened, Joan kept on going.

Suddenly there was a terrible ripping sound. Joan would have fallen on her face had she not been clinging to her husband's arm. Distraught, she turned around and gazed at her wrecked gown.

To the little girl who wanted so badly to create a good impression, it seemed as though her heart would break. Her entire evening was ruined and she suffered untold agonies until they were safely out of the house again. It was the greatest of tragedies to her then, but since that time she has come such a long way that it is now one of her amusing stories.

FRANCHOT TONE experienced real panic when he learned that he was to sing a real cowboy song in "Green Grow The Lilacs," on the New York stage. Franchot had no illusions about his voice. And a cowboy song of all things. He practiced day and night on all his friends but as the opening night drew near, he grew panicky by the moment. Finally the curtain went up and everything began to run smoothly. At last came the time for Franchot to deliver his song.

After the first few bars he dared to breathe a little easier. There was no sound of the expected laughter and the audience seemed to be enjoying it. Encouraged he broke out anew, this time louder and with greater conviction. Out of the corner of his eye he saw people fidgeting in their seats. Then the horror of the situation seized him. They were filing out one by one. The house was being emptied!

Franchot got sick all over. His first impulse was to dash off the stage. In his wildest dream he hadn't imagined he would be *that* bad. As his last note died away the curtain was lowered. There was a long, death-like silence as Franchot groped his way to his dressing room.

Never had he been so humiliated! He vowed then and there that he would quit the theater forever. He never wanted to see the inside of one again. Just as he was in the very lowest depths of despair, there came a knock on his door. He knew it was the manager come to give him his notice.

It was the manager. But his story was quite different from what Franchot was expecting. A fire had broken out in one of the rest rooms. The audience, instead of getting panicky, had filed out one by one, as quietly as possible so that they would not interfere with his performance. Twenty years were lifted from Franchot's shoulders in that one moment. Today he is studying singing with Senor Morando, who predicts he will be one of the most famous bassos in operatic history.

BETTE DAVIS started her career on the stage. In her blood was the throb of ambition. She planned by day and dreamed by night of the great opportunity that was sure to come.

Just when things looked blackest, Madame Blanche Yurka, then in her prime, sent for her. She had seen Bette's work and offered her a part in the Ibsen drama "The Wild Duck."

Day and night she studied her rôle. Sometimes she did not stop to eat. She knew the lines backwards and forwards.

A few hours before curtain time Bette was on the verge of collapse. She swayed from dizziness and things swam before her eyes. Dragging herself up to her mirror she peered at her own image. To her horror she noticed blotches of red beginning to appear beneath the surface of her skin. In another hour she was a mass of spots. Bette had broken out with the measles!

Like a mad woman she began patting her face and arms with grease paint. She would cover the tell-tale spots and go through the performance if it was the last thing she did. She was not going to be robbed of her big chance. When her mother found her hysterically trying to get into her costume, Bette finally admitted the truth. Madame Yurka was notified. Bette expected her to be furious. On the contrary, Madame Yurka kindly postponed the opening until Bette could appear.

Bette was so grateful that she rewarded Madame Yurka by giving a marvelous performance. But all you have to do is ask Bette Davis if she's ever had the measles and then watch her face get red.

GARY COOPER would rather hunt wild animals than eat or sleep. But on one of his many trips to the heart of Africa, a wild beast made such a fool of him that Gary still gets embarrassed every time he sees one of the animals. It was on the Serengeti plains in Tanganyka, to be exact, on Christmas Eve.

For days the party had been hunting a ferocious lion. The man-eater, playfully dubbed "Droopy Drawers" because of the underslung manner in which he walked, had come within shooting range several times, but always managed to make his escape. Gary was determined to get him.

In the heart of the jungle, miles away from civilization, they prepared their holiday dinner. Gary shot an impalla, an edible gazelle.

Suddenly one of the party looked up and out into the surrounding blackness. There, hardly a dozen yards away, stood "Droopy Drawers." They all froze in their tracks, not daring to utter a word or make a move. Then like a flash they tore madly for the nearest tree and went scrambling up into the limbs. Gary, absorbed in making the fire, had not seen a single movement.

As he fooled with the flames he kept up a rapid conversation. "Next time I see old man 'Droopy Drawers' he won't stand a chance," said Gary. "I'll fix him so his own mother won't recognize him."

It struck Gary strange that no one answered. He quickly looked up—straight into the eyes of the lion. Slowly and stealthily the animal came toward him, the smell of the cooking meat in his nostrils. Gary felt the finger of death closing around his throat. For the first time in his life he moved fast. Reaching for the gazelle, he all but handed it to the King of Beasts, who sniffed at it suspiciously, then looked at Gary as if trying to make up his mind which he desired more. Finally, he took the meat and walked away.

From that day on Gary knew no peace from his friends. They asked him why he hadn't put salt on the lion's tail or sung him to sleep with a theme song. Poor Gary took his medicine like a trouper. He could bear their ribbing, but every time he thought of "Droopy Drawers" he felt chagrined all over again.

CAROLE LOMBARD faced a problematical future after her contract with the old Pathe Studios had expired and she found herself with no job and no immediate prospects. When she had about hit bottom she was selected by the great C. B. DeMille for the leading role in "Dynamite."

From then on the days were filled with fittings, portraits and publicity. Adrian gave her some of his most lavish costumes. She gave hundreds of interviews and signed autographs. Over night a new world had opened up for her. She was a star.

Rehearsals got under way and the obvious signs of nervousness soon passed. The hundreds of extras on the set were handled by DeMille with the aid of a huge loudspeaker. Carole offered up a silent prayer when each succeeding scene went off without a hitch. She was doing her best, confident that she was making good.

Suddenly DeMille screamed for silence. His voice rang out over the amplifier and the set became as quiet as a tomb.

"Miss Lombard," shouted DeMille, "you won't do. We'll have to get someone else."

If he had taken Carole quietly aside and broken the news it would have been bad enough. But over the loudspeaker! That was too much. Blinded by tears and shaking with every step, Carole crept back to her dressing room, took off her beautiful clothes and checked them in at the wardrobe. Why she had been fired she did not know. But the embarrassment she had suffered was more than she could bear.

At home she threw a few things into a bag, then caught the next train for New York. She never wanted to see a motion picture camera again.

Her money began to run low in New York. Then an eastern executive persuaded her to try one more film. Because she needed the money she gave in. The picture proved a hit. Then she made another. It was also a hit. Next came a contract and a chance to go back to Hollywood and become a star. This time there would be no bawlings out over loudspeakers. She wouldn't have to forfeit her clothes and retract all her publicity.

Carole accepted and has been forging ahead ever since. Today she works on the same lot with C. B. DeMille. But it would take more than the powers in the cinematic heavens to get her to do another picture for him!

Anna Karenina

(*Continued from page* 55)

him to Karenin who had come to meet her.

"So you left with the mother and return with the son!" Karenin said in that thin, mocking voice that always jarred so.

Vronsky and Anna laughed politely, but Anna's laugh stopped abruptly. She felt on the edge of hysterics as she heard Karenin reply to Vronsky's "I hope you will let me call on you?" with the conventional "We should be very pleased. We are at home on Mondays."

But soon she was at the house, and Sergei was in her arms. To be back with her child again! He was consolation for everything. Here was love unstinted that she had a right to, that she could return unstinted. She would forget all else.

Sergei adored what she had brought him, as she knew he would. It was a globe that showed all the countries in the world. They were tracing a fabulous journey on the globe's round surface when Karenin came into the room. "Well," he said, "I suppose, young man, you are annoyed with your mother for keeping you away from your lessons. You never can make up lost time, you know. 'Unhasting and unresting' is my motto, and it's a good motto for you too, my boy."

The child looked at his father from under lowered lashes, lashes long and curled like his mother's. "Do I have to have a motto?" he asked nervously.

Karenin raised his eyebrows. "May I suggest," he said to Anna, "that you are spoiling the young man?"

"It's my first day back," she pleaded.

FOR a while, Anna's life went on much as it had before her visit to Moscow. She tried to pretend that it was the same, to go on helping Karenin advance his insatiable ambition for place and power; and to delight so deeply in her child that there should be no time or thought left for anything else.

She tried, desperately Anna Karenina tried, but she could not refuse to see Vronsky entirely. To have avoided him would have caused talk. And her own wishes betrayed her. She wanted to see him. His gaiety, his love of life, his adoration for her seemed a natural part of her life that somehow she had only just discovered, and which, having found, she could no more part with than with part of herself.

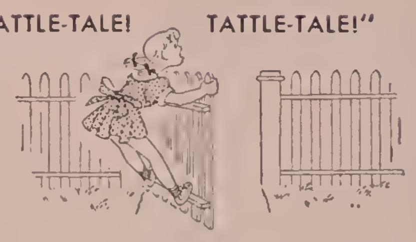
Finally she guessed that people were becoming aware of the situation. She tried to send Vronsky away, to show him how impossible it all was, but he refused to go, and her pleadings were stilled under his kisses. She was helpless, powerless to fend off the approaching climax. What she was fearful of did happen at last. Gossip came to Karenin.

"I feel it necessary, Anna, to warn you," he said in his dry voice. "You are becoming an object of disagreeable gossip because of the attentions you have been receiving from Count Vronsky."

Anna said faintly, "I don't know what you mean."

"I'm not inquiring into your feelings," he went on as if she had not spoken. "I am concerned only with appearances. If you have no regard for me, I beg you to remember the effect on your son."

MARGIE MAKES FUN OF MY DRESSES, MOMMY – SHE SAYS THEY'RE TATTLE-TALES!


"TATTLE-TALE! TATTLE-TALE!"

"Pooh! Clothes can't tattle," says Mother. "Where did Margie get that silly idea?"

"She heard the club ladies, Mommy—they said your clothes were full of tattle-tale gray."

* * *

Maybe it's never occurred to you that clothes can tattle. Yet if things come out of the wash the least bit dingy and dull, they do show that they aren't perfectly clean. And the neighbors are sure to notice.

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It's a real friend to hands, too—for there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar. Get Fels-Naptha Soap today! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Anna stared at the closed door through which her husband had gone. She was saying over and over to herself: "Too late."

The following day was the date of the most important racing event of the season. Alexei rode his own horse over the dangerous course, and was thrown. Anna believed he had been killed. She knew people were staring at her, that Karenin was urging her to control herself but she could not. When word came to their box that Vronsky was uninjured, she gave way. Karenin, telling everyone that his wife was unwell, took her to their carriage. When they reached home, Anna was calm again because, in the horror of those moments when she believed Alexei dead, self-knowledge had come to her. Without Alexei, there was no life for her at all. She must tell Karenin. Beyond that she dared not plan or think, nor did she have time for planning. Karenin began immediately:

"You have done what I particularly asked you not to do. I stand for certain things in the public eye. You are endangering my position. In fact, your immodest display of your feelings just now made me ridiculous and *that* I will not tolerate."

SHE stood silent, and a faint hope was reflected in his next words. "Perhaps I was mistaken in the interpretation I put upon your conduct. If so, I hope you will forgive me."

"You were not mistaken." Anna looked straight into Karenin's eyes, something she realized she had not done for years. "I love him. I belong to him. Do what you like to me."

"So," Karenin began, and she knew his speech was one he must have been rehearsing while he brooded over the situation which had now come to light between them. "For some time I have known that, in uniting my life to yours, I had made a mistake. But the family cannot be broken up by the whim or caprice, or even by the sin, of one of the partners to the marriage. Our life must go on as it has in the past."

Anna was taken unawares. "It can't go on! I can't go out and see people and pretend. I cannot!"

"Nevertheless, you will."

"You will not give me a divorce?" she asked, incredulous.

"Never! To permit you to legalize your sin, to justify your conduct, and his? Never, I say. You will remain here as my wife before the world. You will not see this—person again."

"And the alternative?"

"You will join the ranks of those women of ambiguous position who travel about Europe from one watering-place to another, neither married nor unmarried, with no future and no present, with only your great love to sustain you." He bit out the last words and went on with increasing fury. "You will resign all claim to Sergei, because it will be my duty to remove him from your influence."

She could not believe what she heard. Sergei! She said weakly, "You know I cannot do that."

"Very well," Karenin began to put on his gloves. "I can assume then, that you will never jeopardize my honor again. If you will excuse me now, I have an appointment at the Ministry."

If there had been one word of feeling in her husband's speech one little gesture of sympathy, of understanding, that she might believe they were two tormented human beings . . . but no. Her husband was the embodiment of the world viewpoint. It was nothing to him that her heart might be breaking while her beauty and charm graced his social position. For ten years she had lived that life because she had not known what life might be for her. She knew now. That overwhelming knowledge gave her courage. She must go to Vronsky. Later on she could force Karenin to a fairer arrangement about Sergei. Now she must see Alexei, hear his voice, and rest, where only she had ever found rest, in his arms. She ordered her carriage and in the dusk, through the familiar streets, drove to his apartment.

"Anna!" he cried when she came in. "Are you here, are you really here?"

"Darling. I *am* here. I've been sitting in that house, watched, night after night. We dine together in silence. He sits across the table from me, cold, merciless. I can't tell you what it's been, a prisoner without reprieve."

He kissed her again and again, her hair, her eyes, her throat. "For me too, life has been tasteless. Anna! You're not going back to him now."

"What shall I do?" She knew, but she wanted him to tell her.

"You are going away with me, now!"

She gazed at him and a smile played happily over her tired face. "Yes, I am going away with you. I know that." Her eyelids drooped and she held out her hands to him. "Don't ever leave me, Alexei, because I have no one in the world but you."

They went to Venice, always the city of lovers, and for a while there was no one else in the world for Anna and Alexei. It was fortunately between seasons, and meeting no one they knew, they idled away the days, surrounded by beauty and peace. It was enough and more than enough to have each other.

ONE glorious evening, they dined on the balcony of their apartment and watched the sun setting majestically beyond the city. Alexei left his chair to sit by Anna, and like two children, they swung their clasped hands together in time to the song of a boatman, borne to them across the waters of the canal.

Anna said dreamily, "Not to think, only to feel."

Presently, Alexei began to quote one of Pushkin's poems and Anna realized that he had been thinking and of what his thoughts had been, for he went on:

"And the breath of Russia is sweet,
And sweet over all the land
Broods the soul of Russia."

"You are beginning to miss home! Yet we haven't been gone so long. Alexei, put your arms around me."

"Are you cold?" he asked anxiously.

"No, it is just that I know we will be punished."

"Punished?"

"For being so happy," she murmured, and nestled her head closer to his shoulder, but raised it again as boyish voices shouted under their balcony. She got up and walked to the coping. Looking over, she saw some street urchins romping below and watched them till they were out of sight. Yes, she too, was homesick. It seemed a short time that she and Alexei had been together, but such a long, long time since she had seen Sergei. One of the little boys there in the street had reminded her of her son, her dear baby, with his proud little walk.

She came back slowly to Alexei, and he, seeing her changed expression, caught her hand and kissed it. "Darling, you are with me. We are together and I love you."

"I know, oh I know, but Alexi, take me home!"

It was a queer sort of home they returned to, Vronsky's apartment in St. Petersburg where he had lived as a bachelor officer before he had been forced to resign his commission because of the affair with Anna. They dared not go out together, and no one but Vronsky's men friends ever came to see them.

Anna found it very different from Venice. There she had been happy, but here, in the same city with her son, the urge to see him grew till she threw caution to the winds and went to her husband's home. She returned to cry brokenly on Alexei's shoulder.

"THIS morning I went to see Sergei. It's his birthday, and I had taken him presents, things I had chosen so carefully, that I knew he would love. I did see him, but Karenin put me out of the house, and scared me so, I forgot and brought the presents away with me, so Sergei has nothing from me—from me—on his birthday." The tears choked her and she clung more tightly to him. "But, oh Alexei, they had told him I was dead and I wish I were."

He soothed her till she was quiet and finally suggested, "Let us leave St. Petersburg and go to my country place outside Moscow. Later on, maybe, Karenin can be approached again."

Once more, Anna and Alexei sought happiness in a new place, but this last move was frankly disastrous. Alexei kept trying to assure her that it was only a question of time before Karenin would relent and she might see Sergei, but Anna, wiser than he in this, knew he was mistaken. She had lost her son. Not even Vronsky could comfort her, and after a while he grew impatient with her abstraction. Then, too, the country life bored him. Irritating little quarrels began to crop up.

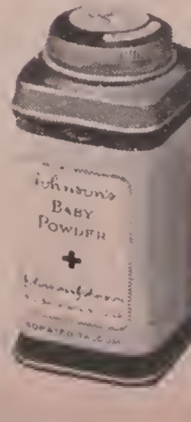
Anna tried to amuse Vronsky by inviting some of his soldier friends to the house, and this cheered him immensely. They were very gallant and charming to Anna, but after all, what did she know about soldiering? Their talk was in a language she did not understand, though they tried not to leave her out of it.

She had cut herself off from the old life, and now this new one was shaping itself in a way she could neither understand nor cope with. She became aware that something was going on among the men, and finally it came out. Alexei was, of course, barred from his old regiment, but there was nothing to prevent him from volunteering in a minor campaign that was raging on the border.

"Poor me, I do feel sorry for myself this morning. What a night, what a night! But how can a girl get her beauty sleep when her skin's all over prickles and chafes?"

"Lookit what's come into our life! Bet if I sprinkled myself with clouds and clouds of this Johnson's Baby Powder I'd like myself again.'

"Mmm — now I'm better. That smoothy-soft powder makes me feel so nice — and smell so nice — and look so nice. I'll just have to give myself a great big kiss. There!"



"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder... count on me to keep babies fine and fit! Just feel my satiny-smoothness between your thumb and finger... I'm made of finest Italian talc. No gritty particles in me... and no orris root, either. Try me—and don't forget my partners, Johnson's Baby Soap and Johnson's Baby Cream."

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Anna couldn't believe it when he mentioned it to her. He explained that a group of his friends were going. They had offered him a place with them. After all, he would not be gone so long. She could not make him see what this decision of his was doing to her. She could not be left utterly alone, with only her own thoughts. He dropped the subject, but a day later she came in to find him packing.

"It's true, then! You are going," she cried.

"Anna, don't let's quarrel now. Come, say goodbye. I am going in to Moscow to say goodbye to my mother and taking the train from there. I'll be back very soon, believe me. Then we'll take a trip to Venice. You'll like that."

How could she make him see what he was doing to her? Her love, her pride, all at odds, confused her and she talked hysterically: "This volunteering is only an excuse for leaving me!"

Perhaps Alexei's conscience was hurting him a little. If so, it only made him the more determined, and angry at her for putting him in the wrong. "How can you say that?" he asked. "You know me, and yet you think me capable of a base deception like that. I tell you I do love you, but love isn't everything. I must fill my life with something. After all, I am a man, with a man's ambitions."

ONE says that only when love is over." Anna did not hear her own words, the deadly accusation in them, the heavy judgment, but they flicked Vronsky on the raw and he shouted back:

"I wish you'd stop chattering about love!"

The color had drained from her face, and when she spoke, her words were lifeless. "It is over, then." She turned and walked slowly out of the room, but paused. "You will regret this," she said.

She went to her room and cried helplessly till she heard his carriage drive up. She ran to the window. He seemed to hesitate on the steps and her heart leaped up, but he was only waiting for the servant to bring his last bag. Then he drove away.

The moment he was gone, Anna began to blame herself. No matter. He was to blame, she was to blame! What difference did it make. He was going away and they had parted in anger. She would send him a note at his mother's house. That was it! Tell him she would be waiting for him at her brother's house. She wrote the message hastily and sent the butler into Moscow while she drove directly to Stiva's.

Stiva and Dolly were surprised to see her, and she noted grimly that it was not a pleasant surprise. Had she vaguely held this house as a place of last refuge? If she had, she knew now that it too was closed to her. But she was glad to see the children. They had not forgotten her and they asked about their little cousin, Sergei.

There was an awkward pause, which their mother terminated by sending them away to the nursery, and then to everyone's relief Anna's butler came. He had been unable to deliver her message as the Count had already left for the station with his mother.

Anna hurried to the station in time to see the train come in. Yes, there they were, and as Anna Karenina watched the group, she realized with a clarity that forced itself in on her numbed heart that this was the end. There was the Countess and some old friends of hers. They were gathered around Alexei, separating him from her, claiming him as one of them, something she could never be again. It was not his fault. Was it hers, when all she had done was to love him? The world had been too strong for her. She could fight no longer, because there was nothing left for which to fight. Little Sergei . . . she seemed to see his face as she had seen it the last time, streaked with tears as she had been forced to leave him. He had believed her dead. It seemed to her that she *was* dead. There was no place for her anywhere.

Anna hid behind a pillar and listened to the last, gay goodbyes. She made no effort to approach Alexei. While she stood there she became aware of an odd sound. Tap-tap, tap-tap, it went. It reminded her dimly of something she had heard before. Then a picture flashed clear before her. It had been here, on this very platform, when she had first arrived in Moscow, and met Vronsky. A little man had been testing the rails with a hammer that had made that same tap-tap. He had fallen under the train, had been killed. What was it the Countess had said? "It was, at least, all over in an instant."

Yes, life had stopped for him in an ininstant. She moved out on the platform toward the train which was now gathering speed. She thought she caught sight of Alexei at a window, but no matter. He might go but their love remained in her heart. It was all she had, but it was enough to have made life glorious up to this very last moment. Without a sound, unhesitatingly, Anna Karenina flung herself under the racing train.

Her bag was dashed to the pavement and spilled open. From it rolled a miniature of her son, the glass shattered. The wind caught and whirled about the note she had written to Alexei.

BUT much later on, the bag and what had been in it were given to Vronsky, so that he read the note after all. One of the friends who had been so fond of Anna, his soldier comrade Yashvin, was with him at the time, and tried to cheer him.

"Can't you forget her, Vronsky? After all, you are still a young man."

"The last time we were together, when she turned to me with pleading eyes, I did not speak, I did not turn. I was too angry, too absorbed in that stupid campaign, to remember that I loved her. The guilt of that will never leave me. I remember I felt suddenly I must ask her forgiveness, but immediately I hardened my heart. I forgot how much she loved me. I shall never forgive myself."

Yashvin turned toward the picture of Anna there in the room. It was a beautiful picture.

Vronsky was looking at it too, searchingly, tenderly.

"I am sure she has forgiven you," Yashvin said softly.

There was a sadness in Alexei's voice that would never leave it.

"Who knows?" he said at last.

Her Own Worst Enemy

(Continued from page 51)

This is not the first time Stanwyck has been in isolation, and apparently out of pictures. It happened before, in 1931, when she walked out of the cast of "Forbidden," after her phenomenal success in "Ladies of Leisure," "Ten Cents A Dance" and "Illicit."

Then every newspaper and magazine in the country was featuring her rebellion, commenting on the great loss to pictures. Today the industry doesn't seem to know she is not working. Yet she is the same great star, the same vivid personality, the same warm-hearted and hot-tempered interpreter of human emotions.

Her art is the same as that which brought tears to the eyes of Frank Capra at the showing of her first screen test. At that time Capra didn't want Barbara to play in his "Ladies of Leisure," but five minutes of her emotion sold him forever on the tempestuous red-head.

Her emotional qualities are the same as those which made directors and seasoned actors forget their cameras and their lines, to watch her, open-mouthed.

Her courage is the same as that which made her abandon a plaster cast after a serious spinal injury to carry on in "Illicit," against doctors' orders and the warning of being permanently crippled, because she knew the other actors and the studio crew for that picture needed the work badly.

THEN why is this great emotional actress not under contract to a major studio, and why has she been out of pictures for a year? And why was it that an independent producer had to be the first to sign her for a single picture, "Red Salute?"

And had not the American public demanded to see Stanwyck on the screen again, two other studios would not have followed this independent's lead.

What then is the trouble? The answer is a simple one, and is best expressed from the keen viewpoint of a studio worker. *She likes the wrong people.* That, plus the fact she cannot resist taking her bitterness out on important executives.

Barbara Stanwyck has the disastrous complex of siding with the under dog and attacking the upper dog. To what lengths this phobia takes her is indicated by a typical Stanwyck gesture. On one occasion she turned on a studio executive like a tigress, tongue-lashed him until he cringed, then walked off the set and refused to return, or talk to him over the telephone—only to return a few days later to spend hours of her time posing for stills for a publicity worker who faced dismissal because he had failed to get photographs of her while she was working.

Once, when asked if she preferred the company of the workers to that of the mighty, she replied:

"That's true. They're my kind of people. I understand them, and they understand me. Their troubles and pleasures seem real to me."

All this has a bearing on why Barbara Stanwyck is not under contract to a major studio and why she has been out of pictures for the past year, for in exact

MY HUSBAND'S GONE BACK ON ME

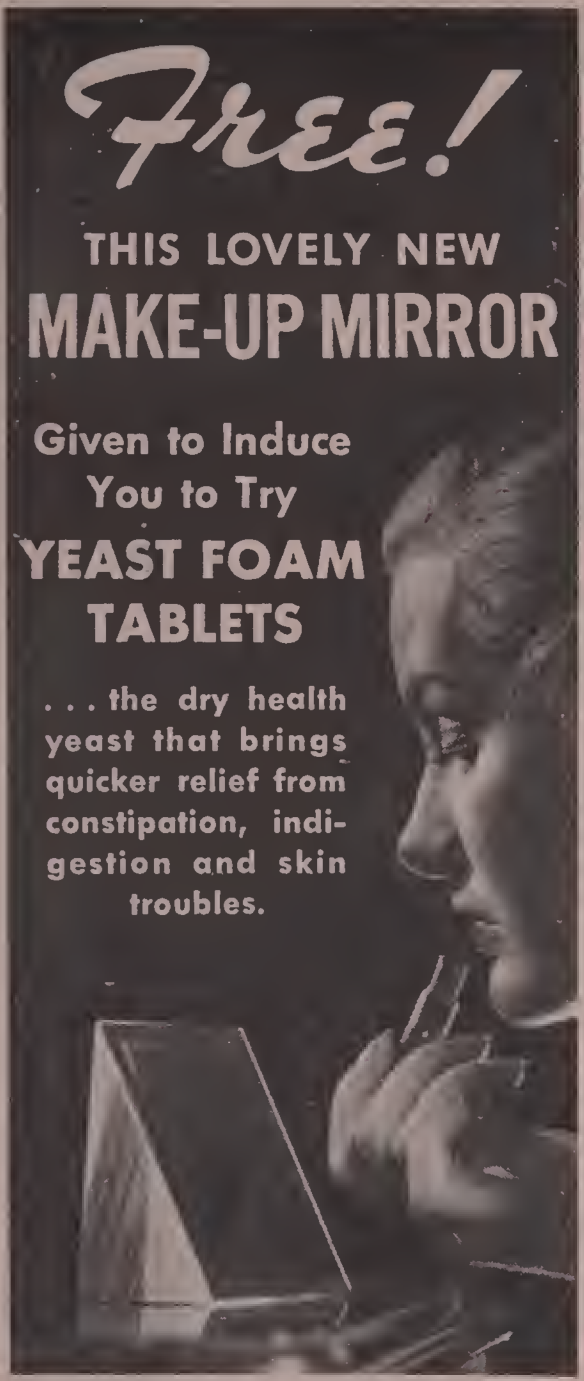
Here's a spaghetti he likes better than mine

AND SO DO I—THE SAUCE IS GRAND!

"I THOUGHT I cooked pretty good spaghetti—at least my husband often told me so. But I cheerfully admit that Franco-American chefs can do it better. When we tasted theirs with its perfectly marvelous sauce, I decided then and there I'd never bother with home-cooked spaghetti again. Franco-American saves me time and trouble—costs less, too! And it's the *best* spaghetti I ever ate. You'll say so, too!"

Skilled chefs prepare it, using eleven different ingredients in the sauce. Big, luscious tomatoes. Prime Cheddar cheese. Spices and seasonings that give delicate piquancy . . . subtle appetite allure. No wonder women everywhere declare that even their own delicious home-cooked spaghetti or macaroni can't compare with the zestful, appealing taste of Franco-American.

All the work has been done; you simply heat, serve and enjoy. A can holding three to four portions never costs more than ten cents—actually less than buying dry spaghetti and ingredients for the sauce and preparing it yourself. Ask your grocer for Franco-American Spaghetti today.


Free!
THIS LOVELY NEW
MAKE-UP MIRROR
Given to Induce You to Try
YEAST FOAM TABLETS
. . . the dry health yeast that brings quicker relief from constipation, indigestion and skin troubles.

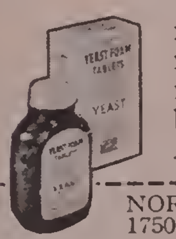
YOU'LL be delighted with this new kind of mirror that you can get absolutely free with a purchase of Yeast Foam Tablets. It's tilted at an angle so that you get a perfect close-up of your face without having to hunch way over your dressing table.

Set it anywhere and have both hands free to put on cream or make-up comfortably. Women say it's one of the grandest beauty helps they've ever seen. Send the coupon, *with an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton,* for your mirror now before the supply is exhausted.

This offer is made to induce you to try Yeast Foam Tablets, the modern yeast that gives greater health benefits because it's dry.

Scientists have recently discovered that *dry* yeast, as a source of vitamin B, is approximately twice as valuable as fresh, moist yeast! In carefully controlled tests, subjects fed dry yeast gained almost twice as fast as those given the moist, fresh type.

Get quicker relief from indigestion, constipation and related skin troubles with Yeast Foam Tablets. You'll really enjoy their appetizing nut-like taste. And they'll never cause gas or discomfort because they are pasteurized. At all druggists.



NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
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I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send me the handy new tilted make-up mirror. RG 9-35

Name________________________________
Address______________________________
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ratio to her liking for the under dog is her resentment against the fellow on top.

WHY? That's what some of Hollywood's smartest producers wanted to know a couple of years ago. Today they do not seem to be worrying much about it.

The answer is: loyalty and love, pride, resentment, bitter memories and bad advice.

First comes loyalty. In this case it is loyalty to her husband, Frank Fay. A fierce, tigerish sort of loyalty that makes her turn on the Hollywood that she feels is unfair to her husband.

HER loyalty includes the belief that the whole world is wrong about Fay, the one time big shot on Broadway, going floppo in pictures. And causes her to proclaim to the world that whatever she is she owes to this husband of hers, this man who is reported to have put up half the cost of making her picture, "Mexicali Rose," in order to induce Harry Cohn of Columbia to give her a chance, and who did it unknown to her. This man who raced from Hollywood to Burbank to get Warner Bros. screen test of her from a scene in "The Noose," and who then talked Frank Capra into looking at it. Her love for her husband, she puts before everything else. Compared to that love, nothing else matters to Stanwyck. Hers is the love that gives and gives and gives. It is blind to faults and weaknesses and it is apparently undying. Even blasé, sneering Hollywood finally admits that. And it no longer looks expectantly for the break in the Fay family that it has so long forecast. Barbara Stanwyck loves with the sort of love men dream of, and that women say they don't deserve. Barbara never forgets, either a kindness or an injury.

Then there is pride—a mistaken pride, perhaps, but a pride that makes her brutally frank about her poverty-stricken childhood as Ruby Stevens of Brooklyn, whose father was a ditch digger when he got work. Pride, not in her great emotional acting in the stage play "Burlesque," in the marvelous work done in such pictures as "The Miracle Woman" and "Ladies of Leisure," nor yet in the battle that took her from the bottom to the top, but pride in the fact that she is just a plain American and has never pretended to be anything else. Pride in the fact that she always faces the truth, never uses subterfuge and hates boot-licking, that she is as hot in battle as she is warm in friendship and generosity.

Resentment and, believe us, not without reason. Resentment toward the legion who have put a brand of disapproval on her happy-go-lucky husband. Resentment toward the star who made loud comments to her colored maid during Barbara's first screen test—a star whose dressing room, the pride of the studio, she had the satisfaction finally of taking over as her own. Resentment of Hollywood's unkind treatment to her when she first came here, to struggle for a place in the movie sun. And fiercest resentment of all is that toward those in the saddle whom she has seen ride underhoof struggling bit players, extras and humble studio workers.

Bitter memories, nursed and treasured beyond reason, no doubt, but always eating away at Barbara's heart. Memories that have bruised her soul, and left her overly sensitive to the slightest lack of consideration or anything that she imagines even borders on imposition. In spite of her outwardly hard-boiled attitude, she is undoubtedly the most sensitive star in pictures. Without the stolid defense of Garbo, the utter disregard of Hepburn, the self sufficiency of Crawford, or the sense of humor of West, she is easily hurt, and her only defense is flaming indignation or sullen retirement.

Though she flatly denies it, those bitter memories go back to the uphill battles of Ruby Stevens in New York, to the days when she and Mae Clark struggled together to find work, any kind of work. To the nights when her chance for anything but misery depended upon how successfully she battled, how capable she was at holding a job with one hand pushing off predatory suitors with the other. Chorine and night club hoofer, every night meant a new skirmish in her campaign for a decent existence.

THOSE memories have tied her sympathies tightly to the under dog, and turned her bared teeth to the man on top. She knows but two types of happiness—sharing her love with Frank Fay and sharing her good fortune with those who have nothing.

And last, but not least, of the reasons why Barbara has not been working during the past year is bad advice—the most prolific thing in Hollywood. Bad advice from every logical and illogical source that could be imagined, from those who mean well and from those who fatten on Barbara's retirement.

How will it all end? Will Barbara salve her wounded feelings with success and save her emotions for the screen, thus winning back her former position as Hollywood's greatest emotional actress, or will she continue to be "hard to handle"?

Freddie in Wonderland

Everyone who has seen this marvelous boy in "David Copperfield" and in "Anna Karenina" will want to read the heart-warming story about him which will appear in next month's MOVIE MIRROR. The October issue goes on sale August 23. Don't miss it!

I Want to Be a Star

(*Continued from page* 48)

One day a girl dressed exactly like Elida came into the set. The scene was repeated silently with this girl in Elida's rôle, while the sound apparatus repeated the lines.

"Who was that?" I asked the girl next to me when it was over.

"Elida Crane's stand-in. She doubles for her, too. They put her in the set and let Elida listen back to herself and see how it ties up."

This idea of a stand-in excited me. I got all the pictures I could find of Barbara Bell. I studied the way she wore her hair, her tricks of make-up. By arching my eyebrows a little more sharply then drawing them a trifle longer with pencil I accented my resemblance to her. I practiced her slow trick of raising her eye lids without moving her eyebrows.

I had three more days of work and the next night I came home to face a minor tragedy. Jack had been fired from his job for insolence. I was unspeakably annoyed with him, chiefly because I knew that reputation would sift back to Sonya. Then began the old business of Jack's trying to find a job. He was too young for most jobs and too untrained for others.

MEANWHILE ten days passed and no call came from the casting agency for me. Our money was almost gone. I found there were plenty of cheap furnished rooms around Hollywood at $2.00 a week. We moved into a rooming house where I could receive telephone calls, if any came, from the casting office.

Those weeks took all the courage I possessed. I was grateful in a way that Sonya and Victor had gone to Palm Springs. It was a good thing that they weren't there to appeal to. I didn't want to ask any more help. But I *wouldn't* give up!

Only one streak of sunshine in those tough days of job hunting and that was a letter from Dick, which was far more outspoken than any other I had ever had from him.

> DEAR JUDY:
>
> Why haven't I heard from you? I look for mail from you regularly. It has been nearly eight weeks. Have you gone Hollywood or do you neglect old friends, or don't you know what your letters mean to me? Your last letter of so long ago told me of the exciting jobs but you have sent nothing home. I don't believe you are the kind that would forget your home. Are you in any trouble? I wish you would wire me care of the University Club. There is no news with me. My marks are good and I'll be getting my degree this year. I think I can get an internship at the Boston General. You are serving your internship to earn stardom so we're partners in ambition. I'm not going to write you any more if I don't hear from you.
>
> DICK.

"Partners in ambition." The bowl of oatmeal and the glass of milk at the five-cent restaurant might have been ambrosia.

Don't deny your Fingertips the Luxury of GLAZO

HONESTLY, now—why bother with hastily-made, little-known brands, when there are months of exquisite Glazo manicures in this new 75% larger bottle that now costs only 20 cents! (Packaged without a carton.)

FASHION-APPROVED SHADES—No change in the famous Glazo quality. The same six authentic Glazo colors—starrier in lustre—and each one approved by beauty and fashion authorities.

2 TO 4 DAYS LONGER WEAR—by actual test. Never streaks or fades, chips or peels.

EXCLUSIVE METAL-SHAFT BRUSH—Glazo applies more easily, more perfectly, with the special metal-shaft brush. Evenly trimmed bristles that can't come loose.

OILY POLISH REMOVER—Four times as much as before and now only 20 cents. Actually beneficial to nails and cuticle. The special oil does not dim polish or cause it to peel.

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I enclose 6c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish and oily Polish Remover. (Check the shade of polish preferred.)

☐ Natural ☐ Shell ☐ Flame ☐ Geranium

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Beautiful Eyes

ARE YOURS FOR THE ASKING
WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Maybelline

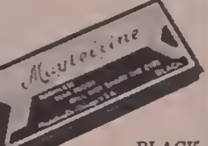
says DOROTHY HAMILTON
Noted Beauty Authority of Hollywood

Dorothy Hamilton, heard every Sunday afternoon in the "Maybelline Penthouse Serenade" over N. B. C. network

NOTICE your favorite screen actress, and see how she depends on well-groomed brows, softly shaded eyelids, and long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature, *her* eyes express *her*. More than any other feature, *your* eyes express *you*. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are really attractive . . . and it is so easy to make them so, *instantly*, with the pure and *harmless* Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

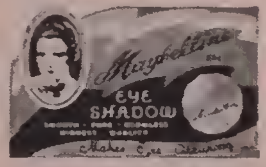
After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then apply a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline mascara to your lashes, to make them appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky by applying the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream nightly, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in introductory sizes at any leading 10c store. To be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness, accept only genuine Maybelline preparations.



BLACK
BROWN
BLUE

BLACK OR BROWN



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GRAY
VIOLET AND GREEN

COLORLESS

BLACK OR WHITE
BRISTLES

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping
Bureau

All Maybelline Preparations have this approval

The day was made. I almost felt my life was made when Dick believed in me. I didn't even let myself remember he was engaged to someone else. Surely that little deception wouldn't hurt when I needed courage so badly. He wrote as if I meant something in his life.

I went to the casting bureau to report my change of address, and was told to report to Monarch for two days.

I found they were still working on the Elida Crane picture. There were a great many more extras this time, but everybody thought it would be covered in one day's shooting. They were literally "mob" scenes which came few and far between in talkies. They were doing two interiors and one night exterior. That was four solid days of work and some night work. It netted me forty-eight dollars. I could at last breathe in peace. It was the first money I had really seen in ten days. It seemed strange that every time Dick wrote me I had a streak of luck and I wrote him that night and told him of my accident, of my job and elaborated on how well we were doing. Letters are strange things. It was a long time before I realized how much our correspondence meant. How close it was bringing us together. It got to a stage where we wrote almost every day. It felt that such a correspondence was harmless enough yet I carefully followed Dick's instructions for secrecy and addressed him at his club.

THREE days later I was called by Paramount. It wasn't as magnificent a lot as Monarch but I found it a much friendlier one. The people seemed happier and less strained. I enjoyed my two days there though I caught the cold of my life standing around drafty sets in a bathing suit. I think we went into the pool—six girls especially picked—forty times a day for retakes for timing and formation. I finished the job, took my pay and went home—with a fever of 102.

But that's all in the work. Forty-eight hours later I got a call for "evening clothes, dance hall costume." It was at Monarch. A short.

When I reached the studio I found it keyed up with excitement. Munson was coming back. He was to start a new Barbara Bell picture.

The next day I met him on the set and the sight of him, the powerfully built man who towered head and shoulders above everyone, was like a letter from home.

"Hello, Judy Pine of Massachusetts," he said with a broad grin. "I hope your hip is as good as my shoulder. Have you had much work?"

"Oh, I have been busy," I smiled.

He looked me over from head to toe. "The town has put a stamp on you. Come on over to the bungalow with me. I'm having some people to lunch there."

Docilely I trotted beside him along the wide avenue to the white bungalow where, waiting for Victor, were Kelly, Victor's assistant director; Flemming, star cameraman; Lee Shippey, the famous columnist; Rita Oliver, a well-known costumer, and a writer named Cochran.

We were seated at the luncheon table, one place empty, when another man appeared at the door. He was a tall loosely-built man of about thirty-five. He was handsome, the type who would automatically be cast in an English hunting scene. He had that outdoor, white-toothed, hard-living, well-knit, careless strength. He spoke with a British accent.

"Am I too late, Vic?"

"Hello, old man." Munson's greeting was the kind reserved for special friends. "Folks, this is Bert Brothers. He represents Monarch's British interests."

The newcomer took his place beside me. The hot argument as to whether Barbara Bell could slap a woman in the picture and still get sympathy continued.

Mr. Brothers turned toward me.

"Are you working here at Monarch?" he ventured.

"Yes, for today."

"I'm sorry, but I didn't catch the name."

"Judy Pine," I repeated.

"Are you by any chance related to Lester Pine, the British director?"

"No. I don't think I'm related to anybody. I'm only atmosphere."

"You won't be in that class long," he said gravely. "You look surprisingly like Barbara Bell. Do you know her?"

"No," I said, "but I wish I did."

He smiled.

"Really? I'll see to it that you meet her."

Victor turned on him with a snap question and from then on I got little chance to talk to anybody. I figured naturally that Mr. Brothers had made a glib promise all in the tradition of the town but when the luncheon was over I felt embarrassed. Did Victor expect to walk back to the set with me? Should I leave or should I wait? He had been so busy with his argument that he seemed to have forgotten me. Bert Brothers solved the situation.

"Victor, I'd like to see that set. Do you mind if I walk over with Miss Pine while you are with Shippey?"

"Go ahead," Vic said with a wave of his hand, "but don't vamp that girl. Pick somebody with your own accent."

Brothers laughed but I felt myself blushing. He put his arm through mine as we went out.

"Vic must have his fun. You don't mind being vamped, do you? Not that I'm really good at it."

"I WOULD be a new and valuable experience, I imagine." I was just learning the right answers.

He chuckled appreciatively.

"I would like to know Vic better, really," he mused. "There's nobody like him in the world."

"His cousin lives in my home town."

"Not really? America seems so vast I don't know how people can keep track of relatives. One gets lost in the spaces, you know."

"You haven't been here long."

"Oh, back and forth for years. London's my home, if I have one. Next to travelling and driving very fast, I like dancing—sort of perpetual motion lad. Do you like to dance?"

"Very much," I said earnestly.

"I bet you could teach me steps, too," he said as he held the big studio door for me. "I say, how about tomorrow night at the Cocoanut Grove?"

I hope I didn't sound as grateful and as thrilled as I felt, but Bert Brothers was the first person in Hollywood to invite me out. It was my first date.

That evening found me back at Rene's while she again snipped and pinned and fitted me into a dress of hers. She also loaned me slippers, bag, gloves and a wrap.

"Good luck, Judy," Rene said as I left. "Brothers is really important. He could do a lot for you, if he likes you."

The beauty of the Cocoanut Grove, the music, the food, the celebrities, many of whom Bert knew, left me gasping. Cinderella was a piker when it came to enjoyment and Bert left me at the door with the promise of a drive to Santa Monica on Saturday.

Those next seven weeks I worked on an average of one day a week, mostly at Monarch, which made me think Victor or Bert had something to do with it, though the calls came through the casting office. Two dollars for a room and five dollars for all other expenses. I counted on the dinners I could get with Rene, the elaborate meals to which Bert took me.

Jack was still out of work. Mike had landed a job as a trainer in a boy's school and Rene was pitifully proud of him. She was doing pretty well herself—had even got a couple of notices for a bit in her last picture. I did everything I could do for her, washing, ironing, cleaning, but nothing seemed adequate to pay her back for all she had done for me.

JACK was making life at home unbearable. He resented the fact that he didn't meet my friends and that he wasn't invited around with me. But after all he was just a kid and didn't fit. People hate you for ringing in relatives. They freeze up on you. He couldn't find work. And I suspected him of passing up many jobs because they didn't appeal to him. He was dissatisfied and disgruntled. He needed an overcoat and he needed shoes. He resented the fact that we lived like paupers and that I looked as successful as the average girl in town and partied around at places that he only saw from the outside. He took to hanging around pool rooms, bowling alleys and gambling joints.

People began to take it for granted that I was in love with Bert Brothers. Naturally I was keen about him. He was the first gentleman worthy of that name that I had ever met on equal grounds. He couldn't measure up to Dick Carr, whose letters came almost daily now and who was, I knew, the only man I would ever love. There was no use kidding myself. He was young and kind and ambitious. He came from what to me was greater aristocracy than the wealth and titles that Hollywood held as tops. But while his letters were intimate, he was engaged. And where did you leave me?

Any girl would have been flattered with the attentions of a man like Bert Brothers. He was more than twice my age, which is not old for a man, and he had an easy, gracious superiority that set him apart in any group. Before that summer and fall I had never known parties. I hadn't known much of laughter nor even a flirtation. I knew he liked me and I knew he knew I liked him. I was having a good time and didn't want to look ahead. I don't think that things would have come to an issue so quickly if everyone around us hadn't urged us into a corner with their knowing airs and over-wise acceptance of us.

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Your skin needs this Germ-Free care!

CAN you have a lovely tan without paying a toll in dry, parched, peeling skin and blemishes? Yes! Skin scientists provide the answer in a wonderful *new kind* of cold cream that guards against Blemishes, and prevents Dryness.

Germs *cannot live* in Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream. Most skin blemishes are tiny germ-infections. So when you apply this cream you instantly end the chief cause of horrid little spots and rashes that mar many sensitive skins.

The other vitally important protection is Element 576, which increases and restores the youthful vitality that keeps the skin young, and free from the withering effects of Dryness. It stimulates the skin glands — renews the normal lubricating action which the skin needs and must have to be clear, smooth and flexible.

Use Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream several times a day for a soft, lovely complexion, free from Blemishes and Dryness. Jars, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢. Tubes, 25¢, 10¢.

Avoid imitations. Look for head and signature, *John H. Woodbury, Inc*, on all Woodbury products.

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John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6156 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
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Enclosed find 10c. Send me Woodbury's "Loveliness Kit" containing a guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams, and 6 packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder—one of each of the six fashionable shades.

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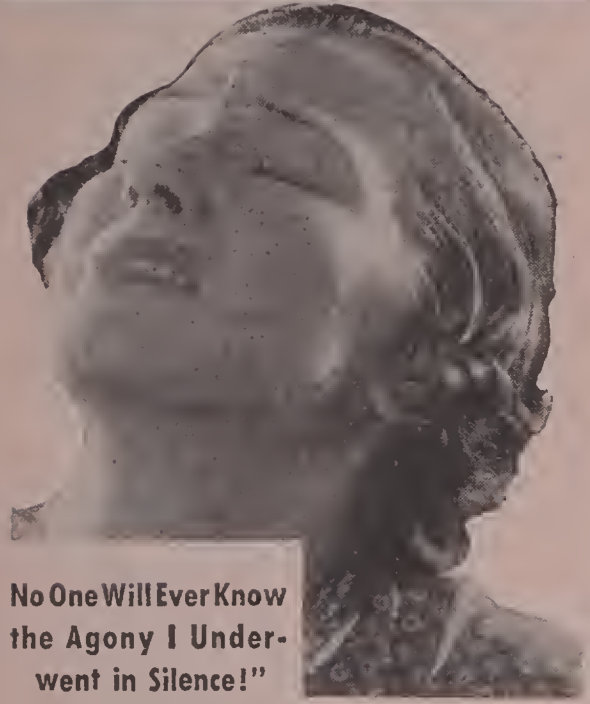
"I SUFFERED BY DAY
I SUFFERED BY NIGHT



No One Will Ever Know the Agony I Underwent in Silence!"

IF there's anything will make you miserable and wear you down, it's Piles. The person who has Piles can't walk, sit, stand or even lie down in comfort. The agony writes itself on your face and makes you look years older than you are.

The worst part about Piles is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet, if there's anything in need of medical attention, it's this trouble, for it can develop seriously.

Piles may vary in form. They may be internal or external, painful or itching, or both. They may be bleeding or not. Whatever form Piles take, they are something to be concerned about and something to treat promptly.

Perfect Comfort

Effective treatment for Piles today is supplied in Pazo Ointment. Pazo is quick-acting. It is reliable. It almost instantly relieves the distress and restores comfort. Pazo is highly efficacious for the reason that it is a scientific formula of threefold effect.

First, it is *soothing*. This tends to relieve soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *lubricating*. This tends to relax drawn parts and also to make passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*. This tends to reduce swollen parts and to stop bleeding. Thousands have used Pazo with success when other measures have failed.

Now in 3 Forms

Pazo Ointment now comes in three forms: (1) in Tubes with Special Pile Pipe for insertion high up in the rectum; (2) in Tins for application in the ordinary way; (3) in Suppository form (new). Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory, as they are self-lubricating and otherwise highly efficient.

Try It!

All drug stores sell Pazo in the three forms as described. Get it today in the form you prefer and try it out. Your money back if it doesn't more than amaze you with the relief it affords.

On Thanksgiving Day there was a party at Elida Crane's beautiful Spanish house high in the canyon overlooking Hollywood. The place seemed so spectacular and unreal for a small, sweet person like Elida. It was rather like living on a stage.

I said something of the sort to Bert as we drove home late that night.

"You like genuine things, don't you, Judy?" he asked. "I think you'd like England."

"I'm sure I would."

"I'd like to show it to you. Perhaps someday I can do that. At present it would be a bit awkward. My wife is living there."

"Oh, you're *married!*"

"That doesn't make any difference, does it, Judy?" he asked, his eyes on the road before us. "You see, my wife and I have an understanding. Her father was a peer and very wealthy. My own governor wasn't too badly off. I was twenty-two when we were married. It lasted about three years then we decided we'd really get to hate each other under the burden of being polite. So we split, not legally, but definitely. We're excellent friends."

I SAT very still while he talked. Married! What dire things I'd always heard about "going around" with married men, and here I'd been doing it for months. His wife wasn't there. It had never occurred to me that he had one any place else.

"I'm telling you all this, Judy," he went on, "so that you'll know where I stand. I've become very fond of you in the past few months."

He had been driving slowly and now he brought the car to a stop.

"You are a little fond of me too, aren't you, Judy?"

I nodded. There was no use denying it and there was no use trying to explain to him what a difference his story made.

"This is the real thing with me, Judy. It's difficult for me to say, but you are the sort of girl I feel would be a true companion. I would take such good care of you, Judy, if you would let me."

"Are you asking me to live with you?" I demanded.

"That is the best I can ask you, Judy, but I'll make it a very special best. You would never regret it."

"There's no use saying 'how dare you, sir!'" My voice was hard to control. "But you might as well drive me home because I don't speak that language."

"I know you don't." His hand closed over mine emphatically. "If I had thought for a moment that you did I would have driven on without speaking. You mustn't misunderstand me, Judy. I'm offering you a life-time of devotion, not the mere affair that Hollywood labels everything."

"Hollywood, London or Cape Cod, I'm not having any. And now before I cry and make a fool of myself I wish you would take me home."

He was good enough not to argue the point further. He started the motor and we drove the fifteen miles quickly and silently. Parking in front of the door he took hold of my hand, pulled back the glove and kissed my wrist.

"Don't think badly of me, Judy. I wouldn't make you unhappy for anything in the world. I'll phone you tomorrow, and please don't say you'll be out."

For hours I lay awake. No, was the answer. That would always be the answer. But I liked Bert. I enjoyed his friendship. It made my life in Hollywood. If only I could turn to Jack for advice—to someone who saw things from the standards of . . . of whom? Whom did I know who wouldn't count gain first?

Then I remembered Dick. Dick wouldn't. Courage and effort and honesty mattered with him. And things like duty and morals. But what did Dick mean in my life? He could never mean anything. His letters meant so much to me that it was hard to face that but I couldn't live on letter writing all my life. Some day sooner or later those letters would stop and I wouldn't have even that much of him. Some day I would have to put him out of my mind. I cried myself to sleep that night and even in my misery I wondered how many other girls in Hollywood were doing the same thing.

But it must have been telepathic that night of facing the realities about Dick for the next morning I got the first telegram I had ever received in my life.

> DEAR JUDY I WANT YOU TO BE THE FIRST TO KNOW HAZEL AND I WERE MARRIED TODAY I AM WRITING YOU ADDRESS THE CLUB AS USUAL
>
> DICK

I couldn't believe it. I knew it was to happen but he had never spoken of it in all his correspondence. He seldom mentioned Hazel and I never thought the marriage was imminent. I knew all along he was engaged. Engaged people frequently get married. I might have known.

I was glad that Jack was gone before breakfast but as I looked about me I realized he hadn't been home all night. The knowledge only added to my heavy sense of desolation and futility. It wasn't the first night. He was getting completely out of hand.

It was the first time, too, that I was glad that there was no call at a studio. No work. Automatically I made myself some coffee then I got dressed and took a street car out to Santa Monica.

It was after ten when I got home, hungry and tired. I drank a whole quart of milk as I was undressing and started to run a bath. The hall telephone rang and I slipped on the cast-off bathrobe Rene had given me and answered.

"JUDY," It was Bert's voice, sharp and strained. "Where have you been? I've called a dozen times."

"I was away, out," I murmured.

"I've got to see you tonight," his voice was unusually stern, almost cold.

"I'm sorry," I said wearily, "I can't possibly make it."

"I'm sorry, too, but you must. It's about Jack."

"Jack?" It was my turn for sharpness. "My brother?"

"Yes. I'm at my apartment. I'll send my car over for you."

"Very well," I agreed, "but what . . .?"

He had hung up! Jack! What could it be? Bert scarcely knew him.

I rushed back to my room, pulled on my dress and, out of force of habit, changed my make-up. Still I had to wait for several minutes before Bert's car arrived. In ten minutes we were at the Town House.

Bert himself opened the apartment door for me. He looked pale and a little nervous.

"What is it?" I demanded, but with a jerk of his head he led the way back to the sitting room.

There, at opposite sides of the room, sat Jack and Mike Sweet, both looking pretty much the worse for wear.

"What are you two doing here?" I gasped.

Mike lowered his eyes, and Jack covered his face with his hands.

"Tell her," said Bert sharply.

But Jack didn't look up. His head hung lower and I saw a bruise on the back of his neck.

"You have been in a fight?" I said.

"I'm afraid that my secretary and I had to teach these boys a lesson," said Bert lighting a cigarette. "Sit down, Judy. You have a very disagreeable story to listen to. You told me about your brother and your fears for him and his future. I am afraid they are all justified and much more serious than you guess."

"What's he been doing?" I pleaded. And suddenly I turned on Mike. "It's all your fault. I knew he never should go around with you!"

Bert's hand on my shoulder stopped me in time. He led me over to an arm chair.

"STEADY," he said. "No use upsetting yourself."

"I want to hear it from your own lips," I said to Jack. "Whatever you have done, be a man and tell me about it."

But still Jack didn't look up and then to my amazement I saw tears roll down the hands that were knotted in a covering over his face.

"I think you are right in saying it was Mike's fault," Bert said. "Evidently this Mr. Sweet has practiced blackmail before."

"Blackmail!" I cried.

"There's no use going into all the details," he replied. "They are very sordid. They seem to have written my wife posing as a detective agency. They told her that I was attached to you and quite exaggerated the circumstances."

I stared over at Jack. I couldn't believe that he would do such a thing.

"My wife foolishly engaged them to make some investigations. She confided in them sufficiently to give them some rather unfortunate details about our financial arrangements. There are certain sources of income which I have never reported to my wife and she is more money-mad than any American I know. Nor is that her only weakness. She is unintelligent enough to have correspondence with these two on the strength of a letterhead. I suppose it had never occurred to Dolly to first investigate the detective agency through the police. They came to me today for a little sum of cash. It's a very small sum that I can easily afford. It's surprising how low their stake after all their trouble. They threatened to write my wife the truth unless I came across."

I turned back to Bert and his expression terrified me.

"You're not, you mean you are going to have them arrested?"

He shrugged and then went to a door at the far end of the room. He called his

"... and you can start blessing mother again"

HERE'S one little medicine-hater who is going to bed happy. She's just had her first taste of Fletcher's Castoria—and she loved it! Now mother is back in favor once more.

"Hurry up, Mom. We're waiting!"

Do you know that even the *taste* of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children?

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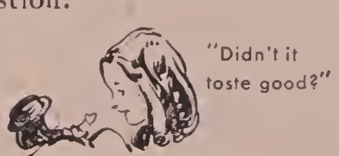
"Didn't it taste good?"

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Japanese servant and a young man I knew to be his secretary.

"Keep an eye on these boys," he said. "I want to talk to Miss Pine alone."

I followed him from the room and he closed the door after us. It was a studio-type bedroom with a day couch and a huge desk cluttered with papers. I was faint with shock of so many teaming thoughts, with great fatigue and a battle to face down hysteria.

"I'm afraid I have no right to ask you, Bert, but for my sake don't have Jack arrested. It would mark him for the rest of his life. He wouldn't have a chance."

He put his arms around me and together we sat on the couch.

JUDY, I don't want to hurt you but something serious must be done about that boy. He is too much for you to handle alone. You can never carry a burden like that and the other one is evidently an old timer. I know he is no good."

"I know he is no good, too—always knew it—but he was kind to us and helped us out. But, Bert, Jack isn't as bad as that. He is just weak. I know he is terribly weak."

Bert got to his feet. His whole manner changed. He was angry and impatient.

"My dear Judy, will you never face facts? You didn't face them last night when I talked to you. You haven't got a chance in the world with your brother but you won't admit it. They both are not worth the trouble. I don't think they have any good in them, either of them."

"Bert, you couldn't do it to me. It would ruin me as well as Jack."

"Then why don't you listen to me? Let me take care of you and I'll find a way to handle them. Don't look so shocked. You can't do it alone—you're not even able to take good care of yourself, Judy. You might as well admit it. You're worn out as it is. Come to me, Judy, and I'll take care of you and I'll find some way to handle Jack. Otherwise, they both go to jail because I don't pay blackmail to anybody. And I wouldn't leave them free to be a burden to you. I love you enough to be this harsh about it. I don't want to seem cruel, Judy, but I would be protecting you by putting those two away. You must be looked after one way or another."

"You wouldn't be low enough to make it a deal? Is that what you are driving at?"

He turned away and I knew that I had hurt him. I realized he didn't think it was low, but that in his light he had made me a rather splendid and difficult promise. I wanted to tell him that I understood and that I didn't despise him. Instead I was fond of him and everything in me wanted to accept such an easy solution to so much mix up. But the very set of his back made it difficult for me to speak. He meant this as a show-down and he thought he was doing the best. He probably thought he loved me. He probably would always be kind to me. What else was I going to do alone with a few days' work occasionally?

And what could I do with Jack alone? It seemed such a little decision to make to affect the lives of so many people. What was the use of quibbling about some ancient set of standards that everyone else ignored on all sides of me? Nice people, too, nicer than I.

Confronted with the most difficult situation any girl has ever met, what will be Judy's decision? Will her fondness for Bert and her desire to protect Jack lead her into a situation which every instinct tells her is wrong? Will she accept Bert's ultimatum or maintain the rigid principles of her New England upbringing? Continue her absorbing story in the October Movie Mirror, out August 26.

Something's Happened to Claudette!

(Continued from page 35)

fame, we shall skip the series of little coincidences that catapulted Claudette behind footlights in 1924.

Theater critics and audiences called her beautiful from the start, but Claudette merely shrugged and said it was the combination of clever lighting and good make-up that fooled the public. She was a hit but life at home followed all its familiar French grooves, even though the modest apartment had been replaced by an impressive one overlooking Central Park, with a butler to answer the doorbell that was never rung by strangers or casual friends.

To the amazement of producers, managers and stage acquaintances, Claudette refused to join the social whirl of the theatrical group. She refused almost every invitation during the five years of her success and ultimate stardom because she was certain that strangers were continually disappointed with her off-stage appearance.

Even today, hemmed in by the adulation of fans that circle the world, Claudette Colbert still recoils when she must make an entry into any room where strange people are congregated. She becomes, for all her graciousness and poise, that frightened little French girl who couldn't mix with the other children she met at school.

In 1930, when the film studios were automatically signing up every big theatrical name on Broadway, Paramount practically coerced Claudette against her will into placing her signature on a one-year contract. She pondered and delayed so long over what she considered a dangerous experiment because of her "unphotographic face," that the offer was raised again and again.

AND then, because she was absolutely certain that the studio would drop her at the end of the first year, she insisted upon making her first pictures in New York so that her contact with the theater would not be severed.

Although she was not dropped at the end of the first year, or the second, or the third, Claudette never gained the slightest confidence in herself as a potential star.

Recently she recalled for me the doubts and uncertainties that plagued her during the five years of her picture career. She said:

"Would you believe me if I told you that every year since 1930 whenever I paid my annual visit to the studio executives' offices to discuss a new contract, I always expected to be fired on the spot?

"And each year, until the end of 1933, I was told that my contract would be renewed just because the officials thought I was a nice little girl and because I was a fairish sort of actress. *But* that they could not afford to raise my salary because I had absolutely no sex appeal.

"I was told that I couldn't pack them in like the popular exotic types, that I would never be a big-draw star because I was unfitted for the glamor rôles, the sort Garbo, Dietrich, Bankhead and Crawford were playing during those years.

"And I always crept out of those meetings with any tiny particles of self-confidence I might have stored up during the past twelve months, pulverized into dust."

In 1932, when the Long Island studio was closed and Claudette was transferred permanently to Hollywood, she would not buy a home, or even a few sticks of furniture out here, because she still refused to believe that she would "get by" in pictures much longer.

I know the average fan will find it difficult to believe that any actress rated for five years as a screen star, receiving good notices, even in a number of bad pictures, could possibly carry such a burden of self-conscious misgivings concerning her talent and beauty.

AND again I must veer back to Claudette's childhood to explain this strange enigma. The French tradition of absolute privacy within the home is the reason. Claudette is the only feminine star in this film town who has never gathered about herself a back-slapping, admiring retinue of friends.

And so Claudette has passed through her film career uniquely bereft of a picture star's most important appendage, the bolstering, sustaining and confidence-inspiring applause of a private entourage.

From her mother and Tantine and the five close friends she has found in Hollywood, Claudette has never received one word of over-emphasized praise. If her work in a picture is outstanding, they might venture to observe, "You were better this time," or "You really looked rather pretty," or "Good photographic job, eh?"

She never knew the ecstasy of extravagant hosannas until last January when "It Happened One Night" smashed theater records throughout the country and brought her the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Award for the best performance of the year.

And just another word about that much publicized Academy prize. Although for months Claudette was a leading nominee for the coveted statuette and the honors that trail with it, she was so certain she would not win the trophy that she refused to change her plans to leave for New York the night the award was announced at a vastly impressive public banquet.

Claudette was actually on her way to the Sante Fe Station when a motorcycle escort halted her car and cleared the way for her triumphant arrival in the banquet hall just as the master of ceremonies, Irvin Cobb, announced her the winner!

It is true, however, that the ownership of that small, graceful Academy statue has

MEN'S EYES ARE MAGNIFYING MIRRORS

HOW DOES YOUR SKIN STAND THE TEST?

By *Lady Esther*

Every man instinctively plays the part of a beauty contest judge.

Every man's glance is a *searching* glance. It brings out faults in your skin that you never think would be noticed. Even those faint lines and those tiny bumps that you think might escape attention are taken in by a man's eyes and, many times, magnified.

How does *your* skin meet the test? If it is at all dry or scaly, if there is a single conspicuous pore in your nose or even a suggestion of a blackhead anywhere on your face, you may be sure that you are gaining more criticism than admiration.

Many common complexion blemishes are due to nothing less than improper methods of skin care. You want to be sure to *really* clean your skin. You don't want to be satisfied merely to remove the surface dirt. You want a method that will reach the imbedded dirt. At the same time, one that will *lubricate* your skin and counteract the drying effects of exposure to the weather.

The Care The Skin Needs

The care your skin needs is supplied, in simple form in Lady Esther Face Cream. This cream does more than merely "grease" the skin. It actually cleanses. It reaches the hidden, stubborn dirt because it is a penetrating cream. There is nothing stiff or heavy about Lady Esther Face Cream. It melts the instant it touches the skin and gently and soothingly penetrates the pores.

"Going to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt, it breaks up and makes it—*all* of it—easily removable. At the same time, as Lady Esther Face Cream gently cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaliness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and supple.

When you give the skin this common sense care it's remarkable how it responds. Blackheads and enlarged pores begin to disappear. Those faint lines vanish. The skin takes on tone—becomes clear and radiant. It also lends itself to make-up 100% better.

Make This Test!

If you want to demonstrate the unusual cleansing powers of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream, just do this: Cleanse your skin as you are now doing it. Give it an extra good cleansing. Then, when you think it absolutely clean, apply Lady Esther Face Cream. Leave the cream on a few minutes, then wipe off with clean cloth. You'll be amazed at the dirt the cloth shows. This test has proved a source of astonishment to thousands of women.

At My Expense!

Let me prove to you, at *my* expense, the exceptional qualities of Lady Esther Face Cream. Let me send you a week's supply free of charge. Then, make the test I have just described—the clean cloth test. Prove the cream too, in *actual* daily use. In one week's time you'll see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you.

With the 7-day tube of cream, I will also send you all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. As you test the cream, test also the shades of face powder. Find out which is your most becoming, your most flattering. Learn, too, how excellently the cream and powder go together and what the two do for the beauty of your complexion.

To get *both* the 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream and the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, all you have to do is mail me your name and address on a penny postcard or on the coupon below. If you knew what was in store for you, you would not delay a minute in clipping the coupon.

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(*You can paste this on a penny postcard.*) (16) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me without cost or obligation a seven day supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your face powder.

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proved to be one of those dramatic turning points in Claudette's life. Somehow it has taught her her first groping lessons in self-confidence and helped her to cast off some of the dragging weights of self-consciousness.

During the past few months she has finally conquered much of her old antipathy for attending large social gatherings. She has forced herself to forget the old fear of strange eyes riveted upon her in cold criticism.

And recently she more than startled her already amazed five close friends when she announced that she had completed the purchase of two acres and plans for a Georgian Colonial home, because she couldn't entertain large groups properly in a rented house.

Hollywood, of course, wags its head wisely and points to her separation from Norman Foster as the reason for her new gayety and happiness, but again Hollywood is off on the wrong foot.

It's All in the Day's Work

(*Continued from page* 49)

broth for the sinking hour of 11 A. M. or 4 P. M. is handed to him. He gets into his car, clutching the *Hollywood Reporter* and the *Los Angeles Gazette*. He must be on the lot by 8 A. M., with six minutes in which to drive the six miles.

"Morning, Mr. March," shouts the studio watchman lowering the chain at the motor entrance.

"Morning," Fredric shouts back, running toward his dressing-room. If he is working on his home lot, 20th Century, room is not quite the word. It is an apartment, softly done in gray and ivory tones with etchings and books, a dining-room, a study—only there is no time to relax in it.

HE is on loan to M-G-M so often that it is like a second home lot to him, but wherever he is working clothes for the day's shooting are already laid out by the wardrobe boy. But those garments won't turn the handsome Fredric March into the character he is playing. He must walk over to the make-up room.

"What? Oh, my pipe, money, lighter. Where is the script?" Even a quick study must go over his lines that one last time. His secretary takes the morning paper over to the set. Maybe Mr. March will have a few free minutes in which to find out what is happening in the outside world.

Make-up, for example, the grisly make-up he wore in "Les Miserables," takes about an hour. It is applied by an artist, Ern Westmore, brother of Wally who did the complicated make-up for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

The chin and neck and cheek-bones are smeared with siprit gum. The whiskers must go on so delicately that a close-up won't reveal their secrets.

"It's like being tied in for the day," observes Mr. March cheerfully, as he helps with the greasy foundation for hands, arms and legs. He must look dark and dirty—umber oil and brown powder. His hands aren't grimy enough—more dust and sand.

So—after the make-up is finished, whether for the part of a Russian soldier, a bearded ex-criminal, or an English gentleman—he is ready to go across the company street to the great building where the set is ready.

From nine to one or one-thirty, shooting scenes for the picture. Sometimes there are a few minutes when the stand-in goes upon the set to have the lights focussed. Then, perhaps, Mr. March can light his pipe, glance at the paper, take a few telephone calls. His answers are invariably pleasant, if firm:

"Yes? Thanks. I really can't buy a lot in Santa Monica. I'm sorry.

"Yes? I wish I could get you a part. I'm awfully sorry but I am afraid that the cast for this picture is all set.

"Yes? Who? Oh, sure I remember. Certainly. We were in old Doc. Graham's English B together. Why—well, I don't know just when I'll get out of here."

What is a moving picture star to do? He hasn't seen the last telephoner since they were at the University of Wisconsin. He doesn't want to be unfriendly, nor to behave as if he were too busy to greet an old acquaintance. But, after all, his time belongs to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Daryll Zanuck.

Luncheon. It is time to eat. Mr. March has forgotten the thermos of broth. (When Freddie worked in "Les Miserables" the make-up man was willing to let the long mustaches come off for an hour. "I ate some of it during the supper scene when I had to be ravenous with the lamb stew," March apologized.)

He walks through the (as advertised) California sunshine to his dressing-room. Luncheon is on the table. A couple of interviewers want stories. The photographer reminds him that he must pose for some publicity stills. The wardrobe boy speaks earnestly of fittings. His secretary reports a telephoned request—"Will you see that a pass is left for Mrs. S. to come on the set? She promises not to cough or creak during a scene."

He telephones home. "I should be home for dinner by eight," he tells Florence Eldridge March. "They have put some new lines into my part. Do you think you can hear them to-night?"

THEN back upon the set. Sometimes it is raining (in the story) and he must be actually drenched. In a case like that he must stand in the torrent and do his work over and over.

"Quiet, please! Roll 'em! Bring on another low baby!"

Another low baby, as you probably know, is just another baby spot-light. "Roll 'em" means "Start the camera motors."

And thus the long afternoon wears on. Somehow it gets to be half-past six. Fredric March is free. He goes back to his dressing-room. If the make-up is heavy he must battle with grime and grease-paint and oil and umber and spirit gum.

A knock at the door. Mr. March can see the rushes, the scenes that were taken yesterday. He runs down the stairs to the small dark projection room. Yes, the character he portrays has just the right look of despair or joy, just as Fred had hoped.

"Not so bad! Thank you," he calls to the operator.

"Roll 'em," he murmurs, as he starts the motor of his car. There is welcome in the lighted French farmhouse in Beverly Hills, it's white facade gay with salmon pink geraniums.

"Dinner, darling," calls Florence Eldridge with just a trace of famine in her pleasant voice: "Did you get a lot done today?"

"Well, yes," he replied doubtfully. Possibly he is right. Possibly out of the long hours there will be three or four minutes of actual dialogue and action to be used in the completed film.

They dine at the end of their beautiful long dining-room. Florence tells him the news. "Penny said . . ." "Tony swallowed a piece of fern and hurt his throat. . . ." "The Lutons want us for dinner, but I said you just couldn't while you were making the picture."

THAT'S right!" her husband smiles with warm appreciation. "I have to work until nine-thirty on Friday and until two or three Saturday morning. That is so that I can sleep on my own time Sunday."

It is half past nine of a fine late January evening, with the moon making patterns of the South of France upon the stone terrace.

"We should have the tangerines and lemons picked," Freddie yawns absently. "Did Watson put in those Talisman roses? Will you forgive me if I just go over my script for tomorrow and go to bed?" he inquires of the guest, who is writing this little piece.

"We will even bring your bed into the drawing-room," offer Mrs. F. E. March and guest in sympathetic unison.

Call it a day! Oh, of course, you'd like to be a motion picture star. You'd like to have pretty ladies gasp, "What a wonderful profile!"

Still, the most fascinating profile has to be fed and rested. It even needs to be interested and amused by being alive.

Perhaps that is why Fredric March is a star. He *is* alive and interested and excited by being Vronsky, the character, into whose soul Tolstoi put something of his own vitality so many years ago, or Alan Trent in "The Dark Angel" whom Ronald Colman has already made immortal.

Fredric March is so absorbed by the part he plays that he doesn't bother to complain of a day like this!

How Many Women Have Found True HAPPINESS?

There are not many men who understand women, or know the secret of bringing happiness into women's lives. Charles Boyer knows that secret! Read "There Should Be a CHARLES BOYER in Every Woman's Life" in October MOVIE MIRROR, out August 23.

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Film is judged one of the chief contributing causes of tooth decay. It glues "decay" germs to the tooth enamel.

BLEEDING GUMS
Film combines with minerals in the saliva ...to form hard, sharp deposits, which may cause soreness and bleeding of the gums.

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Film absorbs stains from food and smoking. To remove these stains you must remove the film.

Before FILM does this to you—

Remove it daily as only Pepsodent—the Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste—does

MANY dentifrices claim to remove film from teeth. . . . but for that duty Pepsodent stands unique.

Film is a glue-like mass that forms on teeth. It absorbs stains from food and smoking . . . makes teeth unattractive. Worse still, it shelters germs which break down these food particles to form acids. These acids attack tooth enamel and cause decay. Therefore, removing film should be rule number one in protecting lovely teeth.

Film may combine with minerals in saliva to harden into tartar. The jagged edges of these tartar deposits can make gums sore and even cause them to bleed.

How to remove film

In removing film the Pepsodent laboratories have made a great discovery. A new cleansing and polishing material has been developed. As a film-removing agent it stands unsurpassed. Yet in spite of its high cleansing powers, this new material is far softer than the one most commonly used in dentifrices. Being softer, it cannot harm precious tooth enamel.

And so, in judging a dentifrice, ask yourself: Does it remove film? Is it safe? These are your dentist's standards. Judged by them Pepsodent stands unique. No other can give you Pepsodent results. Remember that when tempted to save pennies on bargain dentifrices.

NEW! Pepsodent Tooth Powder

Contains two ingredients never before used in a dentifrice. Thus it is entirely different in two important ways. Contains no soap, no chalk. A new cleansing substance breaks up and removes film more effectively than soap. A new polishing material, three times softer, therefore safer, than chalk, shines teeth to greater lustre. If you use a powder, try the new Pepsodent Tooth Powder for brighter, whiter teeth. 2 sizes: 50c, 25c

PEPSODENT *the Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste*

What Would You Do If You Only Had 24 Hours to Live?

(Continued from page 37)

of my family with me, and I would like to spend many hours of that day hard at work in my garden."

Strange, isn't it, that from the ranks of America's most successful and famous men and women, only two (Dolores Del Rio and Mae West) mentioned the full contentment and beauty of life?

Strange too, that Jean Harlow, who radiates and vibrates life and living so intensely, insists, and convincingly, that she is not afraid of death or dying.

"Really," she observed coolly, "a twenty-four hour verdict wouldn't terrify me.

"I would only hope the hours would pass rapidly. What would I do? Play a game of golf, perhaps, drop in to see two close friends, call my lawyer so that my affairs would be in good order, and above all, try to reconcile my mother to our parting."

WILLIAM GARGAN knows that he would spend half of his alloted time on the telephone.

"Because," he told me, "I would want to thank any number of pals for the way they have stood by me in the tight corners life offers. The first one on this list would be Leslie Howard, and no matter in what corner of the earth he happened to be, I'd get to him somehow, and try to let him know what his friendship has meant to me.

"Of course, I would want the very last moments alone with my wife and two children. And oh, yes, I forgot something important, I'd like several square meals that day including all the rich fattening dishes I love and have given up for a reducing schedule during the past year.

"You know, there would be a lot of satisfaction in saying, even with death waiting 'bother the calories.'"

Airplanes were selected by three stars as the ideal solution for the last day.

Dick Arlen and Buddy Rogers gave identical plans. Both would buy small swift planes and without goodbyes of any kind, head out over the Pacific and keep on until fuel or time ran out.

Irene Dunne would charter a plane to get to New York and her husband for the short six hours that would remain when the journey was over.

"I hope there would be time enough for one good round of golf, a game of bridge with close friends of ours and then dinner alone with my husband at our favorite Inn in New Jersey," she said.

"Of course, I would not wish him to know we were having our last hours together. It would be terrible to die watching the suffering of a loved one."

Sylvia Sidney admits that she might go half crazy with fear if she permitted herself a moment to think about it.

"I'd keep my mind off the horribleness of the inevitable by doing the thing I love best, acting behind footlights. If I were in New York or Hollywood at such a time, I could easily make arrangements with some theatrical producer to appear in one performance of a current play.

"I'd rehearse like mad all day and then go on for my last show that night. And I am quite certain there would be little terror if the blackness came as the curtain descended upon the last act, with the rumble of applause just beyond."

Like Mae West, Jeanette MacDonald wants to look her loveliest during her final twenty-four earthly hours.

"I'd do myself up in my most expensive and becoming outfit and start on a mad, gay whirl from one end of the town to the other. My escort would be Bob Ritchie, my fiance, and if he happened to be out of town, I'd try to find Clark Gable."

The only star who expressed the desire to be on a boat for the awesome introduction to death was Warren William.

"The most beautiful and peaceful moments my wife and I have known were lived on our sailing schooner, the *Pegasus,*" he told me. "On my last day I would set our course toward the place where we have known other happy hours together, Mazatlan, a little town on the west coast of Mexico. And although I know it takes much longer than twenty-four hours to get there, I would and could hope that somehow the magic of water, sky, wind and sun could banish even the certainty of death."

Gracie Allen revealed to me that she is deeply religious, and confession and prayer would be her only thought under such circumstances. Sally Eilers declared that her last day would be a busy one because there are five orphanages and three children's hospitals in Los Angeles that she would visit with her check book in hand.

George Burns and William Powell both insisted they would closet themselves for their last day with business managers and lawyers so that their loved ones might not have the added burden of entangled money affairs after their deaths.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, who admits she never writes a letter, believes that she would spend the entire day composing long messages to her family and close friends.

Virginia Bruce harbors a similar plan.

"Through letters," she said, "I would try to make amends to all the people I love for any unkindness I have knowingly or unknowingly committed during life."

And then there is Douglas Montgomery's recipe for the perfect way out. The ingredients call for:

One delectable breakfast served outdoors in the sunlight.

One swift set of tennis (with Montgomery winning, of course).

One good swim.

One fast ride on a fine horse over the Hollywood hills.

One superb drink or maybe two or three (Napoleon brandy preferred).

One gloriously beautiful, impeccably gowned, intelligent and charming woman for a last evening of dinner, theater, supper and dancing.

I say, "Bravo, Douglas."

And I say, "Bravo, Hollywood."

For there's something about this film town that teaches men and women, even the famous ones, how to live gamely.

Maybe that is why Hollywood's stars all choose to die gamely, too.

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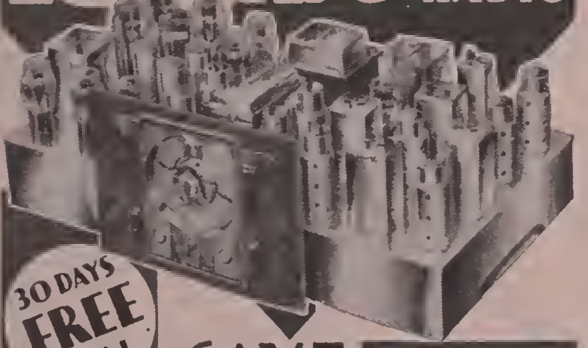

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Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 39*)

Percy, Helen Pickard.

It's About: *The famous mistress of an English King and how she rose to power.*

This slight but often sparkling historical film achieves genuine importance through the magnificent performance of its two leading players. Anna Neagle, an established English favorite new to most American audiences, paints an honest and dazzling picture in the title rôle, touching it with a barroom lustiness that most of our stars wouldn't dare attempt. Sir Cedric Hardwicke is so marvelous as Charles II, her lover, that it's impossible to think of him afterwards without long, silky curls and exquisite lace cuffs.

The lesser rôles, however, aren't any too well cast and there is little action. The picture's main charm, aside from its star performances, is its strong and lovely authenticity.

Your Reviewer Says: For costume-play enthusiasts.

Love Me Forever (Columbia)

You'll See: *Grace Moore, Leo Carrillo, Robert Allen, Michael Bartlett, Douglas Dumbrille, Luis Alberni, Spring Byington, Thurston Hall, others.*

It's About: *A gangster who gives all in order that a lovely girl may become a star at the Metropolitan Opera.*

To this reviewer, "Love Me Forever" is the greatest disappointment of the month. It shows talented, vivid Grace Moore only at occasional intervals, and then never to advantage. The fault lies entirely in the story, that of a gangster who falls in love with a girl and her voice at first sight and hearing, gives her work in the night club he runs, finally getting her into the Metropolitan.

Miss Moore does what she can with a part that forces her to sit by admiring Mr. Carrillo. Robert Allen and Michael Bartlett are fine.

Your Reviewer Says: Not bad if you want a gangster story but entirely disappointing if you are a Moore enthusiast.

✓ The 39 Steps (GB)

You'll See: *Robert Donat, Madeleine Carroll, Peggy Ashcroft, Godfrey Tearle, Lucie Mannheim, John Laurie, others.*

It's About: *A young man's attempt to keep a secret agent from smuggling a British aviation secret to a Foreign Power.*

Here's another excellent mystery film from the same company and director who gave us "The Man Who Knew Too Much." Not so tragic or intense as its predecessor, this thriller is gayer. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll, not content to be simple hero and heroine, have the courage to play their rôles as character parts. The bit rôles are acted and directed realistically.

Donat finds himself in an awkward situation with a mysterious spy who says she's about to be killed. He thinks she's insane, until she collapses with a knife in her back. Pursued by the police for her murder and by the foreign spies responsible for her death, he starts off for Scotland

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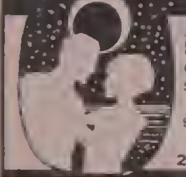

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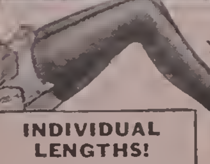

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to find the "Professor" and falls into some harrowing situations.

You'll get a kick out of the Highland scenes, particularly when Donat and Madeleine escape over the foggy moors, handcuffed to each other and hating each other heartily. Of course, when they register at an inn overnight, those handcuffs cause compromising complications.

Your Reviewer Says: What are "the 39 Steps?" You'll have the time of your life finding out.

✓ The Man on the Flying Trapeze (Paramount)

You'll See: *W. C. Fields, Mary Brian, Kathleen Howard, Tammany Young, Vera Lewis, Grady Sutton, Oscar Apfel, Tammany Young, others.*

It's About: *A meek little guy who gets in a mess of trouble just because he goes to the wrestling matches when he should have been at the office.*

If only this had a real play wrapped around its gags it would be one of the funniest comedies in months. Unfortunately, there's just no story at all. Mr. Fields plays his usual henpecked character, Kathleen Howard plays a shrewish wife, and Mary Brian an angel daughter. What little story there is concerns itself with Mr. Fields attempts to get a day away from his office, where he's worked for twenty-five faithful years. However, the whole thing is very hilarious if you like slapstick humor.

Your Reviewer Says: Not if you want plot, good for nonsense-seekers.

✓ Mimi (Alliance-B. I. P.)

You'll See: *Gertrude Lawrence, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Diana Napier, Harold Warrender, Carol Goodner, Richard Bird, Martin Walker, Austin Trevour, others.*

It's About: *Irresponsible "Bohemians" in the Parisian artists' quarter of the 1840's, their loves, quarrels and amusements.*

There are many moments of great beauty in this newest adaptation of Henri Murger's beloved "Vie de Boheme," which stresses the love-story of little Mimi and the poor playwright, Rodolphe. Interesting, imaginative photography gives the film the effect of being a series of fine paintings in motion, while faint melodies from the opera, "La Boheme" (which was composed around the same story), help to recreate the romantic period.

Gertrude Lawrence, as the pathetic, consumptive Mimi, does not photograph or record well in the first scenes, but her unusual charm makes itself felt as the tale progresses. Young Doug Fairbanks, not nearly so thin as in his last American movie, gives a sensitive and real performance as her lover. The others in the cast are also excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: Women will love it; most men will be bored.

Honeymoon Limited (Monogram)

You'll See: *Neil Hamilton, Irene Hervey, Lloyd Hughes, Russell Hicks, Filmer Twins.*

It's About: *A novelist, hitch-hiking for material, surprised to find it in a "deserted cabin in the mountains"!*

In spite of the obvious age-creaks (vintage of 1920) in this story of the daring young author who bets his publisher he can gather enough material on a hitchhiking tour to turn out his next best seller, this is not an entirely dull evening's entertainment.

The fun starts when Dick (Neil Hamilton) stumbles onto what he believes to be a deserted mountain cabin only to find that it is very thoroughly peopled with Irene Hervey, who is running away from a big, bad, uncle; the Filmer Twins, running with her, Lloyd Hughes who owns the cabin, and a couple of escaped convicts.

Your Reviewer Says: For very naive audiences.

Broadway Gondolier (Warner)

You'll See: *Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Adolphe Menjou, Louise Fazenda, William Gargan, Grant Mitchell, others.*

It's About: *A New York cab driver who pulls the biggest hoax in radio by posing as an Italian gondolier.*

Blessed with a better than average story, some nice performances and really good music, this picture suffers from a too slow tempo. Dick Powell, a New York cab driver, is unable to get a break in radio even though the boss's secretary, Joan Blondell, tries all the angles for him. His teacher, Adolphe Menjou, advises him to go to Italy. He does. Miss Blondell and Louise Fazenda try Italy at the same time, hunting for new talent for the Flagenheim Cheese program. Miss Fazenda falls for Dick, who is posing as a gondolier in Venice, and hires him at a high salary to return to New York. Complications, both from the Italian consul and William Gargan, who was almost engaged to Joan when she started for Italy, all end well.

Director Bacon drew each scene out until we thought we were seeing the retakes, as well. Dick Powell seems to get more and more pleased with himself with each succeeding picture and has now reached the point where it is no longer cute. Joan Blondell tried to step up the tempo and acquitted herself admirably. Mr. Menjou was ill during production and it shows in the picture. You'll like the music.

Your Reviewer Says: We can't give it much.

Hard Rock Harrigan (Fox)

You'll See: *George O'Brien, Irene Harvey, Fred Kohler, Dean Benton, Frank Rice.*

It's About: *The boys who fight the rock fight for romance and fight each other between cave-ins.*

Exciting at times and really funny for moments, this story is loosely drawn and badly motivated, resulting in strictly neighborhood and double feature entertainment.

George O'Brien, in the title rôle, comes to work on a tunnel in the mountains only to find that his greatest rival, Black Jack Riley (Fred Kohler), is the boss on the job. Intermingled with cave-ins and threatened brawls between the two men comes the romance. Miss Hervey, the mess hall boss, is the object of their affection.

O'Brien is much better than his rôle and Fred Kohler is a competent heavy. Miss Hervey is in over her head, even in this sort of picture. The remainder of the cast is okay.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't go looking for it.

Mad Love (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Peter Lorre, Frances Drake, Colin Clive, Ted Healy, Sarah Haden, etc.*

It's About: *A mad scientist who grafts the hands of a murderer onto the arms of an artist—who becomes a murderer.*

There must be something wrong with a horror picture with as much potential entertainment as this one that fails to hold your interest.

Story concerns a mad doctor-scientist, Peter Lorre, who falls in love with a married actress, Frances Drake. Miss Drake's husband, Colin Clive, a great pianist, has his hands badly crushed in a railroad wreck a few hours after a knife-throwing murderer has been guillotined. When Lorre is asked to save Clive's hands he thinks of his maddest idea: a hand graft! Mr. Clive, in this wise, becomes possessed of murder hands"——oh, it's all too terrible!

Smacking of the same, slow tempo of "M" and unrelieved by any basis of fact, "Mad Love" is not good entertainment. Credit for this failure must be handed to the director and cast alike. Mr. Lorre performs with such deliberate repression that one wonders, at times, if he is actually awake! Mr. Clive takes his cue from the star and falls far short of his usual mark. Frances Drake makes faces and screams screams——but fails to act.

Your Reviewer Says: It isn't worth the price of admission.

✓ Anna Karenina (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Greta Garbo, Fredric March, Freddie Bartholomew, Maureen O'Sullivan, May Robson, Basil Rathbone, Reginald Owen, others.*

It's About: *A woman of the Russian aristocracy who, when denied a divorce, chooses to leave her husband and child for the man she loves—only to lose her lover, too.*

Though this long-awaited picture gives us a lavish production and Count Leo Tolstoy's famous story, we can't get particularly excited about it. The story is about Anna Karenina, who married to a man she doesn't love, defies convention to live with a dashing army officer, when her husband refuses her a divorce and the right to see their only child. After the thrill of the hectic romance wears off and her lover feels the call of his army career again, Anna Karenina commits suicide.

Garbo, despite her continuing lack of entertaining material, remains an important figure on the Hollywood scene. When she smiles, all else is forgotten. Fredric March is surprisingly bad in his rôle of the lover. Freddie Bartholomew, as Garbo's son, all but steals the picture. Basil Rathbone as the husband and Reginald Owen as a married rake are both fine.

Your Reviewer Says: Garbo fans will like it.

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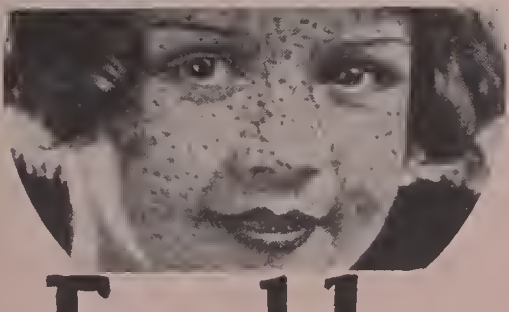

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"I Should Have Married 12 Years Ago"

(*Continued from page 27*)

uppermost in his mind. His family encouraged the idea and were very pleased when young Mr. Eddy became soloist in the Grace and All Saints Church, but in the meantime there was school to attend, and a job that would make a musical education possible.

So, when Master Nelson graduated from grammar school, he decided that that was enough formal education. The rest he has received from correspondence schools and language courses. He began doing odd jobs for the money necessary to study voice. First gardening, and then he became a telephone operator in the Mott Iron Works. At eighteen, he took the reporting job because it paid $30.00 a week. He tried to make extra money in his spare time by writing advertising for N. W. Ayer and Son, but they fired him for paying too much attention to music.

"This girl and I (her name was Mary) never missed a concert or an opera that came to Philadelphia. She got passes, otherwise we'd have spent every cent we made on tickets. Next to my mother and dad, she was the one who encouraged me most about my voice. Sometimes we'd get operatic phonograph records and play them in her apartment, sometimes re-played them often enough for me to memorize them.

WE talked plenty about ourselves and our future; but, as is usual with an unselfish woman in love with a selfish man, we talked mostly about my future. I was going on to wonderful things, of course. I was going to conquer the world, of course. I wasn't going to think of marriage, *of course,* because nothing must be allowed to interrupt this precious career of mine. The truth is that as much as I loved her, I loved the idea of Eddy-the-Conqueror even more. I know, now, that in spite of her protests, despite her agreement that I should travel the way alone, I could have made her marry me by just saying that none of the triumphs I had so magnificently planned for myself would amount to a plugged nickel unless she was there to share them with me. But I was afraid of marriage, afraid of responsibilities, afraid I'd get side-tracked from my future if I married. She would have had the courage to see everything through. I was the one who lacked it. And so I went on without her."

He went on to a career brighter than either of the two kids had ever imagined for him in their wildest dreams! With the money he had so carefully saved, he studied first with David Bispham, then with William Villonat and, later, with Dr. Edouard Lippe. His first stage appearance was in Philadelphia playing "The Marriage Tax." Later, he sang leading parts in the Savoy Opera Company. It was just a step from these early successes to the Philadelphia Civic Opera, then to Europe for three years of study in Dresden and Paris. In 1926 he made his New York debut in "Pagliacci" and his success story was assured. Years of successful concert and opera engagements followed, years in which smitten women crowded the stage and hotel corridors awaiting a glimpse of the handsome young singer. But he never married.

"It isn't as though I never really forgot Mary," he continued with his usual frank appraisal of himself. "I forgot her for long stretches of time. There were other women, other temporary interests. Who was it who said, 'Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love!' Unfortunately, where ambitious men are concerned, there is altogether too much truth in that statement. The really strange part of the whole business, though, is that I find myself thinking more about her now than I did when we first parted!

"We should have married!

"I know now, that I would have been happier with Mary than with any other woman I have ever met. We would have had the memory of hardships shared, of triumphs we had known after heartbreaking disappointments, to bind us closer together.

"A man, particularly an actor, is a fool not to marry very young in life. Without that balance-wheel, your views about women get too distorted. After you've become established, you never know whether it is you or that last diamond bracelet that she really loves! You are never able to decide whether the lady's smile would be as charming over a hamburger and a cup of coffee as it was over that box of orchids you just sent. This becomes particularly apparent after a couple of them have proved that orchids are much more appealing than hamburger! You grow suspicious. You're scared to death you'll make a sucker of yourself—an idea painfully founded upon the established fact that you've already done so once or twice! I'm at the stage now where I'm beginning to wonder if I'll *ever* marry. Like a great many other men, I have reached that disillusioning stage where I wonder if I haven't actually outsmarted myself!"

HE was sitting as straight as the too-small divan would allow, now. The smoke from his cigarette curled slowly upward as he talked. But just as he was about to continue, a little redhead poked her flaming locks inside the door and said, "Oh, excuse me!"

Eddy looked up for a fleeting second and gave her the usual quick smile and "Hello, sweet." When she was gone, he turned to me again.

"The tough part of it is that there's no going back to the Marys in our lives. Even though we might be able to find them—and we seldom can—the years have caused such a gap that it is all but unbridgable. The man who closes a chapter on love and youth, deserves to lose. It's the price he pays for being a fool! Here I am: I've accomplished most of the things I had my heart set on when I gave up the real love of my life and—*and now I have no one to share them with!*"

After I had allowed a decent interval for the seriousness of his last statement, I asked about his Hollywood experience. Oddly enough, Nelson Eddy looks upon his Hollywood "break" as altogether too accidental to be taken seriously! He *happened,* in 1933, to substitute for a singer who was forced to cancel a Los Angeles booking. He rushed from San Francisco to Los Angeles and within twenty-four hours he had an M-G-M contract in his pocket! There was not much to do for eight months, then came a small rôle with Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady." His second rôle, in "Student Tour," wasn't much bigger.

"If it hadn't been for the clean-up drive," he laughed, "and the success of an operatic story at a rival studio, they might never have made 'Naughty Marietta.'"

For the most part, he lives quietly in Hollywood. He is the despair of some of our most famous hostesses in that he seldom accepts invitations and, when he does, rarely appears with any of the local, eligible beauties. He swims, plays tennis and collects pictures of people with interesting heads. He loves steak dinners and concert tours and swears he will never sign a movie contract that will not permit him concert leave-of-absence between productions.

"I've been a rover all my life," he explained. "Too long to settle down in Hollywood, anyway. Besides, I've got to keep in concert trim. I might not be lucky in my next picture!"

Hollywood thinks he will. M-G-M thinks he will. Right now he's the man of the movie hour. Not since Clark Gable has any other actor inspired such a flood of fan letters from women. The reason? I don't know, exactly. But just after Eddy had gone, another little secretary shoved her cute face through the half-open door.

I said, "Hello, sweet!"

But it didn't seem to mean anything.

LAST MINUTE NEWS

It's being rumored that Vic McLaglen is to sign a long-term contract with Paramount, his first picture to be with Mae West, using a Klondyke background.

Max Baer is said to be planning on attempted screen comeback, too.

The Rockefeller Foundation has granted a hundred thousand dollars to establish a permanent motion picture course, plus copies of the finest films, at the Museum of Modern Art.

Three original scenarios sold to three different producers in three days—that's the all-time record recently established by James Edward Grant, the author. Included in the various deals were: "Whipsaw," to M-G-M as for Clark Gable and Jean Harlow; "Duster," to Paramount as for George Raft; and "Trouble in B-Flat," for a musical to be produced by Carl Laemmle, Jr., probably with Hugh O'Connell and Lulu McConnell in the leading roles. Several companies are also negotiating for screen rights to the same author's "The Green Shadow," which was recently published by the Hartney Press.

Laura LaPlante and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., walked out of the cost of a picture they were making in Monte Carlo on account of a rule prohibiting all employees from play at the famous tables.

The highlight of the local baseball season is to be a game between leading men and comedians.

Stanford University will follow the University of Southern California by putting in a regular course in motion pictures for students.

Metro has bought "Kind Lady," the Broadway hit, for Constance Collier.

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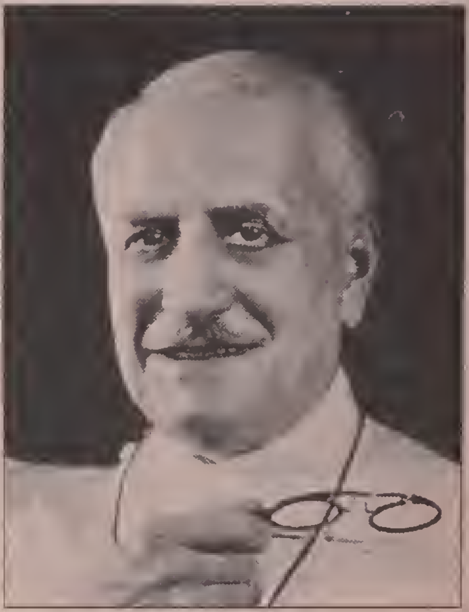

Sensational new "7-power" ale yeast giving thousands attractive pounds

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Doctors now know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight is that they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now scientists have discovered that the richest known source of health-building Vitamin B is brewers' ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it *7 times more powerful.* Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-strengthening, energy-giving iron in pleasant little tablets called Ironized Yeast tablets.

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SKINNY? SEE HOW I LOOK SINCE I GAINED 12 POUNDS

The True Life Story of Grace Moore

(*Continued from page 63*)

temperament in its time from Garbo on.

"A Lady's Morals" was neither a box-office hit nor a box-office flop. It met with that most damning of receptions: indifference. Some critics liked it musically. Others were frankly outspoken in their belief that Miss Grace Moore belonged behind the footlights.

But before she had a chance to make up her own mind, the studio rushed her into a second production, "New Moon," with Lawrence Tibbett, convincing her that the knowledge she had gained in making her first picture would smooth out all the rough spots in her second. Unfortunately, it was worse. In place of one temperamental singing star, the company was faced with two in those dangerous chalked lines. Tibbett and Moore raved separately, and together, when they would hear playbacks of songs they had sung. The microphone was new and unimproved then and was not ready to synchronize voices trained for grand opera.

"New Moon" was an out-and-out flop! No half way measures this time. The studio notified her that the option they held on her services for two more pictures would not be exercised.

FOLLOWING her great triumph in the operatic world, this defeat was more galling and bitter than she would admit to her closest friends. The story has never previously been told of how a suddenly humble Grace Moore, pocketing her pride, actually went to her producers to plead for another chance. She would work. She would master camera technique. She would show them she had a place on the talking screen if they would only give her another chance! That chance was denied; and it was a broken-hearted woman who left Hollywood, unhonored and unsung! No roses this time, no studio officials to see her off! "I was so angry, so hurt, I swore I'd be back and show them! It was the same determined feeling I had experienced when the Metropolitan turned me down a few years before!"

Exactly one year later, in May, 1931, she walked up the gang-plank of the *Ile de France* for the purpose of a combination concert and rest tour through Europe.

As she boarded the boat at midnight she felt strangely gay. Happier than she had been in a year. "Something divine is going to happen on this trip," she said to her secretary as they read the cards on the flowers in her suite. "I am not going to get off this boat the same person I was when I came on!"

She was right! She came aboard a restless, discontented, unsatisfied girl whose all-consuming career was at a temporary standstill. She left it a woman deeply, thrillingly, unreasoningly in love for the first time in her life.

She saw him before he was aware that she was on board. He was standing next to the rail with his profile, startlingly like Ronald Colman's turned to the sea, his collar turned up against the stiff breeze. He was extraordinarily handsome, but she had known many handsome men. There was strong intelligence in his face, but Grace Moore's life was filled with the friendships of brilliant men. Why she went up to him, stood there a moment, and then deliberately opened the conversation with some trite remark about the trip, she will never know. It was as though she were urged, and not at all against her will. Never in her life could she remember doing such a thing before. First, she was a Southerner, and Southern ladies don't strike up acquaintances on their own provocation. Secondly, she was a celebrity, and celebrities never do such a thing. Yet there she was, deliberately drawing a strange man into conversation and feeling delightfully gay about it. The minute he answered her question, she placed his nationality. The soft blur in his surprised, but restrainedly polite answer, was Spanish.

They talked for a minute or two before Grace returned to join her astounded secretary to exclaim:

"There is the man I am going to marry!"

"But who is he?"

"That," laughed Grace, "is something I don't know and which you are going to find out for me immediately! And don't bother to ask me, for I am quite crazy, thank you, and don't mind a bit!"

The disapproving young woman returned with the information that the gentleman was Valentin Parera, a Spanish motion picture actor. He was called the "Ronald Colman of Spain." It was Grace who went to elaborate arrangements to make sure they would be seated together at dinner. She didn't learn for days, that Parera had tried to move heaven and earth to the same purpose, much to the amusement of the ship's officers!

"Oh, there was nothing complicated, or different, or even original about it," Grace continued her own version of her romance. "We fell in love on a boat in the moonlight as many have done before us and many will after! The circumstances were the same old story, but to us it was the most thrilling, exciting and amazing story, because we feared everyone could see, just by looking at us, how strongly we cared. I suppose they could, but what did it matter?"

They were married three months later in the City Hall at Cannes on July 15th, 1931, and spent their honeymoon in a thirteenth century palace in Venice.

FOR two years they traveled and loafed and went where their roving fancy took them. Grace accompanied Valentin to Spain while he completed eight months of a cinema contract. During these months she spent much time at his studio, watching, learning from the sidelines. Though the movies had not reached the state of advancement she had found in Hollywood, she became familiar with many things that had puzzled and troubled her in her own camera experience. When they were alone she and Parera would rehearse the scenes he did with another woman before the camera. Without realizing it she was gaining remarkable experience for her second advent into Hollywood.

But first there was a return engagement to Broadway in "The Du Barry," a musical comedy triumph. Valentin, of course, accompanied her to America. Since their marriage they have not been separated, both going where one of them is needed. Following "The Du Barry," she returned to the West Coast for a single appearance in "Pagliacci."

Grace had not expected the warm reception Hollywood gave her the night of the opera. Flowers filled her dressing room. A list of the reserved seats revealed that every important person in Hollywood would be in the audience.

"You couldn't have done as badly here as you led me to believe" Valentin laughed

"Either that, or much worse," she said. "Maybe they are just trying to make me feel better."

But the thunder of applause that greeted her at the final curtain was no demonstration of sympathy. As she took bow after bow and threw kisses in response to the cheers, she did not realize that a very canny little gentleman in that audience was deciding her future. During intermission, Mr. Harry Cohn, lone wolf producer, had an idea. Ideas are what had made Mr. Cohn what he is today, one of the acknowledged leaders of the movie field.

THE idea Mr. Cohn had, as he tugged and pulled at his black cigar, was that motion picture audiences had never been treated to anything heavier than musical comedy on the screen. Even opera stars who had visited Hollywood had sung lighter music because anything heavier was supposed to be over the heads of the movie audiences. But who knew that for a fact? The glorious, inspiring music of great operas had never been tried. All right, take a romantic story of an opera star, show her struggles and romances, and then let 'em hear her sing!

The next morning Mr. Cohn and his cigar and his idea were in Grace Moore's apartment. "It will either be the greatest thrill or the greatest flop the screen has ever known," he explained, "but I'm willing to gamble. Are you?"

Was she? Here was the chance she had sworn she would some day get. Here was her opportunity to vindicate that awful first try. How she would show them!

Grace and Parera took a comfortable but modest home in Beverly Hills. Gone were the retinue, the grand opera act, and the fluff and nonsense that trimmed her first Hollywood experience. Her days were spent at the studio making test records or camera tests, or rehearsing with the director, Victor Schertzinger, actual scenes from the picture as they were written. Every evening she spent at a picture show studying the films of Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Dietrich, Garbo, and other feminine stars. She gave no parties. Now and then a few old friends came for a simple dinner, Mary Pickford or Ruth Chatterton, Irving Berlin and his wife.

At Grace's own request there was no advance ballyhoo on the picture or about herself. In fact Hollywood had almost forgotten she was around, when they unexpectedly previewed "One Night of Love."

The local critics went to the Beverly Wilshire theater that night in the frame of mind they usually bring along to a new picture, "just another one." Certainly there was nothing in the record of the stars, Grace and Tullio Carminati, or the director, Schertzinger, to prepare anyone for the demonstration that took place in that theater following the aria, *One Fine Day*, from "Madame Butterfly" at the end of the film! Hardened old Hollywoodites were standing in the aisles cheering as lustily as the "paying customers," the kids and women and others of the neighborhood audience who had been sent on the wings of Grace's beautiful voice to a new camera emotion! They cheered, they called her name, they ran frantically outside to watch Grace and Mary Pickford try to fight their way to Grace's car!

There were tears of joy in Mary Pickford's eyes at her friend's triumph, "I am too thrilled to speak," she replied to a reporter who wanted her to give her opinion on the picture.

"And I have dared to think I wanted to sing on the screen," laughed Gloria Swanson.

Not many took notice of the little man with the black cigar who slipped into his car with two of his aides. Mr. Harry Cohn was having another idea. There were many more operas yet to be sung on the screen, intermingled in a romantic love story and the woman to sing those operas was the darling of this triumph who "sang like an angel but looked, thank heaven, like a movie star!"

As her car sped away from the theater, Mary said: "Well, you've shown them, Grace. You made them sit up and take notice just as you knew you would."

But Grace Moore was too happy to gloat. She forgot any idea she had ever had of evening her score with Hollywood. She was too happy for anything except a midnight sandwich at the Beverly Brown Derby and reliving the happy moment over and over with Mary and Valentin.

When "One Night of Love" duplicated the success of its Hollywood preview all over this country and in Europe, her cup of happiness was filled to overbrimming.

"HERE I am," she brought us back with that short statement, to that day in her Beverly home where I had gone in quest of the most amazing life story I shall ever get from another Hollywood star. Have you forgotten how she looked in her ermine trimmed pajamas as she lounged on the leopard skins over the divan, as I sipped excellent sherry? We had come a long way over her story that began with the religious little tomboy in Tennessee to the poised, sparkling woman she is today.

"But because I am grateful, really, sincerely grateful, maybe the gods will not be jealous of me," she said simply.

Her plans for the future?

"Valentin and I are taking a vacation immediately. I'm going back to spend a few months in a home I bought a long time ago on the Riviera and never had time to live in. I never want to make the mistake of sacrificing our happiness on the altar of my career. So much work well done, then so much play and rest and contemplation. That is the only way to live.

"But in the meantime there is today to be lived. The future always takes care of itself and is invariably more shining and promising than we can ever plan it!"

Certainly Grace Moore's today is a shining testimony to the high courage and zest she has lent to the experiences of her life!

Just off Hollywood Boulevard

(*Continued from page 4*)

could just die slowly as Norton did. Maybe Eddie will talk to the director.

IT'S hard to talk to the all-night newsboy in Hollywood. I almost have to bend double to do it. Ahmed, you see, is an Arabian dwarf!

How did he ever get here? That's easy: a Hollywood movie director, Rex Ingram, picked him up in Arabia while he was making a picture. Rex thought a dwarf would be lucky. He wasn't lucky, though. Rex isn't making pictures any more. So I worry about Ahmed. Does he ever get lonesome for Arabia? Does he ever wonder what happened to him and how he happens to be selling papers on Hollywood Boulevard over ten thousand miles from home? Some day, I think I'll take him in my car and drive out to the desert and let him play in the sand a while. That might help!

ON the way home, I drove past the house called "The Cook's Dream." It's high on a hill overlooking Sunset Boulevard and looks exactly like a famous old house in a small town in the middle west, slate-gray with high turrets and huge, leaded bay windows.

The auction sign was still hanging on the grille fence near the street. Too late, though, all the furniture has been sold and the old lady has moved away.

She was an old lady with a dream. The story goes that she had been the cook in a wealthy bachelor's house and when he died all his property was willed to her. Having pots of money, she set about satisfying her life-long ambition: to have a huge house "like the rich folks back home used to have." So she built it in Hollywood. All the rugs were genuine Orientals and the furniture, I'm told, had lots of fancy carving on it.

Most of Hollywood got a big laugh out of the place, it was so pretentious. But I didn't laugh. I knew that the old lady's dream hadn't come true, you see. It couldn't in Hollywood, because the people who used to look with awe at the same house in the little town in the middlewest weren't there to look at her house.

I knew it would come, and sure enough it did. The dream house finally got on the old lady's nerves and she auctioned off all the furniture and moved away. She couldn't sell the house.

Maybe she's gone back to buy the original gray house in the little town where's there's much more awe.

AFTER lunch, today, I was standing on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga, just minding my own busi-

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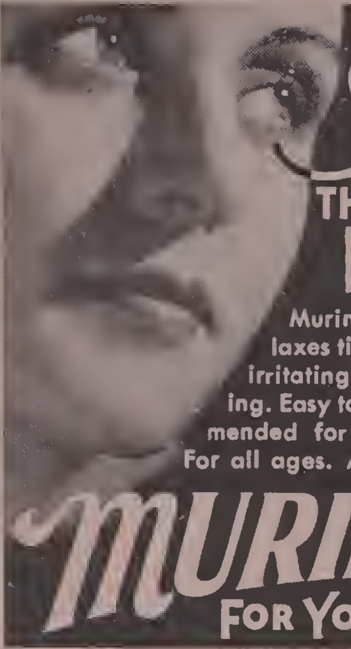

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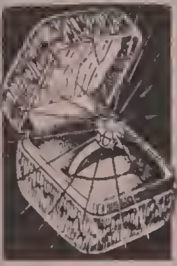

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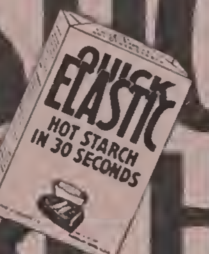

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ness and watching, when a man walked up and said, "Don't let 'em fool YOU."

"Oh, they always fool me," I said. "But what is it this time?"

"Din' you see that bus I just got out of?" he frowned with a rather alcoholic leer in his eyes. Then he stood there and leered and frowned, waiting for me to answer. I looked at his clothes and his new straw hat but I couldn't figure him out until I looked at his hands. Then I knew he was a farmer, just in from the country and looking Hollywood over.

"That's how they fooled me," he continued. "They told us down town that for four dollars this bus man would take us through the studios. So I went. But we just drove around the streets of one dinky little studio and never stopped, except near the gate for a glass of wine. The wine was good; but wine ain't four dollars a glass. I wanted to see the *studios!* I wanted to see the movie stars. I came all the way out here just to see it all."

I said, "If you want to see the movie stars, gorgeous girls and all that, you just stand right here on this corner. Every movie star you've ever heard of passes this spot, if you stand here long enough."

"Does it cost more than four dollars?" he asked. And then I told him I would let him stand there as long as he wanted to for nothing. When I looked back, from a half-block away, he was still there—eyeing the passers-by with care.

MRS. MEAD is the smart one, though. She doesn't pay anyone a cent, yet she knows more movie stars, personally, than any visitor I know. She's a grand woman; came from Boston with her family. She didn't care about seeing the movie stars, she wanted to know them!

And she's found a way. A way that's become famous and, oddly enough, that's made her a bit famous in Hollywood. Whenever you see a long, yellow Packard phaeton coming down the Boulevard with a beautiful, slender woman at the wheel, you'll know that's Mrs. Mead. She's no doubt looking for a place to move. You see, moving in next door to movie stars is the way she's done it!

Her latest friend is Clark Gable!

The day she moved in the neighborhood, she told the cop on the beat that she wanted to meet Clark. He said Clark was a pal of his and he could fix it. He called later to say that Clark would come over that very evening. WOW! The next four hours were hectic. Hair waved, nails manicured, new dress, flowers for the house, fixings for a cocktail.

But Gable didn't show up. The cop came over with the message that Clark had been unexpectedly called to the studio. Mr. Mead laughed at Mrs. Mead that night.

Four evenings later, when the flowers were all wilted, the wave all gone and the house in a mess, the doorbell rang. It was Mr. Gable. Again Mr. Mead laughed. But Mrs. Mead explained what had happened about the wave and the manicure and all that. Clark said he understood and sat down to talk hunting with Mr. Mead. Mrs. Mead just listened and watched which ash tray Gable was using. After a grand evening, Clark left. Then Mrs. Mead gathered up all the Gable cigarette stubs.

Next day she mailed them to her girlfriends in Boston for bridge prizes!

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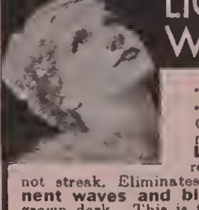

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FISCHER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
P. O. Box 683, Dept. 1, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ann Harding Throws Love Overboard

(*Continued from page 25*)

keep the child safe. Ann slipped away alone. Not the clever thing to do? Ann wasn't thinking of cleverness. She only knew that no one could serve a legal paper on her if she could not be found. So, for two days before her ship sailed for Honolulu, she hid in a cheap little furnished room on the outskirts of Hollywood. Not even the executives of her studio knew where she was. Perhaps they might have been able to help. Perhaps not. She couldn't take that chance.

LONG hours later, in the middle of the night, a woman in a long, dark overcoat with her hat pulled far down over her face, hurried up the gangplank of the *Lurline*. Refuge, at last! Now they wouldn't be able to take Jane away from her until she had had a chance to think everything out.

Not until she sighted the islands and heard the soft-voiced greeting of the native "Aloha" did the chill around Ann's heart begin to thaw. But the warm sunshine, the almost child-like friendliness of the natives and the feeling of safety-in-distance began immediately to heal the fear that expert legal and medical advice had been unable to assuage.

For a few days, she took a small, unpretentious house on the beach. There she could stretch on the sand all day and allow the sun to turn her fair skin to a beautiful, copper brown. Perhaps, she reasoned, the sun might even heal the unseen wounds! She had planned to stay alone, to keep to herself. But everyone was so friendly—not in the manner of intruding on her privacy but in the gay spirit of hospitality known to small children—that finally her resolve was broken down.

Suddenly she found that it was fun to don party dresses and attend the dances at the hotel, parties so informal and lovely that she shuddered at the thought of Hollywood's dressed-up social events. The Army officers were always there with their wives and friends and, oddly enough, she knew some of them. Old friends of her father's, men she had known when, as Dorothy Gatley, she had been the belle of the Texas army posts.

WHEN two of her old friends, a colonel and his lady, asked Ann to be their house guest she accepted with a new-found enthusiasm. She didn't dream of the happiness that awaited. She couldn't have. Because it wasn't until after she had arrived as a guest at Scofield Barracks that she met the tall handsome major who was going to accomplish by his solicitude, his gallant attentions and his deep love what no one else had been able to do during all those lonely years. As if by magic, Ann Harding was supremely happy again. She was in love!

He was an older man, it is true, but his few added years made his understanding the more complete and soothing. Not that they spent their time talking of Ann's difficulties. Ben Sawbridge is all Army and Army men hurl challenges at life! They rode together, danced together and, more important, they laughed together for two flawless months. He didn't try to rush her off her feet with a quick proposal of marriage, although that desire was uppermost in his heart. He wanted to be sure, first, that Ann would be happy. So he didn't ask the question in his heart.

BUT Ann Harding knew the answer to that unasked question! She had been living one answer, the wrong answer, to that question ever since she could remember. She had, for ten years, sacrificed the love of her father because of her career. During the years of her marriage to Harry Bannister, it had been almost as important. As partners in her career, they had built the beautiful home atop the hill. The gorgeous gardens that surround the estate were, for them, the boundaries of a partnership that was to last forever! It had lasted such a short time that the high hopes they had for the garden boundaries became highly amusing. Ann shouldered the blame when the crash came. In a dignified notice to the press she claimed that no real man could stand up under the humiliation of her Hollywood fame.

The two years that followed were like a nightmare. The house that had been built for such happiness became tomblike. It's spirit now was dead. It seemed cold and empty.

NOBODY CAN CALL HER A "SLOW POKE" NOW!

She can do a big pan of dishes in 3 minutes—let her tell you how

IT USED TO TAKE 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER TO DO DISHES
NOW I USE RINSO—IT LOOSENS GREASE MUCH FASTER
Rinso
IN 3 MINUTES THE DISHES ARE DONE—BRIGHT AND SPARKLING
AND HOW SMOOTH MY HANDS ARE SINCE I CHANGED TO RINSO!
Rinso THE GRANULATED SOAP

RINSO'S rich suds loosen grease in a flash—dishes come bright and clean in no time. Wonderful for the week's wash, too. *Soaks* clothes whiter—safely—without scrubbing or boiling. Great in washers.

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

WHAT? POT ROAST?

you're spoofing me—

SO tender, rich and savory you can hardly believe it's pot roast! Prepare your next one the Lea & Perrins way and see. This famous seasoning, the *original* Worcestershire, magically brings out flavor. Makes inexpensive cuts "taste like a million dollars." Get a bottle today. Mail coupon below for *free* book containing delicious new recipes.

LEA & PERRINS Sauce THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

LEA & PERRINS, Inc.
Dept. 199, 241 West St., N. Y. City

Please send me *free* your 50-page recipe book, "Success in Seasoning".

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Mrs. F. McE. (Penna.) thought it was too good to be true when she read that Chicago School of Nursing students were often able to earn $25 a week *while learning* "practical" nursing. However, she sent for the booklet offered in the advertisement and after much careful thought decided to enroll. Before she had completed the seventh lesson she was able to accept her first case—in three months she had earned $400!

Think of the things *you* could do with $400!

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Dept. 189, 26 North Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

*Name*____________________
*City*__________ *State*________ *Age*_____

Ann worked hard and her career became even more brilliant. But she knew that no career was worth the price of personal happiness.

And now, as she looked out the window toward Scofield Barracks and watched the major playing with the two small children of a fellow officer, she knew she had been living the wrong answer to the question. She knew that marriage to the major was the right answer, the only answer!

Ben Sawbridge must have asked the question that night. Ann must have given him the only answer. Because it was decided that Ann should return to Hollywood and settle her affairs; he was to follow. And she meant that promise. He knew she meant it.

It would have to be a secret that she was giving up her career! There would be a flare of interest for a time. All the newspapers would play it up in headline: ACTRESS ABANDONS CAREER FOR LOVE! But in a little while they would forget and Mrs. Ben Sawbridge of Honolulu would be as far from their minds as they were from her's.

ONE week after her arrival, Harry Bannister filed additional suits in the California courts to set aside the decision of the Nevada courts giving his former wife the sole custody of their child. In a newspaper story he gave as his reason that she was not a fit person to bring up the little girl! The headlines told the story:

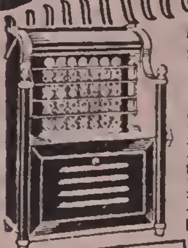
ANN HARDING MUST DISPROVE CLAIM SHE IS LAX GUARDIAN . . . CHILD NOT TO BE REMOVED FROM JURISDICTION OF STATE PENDING LONG COURT BATTLE!

Ben Sawbridge took the next boat to America; he came to throw his courage and strength with hers for the little girl that Ann loved so much. Of course, it was but a matter of hours before Jane and Major Ben were old friends. Now he had something to fight for too. Wouldn't Ann marry him immediately? Together they could conquer this thing. They must!

No one except Ann and Ben Sawbridge will ever know what really took place during their momentous meeting in Hollywood. But those who know Ann Harding can guess at the truth! All their plans, their dreams and their happiness must wait. Perhaps a long time. Nothing, not even their love, could remove the cloud—nothing but a lonely court battle. This must be *her* fight! She must free herself alone! Nor could their personal happiness be chanced if it might jeopardize the care and custody of Jane. Without Jane, not part of the time but always, there could be no real happiness for Ann Harding.

Some day, in the future when all this is settled, they will perhaps find peace and happiness as they once did for two priceless months. But there are no promises. Ben Sawbridge, if he so desired, went back to Honolulu a free man. Ann would have it that way. This fight of Ann's may take months; she wants him to feel free to find his happiness elsewhere.

And now, Jane and Ann are back once more in the house that is, somehow, too large and too cold for them. And Jane is not going to be chief flower girl in a pink dress, carrying pink rosebuds.



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AGENTS! Make big money. New easy plan. Write quick for territory and Outfit Offer!

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Sell amazing value Christmas Card Assortments --21 folders, smart designs, retail $1.00. Other assortments 50c up. Religious Cards, Gift Wrappings, etc. 100% profit. No experience required. Free sample offer.
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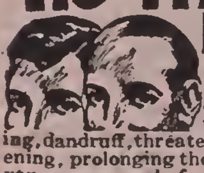
Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl.
Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 18, 254 W. 31 St., New York



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J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 5JT
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Send me your free book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." This does not obligate me. (Please print plainly.)

Name..............................*Age*.........
Address..............................
City..............................*State*............

Movie Mirror's Cooking Dept.

(*Continued from page 68*)

on which give you excellent sources of a meaty taste for sauces and other dishes. If you are on a meatless diet for a health reason, rely on the specially prepared products which taste meaty but are not made with meat.

The other picture on this page shows you how South American Peppers look when combined with rice, which is an excellent way to serve them, because if you add a simple clear soup and a sweet, you have a completely balanced meal with very little trouble. Peppers prepared this way are called "South American" because the stuffing includes Brazil nuts, which are a valuable source of nourishment beginning to be used more and more in our cooking. They have a rich, individual taste and it's surprising what you can do with them. Ever try Brazil Nut Cake? I mean a cake made of the nuts, not just decorated with them. If you serve this as a dessert at lunch, you can have just a plain vegetable salad and a soup and have a balanced meal! If you don't know about this unusual cake, write me for the recipe. And here's how you stuff the South American Peppers:

South American Peppers

6 green peppers
1 can corn
½ cup chopped Brazil nuts
¼ tsp. salt
Pepper to taste
½ tsp. sugar
1 tsp. onion juice
1 cup buttered bread and crumbs

Cut the tops from the peppers and carefully cut and scoop out the seeds and fibres. Stir together the corn, chopped nuts and seasonings. Fill the peppers and cover each one with the crumbs. Place in a baking pan, standing them close together so they won't fall over while cooking. Put a little water in the pan, and bake about half an hour in a moderate oven (375° F.).

Eggs are always important in meatless meals. Try this way of cooking them for a really big change. The cutlets are rich and good, and look about as unlike the familiar egg as anything you could imagine.

Egg Cutlets

2 tbls. butter or other shortening
4 tbls. flour
1 cup milk
¼ tsp. pepper
½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. paprika
¾ tsp. finely grated onion
1 tbl. minced parsley
½ tsp. Worchestershire Sauce
7 hard-boiled eggs

Melt the butter, add the flour and when well-blended, put in the milk slowly, stirring constantly while it comes to a boil and cooks for one minute. Add the seasoning. And, if you wish, a dash of nutmeg. Cut the hard-boiled eggs into small pieces and add to the sauce. Remove mixture from

(*Continued on page 99*)

Gorgeous Lemon Pie Filling
WITHOUT COOKING!

EAGLE BRAND LEMON MERINGUE PIE

1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon or
¼ teaspoon lemon extract
2 eggs
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind or lemon extract, and egg yolks. (It thickens just as though you were cooking it, to a glorious creamy smoothness!) Pour into baked pie shell or Unbaked Crumb Crust (See FREE cook book.) Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding sugar. Bake until brown in a moderate oven (350° F.). Chill.

● Here's a lemon filling that's always perfect! Never runny. Never too thick. Try it, and you'll never make lemon pie the old way again! ● But *remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

FREE! New Cook Book of Wonders!

New! New! NEW! Just off the press! "Magic Recipes" is a thrilling new successor to "Amazing Short-cuts." Gives you brand-new recipes—unbelievably quick and easy—for pies, cookies, candies, frostings! Sure-fire custards! Easy-to-make refrigerator cakes! Quicker ways to delicious salad dressings, sauces, beverages, ice creams (freezer and automatic). Address: The Borden Sales Co., Inc., Dept. MG-95, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

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Street____________________
City__________ State__________
(Print name and address plainly)
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NO MONEY NEEDED
NO HOUSE TO HOUSE CANVASSING
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who need UP TO $22 IN A WEEK EASILY QUICKLY

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C. E. Israel, HARFORD FROCKS, Dept. P-7, Cincinnati, Ohio

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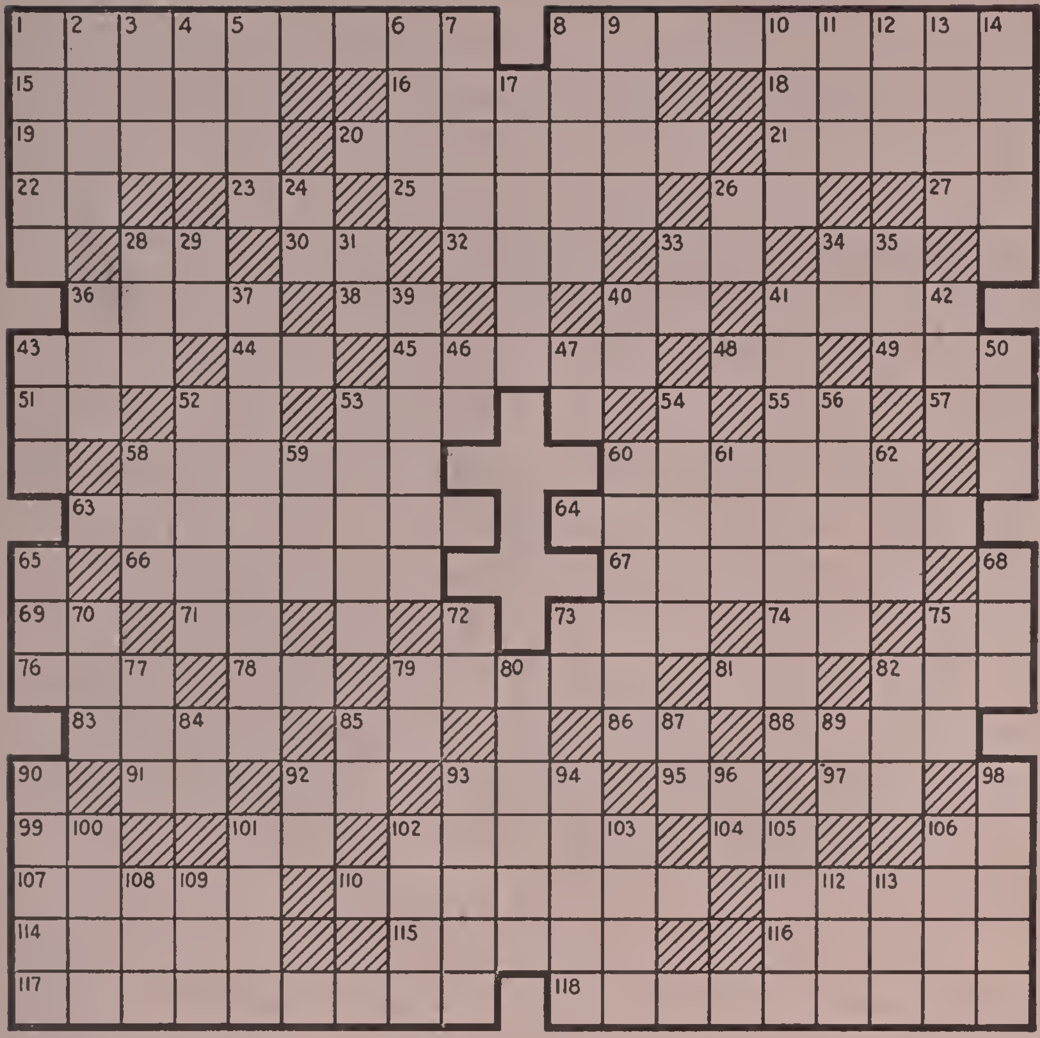
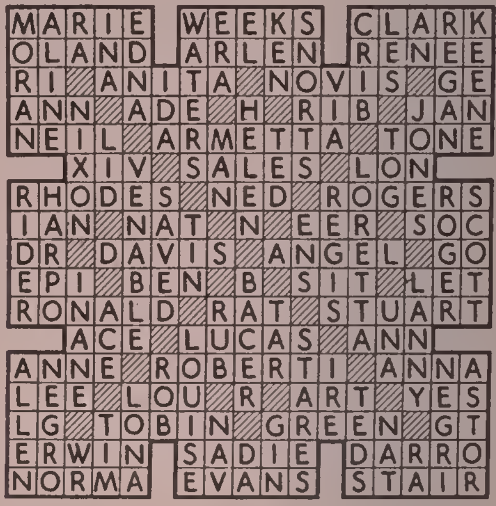


MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE



MARIE WEEKS CLARK
OLAND ARLEN RENEE
RI▨ANITA▨NOVIS▨GE
ANN▨ADE▨H▨RIB▨JAN
NEIL▨ARMETTA▨TONE
XIV▨SALES▨LON
RHODES▨NED▨ROGERS
IAN▨NAT▨N▨EER▨SOC
DR▨DAVIS▨ANGEL▨GO
EPI▨BEN▨B▨SIT▨LET
RONALD▨RAT▨STUART
ACE▨LUCAS▨ANN
ANNE▨ROBERTI▨ANNA
LEE▨LOU▨R▨ART▨YES
LG▨TOBIN▨GREEN▨GT
ERWIN SADIE DARRO
NORMA EVANS STAIR

MOVIE MIRROR awards $20 for the best original puzzle submitted in June, to Mrs. Maria Peterson, 161 Mann St., Reno, Nev. Why not try your luck? You may win the same amount. You must create a new and original puzzle. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. We cannot undertake to return puzzles. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

ACROSS

1. She won Academy Award in 1934
8. Starred in "Folies Bergere"
15. Mercedes in "The Count of Monte Cristo"
16. Gwili ———comes from Denmark.
18. She won fame in "Of Human Bondage"
19. Star of "Dinky"
20. Dancing star in "Top Hat"
21. To follow
22. He played in "Times Square Lady" (init.)
23. First name of Fox comedian
25. Disjoin
26. Of a point in space
27. She was "Sweet Adeline" (init.)
28. Ginger Rogers' husband (init.)
30. Either
32. To free
33. King Louis in "Cardinal Richelieu (init.)
34. Pronoun
36. J. ——— Saunders
38. In the matter of
40. City of Chaldea
41. ——— Lane
43. Well-lighted
44. Star of "Go Into Your Dance"
45. First month of the Jewish calendar
48. Parent
49. Part of the face
51. Animal of burden
52. American author (init.)
53. Lawyer (abbrev.)
55. Male star of "Naughty Marietta" (init.)
57. He is in "Party Wire"
58. Isles in British West Indies
60. Areas
63. Shaped like a raven's beak
64. Nurse in "While the Patient Slept"
66. Tala ———
67. Charlie ————, Hal Roach Star (poss.)
69. Siberian river
71. Three-toed sloth
73. A science (abbrev.)
74. Roughrider (init.)
75. "Music — the air"
76. To devour
78. Chaos
79. Frighten
81. "—— Live Again"
82. Lupino is her last name
83. Billie ———
85. —— Clarence played in "The Scarlet Pimpernel"
86. Symbol for silver
88. This star's first name is Florence
91. Mountain
92. Star of "The Devil Is a Woman"
93. For (Spanish)
95. Man's nickname
97. Mrs. Harry Joe Brown
99. Educational institution
101. Nickname
102. Characters in Teuton alphabet
104. Mrs. Bruce Cabot (init)
106. She plays in "The Informer"
107. Interpreters of Koran
110. To alter
111. Tony is Tom Mix's ——
114. Polly ——
115. Mekka
116. Shinto temple gateway
117. The old Maestro
118. Club in Hollywood

DOWN

1. He took 1934 laurels
2. "The —— Gentleman"
3. Emmet
4. A Chinese bushy plant
5. Calamitous
6. Drinking cup (Scot)
7. 15 Across starred in "—— Madam"
8. Sobbed
9. Mister (German)
10. To aid
11. ——nox Pawle
12. "——A Gift"
13. Small toilet case
14. Tall grasses
17. Starred in "Page Miss Glory"
24. Behold!
26. Played in "Servant's Entrance" (init.)
28. Apportion
29. Article
31. Railroad
33. Star in "The Whole Town's Talking"
34. Exclamation
35. Measure for cloth
36. Star of "The Miracle Rider"
37. Starring in "Break of Hearts"
39. Bring upon another as legacy or interest.
40. Prefix
41. City in England
42. Oxygen
43. "Evelyn Prentice"
46. Clara Bow, the — girl
47. Star of "Peter Ibbetson" (init.)
50. Star of "Oil for the Lamps of China"
52. Woman's name
53. Plants used for soap
54. Designer (abbrev.)
56. Ester
58. Co-star in "No More Ladies"
59. Highest playing card
60. Bing Crosby's birthplace
61. Early ecclesiastical wine receptacle
62. Signal of distress
65. "Flute" in "A Midsummers Night's Dream"
68. She played in "One New York Night"
70. "Peck's —— Boy"
72. Police inspector in "Les Miserables" (init.)
73. This movie star has his own orchestra
75. American jurist
77. Anita's boy friend
79. Jewish month
80. Surd
82. Freeze
84. Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, (init.)
85. Natural power
87. Goddess of Earth
89. "My Heart — Calling"
90. Part of the hand
92. She will star in "The Dark Angel" (init.)
93. A thick soup
94. To perform again
96. Public official (init.)
98. Studio that produced "Laddie"
100. The blackthorn
101. —— Darwell in "Bright Eyes"
102. Branches
103. "RKO's "—— of Midnight"
105. The dog in "The Thin Man"
106. One who inherits
108. Eagle.
109. Queen of the fairies (Eng. folklore)
112. Death (Ger.)
113. Before

(*Continued from page* 97)

fire and let it cool enough to be shaped into cutlets. Dip cutlets first into raw egg then into dry bread-crumbs and fry in deep fat (385° F.). Or bake them in a moderately hot oven (380° F.) for about twelve minutes when they should be brown. Garnish with parsley. Serve a sauce with these if you wish, possibly that suggested for the meatless loaf.

Macaroni and cheese give you starch and protein together, so can be used in a meatless meal, but, once in a while, get a little grand and combine cheese with eggs in a delicate Cheese Souffle. You know that famous chefs are proud of being able to turn out a perfect souffle, but don't let that scare you off. You can have a souffle fit to serve at the Ritz if you go about it with care, and here is the way to do it:

CHEESE SOUFFLE

2 tbls. butter
3 tabls. flour
½ cup milk
Dash of pepper
¼ tsp. dry mustard
½ tsp. paprika
¼ cup grated cheese
3 eggs

Melt the butter, add the flour and when smooth, stir in the milk gradually, stirring constantly until smooth and thick, about a minute. Add seasonings and cheese and remove from fire. Stir in beaten egg yolks. Let mixture cool, then fold in the beaten egg whites. Butter a baking dish thoroughly and pour in the souffle. Bake for about twenty minutes in a moderate oven (350° F.) and serve immediately in the dish in which it is baked. And I mean "immediately" for a souffle may fall as it cools. There are so many times when you want just one good, hot dish for Sunday night supper, or something in the ice-box which can be reheated when you come home late from a long drive. Lentil soup is exactly the thing, not only for such occasions, but for a good, hearty inexpensive meal at any time.

I frequently serve mushrooms as the main dish of a meatless meal. Ever cook them with wild rice? And then there's an egg plant special which you should know about. When you write me, ask for these other meatless recipes and put them into your file for an early try-out. They are just a few of the many ways you can dress up meals without meat, which will please your family and keep the budget under control at the same time. I shall be very glad to send them to you, or to help you with other cooking problems.

Remake Your Face for Beauty

(*Continued from page* 61)

out how to correct it. And now for those questions."

Here are the definite things I asked Mr. Westmore, and here are his answers, answers I know you will appreciate having for they come from an artist, and an expert.

Where should the rouge go on a very round, chubby face?

It should start fairly far out on the outside of the face, come in to not too near the nose, and be carried down to form, roughly, a long triangle. It helps to fluff the hair out on the sides, *above* the ears, bringing it in tight to the head below the ears.

And for the opposite type, the too long, narrow face?

To make such a face seem plumper and rounder, use rouge in a circle rather high on the cheeks. This emphasizes the cheeks and draws the attention away from the length of the face.

How can small eyes be made to seem larger?

For one thing, never pluck the eyebrows in an arch, nor pluck them from underneath. Keep them in a straighter line, and as close to the eyes as possible. If you must use eye-shadow, use it sparingly and only on the bulge of the eyelid, though no shadow at all is best, and this is also true for too deep-set eyes. Mascara should be used in a very particular way for too small eyes. It goes *only* on the very tips of the lower lashes! And remember to choose some other feature to emphasize.

How should a face in which the nose is too big or too arched be made up?

Always powder the nose *last*, and more lightly than the rest of the face. Keep the rouge further toward the sides of the face and not too close to the nose. And dress the hair full and rather forward on top.

And for a nose too small, or too flat?

Always powder the nose *first*, a shade heavier than the rest of the face. Some of you have asked me how to give your nose a "tip-tilted" look. Mr. Westmore says that using your lip-stick to make a slight cupid's bow mouth, will help in this.

If the chin slopes too abruptly?

Powder it *first*, and heavily.

Or if it is too heavy?

Use powder very lightly on the chin, but more important is to concentrate the attention on the eyes, and to do the hair long on the sides, over the angle of the jaw.

I HAD heard a good deal about using different shades of powder in make-up and I asked Mr. Westmore whether he thought the average girl should do this.

"Not as a general thing," he said. "However there's one condition which can be corrected in everyday make-up by using different shades of powder: that is where the forehead is too large or too small. If it's too small, use a lighter powder there than you do on the rest of the face, and if it is too large and high, use a darker shade, but just a very slightly darker color. Too abrupt a difference between the shades will defeat your purpose by attracting attention to the trick."

So there you are! How to use make-up and not look "made up." But don't forget that even a perfect make-up won't look its best on an uneven, blemished skin, and if your complexion isn't clear, you should take immediate steps to clear it. I'll be so glad to help you with this, or with any other beauty problem, if you will write to me.

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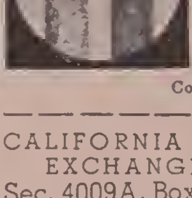
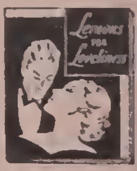


Microscope shows soap curds still clinging to hair at left after two plain-water rinsings. Hair at right, from same head, shows its true lustre after one lemon rinse. Unretouched photomicrograph from test under actual conditions by W. F. Herzberg, Ph. D.

Copr., 1935, California Fruit Growers Exchange



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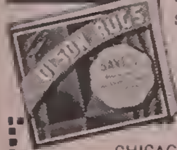

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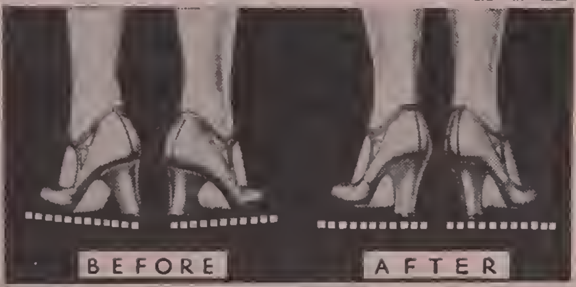

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Dr Scholl's Walk-Strates

Tips on Talkies

(*Continued from page* 40)

✓✓FOUR HOURS TO KILL (Paramount). A melodramatic story, chock-full of smaller stories, in which Richard Barthelmess is a convict taken to the lounge of a theater to await the train which is to take him to prison. Charles C. Wilson, as his guard, gives a performance almost on a par with Barthelmess, who is swell.

✓*GINGER (Fox). Jane Withers laughs, cries, quotes Shakespeare and mimics Garbo and will win your heart completely as the hoydenish girl of the slums who tries to keep her uncle, O. P. Heggie, out of trouble. Excellent cast.*

✓GLASS KEY, THE (Paramount). Plenty of fast action, mystery and suspense when a senator's son is murdered and the big boss of the city is suspected. George Raft, Edward Arnold and Claire Dodd are swell.

✓*HOORAY FOR LOVE (RKO). There's music, singing and dancing that you'll like in this. Don't pay any attention to the old, old story of how the show must go on—and does! Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond are the romance; Bill Robinson dances, as does Maria Gambarelli.*

✓✓INFORMER, THE (RKO). A truly artistic triumph in which Victor McLaglen, a tiny mind, is ruled by Wallace Ford, a great brain, during the Irish Revolution. The theme is definitely of masculine appeal, but we think women will go.

✓KLIOU (Bennett Features). A feature-length travel film made by the Marquis de la Falaise, Connie Bennett's husband, starring him and photographed entirely in technicolor. It is the simple story of "Kliou," which means "tiger," the enemy the tribe must kill before he makes life impossible for them.

✓✓*LADDIE (RKO). A wholesome, sweet story from Gene Stratton Porter's well-known book, in which little Virginia Weidler steals the show, even from John Beal and Gloria Stuart.*

✓LES MISERABLES (Twentieth Century). Victor Hugo's ponderous work appears on the screen with Fredric March as Jean Valjean and Charles Laughton as the police inspector who never forgot a race or his duty. If you like to cry, go.

✓✓*MISSISSIPPI (Paramount). Bing Crosby, a Northerner, is in love with Joan Bennett, a Southerner. There's a misunderstanding, and he becomes a singer on W. C. Field's old river showboat.*

✓MURDER IN THE FLEET (M-G-M). With its full share of murders, thrills and mystery this little picture is quite up to standard. Robert Taylor and Jean Parker supply the love interest. If you like murder mysteries go.

✓✓NAUGHTY MARIETTA (M-G-M). Victor Herbert's undying music is more poignant than ever when sung by Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in a picture

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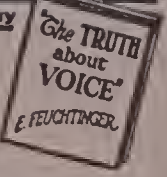

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✓NO MORE LADIES (M-G-M). A funny, not very satisfying story about the ladies' man who got married only to find that he couldn't work at both jobs. Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery, Franchot Tone, Edna May Oliver and Charles Ruggles give their usual fine performances.

✓✓OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA (Warner Brothers). Pat O'Brien, a virile idealist, finds it romantic to supply backward China with oil in spite of the fact that his wife, Josephine Hutchinson, must suffer untold hardships with him. An interesting vehicle.

✓OUR LITTLE GIRL (Fox). All Shirley Temple fans should see this newest Temple picture. Not much here for the more sophisticated patron.

✓✓PRIVATE WORLDS (Walter Wanger for Paramount). A stimulating picture despite its hospital-for-the-insane background, in which Claudette Colbert gives a subtle performance of great beauty, Joan Bennett is electrifying. Charles Boyer is enchanting, and Joel McCrea is quite perfect. A thriller. Don't miss this.

✓✓PUBLIC HERO (M-G-M). A swell picture about the "G" Men who cleaned up "The Purple Gang" and got the leader as he emerged from a theater. Lionel Barrymore, Chester Morris, Joseph Calleia and Paul Kelly all give fine performances, but Jean Arthur's work is outstanding!

✓RECKLESS (M-G-M). Jean Harlow, a Broadway dancer, marries Franchot Tone, socialite son of a rich family, only to prove that oil and water won't mix, and after Tone's suicide goes back to William Powell. Good breezy hokum. See it.

✓✓ROBERTA (RKO). There's Irene Dunne for romance, Ginger Rogers for youth and laughter, and Freddie Astaire for dances in a mad, thrilling, gay picture that has songs that are swell, lovely women's clothes, and Astaire's dancing.

✓RUGGLES OF RED GAP (Paramount). A laugh-provoker in which Charles Laughton, an English butler, is won in a poker game by Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles, and, after a taste of America, decides to become a gentleman.

✓SCARLET PIMPERNEL, THE (United Artists). Leslie Howard, disguised as the "Scarlet Pimpernel," and Merle Oberon as his French wife in a story that works up to an exciting denouement.

✓✓STAR OF MIDNIGHT (RKO). Bill Powell in another "Thin Man" rôle, with Ginger Rogers, this time, as fellow sleuth. Mr. Powell turns detective once more, and there's a surprise ending to the mystery. It's gay and romantic.

✓SCOUNDREL, THE (Hecht and MacArthur for Paramount). The most controversial picture of the year, with Noel Coward doing a magnificent piece of acting in the title rôle. Julie Hayden is superb as the betrayed girl. See it.

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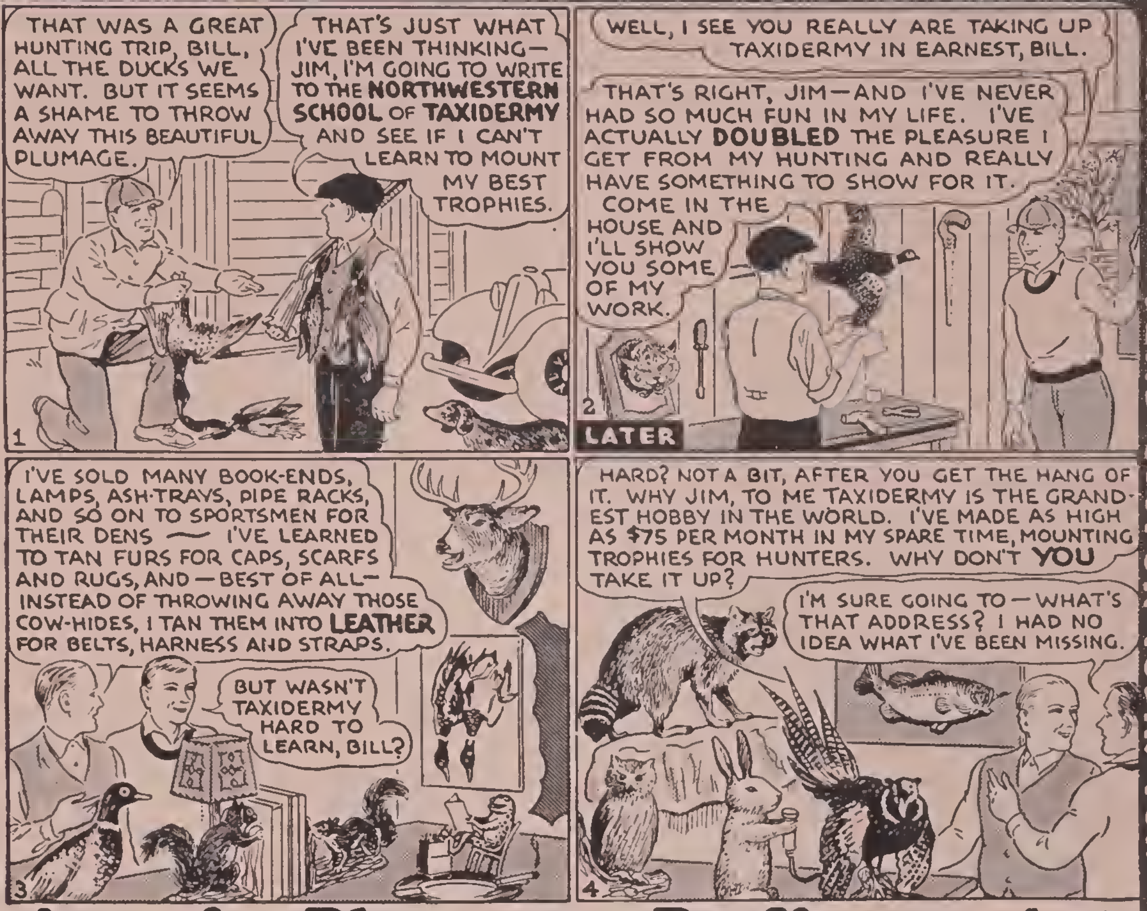
1
THAT WAS A GREAT HUNTING TRIP, BILL, ALL THE DUCKS WE WANT. BUT IT SEEMS A SHAME TO THROW AWAY THIS BEAUTIFUL PLUMAGE.
THAT'S JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN THINKING— JIM, I'M GOING TO WRITE TO THE NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY AND SEE IF I CAN'T LEARN TO MOUNT MY BEST TROPHIES.
2 LATER
WELL, I SEE YOU REALLY ARE TAKING UP TAXIDERMY IN EARNEST, BILL.
THAT'S RIGHT, JIM—AND I'VE NEVER HAD SO MUCH FUN IN MY LIFE. I'VE ACTUALLY DOUBLED THE PLEASURE I GET FROM MY HUNTING AND REALLY HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW FOR IT. COME IN THE HOUSE AND I'LL SHOW YOU SOME OF MY WORK.
3
I'VE SOLD MANY BOOK-ENDS, LAMPS, ASH-TRAYS, PIPE RACKS, AND SO ON TO SPORTSMEN FOR THEIR DENS — I'VE LEARNED TO TAN FURS FOR CAPS, SCARFS AND RUGS, AND—BEST OF ALL— INSTEAD OF THROWING AWAY THOSE COW-HIDES, I TAN THEM INTO LEATHER FOR BELTS, HARNESS AND STRAPS.
BUT WASN'T TAXIDERMY HARD TO LEARN, BILL?
4
HARD? NOT A BIT, AFTER YOU GET THE HANG OF IT. WHY JIM, TO ME TAXIDERMY IS THE GRANDEST HOBBY IN THE WORLD. I'VE MADE AS HIGH AS $75 PER MONTH IN MY SPARE TIME, MOUNTING TROPHIES FOR HUNTERS. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT UP?
I'M SURE GOING TO—WHAT'S THAT ADDRESS? I HAD NO IDEA WHAT I'VE BEEN MISSING.

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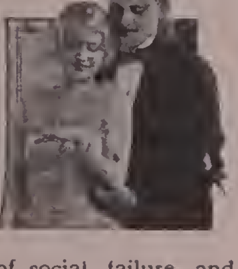

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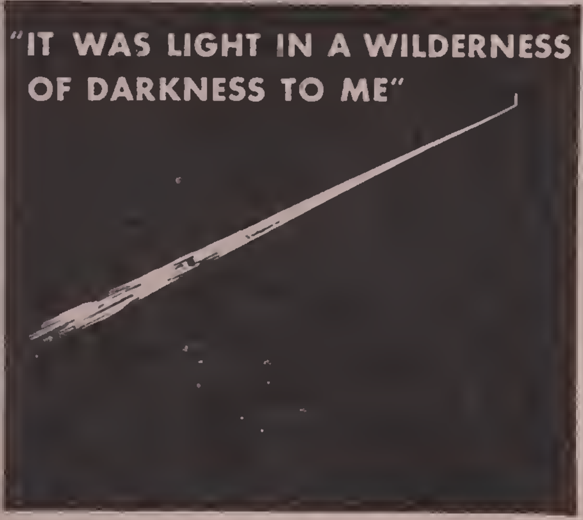
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If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 64*)

screen material, but it seems that the story should be saved until the fickle public has forgotten that particular case. If the story must be used now, why not disguise it so thoroughly that it can't be recognized as the original? Surely, screen writers are producing enough good material that Hollywood can afford to apply the Golden Rule in such cases.

Lois Green,
Williamson, W. Va.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Adding Rhyme to Rhythm

F is for those Feet of his that danced his way to fame;
R is for his Rhythm—Ah, I wish I had the same!
E is for the Ease in which he glides across the floor;
D is for the Drollery he ever has in store.

A's for his Ability to act as well as dance;
S is for that Smile of his, so roguish and askance.
T's a Toast to his "Top Hat," I wish him all success;
A is for his great Appeal, that thing I can't express;
I is for his Irony, so smooth and yet so clear;
R's for all the Reasons why I think he's just a dear,
And now the E—it marks the End, my little verse is ready;
I've got just five more words to add: "Hurrah, three cheers for Freddie!"

Anne Mackay,
Boston, Mass.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Lovemaking with Finesse

I am only an insignificant freshman in high school. But I and my friends sometimes are almost ashamed to walk out of a moving picture theater after sitting through a picture of "mushy love." Don't get me wrong! I don't happen to be one of those "children who like only fairy stories," but I do enjoy a good, entertaining love story. It is very, very seldom that I have the rare good fortune to see one which I would recommend to my friends—for instance, Tom Brown and Anne Shirley took most delightful parts in "Anne of Green Gables" in the love scenes. But I have seen many pictures such as "Swellhead," which I thought was plain mushy. However, "Naughty Marietta," with such delightful love-making, not overplayed at all, was one of the most entertaining pictures I have seen in a long time. I actually saw it twice, which is something extraordinary for me.

Maxine Roth,
St. Louis, Mo.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Unvarnished Opinions

Just a few random thoughts of a movie fan:

Wonder if there is anyone in the movies with prettier legs than Ruby Keeler . . .

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Madame Sylvia is the personal beauty adviser to Hollywood's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and preserves the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It is she who transforms ordinary looking women into dreams of loveliness.

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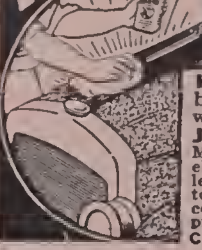

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Wouldn't you just know Al Jolson would take the last close-up of "Go Into Your Dance" by himself . . . Wow, what a rumble of ill-feeling against John Barrymore, and what a chill the fans are going to make felt at the box-office, when, or if, he ever makes another picture . . . That tiny Virginia Weidler has copped herself a big personal hit in "Laddie." There's personality in that dear little face, and every switch of those cute pigtails . . . The July MOVIE MIRROR cover is the prettiest yet—Janet Gaynor must be Peter Pan's younger sister, she gets lovelier with each passing picture.

Tona Swan,
San Francisco, Calif.

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Hollywood's Companionate Divorce

(*Continued from page* 33)

"Don't misunderstand! There's no big blow-up, no argument, no difficulty. It is to avoid these very things that she does leave. We have been married long enough to realize that my working days are the danger days of our married life. We know that it is only then that there is a possibility of restlessness, impatience or a sharply spoken word. So we just don't take the chance. I can't go away, so True (my nickname for Mrs. Foster) does!

"Like most women, True is socially inclined. I mean she likes to entertain, go places and all that. When I'm not actually working, there's nothing I like better than to join her. We have a lot of fun together. I like to play as well as she does. But this is not true of my working days.

"In the first place, I'm too tired, physically tired. I probably look like a pretty strong guy who can stand a lot. As a matter of fact, though, I have to have eight or nine hours of sleep every night when I'm working or I'm a nervous wreck. And I don't think I'm the only man in the world who gets cross and irritable when he's tired. One thing I most certainly don't feel like doing is running around, or having people to the house. Yet why should I force these moods on True? After all, she has been home most of the day running the house and planning for my comfort. She's done her job well. Why should she be expected to tip-toe around the house and go to bed at nine o'clock, drop all her friends just because I'm not in the mood to enjoy them with her?

"In the second place, we don't see anything of one another while I am on a picture, anyway. I leave the house before True is awake. I usually come home from the studio late, eat a preoccupied dinner and then close myself up in the library to study the script for the next day's work. I hate to hold up a scene because of lack of study on the dialogue so I must do that work at night.

"What, then, is True's life during those working days? Sitting in the living room reading a book? Going to bed early, only to roll and toss because she is not tired enough to sleep? Absurd, isn't it? And yet many wives feel that they must make this sacrifice of dull evenings and duller moods to marriage because their husbands expect them to. Is it any wonder, then, that so many of those same marriages fail?

"And for what? No real reason except that perhaps some male creature likes to have someone around to be the victim of his bad humor. Well, I'm not that sure of my hold on True! We've been in love too long; we've been too happily married, to set ourselves apart and above the average run of marriages in the belief that we can conquer the very problems that have been the downfall of others while using their same methods! We don't go looking for difficulties to prove we are happy. We decided to leave that for the men and women who know all the answers. Maybe it isn't the most courageous way in the world to avoid trouble, just dodging it, but it's a pretty safe one!

"In place of getting on one another's nerves while I'm working, we're actually *missing* one another, waiting to be together again. Because True and I refuse to share our nervous moods and bad hours together, I never look at her that she isn't the symbol of the happiest, gayest times of my life!

"Of course, I don't mean that we haven't come over some pretty rocky roads together. Any girl who marries a young stock actor gets her share of hardships and struggling along with her wedding ring. But during those lean years we were combatting real problems and the sharing of those fundamental problems is one of the most binding of all life's ties.

"The real danger lies in more subtle things: moods, cross words and irritable things said in the pique of temper. The same girl who can courageously stand by a man when neither one knows where the next meal is coming from, may have a very different feeling about a dinner-table grouch, even though the service be champagne and cavier.

"I've known very few marriages to break up during adversity. Certainly no worthwhile ones. But we've all known plenty of them to go on the rocks when luck-on-wings comes flying through the window. Maybe I'm wrong, but I've always believed the man to be at fault in these cases.

"I'm not claiming to be different from men in other lines of work. I'm not one of those so-called carefree actors who can just toss off his job. It gets me down and it ties me down mentally and physically, and I know it! True knows it, too. In fact, we know it so well that were she to come to me on bended knee, asking that she be allowed to stick around and try to help me over the worries and problems of a new picture, I wouldn't permit it!

"Because, you see, I want to *stay married* to the girl who is the best friend and gayest companion I've ever known!

"Companionate Divorce is our way of doing it. We're too late for Judge Lindsey's theory of Companionate Marriage, and besides, I guess we're a little too old-fashioned for anything like that, anyway!"

Movie Mirror, Jr.

(*Continued from page* 8)

out by a college, and did very well. It's natural that Baby LeRoy likes to play better than anything. His favorite game is pretending big game hunting. He hunts lions and tigers all over the studio, even in the closets. Once he got so excited he threw his gun up in the air and hit his teacher, Miss Smith, right smack on the head! But I'll bet Paramount doesn't have him expelled.

The children over at M-G-M school seem just the opposite from the ones at Paramount. For none of the Metro children prefers arithmetic. Miss Mary McDonald, their teacher, says her pupils are best in studies which deal with the arts, literature, language, history and grammar. The most famous children in her class are Mickey Rooney, whom you will see as Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Jackie Cooper, whom you all know, and Freddie Bartholomew, who created the big sensation in "David Copperfield" and who will next be seen with Greta Garbo in "Anna Karenina." He plays her son. Cora Sue Collins is one of Miss MacDonald's students, too. And like Virginia Weidler, Cora Sue would rather play with boys than with girls.

Miss MacDonald does not grade her students but just gives them marks of satisfactory or unsatisfactory. This way the pupil only knows if he passes or not, and has no idea how smart (or dumb!) he really is.

Going-Back-to-School Contest

Now that you've read how the movie children feel about their studies, wouldn't you like to earn a prize by telling me just how you feel about your studies? Send in a short letter telling what is your favorite study and why.

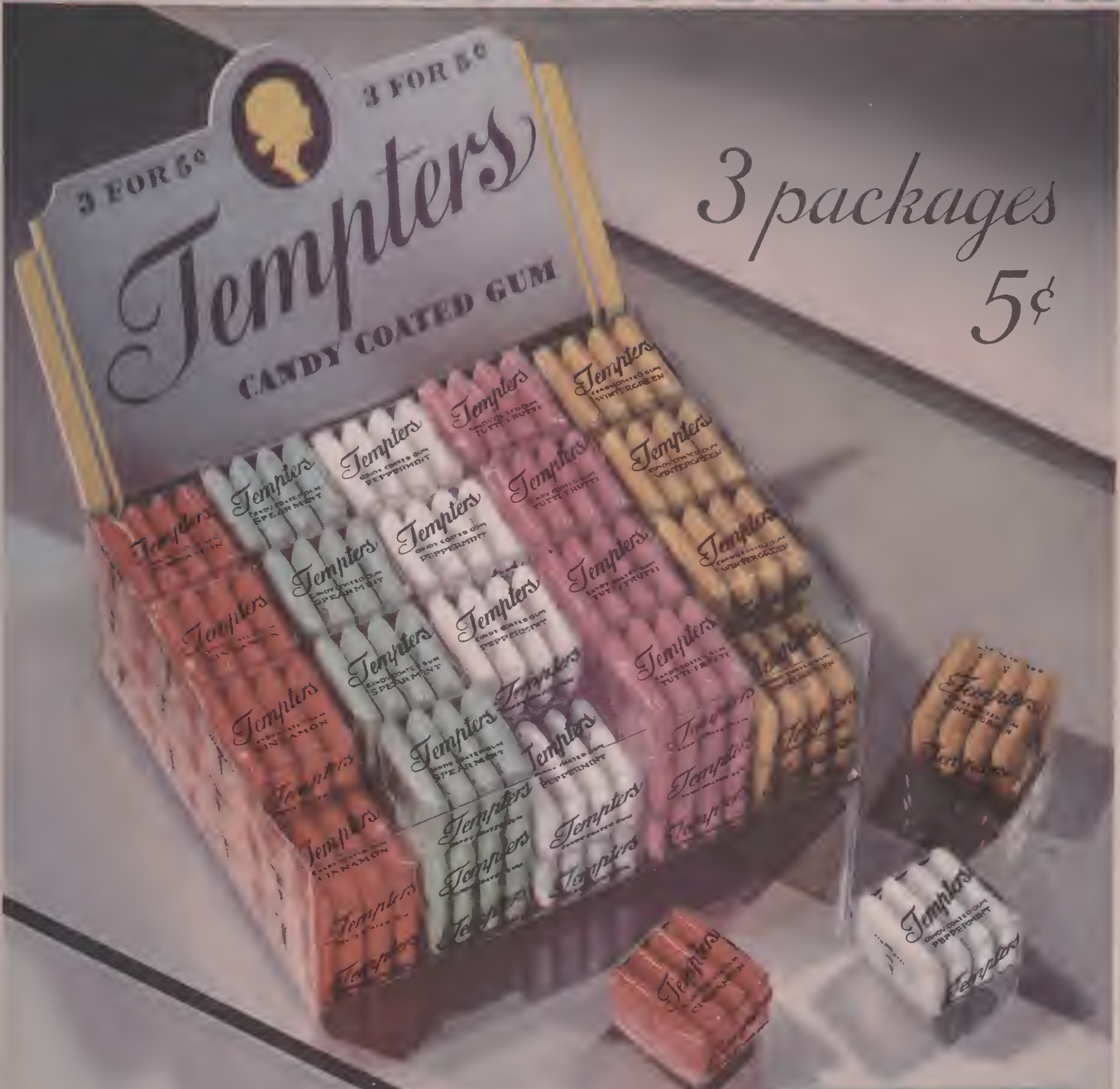
The first prize is $10.00, second, $5.00, and ten third prizes of $1.00 each. For the next twenty best letters, I will send you a photograph of your favorite child star. Be sure to mention the one you like best in your letter. So hurry up quick and write to Movie Mirror, Jr., 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

All entries must be received on or before Sept. 5, 1935.

Children in studio schools can go ahead as fast as they are able. Generally they study alone, for their classmates are quite likely to be somewhere else working on a picture and it is hard to get them all together at the same time. Often a bright little actor or actress will skip a grade or two in one year and at the same time star in several pictures. But no matter how successful the picture is, I imagine any actor is more proud of skipping the grade than anything else.

Jane Withers, whom you want to be sure to see in that grand comedy, "Ginger," goes to school at Fox. In spite of being a rough, bad, little girl in pictures, Jane is very bright in school and shines in all her subjects, though she likes oral English the best.

So you see all the movie children have to go to school just as you do. And now that Fall is here again, Movie Mirror, Jr. wishes you the best of luck in your studies this year. And when your work sometimes seems more than you can manage, just remember that even Shirley Temple, the most popular actress on the screen today, is having the same trouble you are.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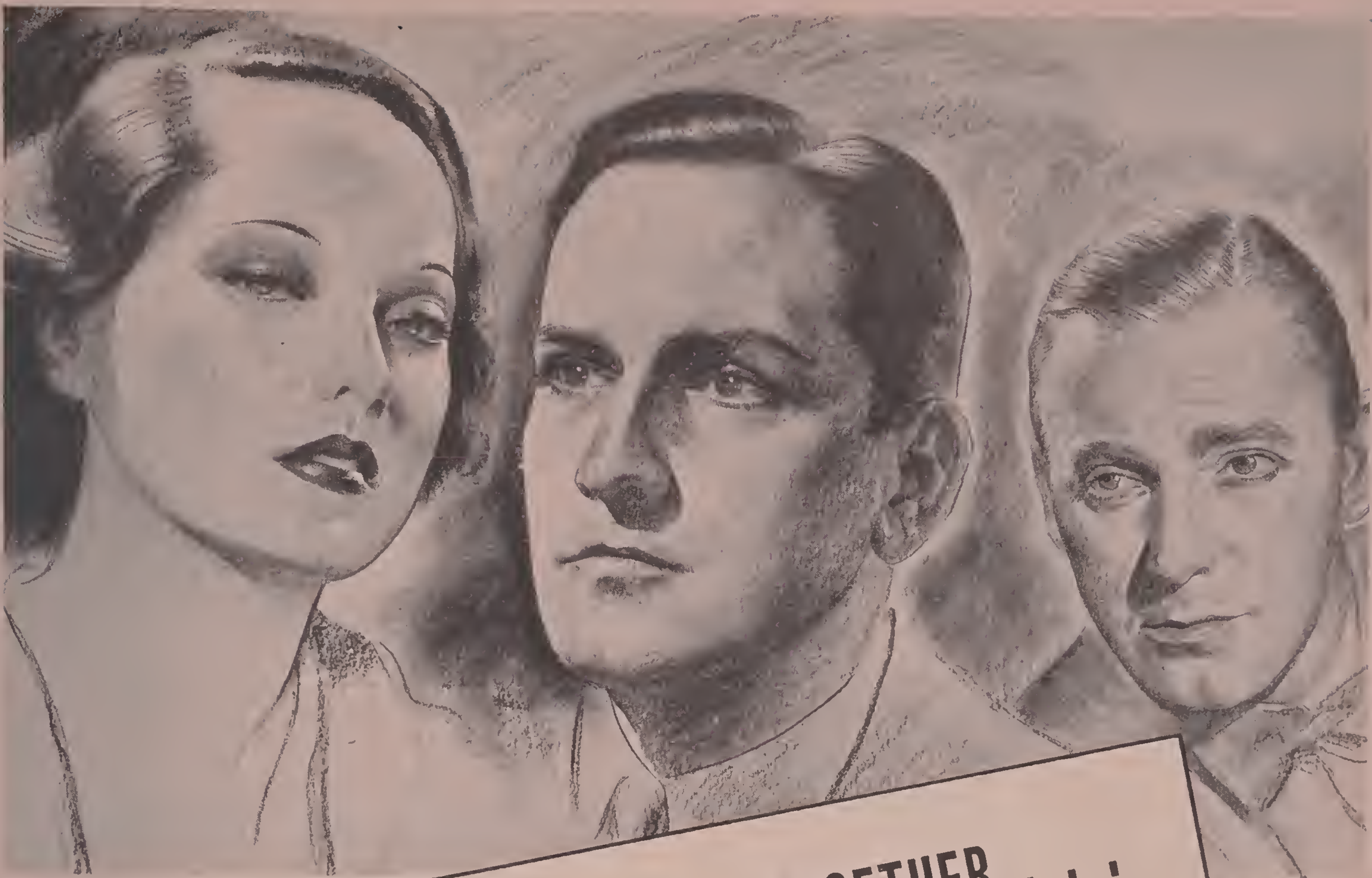

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combined with Shadoplay

VOL. 7, NO. 5

October, 1935

Edited from Hollywood

ERNEST V. HEYN, Eastern Editor
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Editor

IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE

(OUT SEPTEMBER 25)

Jeanette MacDonald Tells the Temptations of an Actress

"Of course, I've had to learn how to repel the 'advances' of men," she says. "All actresses have temptations and most of us have to develop a technique in order to keep clear of unpleasant complications." Don't fail to read the unusual adventures that have befallen this popular actress. It's a story that will give you a new light on this exacting job of being a movie star!

special features

Hollywood's Hidden Past . . . . Walter Ramsey 23
Cecil B. DeMille's Revealing Reminiscences

There Should Be a Charles Boyer in Every Woman's Life —Julie Lang Hunt 26
For Women Are No Mystery to This Screen Idol

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"ALL THAT I KNOW...I KNOW BY LOVE ALONE"

The heart of a man called to the heart of a woman. "We love", it said, "and love is all." Heart answered heart. With eyes open to what she was leaving forever behind her, she went where love called...to dark despair or unimaginable bliss. It is a drama of deep, human emotions, of man and woman gripped by circumstance, moved by forces bigger than they—a great drama, portrayed by players of genius and produced with the fidelity, insight and skill which made "David Copperfield" an unforgettable experience.

FREDDIE
BARTHOLOMEW
(You remember him as "David Copperfield")
with MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
MAY ROBSON · BASIL RATHBONE
CLARENCE BROWN'S
Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture . . . Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

The BIG BROAD

MORE STARS THAN THERE ARE IN HEAVEN, FOLKS, IN THIS

Bing Crosby's in it, of course, singing such hit tunes as "I Wished on the Moon." You'll see Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland (right), too, and there'll be such choruses as you've never seen on your non-television radio, with Bill Robinson (below, in white) to set the pace.

Above at the left, ladies and gentlemen, the biggest chorus in the world—ten tons of dancing loveliness trained in the art of the ballet by LeRoy Prinz. While, at the right, no less an organization than Ray Noble's Orchestra plays "Why Stars Come Out at Night", Ray's new composition. Fayard Nicholas and his kid brother (right) carry on Bill Robinson's good work. Wendy Barrie and Henry Wadsworth (left) furnish the young-love interest.

ADVERTISEMENT

CAST of 1936

NEW STAR-STUDDED MUSICAL BROUGHT TO YOU BY PARAMOUNT!

Norman Taurog, beside camera number 298, directs a few of the large list of extras in one of the dance scenes. Sir Guy Standing adds to the impressive roll of Hollywood's big names in the cast and Ethel Merman comes from her Broadway triumphs in "Anything Goes" to sing "It's the Animal in Me" as only she could sing it. And what radio program would be complete without Amos 'n' Andy (Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll, to you—below), themselves?

Lyda Roberti (above) has a number all her own, "Double Trouble" — meaning Henry Wadsworth and Jack Oakie (yes, he's in it, too). One of the highlights of the picture will be the film début of radio's favorite soprano, Jessica Dragonette, at the left.

And for dessert, we have—Burns and Allen, with Harold Nicholas as a demi-tasse. The boys are only pretending they don't like to hear Gracie's gaga gags. In the circle—why, it's Benny Baker himself!

ADVERTISEMENT

JUST OFF HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

By WALTER RAMSEY

Author's Note: *Those of you who have taken such an interest in this new column about little-known-but-famous places and people in Hollywood—and who have written me such grand letters of enthusiastic encouragement—will be glad to know that Hollywood, itself, is showing a keen interest too! Stars and directors are stopping me on studio sets and telling me of their favorite, little-known people so that I may tell you about them here. I hope you like the places and people I've chosen to tell you about this month. Write your honest comments to me:* Movie Mirror, *7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Thanks! W. R.*

I'VE found him at last! The one man in the world who got a raise for doing a worse job. He is "One-Shot" Stoney; he's about forty, has the look of a combination cowboy, ball player and prize fighter. Maybe that's because he's been all three. Ball pitching, though, was the thing that got him a job in Hollywood. How would you like One Shot's job?

He gets paid for hitting movie stars with eggs and tomatoes! Not in comedies—nothing as low down as that—but in super-special dramas with historic background. Like hitting Wally Beery with an egg in "The Mighty Barnum." He always hits 'em the first time. He didn't get that name for nothing.

After years of getting $25.00 a day, he wanted a raise How could he get it? He was doing the same job, always perfectly, so how could he do it better? Here's the way One-Shot tells it:

"It occurs to me one day, just like lightning!" drawled One Shot with slow emphasis. "It comes over me that I might get a break if I didn't do such a good job. I waits 'til one time on a big costume picture when I'm supposed to hit a lady, kinder light. A tomato, it was. I missed the side of her head and landed on the front of her gown. That's what done it! Now I get a bonus!"

Now, with his bonus, One Shot gets as high as $50.00 a day. The bonus is for hitting the mark the first time. When he missed the lady (on purpose) the picture had to wait until they made a new dress. The one with the tomato was ruined. So One Shot now gets twice what he used to for one shot—because he once took two shots and movie companies can't afford that!

AFTER leaving One Shot, I thought I'd go down and watch the painters working on Hollywood Hotel. The front of Hollywood's oldest hostelry was almost finished, but there was one grizzly, gray-headed painter left. About noon, he looked at his watch, dropped his brush and came down the ladder.

"You've got a swell job there,"

(*Continued on page* 91)

Jules Molnar, the Hungarian chef who holds one of filmland's unusual jobs as a "Food Color Expert," explains his unique special glaze for camera work to young Roger Pryor.

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Waves a Magic Wand of COLOR over your *faded* Apparel and Home Decorations

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they fight.. AS YOU DO.. *for the right to love!*

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THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE DAMNED!

See this man and woman living *your* dreams, *your* despairs. Fascinated . . . behold the raging spectacle of hell *here and hereafter* . . . of Inferno created by Man and Inferno conceived by Dante! This drama blazes with such titanic power that IT WILL BURN ITSELF INTO YOUR MEMORY FOREVER!

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SPENCER TRACY • CLAIRE TREVOR • HENRY B. WALTHALL • ALAN DINEHART

Produced by Sol M. Wurtzel Directed by Harry Lachman

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Plus the most spectacular climax ever conceived!

FOX

A STARTLING DRAMA OF TODAY. . . AND FOREVER! TIMELY AS TODAY'S NEWS . . . ETERNAL WITH ITS CHALLENGING TRUTHS!

GINGER ROGERS—FRED ASTAIRE

You'll be seeing them soon in that long-awaited RKO musical, "Top Hat." Their next picture together after that will be "Follow the Fleet." Irving Berlin, who wrote the musical score for "Top Hat," is also doing the melodies for the new one. Meanwhile, Ginger is hard at work on a starring picture of her own, called "In Person."

A whole year of motherhood has not at all dimmed the fresh, sweet charm which has always characterized little Mrs. Joel McCrea. Although she's free-lancing, she doesn't have much time between pictures, the most recent of which—since "Becky Sharp"—is "The Gay Deception," the Fox film in which Francis Lederer is to have the lead.

FRANCES DEE

FRED MACMURRAY

One of the most important of 1935's newcomers, Fred has already played opposite such glamorous stars as Claudette Colbert and Katharine Hepburn (in "Alice Adams"). His latest is "Hands Across the Table," with Carole Lombard starring in the Vina Delmar story. In private life, his leading lady is still Lillian Lamont, Hollywood non-professional.

movie MIRROR JR.

CONDUCTED BY BETTY TURNER

REVIEWS FOR JUNIORS

ALIBI IKE (Warner Bros.)
Joe E. Brown as a baseball player.

THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE (Fox)
Good comedy in this screen adaptation of the famous stage play.

BROADWAY GONDOLIER (Warner Bros.)
Dick Powell in a peppy film packed with fun and songs.

THE VIRGINIAN (Paramount)
This grand picture is being "re-issued." If you have not seen it before, don't miss it!

LADY TUBBS (Universal)
Alice Brady, as a camp cook who becomes wealthy, in a good comedy.

PAGE MISS GLORY (Warner Bros.)
You older kids will giggle at this.

BONNIE SCOTLAND (M-G-M).
You'll like this, even if your parents don't.

SHE (RKO)
Here's a keen adventure picture.

IN OLD KENTUCKY (Fox).
A grand racing picture that will make you laugh.

STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND (Fox).
You'll like every bit of it whether you understand it or not.

HELLO MOVIE JUNIORS

OKEE DOKEE

Spanky

"Spanky" McFarland himself, hero of "Our Gang" films, sends his greetings, and the day's shooting is stopped so that the boys and girls can pose for us with their popular director, Gus Miens

GOING "on location" to watch a movie company film outdoor shots of a picture is a great thrill. Especially is it fun when the stars happen to be those lively, fun-loving members of "Our Gang" comedies.

When I heard that "Spanky" McFarland, "Scotty" Beckett, "Buckwheat" Thomas, "Alfalfa" Switzer, Marianne Edwards and all the other players appearing with "Our Gang" were making scenes for their new picture, "Little Sinners," at Lancaster's Lake, about twenty miles from Hollywood, I hurried there to visit them and bring MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR a report of their doings.

At the edge of a small lake, tucked away in the high hills near Sunland, California, the Hal Roach studio workers were busy with "Our Gang." An eight o'clock studio call that morning had made it necessary for all the famous little stars to report bright and early in order to take the big red bus to location. A little after nine o'clock they were hard at work.

On location you see all the queer looking sound machines, the huge lamps, the light reflectors, the swinging microphone "boom," cameras and other equipment used inside the studios. All of this is moved outdoors to film the beautiful background scenery for outside shots. More than forty trained studio workers must be on hand to take care of the details connected with shooting of outdoor scenes for "Our Gang" comedies. Mothers and relatives of the star children are also there, as well as other visitors. This makes quite a crowd, but everyone has fun.

Director Gus Miens was in charge. How the readers of this department would love him. He is very kind and gentle, and loves to laugh. Before directing the members of "Our Gang," Mr. Miens drew a well-known comic strip for children. He knows just how to please them and make their work pleasant. "Our Gang" now has five chief youngsters.

"Spanky" McFarland, the chubby little gentleman everyone likes so much, has been with "Our Gang" almost four years. He started acting when he was three. He will be seven in November, but will have several more years before he outgrows the gang.

"Buckwheat" Thomas is the little colored boy with the braided hair. He joined "Our Gang" this year and is only three and a half years old now.

"Scotty" Beckett is the wistful little boy who is certainly making good in pictures. He goes to other studios for parts in big pictures, but always has a hand in making "Our Gang" comedies. He joined in 1934 at the age of four.

Marianne Edwards is the darling of the crowd. She is the curly-headed little blonde, almost five years old, who joined the comedies this year.

Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer is the hill-billy. Carl's missing front teeth, his crop of freckles, and middle-parted hair make him an easy member to (*Continued on page* 104)

"OUTRAGEOUS!" *Says* MODERN SOCIETY

"SPLENDID!" *Says* THE MODERN DENTIST

IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

CAN'T you just hear the shocked whispers flash around a dinner table at her conduct? . . . "How terrible" . . . "How perfectly awful" . . . And they'd be right—from a social angle.

But your dentist would come to her defense—promptly and emphatically.

"That's an immensely valuable lesson in the proper care of the teeth and gums," would be *his* reaction . . . "Vigorous chewing, rougher foods, and more primitive eating generally, would stop a host of complaints about gum disorders—and about 'pink tooth brush.'"

For all dentists know that soft, modern foods deprive teeth and gums of what they most need—plenty of exercise. And of course, "pink tooth brush" is just a way your gums have of asking for your help, and for better care.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH!" Keep your teeth white—not dingy. Keep your gums firm and hard—not sensitive and tender. Keep that tinge of "pink" off your tooth brush. And keep gum disorders—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease far in the background.

Use Ipana and massage regularly. Every time you brush your teeth, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. You can feel—almost from the first—a change toward new healthy firmness, as Ipana wakens the lazy gum tissues, and as new circulation courses through them.

Try Ipana on your teeth and gums for a month. The improvement in *both* will give you the true explanation of Ipana's 15-year success in promoting complete oral health.

IPANA plus massage is your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

Inside Stuff

By PETER ABBOTT

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

HOT NEWS: **Ruth Chatterton's** first romance since her divorce from **George Brent** is **Louis Hayward,** who plays opposite her in "A Feather in Her Hat."

Brian Aherne is leaving for Italy upon completion of "Glitter."

Karen Morley and her husband, **Charles Vidor**, have chosen Alaska for their vacation.

Rod LaRoque is making his comeback in the rôle of a South American bandit in "Hi Gaucho."

RKO has signed thirteen famous Western stars for the cast of "Powder Smoke Range," including **Buffalo Bill, Jr., Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson, Tom Taylor** and **William Farnum.**

Ernst Lubitsch, who was to have married **Ona Munson,** will marry **Vivian Gaye,** who was to have married **Randy Scott.**

Dick Arlen is competing in the Mid-western Golf Tournament at St. Paul.

Despite divorce proceedings, **Bruce Cabot** and **Adrienne Ames** are still holding hands.

Marguerite Clark (remember her in silents?) has been appointed to the Louisiana state picture censorship board by Huey Long.

The seven-pound daughter born to **June Collyer** and **Stu Erwin** has been named **June Dorothea.**

Gene Raymond has signed a five-year contract with RKO.

Edna Ferber's novel, "Come and Get It," may not be made into a picture, because she refuses to relinquish television rights.

W. C. Fields' illness is expected to keep him off the screen until November.

Gail Patrick denies that she is engaged to **Bob Cobb,** owner of the Brown Derby.

* * *

A FEW minutes after Rochelle Hudson had nonchalantly taken the wonderful news that she was to play the Janet Gaynor rôle in "Way Down East" two of her friends walked into her dressing room to find her sobbing her heart out!

"I tried to make it look as though it didn't thrill me," said Rochelle between tears, "but I had to hurry over here and let my pent-up emotions really show. Please don't tell anyone I was so silly, but it all seems too good to be true!"

* * *

Bedside Reporting

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is fighting flu and in order to prove it to her invited (then uninvited) dinner guests, she had them over to tea!

Janet Gaynor has been sick in bed ever since she had that head on collision with Henry Fonda but she has still had time to talk to Al Scott (the future ex of Colleen Moore) on the telephone to New York every day and ruin the day for a certain young and handsome doctor who would rather she would phone him instead!

Connie Bennett had her appendix out some weeks ago, but last week-end while on a yachting party she was stricken again and now has to rest a while more.

Kay Francis is out in the desert doing something very few Hollywood gals ever try: gaining weight! After her illness in Europe, Kay wants to gain back some of the lost poundage.

Dolores Del Rio is skippin' school with that famous old Hollywood excuse, laryngitis. She's talking contract with Paramount while she rests, though.

* * *

HERE'S a new slant on Carole Lombard that she's been keeping a secret—we thought you ought to know about it:

Every day, work or not, Carole can be seen walking down the corridor of

How lovely Gloria Swanson is looking these days! She's practically become English going with this Anglican crowd: Constance Collier, Herbert Marshall, Merle Oberon, and Alan Mowbray, the host. (We don't know the gentleman who is behind Gloria.)

ALL THE LATEST NEWS AND GOSSIP STRAIGHT

a certain floor of the Hollywood Hospital carrying an armful of flowers, candy, books or magazines. She stops at the little room on the corner, chats a moment, puts down her gifts and leaves quietly.

The man she is calling on is Pat Drew, long a Paramount electrician, the one who always works on the Lombard pictures. Pat was injured while filming a scene for "Annapolis Farewell" at the Navy school. Carole hasn't forgotten.

* * *

LESLIE FENTON and Ann Dvorak are now politely referred to around Hollywood as ". . . just about the smartest builders and real estate operators in the township."

Wanting a swimming pool, the two lovebirds of the rancho hied themselves to a few contractors and got estimates. When the bids were all in, Leslie and Ann wagged a finger at the boys and decided to build their own pool. Leslie drew the plans and together they hired their labor and materials. Now they have a magnificent pool 100 x 150 at the cost of but $2800.00—which, my frans, is a mere fraction of the bids, I assure you!

* * *

LATELY, when Cary Grant throws a little party in his home, he entertains the gang all evening with his piano playing.

* * *

Warning to Hosts

NEVER invite Glenda Farrell to your party until the very last minute because she changes her escort so often that you may have asked the wrong man to accompany her!

* * *

"WOODY" VAN DYKE, two-fisted and hard-edged director out at M-G-M, is considered by Garbo as her favorite because he refused to be awed by the great presence while working with her as most other megaphone wielders have been. Now it looks as if "Woody" will also become the director of Joan Crawford's heart, for the same reason. Yesterday, while making a particularly long scene for "Glitter," Joan continually blew up in her lines. Always on the last sentence, too.

After she missed the word four times Van Dyke said, "That's enough rehearsals—now let's take it!" Joan smiled, read the entire speech correctly and the day's work was done.

Which reminds us of the night we sat behind Joan at the preview of her picture, "No More Ladies." In the middle of a certain scene we heard Joan

Does your hair add ALLURE to a "CLOSE-UP"?

Don't risk OILY, *straggly locks, or* DRY, *dull hair. Use the* individual *shampoo for* YOUR TYPE *of hair to bring out its beauty*

For OILY HAIR

Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo is simply grand because it's a *treatment* as well as a shampoo. Gets your hair clean as silk . . . rinses easily . . . and besides, it is gently *astringent*. Tends to tighten up those flabby oil glands that flood your hair with oil! Helps each shampoo actually to *improve the quality* of your hair!

Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo is *made especially for oily hair* by the makers of Packer's famous Tar Soap.

For DRY HAIR

Never, *never* shampoo the dry type of hair with a *drying* soap or liquid! Use Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo—an emollient treatment *made especially* for dry hair. In addition to rich olive oil, it contains glycerine to soften your hair and make it shine.

Shampoo as frequently as you like with Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. It is safe . . . made by specialists in the care of the hair and scalp for more than 60 years.

PACKER'S SHAMPOOS

PINE TAR for OILY hair

OLIVE OIL for DRY hair

A BASEBALL GAME

Johnny Weissmuller washing out his tiger skin. We predicted a jungler. Now it's out! He will do "Tarzan Returns" and Maureen O'Sullivan will return, also.

Another contest-winner makes good! A young gal who won a contest in New York was signed to play a role in "Robin Hood of El Dorado." Her name has been changed to Ann Loring, so watch for her.

* * *

LUISE RAINER, the uncombed rage of M-G-M these days, has come forth with a crack that should curl Garbo's hair even as far away as Sweden! Luise has a dog named Johnny. Listen to what she said:

"Johnny is even more beautiful than Garbo!"

Considering that the mutt is about as homely as they make 'em, we can but come to the conclusion that La Rainer loves her dog—or doesn't love Garbo. (*Continued on page* 18)

Above, Wallace Ford, George Raft, Jimmy Cagney, John Boles, and Lee Tracy. Right, Richard Arlen and George. E. Stone do a little autographing at the charity ball game.

Left, catcher George Raft and batter Vince Barnett carry on their game despite the interference of imp-faced Jackie Searle, bat-boy. Below, Big Boy Williams and Jack La Rue.

turn to Franchot and whisper laughingly, "I wish I could see the sets. The collar I'm wearing is so huge you can't see anything else in the scene!"

* * *

Short Notice

WALT DISNEY has been working a year and six months on a full length feature, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," and will take another year to complete it. It will cost $350,000.

When Doug Fairbanks made "Three Musketeers" years ago as a silent, Mary McLaren played the Queen. Now, as part of her talkie comeback, she is playing the small role of one of the ladies-in-waiting.

Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor are playing piano duets lately. Maybe they're getting ready to play the wedding march.

Mae West now has a social secretary who serves cocktails, answers mail and does the usual Emily Post duties. His name is Marcel Ventura and he was formerly S. S. to King Alphonso!

Merle Oberon did crying scenes for almost a week on "Dark Angel" and became so nervous from the strain that she finally fainted on the set (after the last crying scene) and was sent home to rest for three days.

Remember Conway Tearle, star of the silent days? Conway has just signed a contract to do a series of six westerns and will start the first one pronto with Claudia Dell opposite!

Sometime ago we told of seeing

WHY wear yourself out with a WORN-OUT stove when you can have a new KALAMAZOO for . . .

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This new catalog tells you about the great Kalamazoo plants, occupying 26 acres, employing an army of men, making nothing but our own stoves and furnaces that are sold *direct to you*. It shows the scientific Testing Laboratory that insures the highest standard of quality for every Kalamazoo. It describes the numerous Kalamazoo features; such as the prize-winning "Oven That Floats in Fame," "Ripple Oven Bottom," Copper Reservoirs, Non-Scorch Lids, Enameled Ovens, etc.

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"BILIOUSNESS AND HEADACHES MADE MY LIFE MISERABLE"

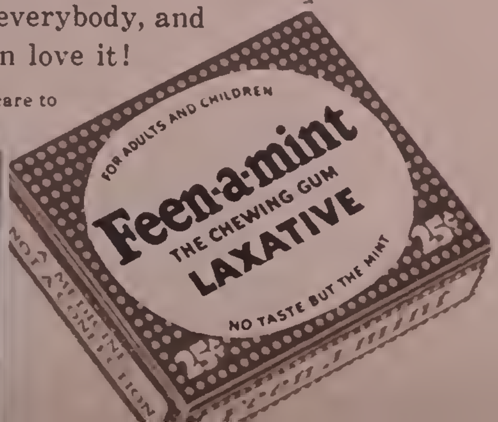
"Then I traded 3 minutes for Relief"

I experimented with all kinds of laxatives. Then I discovered FEEN-A-MINT. I traded three minutes for relief. Whenever I feel constipated, I chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes.* Next day I feel like a different person. Of course if you aren't willing to spend three minutes—jarring "all-at-once" cathartics will have to do. But what a difference FEEN-A-MINT makes—no cramps, nothing to cause a habit. Try the three-minute way yourself . . . 15c and 25c a box.

ATTENTION, MOTHERS—FEEN-A-MINT is ideal for everybody, and how children love it!

*Longer if you care to

better because you chew it



GRAB YOURSELF THE LATEST

Hollywood in Shorts

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is still having trouble with her two false teeth (front) every time she has to eat for a scene. "Falsies" is what Shirley calls them. . . . Bob Taylor and his best-girl, Irene Hervey, stood in line at a popular cafe the other night for over three-quarters of an hour, a thing that most Hollywood notables would sneer at doing. . . . Dixie Lee finally took a trip down to the Crosby ranch and now they can't get her to come back to Hollywood, she loves it so. . . . All Jean Harlow had to do was go out with her old friend Dick Watts, Jr., *once* and the rumors were out that she and Bill Powell were through. Don't you believe it. . . . May Al Jolson ever rue the day that he taught Ruby Keeler to play golf! Now she spots him plenty of strokes on every nine holes. . . . Virginia Bruce goes to more previews than any other actress in Hollywood and wears the best looking clothes while doing it too. . . . They're going to make a SHORT based on the Weyerhaeuser kidnapping; better make it good and short. . . . Pola Negri is pulling that old marriage gag again, this time in Paris. . . . Edwina Booth, in a London hospital, at last is reported to be recovering from that terrible fever she contracted long ago on the "Trader Horn" location in Africa. . . . Paramount, so the story goes, had to fork over a cool quarter-million to Marlene Dietrich even though she didn't make a single picture. All Marlene had to do was be "ready, willing and able" and she was. . . . And all M-G-M gave Freddie Bartholomew was a new automobile after he finished his latest picture!

* * *

OUT in the Brentwood section, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Barbara Stanwyck, Clark Gable et al are going to have to listen to the pounding nails again: Gary Cooper is going to start building a home there next week.

Coop is going to have one room especially built for his photographic hobby. In it will be a miniature laboratory and still room. Bill Walling, a studio "still man," is going to teach Gary all the camera ropes and how to develop the films after he makes it.

* * *

From Soup to Nuts

FRED STONE decided to go without his luncheon. After all, he knew he was going to have to eat four or five plates of soup in an after-lunch scene of a huge dinner in Katharine Hepburn's "Alice Adams" and he wanted to be able to do it.

Because of delays, the director never got around to that particular scene and Fred all but starved to death as the result.

Above, Douglas Fairbanks talks with the news men on his return to Hollywood for a United Artists conference at which Mary Pickford was present.

The following day the scene was shot and Stone ate five large bowls of soup during the filming. When he reached home, his wife informed him as a surprise she was having his favorite soup for dinner.

* * *

And Spare-Ribs

REMEMBER the swell singing of Michael Bartlett in Grace Moore's "Love Me Forever?" Well, so do a couple of other people, especially Claudette Colbert and Director Gregory La Cava!

Mr. Bartlett knows that he is to sing two songs in the picture, "She Married Her Boss," but he doesn't know *which* songs. There is where Mr. La Cava got the idea. Every morning before the actual shooting begins, La Cava and La Colbert gather on the set with Mr. Bartlett and he runs through a few songs so that "Mr. La Cava may decide which will be the best for the picture." This has been going on for days, and handsome Mike hasn't caught on yet.

Their first night back in Hollywood, Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels went to the fights at the American Legion Stadium. Did you hear 'em on the air recently? Bebe is making "Ball of Fire" for Fox now.

Mr. La Cava has known all along what two songs Bartlett will sing, and so has Claudette. They just like to hear more!

* * *

JIMMY GLEASON finally signed to do the comedy lead in "Leander Clicks" but he demanded a very funny clause in the contract.

Jimmie has a stable of race horses, but none of his nags has ever won a race! Reading that there were to be some races in the picture, Jimmie demanded that the studio not only hire his horses, but one of them must win the picture race.

* * *

Things and Stuff

YOU'VE probably been wondering who would play the marvelous leading role in your favorite book, "Lost Horizon" when it became a picture. Stop worrying! Columbia has just signed Ronald Colman for the part.

Errol Flynn not only married Lily Damita within the last month, but he has just been handed the much-coveted role of the lead in "Captain Blood!" And is George Brent pouting!

Gertrude Michael went into hibernation—at least as far as the stay-late places were concerned—while director Mamoulian was in New York but we are seeing her once more since Mr. Mamoulian returned to town.

Lew Ayres, who has just left Fox, has an idea that may surprise you. He has been having such good luck with his work on the 16mm. film that he has secretly decided to try his hand at producing! You may be seeing his work (with sound) early next spring and you'll be able to buy it if you like! Lew is planning to make some pictures with the O. Henry twist. Luck!

* * *

WHEN you see "Special Agent" you will see one of Ric Cortez's latest ideas in effect. Ric went to the director and told him that he wanted to do something unusual in this picture, something that would make this role of high-powered gangster stand out. The director okayed the hunch but couldn't think of anything new.

The following day, Ric came panting into his office with an idea for the picture that would make the audiences remember him. He would wear *gloves* throughout the entire picture. "Right," said the director, so be on the lookout for the "gloved gangster" when Ric Cortez comes to town!

* * *

HOLLYWOOD has high hopes for the comeback of one of its most famous silent directors: Marshall Neilan—and most of us think he will make it this time because of the "luck" of his star, Jane Withers.

Their picture "The Meal Ticket" started on a Friday—that's the main reason for all the hope!

Jane Withers made her stage début, at the age of three, in Atlanta, Georgia. It was Friday. Months later, on another Friday, Miss Withers made her radio début in Atlanta. When she signed for her role of the little "meanie" in "Bright Eyes" it was also Friday. Later, after the preview of the picture, her smash performance gave her a long-term contract signed on Friday.

So Hollywood is sure that some of the "Withers luck" will rub off on Mickey.

(*Continued on page* 101)

JOAN CRAWFORD in M-G-M's "IF YOU LOVE ME

"MOST WOMEN CONCEAL THEIR BEAUTY" says Joan Crawford

.... DO YOU?

DO YOU know how to accent the individual beauty of your type the way lovely Joan Crawford and other famous screen stars do? The secret lies in color harmony make-up, the new discovery of Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up.

Powder, rouge and lipstick blended in subtle color harmony is the secret that can transform you into a radiant new being. It doesn't matter if you are a blonde or a brunette, or if you are twenty or forty . . . there is a color harmony make-up that will bring you new loveliness.

Beautiful women who can choose from all the world, select Max Factor's make-up because they know they can depend on it to dramatize their beauty. Now you, too, can share the magic of color harmony make-up created originally for the stars of the screen by Max Factor.

Would you like to have Max Factor give *you* a personal make-up analysis? Would you like a sample of your color harmony make-up? Would you like an interesting illustrated book on *"The New Art of Society Make-Up?"* All these will be sent to you if you will mail the coupon below to Max Factor, Hollywood...An adventure in loveliness awaits you!

LIPSTICK
"You'll be amazed," says Joan Crawford, "at the alluring color of Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick. It's moisture-proof and may be applied to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips.

POWDER
"and Max Factor's Powder really enlivens the beauty of your skin. Matchless in texture, it creates a satin-smooth make-up . . . clings for hours. You will notice the difference instantly.

ROUGE
"the exquisite color harmony shades of Max Factor's Rouge impart a fascinating, natural and lifelike glow to your cheeks . . . Creamy-smooth, it blends delicately and remains perfect for hours."

Max Factor ★ Hollywood
SOCIETY MAKE-UP
Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

★

Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar . . . Featured by leading stores.

★

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Hollywood
SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. ★ Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" FREE.

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐ Fair ☐ Creamy ☐ Medium ☐ Ruddy ☐ Sallow ☐ Freckled ☐ Olive ☐	Blue ☐ Gray ☐ Green ☐ Hazel ☐ Brown ☐ Black ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐ BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐ BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐ REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	LASHES (Color) Light ☐ Dark ☐ AGE	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐

25-10-65

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

REVELING with

EXCLUSIVE
PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
HYMAN FINK

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REVEL

1. Sharon Lynn listens appreciatively while Jack Oakie plays a serenade to his own caricature on the wall of Harry Revel's popular new playroom.

2. When Harry of the song-writing Gordon and Revel team, gave this party to show his friends how they look to him, Jack Benny posed beneath his portrait (and that of "Ruggles of Red Gap" Laughton).

"If your likeness was mutted from our "Wall of Fame" LOOK IN HERE
④

3. While Jack looks on, Norman Taurog does his best to look just like the sketch of him in his directorial chair. Recognize George Raft making love with a mallet next to Norman?

4. Cary Grant and Betty Furness (this is the latest Hollywood heartbeat) admire the artist's conception of Cary peeling a grape for Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong."

5. Beneath drawings of you-know-who in "It Happened One Night" are Toby Wing, Paula Stone, Ida Lupino, Rosita Moreno and Pat Ellis, with Gentry Blaydon, fortune-teller.

Why do minds misbehave?

THE PSYCHIATRIST OFFERS TWO ANSWERS...

Case No. 296
Miss O.H.F. Age 29.
Teacher of English in high school. Successful in her work — but tortured by belief that her superiors discriminated against her maliciously. Accused her favorite student of telling lies about her to the school principal.
DIAGNOSIS: Paranoid suspicions.
CURE: Complete — when cause of fear was revealed in the course of psychiatric consultations. Her mental illness had its beginning in childhood, when quarrelling parents made her feel insecure, unsure of affection.

Case No. 432
Mrs. T.O.V. Age 31.
Frequently embarrassed husband by telephoning guests and withdrawing invitations. Offended her husband's employer by her inattention and preoccupation with secret worries during a dinner given in her honor.
DIAGNOSIS: "Accident panic" — the fear that the sanitary napkin she wore did not afford complete safety and protection.
CURE: Complete — when the cause of her fear was discovered and the fear ended by introducing to her a sanitary napkin ("Certain-Safe" Modess) that was designed in a way to make "accidents" impossible.

N-O-V-O... the new douche powder. Cleansing—deodorizing... for the fastidious woman.

Even if "accident panic" has never haunted *you*... protect yourself against the possibility of an accident ever happening. Get a box of the new Modess today. Its name—"Certain-Safe"—tells the story... and you can look at the napkin and *see* why it's accident-proof:

1. *Extra-long tabs provide firmer pinning bases... Modess* can't pull loose from the pins.
2. *Specially-treated material covers back and sides of pad... Modess* can't strike through.

The day you buy Modess is the day you end "accident panic" forever!

MODESS STAYS SOFT... STAYS SAFE

Take a tip from *CASANOVA*

HE left a trail of broken hearts from Warsaw to Naples and from Constantinople to Paris, this swashbuckling, diplomatic, engaging soldier of fortune known to history as Casanova. Women high and women low, women brilliant and women dull, all found him fascinating . . . And not the least of his charms was his astonishing fastidiousness. Centuries before halitosis was a household word, he realized that unpleasant breath was a fault that could not be forgiven even in him. Consequently, before he awooing went, it was his habit to chew the leaves of certain fragrant herbs that would quickly render his breath sweet and agreeable.

• • •

If halitosis (bad breath) were an uncommon condition, few would be concerned about it. Unfortunately, however, it is an ever-present threat. Everyone is likely to have it at some time or other for this reason: even in normal mouths fermentation of tiny food particles constantly goes on. Unpleasant odors are released *without the victim knowing it.*

Don't take a chance

Since it is impossible to know when this condition is present, the wise course is to take sensible precautions against it. The quick, wholly delightful method is to use Listerine as a mouth rinse before any engagement at which you wish to appear your best. Because it is antiseptic, Listerine instantly halts fermentation. Then it overcomes the odors fermentation causes. The breath—indeed the entire mouth—becomes cleaner, purer and sweeter.

Keep a bottle of this delightful mouth wash handy at all times. It is your assurance that you will not offend others needlessly; that you will be welcome.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine puts your breath beyond offense

QUICKLY CHECKS HALITOSIS

HOLLYWOOD'S HIDDEN PAST

Beginning the amazing exclusive reminiscences of the greatest movie pioneer of them all—Cecil B. DeMille

By WALTER RAMSEY

Cecil B. DeMille is not only a pioneer in pictures, a maker of some of the outstanding star-names to go down in screen history and an imposing figure in Hollywood social and financial circles, he is also one of the most tempestuous personalities the picture industry has ever produced!

With the exception of D. W. Griffith, no other megaphone magician has so successfully reached from behind his art to capture the imagination of the public.

A dominant and dominating artist, his putteed legs and almost-bald head, his imperious posture, the sarcasm of his direction, will always remain as symbols of excitement, casting a potent shadow across the background of Hollywood history.

As a director, he has been heartily loved and cordially disliked. His only apologies for stinging words on the set, for using a driving force to accomplish great ends, have been fame and fortune at the box-office.

A devoted family man, a rare wit, and a sentimentalist at heart, it is as though he made separate entities of himself one, the ruthless, domineering artist whose penchant for realism and truth of historic detail amounts to a fetish; the other, the sensitive man and the staunch friend.

MOVIE MIRROR *is indeed proud to publish the reminiscences of the man who has done much to make the last quarter century of Hollywood history so exciting and colorful!*

It was DeMille the business man, the financier, who gave me the first chapter of this story. His newest super-special "The Crusades" was in the cutting process and, for the moment, the most incalculable of Hollywood directorial personalities was no longer the artist of his own legend, but the executive. Even the hum of the busy Paramount lot seemed dulled by the thick carpets and heavy draperies of his personal office. Before I was to finish looking back over the years with DeMille, I was to see other moods and phases of the man but on this occasion, the financier—the man who finances a great portion of his own pictures and holds a vice-presidency in a bank—was uppermost. He began the story:

THE first real romance, the first glamorous adventure of Hollywood were not founded, as they are today, on exciting men and women. Then it was the battle of *dollars and cents*, and to underestimate the hazards and risks of those battles is to stupidly ignore the fact that

Mighty spectacles like "The Crusades" are filmed today by this huge camera, but the small one beside DeMille saw service in an exciting period never equalled since—ruin seemed inevitable for the tiny company when its first negatives were spoiled by sabotage. Beloved Theodore Roberts (below with his wife and ever present cigar) was the first great screen personality.

if they hadn't been won there would be no Hollywood story to tell.

"For, believe me, this organization was not founded on success—but upon an almost humorous series of failures. The failure of Jesse Lasky, the failure of Samuel Goldwyn and the failure of Cecil B. DeMille.

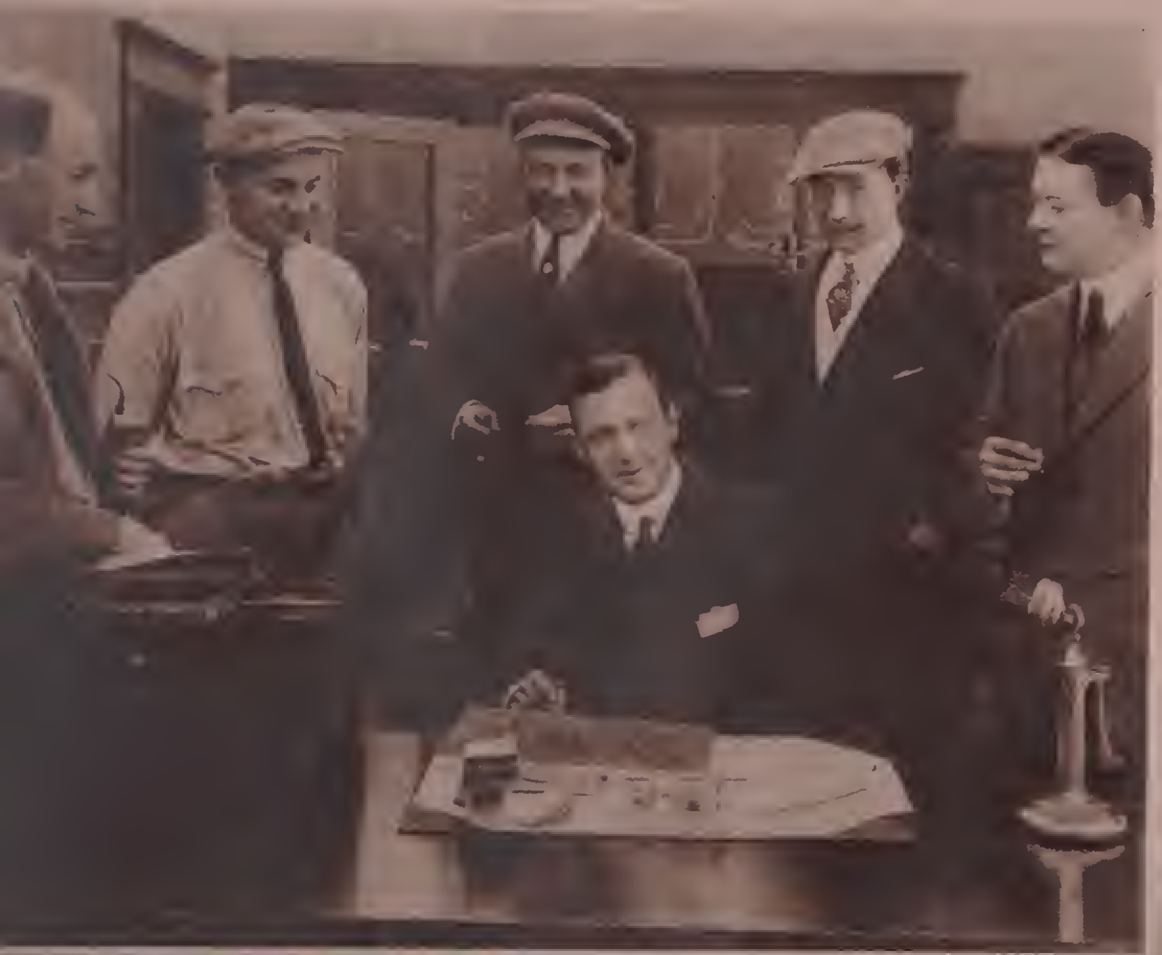
"Lasky had just failed with his New York theater offering, 'Folies Bergere;' and I had just failed in the production of Mary Roberts Rinehart's 'Cheer Up' in which I had starred Walter Hampden, so we weren't the gay lunchers we usually were when we met at the Claridge Hotel that certain afternoon in September, 1913. I had written and produced a great many of Lasky's vaudeville acts and we were old friends. When he asked me what I was going to do now, I admitted that I didn't know but that I would like to try something exciting.

"'Well,' said Lasky, 'if you want excitement, why don't you try motion pictures?' I replied that I knew nothing whatever about them. That, apparently, was Lasky's trouble too. But I told him that from what I had seen of them we were both well equipped to give them a try! So, as casually as that, we turned over the Claridge menu and began forming a company.

"Before we could finish the details of this engrossing enterprise, Samuel Goldwyn (then Samuel Goldfish, a brother-in-law of Jesse Lasky) walked in, disconsolate because the government had just removed the tariff from gloves and as a result, Sam's glove manufacturing business was about to go broke. So we sat down, three men with nothing else to do, and formed a company we called *The Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company.*"

Shades of unborn-fame must have walked across that table —Wally Reid, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Pola Negri, Rudolph Valentino, Elliot Dexter, Theodore Roberts, Leatrice Joy and Monte Blue—and, if they did, they must have shuddered at the nonchalant inception of their destinies!

DeMille chuckled: "I was placed in charge of production, Sam in charge of sales. Lasky was to keep the home fires burning with his vaudeville business and see that we didn't starve. We incorporated for $20,000.00. We each under-wrote $5,000 of that and then went around trying



Jesse L. Lasky, seated, holds an historic conference with the stars and directors of his first three pictures: Cecil B. DeMille and Oscar Apfel, directors; Dustin Farnum, Edmund Breese and Edward Abeles, actors.

This barn, now the Paramount lot gymnasium,

to sell the remaining $5,000. I first offered it to my brother William, a successful playwright at the time. He smiled his refusal and said that he had better keep that money to pay my fare back from wherever I was going with my crazy idea! We'd just about settled on Flagstaff, Arizona, as the ideal site for producing 'The Squaw Man' which we had purchased for little-down-and-the-rest-later from Milton Royal, the author. We had never heard or thought of Hollywood.

"When I offered Dustin Farnum, Broadway idol and the actor who had just completed 'The Squaw Man' on the stage, the title role in our first picture, he was very much on the fence. He didn't know about pictures, didn't know whether they were going to amount to anything. I finally convinced him that we could be successful with something different from the stereotyped cowboy-chasing Indian films popular at that time. We agreed that well-known actors and established plays would turn the trick." A smile flicked across DeMille's face as he added, "So, you see, the idea of bringing stage actors and plays to Hollywood is not as new as the talking picture era would try to make you believe.

"For salary, I offered Dustin Farnum his choice of the remaining one-quarter ($5,000) interest in the company or $250.00 a week. He hesitated but shortly before he took the cash! The years that followed proved that Farnum had been offered a ten million dollar kingdom and turned it down.

"Dustin had asked that I take along his secretary, Fred Kley, and in the early fall of 1913 we boarded a train for the West. We got off in the rain at Flagstaff, took a look around and hastily decided we didn't like it. I suggested that we board the next train West and go as far as it would take us. The next train stopped at Los Angeles, California!"

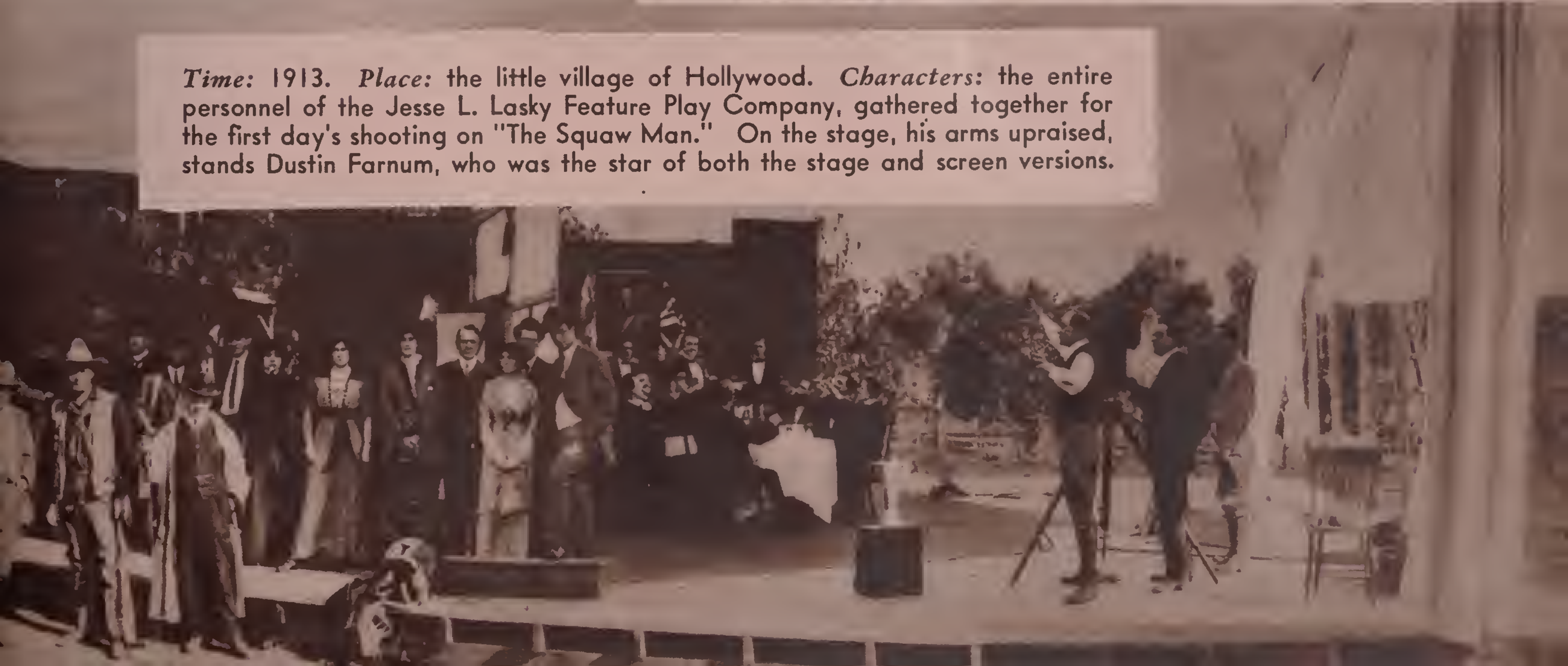
DeMille ceased his restless pacing for the moment to revel in that early memory, then continued, "It was a slow, sleepy little town. Everyone was planting eucalyptus trees in order to get rich. In fact, the people of Los Angeles, and particularly of its little suburb, Hollywood, all believed that an acre of eucalyptus trees was the best preparation for future wealth.

(Continued on page 70)

was DeMille's first motion picture studio.

Below, a still from "The Squaw Man," the first film directed by DeMille and produced by the Lasky company, showing Winifred Kingston, Monroe Salisbury, Billy Elmer and Dustin Farnum in action. Them was the days!

Time: 1913. *Place:* the little village of Hollywood. *Characters:* the entire personnel of the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, gathered together for the first day's shooting on "The Squaw Man." On the stage, his arms upraised, stands Dustin Farnum, who was the star of both the stage and screen versions.



His unusual French background has given him a magical understanding of the feminine mind and heart

Out of his own life he brings a natural tenderness and warmth to such love scenes as this with Loretta Young in "Shanghai."

IF I were king, or President Roosevelt, or even Huey Long, I'd arrange matters so that every woman met, sometime during her span of life, a man with the genius for tenderness and the capacity for understanding that are Charles Boyer's.

I would do all this, if I could, because I know that, somehow, the world would be a happier place if all women could store away the comforting memory of just one man who possessed Boyer's intelligent sympathy for feminine complexities.

You actually feel the impact of the man's magnetic humanness the moment you meet him. It washes over you like a tropical surf, slow and warm.

I felt it instantly when I saw Charles Boyer for the first time three years ago, during California's heaviest downpour of 1932, when "The Magnificent Lie" was being filmed.

I arrived on the set, dripping, chilled and irritated. I waited, shivering and petulant, while a scene was shot.

It was Boyer's voice that jerked me out of my clammy

There should be a CHARLES BOYER in *Every Woman's Life!*

By JULIE LANG HUNT

depression. I can still recall how every feminine eye on the set was suddenly riveted upon the unknown actor playing opposite Ruth Chatterton in that short, casual little scene.

No one had noticed him until the director called "action," and then no one noticed anything or anyone else.

His English was bad, almost unintelligible, but his voice had that plushy, caressing quality that makes words unimportant.

None of the many assistants on the set knew his name, and it was not until an hour later, when I was able to corner the director, that I managed to meet Charles Boyer.

And in spite of water-glutted shoes and straggling hair, I spent the entire afternoon on that set jotting down messy little notes concerning the exciting new actor's height, weight, color of eyes (they are brown), his hair (it is brown and curly), his sensitive mouth and electric smile. I was certain that he would be Paramount's next reigning star.

And it was not until the next morning, when my irate boss demanded the Ruth Chatterton story I had been sent to get, that I remembered it had been completely wiped from my mind by the "discovery" of Charles Boyer.

But the Frenchman with the benign eyes and the benevolent voice, that every woman instinctively knows and covets, did not become Paramount's next star. In fact, he departed immediately for France when he had completed his less than minor role in the Chatterton picture, closing forever, so he thought, his bitter Hollywood adventure.

I remember that, when I destroyed those messy little notes on Boyer, I sighed wearily and wondered if the movies would be a better paying business if the big film bosses were women instead of men.

Two months later Maurice Chevalier added new clews to the shreds of information I had picked up concerning his talented countryman.

He told me that Boyer had left a fantastic fame and popularity in the French theater to try stardom in foreign versions for Fox studios. He did this because he believed Hollywood experience vitally necessary to round out the career of every dramatic actor.

When Boyer left Paris, he closed a solid nine-year engagement with one theater, where he had appeared during all those many seasons in but two plays, by the sheer pressure of public demand.

From such triumphs as these he came to Hollywood. He expected to play in French dialogue pictures only, until he had time to master English. But after a foreign film or two, he suddenly found himself shoved into microscopic parts in productions for the American market.

Because that patient, human quality of his is an integral part of him, he permitted all the pushing and shunting into humiliating obscure roles until the end of his contract.

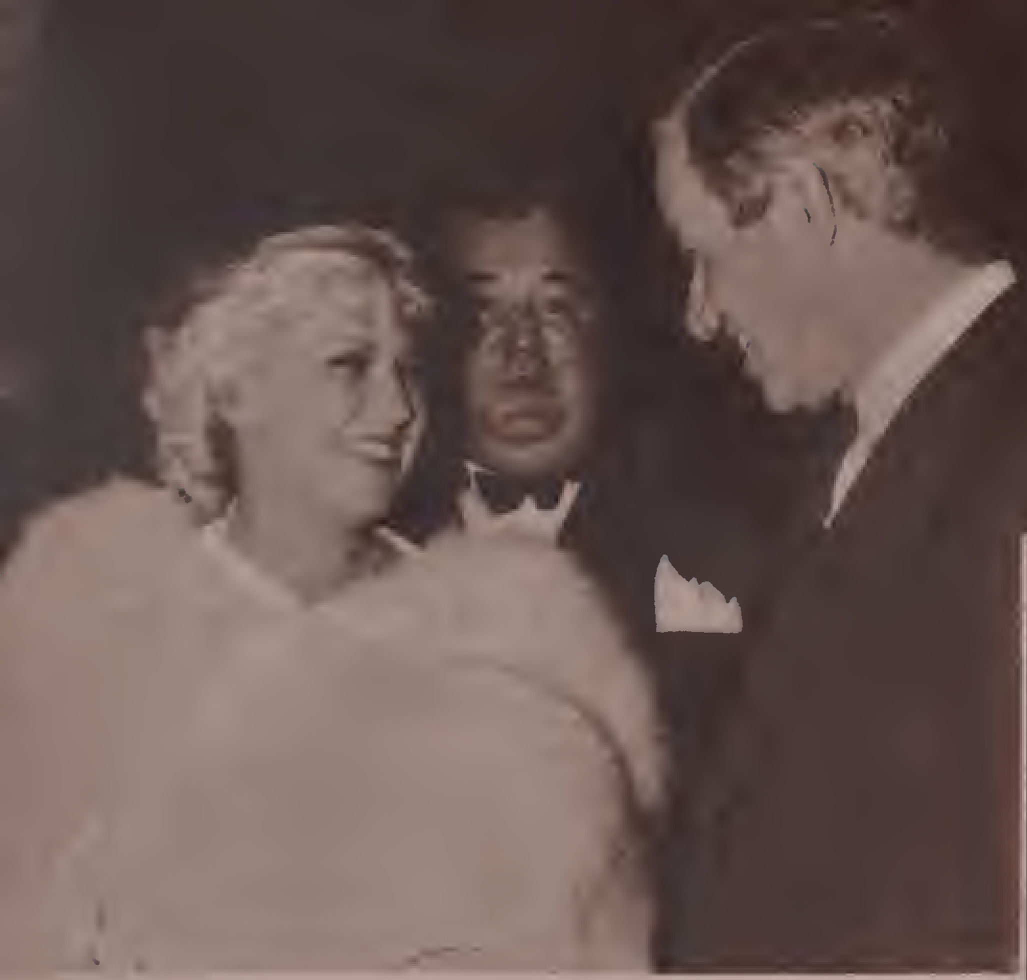
When he returned to Paris, he found his almost legendary fame untouched by the tragic twelve months in Hollywood.

My second meeting with Charles (*Continued on page 99*)

Mr. and Mrs. Boyer (little "Pat" Paterson, of course) were snapped on the *Normandie* as they sailed for Europe to meet the woman who has had such influence on Charles.

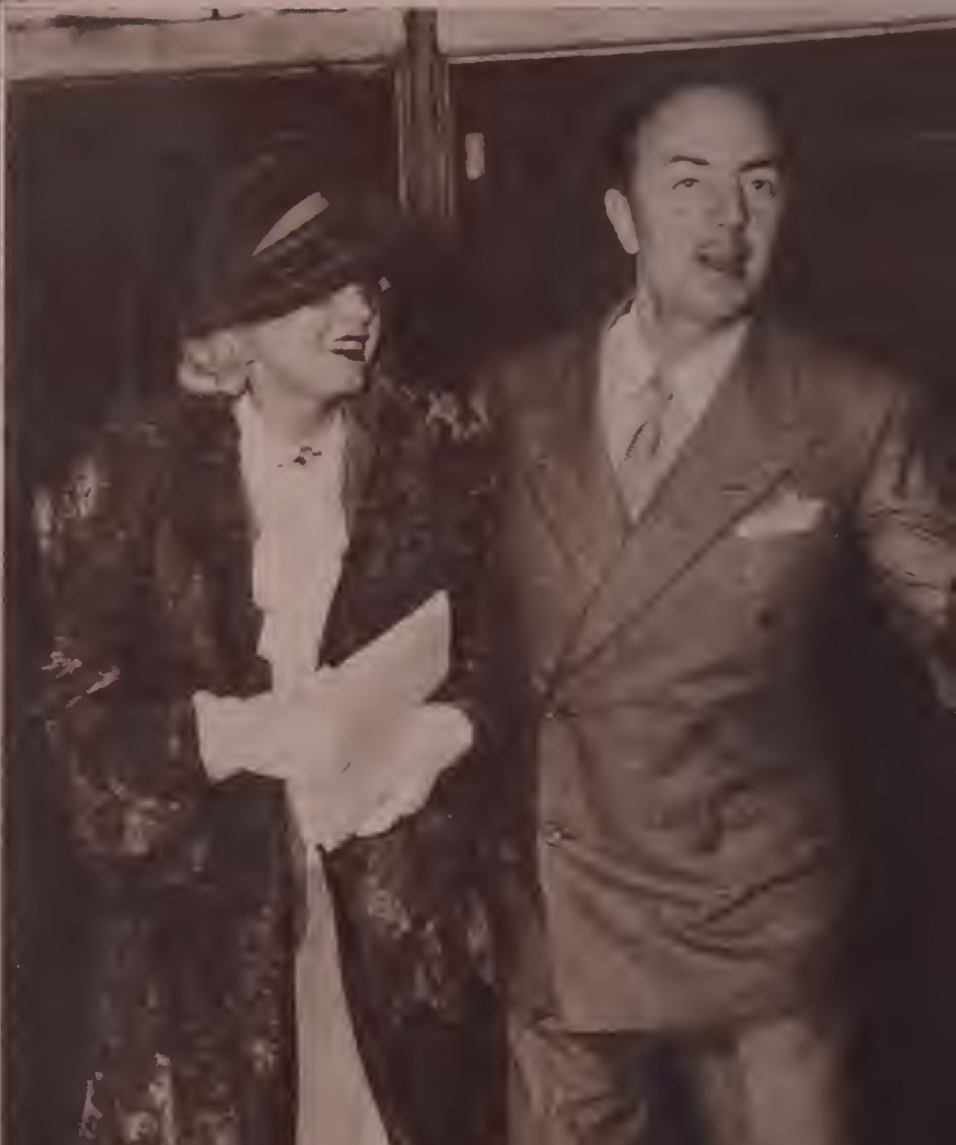
PRIZE of the

SNAPPED BY

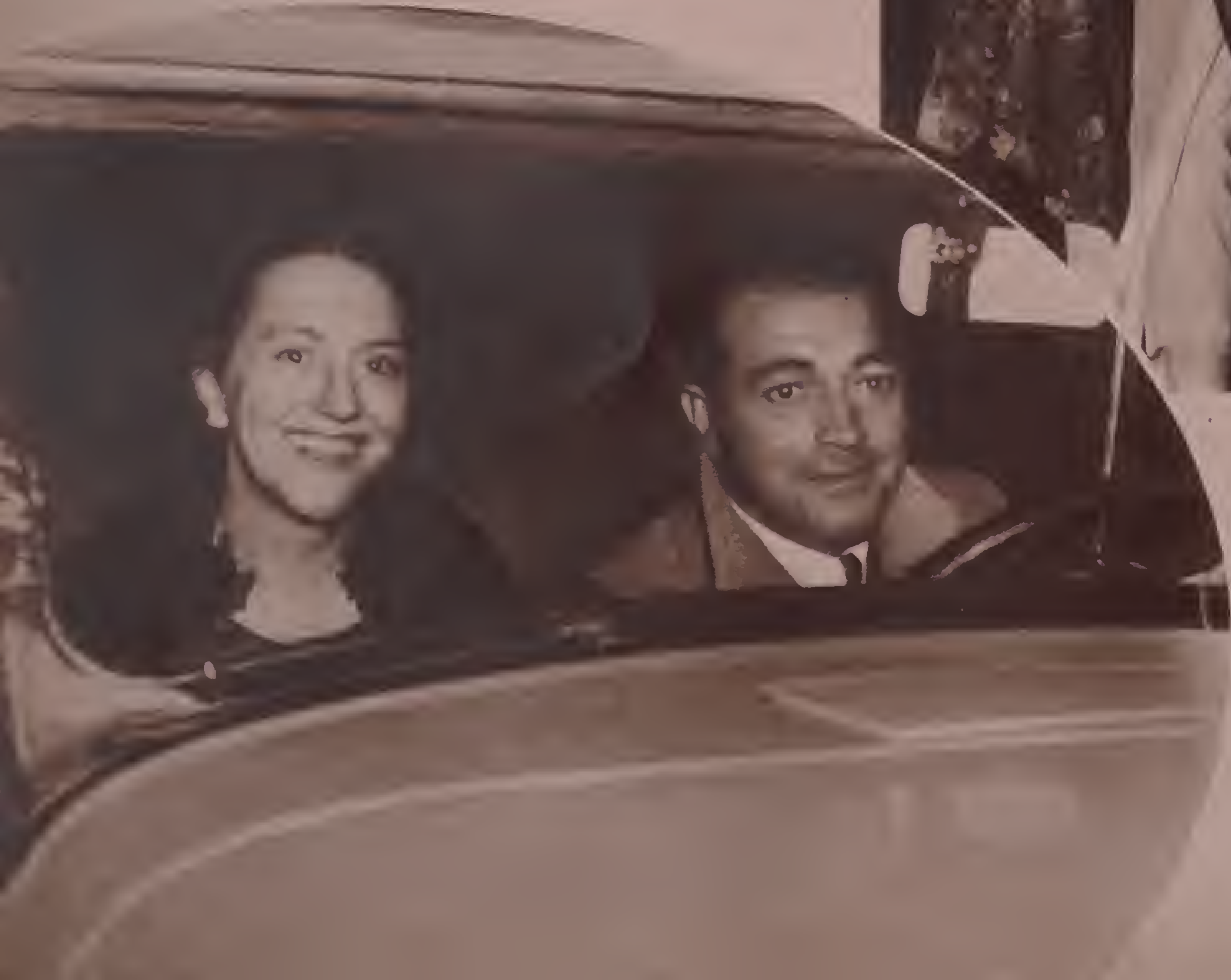


Mae West and Will Rogers met at the Santa Monica Grand Hotel's summer opening—and was Will's face red? That's Jim Timony behind Mae.

Hymie receives the grand photographers' prize (a bullet-proof vest and shin guards) this month for these interesting views of Hollywood with its hair down



Were Jean and Bill surprised. Don't you believe a word about the Harlow-Powell romance being over — it's still red-hot.



The stars aren't even safe when they hop into their cars and away they go: Dick and Mrs. Barthelmess leaving the Trocadero.

SHOTS
MONTH

HYMAN FINK

Peter Lorre and his wife were snapped together for the first time in Hollywood at the preview of "Mad Love," Lorre's American film début.

Nick Stuart, Sue Carol's ex, took Toby Wing to the opening of the Miramar Hotel season and didn't mind the camera at all.

Connie Bennett awarded the cup at the Uplifters Polo Field charity game to Spencer Tracy, while Charles Farrell looked on.

Freddie in Wonderland

By

CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

Meet the real Bartholomew for the first time in this heart-warming story of the boy who made his dreams come true

LAST August a quiet, plainly dressed little woman in her late thirties, accompanied by a sturdy little boy with great brown eyes and a shock of curling brown hair, walked into the outer office of Mr. David Selznick in Culver City and asked to see him.

"Who is calling, please?" asked the producer's secretary.

"Miss Myllicent Bartholomew and Master Frederick Bartholomew," was the prim reply, and to the query, "Have you an appointment?" the answer was, "No, we have not."

Whereupon the little Englishwoman and her soon-to-be-famous nephew sat down with a crowd of other people and got rapidly nowhere toward seeing the man they had traveled six thousand miles to find.

The world might never have heard of young Master Bartholomew—at least for a few more years—had it not been for that small person's perception of the situation and his determination to do what he could to alter it.

He excused himself to "Aunt Cissie" and ventured over to chat politely, and informatively, with the secretary.

"Indeed I do hope we may be able to see Mr. Selznick," he said. "It's rather important—in fact it's absolutely essential that we see him. We have come a very long journey to see him—from overseas, you know, from England."

"How interesting," replied the secretary, faintly intrigued with the young man's precise British accent. "Did you have a pleasant trip?"

"Oh, most agreeable, thank you very much," replied Freddie with the warm smile that invariably makes friends for its owner wherever he goes. "Of course, we were more than once a trifle apprehensive as to the outcome of our undertaking. I say, do you know that we haven't seen a single Indian or cowboy, really not one, since leaving train here in the Western country? Remarkable! We were told in New York that we would most certainly see some when we reached California. There *are* some about, aren't there?" Hopefully the brown eyes searched those of the secretary for enlightenment in the matter of the missing local color.

The recipient of Freddie's confidences encouraged him to give her a more complete account of how he happened to be in her office. He told her how he had read in the *London Times*, nearly three months earlier, of Mr. Selznick's being in London to look for actors for his forthcoming production of "David Copperfield;" how it had taken him, Freddie, nearly six weeks to persuade Aunt Cissie to undertake the long and arduous journey (nearly eighty miles!) to London to tell Mr. Selznick about the qualifications of a certain young actor who considered himself just the person for the role of David; how when Cissie and Freddie finally reached London (it never occurred to them to write in advance for an appointment) they discovered that the man they were looking for had just sailed for the United States; how, after two weeks more of intensive oratory, the nephew persuaded his aunt to continue the journey across the Atlantic Ocean and across the American Continent in pursuit of the desired interview!

While they talked the secretary had scribbled a note to a member of the staff in an inner office. "There's a youngster out here who talks just like the 'David Copperfield' in our script," it said. *"And it isn't an act."*

Several persons unobtrusively wandered out of adjacent cubbyholes in time to catch the continuation of Master Freddie's account of the journey, including his mention of the fact that each night in his stateroom crossing the ocean and each night in his berth during the transcontinental trip he had carefully reminded God that he had read "David Copperfield" six times, that he was a lover of all things Dickensian, that he was just about the right age, and that for these and other reasons he hoped to see Mr. Selznick and try out for the coveted role of David in the cinema version of the story he had long known almost by heart.

God, Freddie quietly assured his listeners, would probably not fail, now that the moment for His good offices had arrived.

As we all know, God, and Freddie's instinct, did not fail. It was apparent to all that the boy's appearance, speech and background had prepared him perfectly for the part he wanted. He seemed the *very picture* of David that everyone had had in mind. He might have walked right out of the pages of Dickens into the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. In fact, he did. For David Selznick was also impressed with what Freddie had to offer. Within two days the usual screen test had been made. It was compared with the tests of other aspirants for the role, compared and re-compared, and within two weeks Miss Myllicent Bartholomew signed for Master Freddie Bartholomew a four-year contract with M-G-M Pictures. Freddie had won the place that nearly ten thousand other small boys had striven to reach.

Many people who have seen the picture and have heard that in real life Freddie talks very much as David did in the film story, wonder how such a thing could be true in this day and age. The explanation lies in several factors. The child has spent his life, since he was three, with grown-ups—his aunt, his grandmother and his grandfather. Only rarely has he had companions of his own age for brief periods. These older folk live very simply in a rural section of England that has changed little in its characteristic speech, manners, and customs from the England of Dickens' day. In addition, Freddie has lived with classical literature—Shakespeare, Dickens, Thackeray and others—since he could talk. First these authors were read to him. Now he reads them himself. It is completely natural for him to speak and act as he does. Which is not to say that he likes *only* classical literature. In the last two years he has developed a passion for detective stories and he recently surprised his governess by writing his English assignment on "The Tattooed Corpse," a book of which he highly approves.

Almost a year has passed since Freddie and his beloved Cissie started out in their pursuit of fame and fortune, "overseas" to this story-book land of America about which they had read. Freddie imagined it

(Continued on page 80)

Freddie and his Aunt Cissie are the best of pals; he hopes he'll soon be able to shoulder her business cares.

Garbo joined his small but select circle of people he loves when the two worked recently on the "Karenina" set.

Virginia Bruce

BELLE of the '30's

By GEORGE MADDEN

MAE WEST may be the Belle of the Bicycling Nineties, but Virginia (Ex-Gilbert) Bruce has certainly tied up the title for the Rolls Royce-ing Thirties. At least as far as Hollywood is concerned.

I can't remember when it first began to be circulated around that John Gilbert's beautiful, limpid-eyed Ex was not going to develop into a Hollywood sob story after all, that she had, as a matter of fact, turned a right-about face and become the most popular attraction in our fair village. It started slowly, in little social notes, and suddenly burst into a blaze that almost burned the print from our snappiest gossip columns. Here is the spirit in which the whole thing began—not the exact words, maybe, but at least the general idea:

Glimpsed with Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw last evening at the Cocoanut Grove was dear little Virginia Bruce. This is the first time the poor child has appeared in public since her recent separation.

(You got the idea that it was pretty darn nice of Gary and Sandra to even think of the little mouse.)

Virginia Bruce, unescorted, attended the wedding anniversary of Jobyna and Dick Arlen last evening. ('Twas all very sad!)

Among the diners at the Vendome, last night, were Ralph Jester and Virginia Bruce, pretty M-G-M player. (Well! somebody had taken her out!)

'Tis whispered that Maurice Chevalier has found a new Hollywood interest in none other than attractive Virginia Bruce Gilbert. (Well, well!)

Rumor has it that one of the greatest attractions on the set of "The Mighty Barnum" for Joseph Schenck was Virginia (Gorgeous) Bruce. (Indeed!)

Conspicuous among the patrons of last night's opera were Edmund Lowe and devastating Virginia Bruce. (Help!)

FROM "pretty" to "devastating" in less than six months sounds like the advertised results of a correspondence course! And, in spite of the fact that I knew that Virginia's appearance is one of her greatest assets (tall, slender and graceful with one of those skins Bing Crosby advertises—as pastel in coloring as a spring print and as lovely in every way as Vilma Banky) I still wasn't able to believe that mere coloring and regularity of facial features combined with decided femininity were enough to make so many of the local lads fall in line. Hollywood, after all, isn't Fried Egg, Arkansas. What was it with this Bruce gal, anyway?

(*Continued on page* 88)

HOW SHE'S BECOME THE OBJECT OF MORE AFFECTIONS THAN YOU CAN SHAKE A LIPSTICK AT!

SEND in the CHILDREN'S PICTURES! ONE OF THEM WILL WIN $500.00

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

BABY LEROY

VIRGINIA WEIDLER

CORA SUE COLLINS

DAVID HOLT

ANOTHER WILL WIN

$200.00

SIXTY WILL RECEIVE $5.00 EACH

LAST CHANCE TO ENTER

COME on, Folks! Send in the youngsters' pictures. There's a check for $500.00 in it for somebody's baby—and the babies can be any age under the tenth birthday! There is no promise of a movie career in this. BUT the most attractive pictures submitted—some sixty of them in fact—will be published in such fashion that all Who's Who In Hollywood will undoubtedly see them. And who can tell, with such a start, what might develop? To get started, send in the children's pictures as directed in the rules. The editorial board of Movie Mirror will select the most attractive sixty and publish them together with ballots so that you readers can elect your own favorites. But that will come later. Now is the time to send in pictures! You do not need a studio still. If of sufficient clarity to reproduce, a snapshot will be of equal value for the purposes of this competition. When you have selected the picture you wish to submit turn it over and on the back PRINT IN INK or typewrite the name of the child and your own name and address. If you are not the parent the permission of the parent must be written in ink and signed, also on the back of the picture. Although you have until October 11 to get the picture to us, don't wait. Send it in as soon as you are ready. There's no time like the present. Later you may forget to act.

The RULES

1. Any child who has not passed his or her tenth birthday is eligible in this contest.

2. To be considered, photographs must be received by Children's Picture Editor, Movie Mirror, P. O. Box 556 Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., on or before Friday, October 11.

3. The name and address of the child and name and address of the sender must be PRINTED IN INK or typewritten on the back of every picture entered. In the event a picture is submitted by someone other than a parent the consent of the parents must be written in ink on the back of the picture.

4. The editorial board of Movie Mirror will select the sixty most attractive pictures for publication in this magazine in the November, December and January issues. With each group a ballot will be printed. The readers of Movie Mirror will vote to select the child from this list of sixty whom they would most like to see in a screen role. The child receiving the greatest number of ballots will be awarded the first prize of $500.00. The runner-up will receive $200.00.

5. Movie Mirror will pay $5.00 for each of the sixty pictures selected for publication and each of these pictures will become the property of Macfadden Publications for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Movie Mirror will not be responsible for the return of any picture although every effort will be made to return pictures which are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed return envelopes when submitted.

7. Quality of photography will not count. The attractiveness of the child will be the sole basis of judgment. Expensive portraits are not required. If of sufficient clarity for reproduction, a snapshot will be as acceptable as a studio sitting.

8. You can submit as many official ballots as you wish but only the official ballots printed in this magazine in November, December and January will be counted. All ballots must be in the hands of the counters on or before Friday, January 10, 1936, the closing date of this contest. Ballots should be sent by First Class Mail to Children's Picture Editor, Movie Mirror, P. O. Box 556 Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The AMAZING LIFE STORY of Elisabeth Bergner

By JOSEPHINE LeSUEUR

A FEW short years ago the average American had never heard of Elisabeth Bergner. This is hard for Europeans to believe. When visitors from Germany and other continental countries heard us ask "Who *is* this Bergner?" it was to them as strange as if they had asked us "Who is this Ethel Barrymore?"

After we saw the tiny German actress in "Catherine the Great" we realized that another outstanding screen personality was suddenly with us. Playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in as glamorous and tragic story as was ever torn from the pages of history, she took the country by storm.

They do those things differently in Europe. For many years "the Bergner," as she is affectionately known abroad, has been a great and well-loved figure in the theaters of most of the capitals of the Continent. Yet it is probable that hundreds who have seen her in dozens of stage and screen plays during the last fifteen years know far less of her personal story than will be recounted in this article.

At last, having finished in England the screen version of "Escape Me Never," Bergner closed the long run which the stage play had enjoyed in London and crossed the Atlantic for her first visit to America. Under the sponsorship of Charles B. Cochran and the Theater Guild she played a limited engagement of the Margaret Kennedy opus in New York City.

But her arrival deepened the mystery that had grown up about her name. She gave no personal interviews. She did not say anything, even through her secretary or Mr. Cochran, for publication. She did not go to Hollywood.

"Escape Me Never" was a brilliant success on the New York stage. But its leading lady slipped quietly into this

The first of two candid, revealing features about a problem child of Destiny who took the cinematic world by storm

Dr. Jacob L. Moreno, famed psychologist (left), taught her to lift herself from an unhappy childhood to the heights. Below, Bergner with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in "Catherine the Great," and with Hugh Sinclair in "Escape Me Never."

country, played her fourteen weeks' engagement according to contract, and—her director husband, Paul Czinner, having arrived to take her home—slipped quietly out of it and away to the long-promised vacation in the Swiss Alps which she was to enjoy before starting work on her new picture, George Bernard Shaw's "St. Joan."

When Bergner came to New York she brought with her just three people. She brought the old Viennese cook who has been with her for many years, a secretary, and her dresser. These three women alone cared for the shy little star and guarded her hotel apartment and her dressing room at the theater against the intrusion of those eager to see and talk to their mistress. She would arrive at the stage door in a great maroon car of foreign make, some time before the performance each evening. The chauffeur would open the door of the car just a few feet from the stage entrance and stand beside it. The stage doorman would stand opposite him, and between them the tiny Bergner would run like a shadow and be safe inside the haven of "backstage" almost before the curious ones who had gathered early in the hope of seeing her at close range would be aware that she had arrived.

But, in spite of all this carefully guarded privacy which Bergner cherishes as her very life, there was one privileged exception to the rigid "no visitors" rule.

That man, Dr. Jacob L. Moreno, has known Elisabeth Bergner since she was a child. More than any other man in the world except her husband, to whom she is devoted, the woman who has been called the foremost artist in the theater today loves and trusts the person who discovered her, over twenty years ago, a neglected, miserably unhappy child playing in the streets and gardens of Vienna.

Doctor Moreno, internationally known among medical men as one of the most advanced and yet practical psychologists of his time, is at present consulting psychiatrist of the National Committee of Prisons and director of research at the State Training School for Girls at Hudson, New York. But for years before he came to America, Moreno was known in several European countries for his effective treatment of persons inclined to be neurotic through the medium of what he called the "Impromptu Theater." His theory is that when a child, or an adult, is inclined to conduct himself in a manner that does not make for (*Continued on page* 89)

LET'S KISS AND

There's always a first quarrel—

Left, Roger Pryor and Ann Sothern—there was the time a quarrel was patched up with (of all things) photograph records; Another time, those other admirers of Mary Brian and Dick Powell (below) were just out of luck when Mary and Dick met at the same party a month after their bust-up.

THE slender blonde in the pale, pink dress was so confounded mad that her knees knocked, her voice broke every time she hit a high note, and the orchids on her shoulder trembled and bobbed in sympathetic anger.

It wasn't that kind of night, either. The moon was doing its gray-blue best all over magnolia-scented Beverly Hills. But in spite of the surrounding beauty, the setting was completely wasted on the young man who slumped against the wall in the front porch vestibule and silently watched the girl in the pink dress jab at the keyhole for the tenth time—and miss!

Apparently her mind was not on her work for she was saying: " . . . so utterly ridiculous, so utterly, utterly ridiculous, so stupid!" She jabbed at the lock, missed for the eleventh time, and the moody young man thought it absolutely unfair how pretty some women could look when they were angry. "I was merely pleasant to the man. After all, he was my dinner partner. And suppose I did dance with him a couple of times? Is that any reason for you to go into a decline and behave like a scarehead at the feast?"

"But you didn't dance with him a couple of times, you danced with him *all* the times; and he may have been your dinner partner on the right, but I was on the left, and all I saw all evening was the back of your neck," said the young man so softly the words almost landed in his muffler and got stuck there. But his next remark was clearer: "And, besides, I don't like him anyway!"

Pink Dress rolled her eyes to high heaven as though this was more than human flesh could bear. She jabbed the key with so much force, it worked this time. Eureka! "And what's more," she slammed over her shoulder, "perhaps we'd better not see one another any more if our friendship is going to be this silly!"

Suddenly there wasn't anything outside any more except the young man, and his muffler, and his smart new roadster parked at the curb.

When she heard him driving away a moment later, Miss Ann Sothern did a peculiar thing, a very annoying thing, considering she was definitely through with that young man for good. She began to cry a little.

And no matter how she argued with herself the rest of that night and the next morning about certain people getting jealous over nothing (well, perhaps she had danced just once too often with the fascinating foreigner, but if a girl couldn't dance with a man now and then, what was she to do?) Obviously, a girl could feel very badly, because that is what Ann continued to do, even when she was the most outraged remembering certain jealous people.

About two o'clock in the afternoon a messenger arrived with an enormous box. It was all tied up in white satin ribbons and looked as exciting as a house-and-lot with a bow on it.

Ann tore through rows and rows of tissue paper and finally came to the heart of it—a very small but stunning desk Victrola of pale blue to match her bedroom! And in a small separate package was one record. There was no card.

MAKE UP!

By DOROTHY MANNERS

here's how famous Hollywood couples learned to forgive and forget!

Bing Crosby (left) and Dixie Lee (below) had only been married six days when they had their big battle-royal. It took Bing's best crooning and strongest arguments to settle that one. Just think, there might never have been any Crosby twins or any little Gary!

Merle Oberon and David Niven (left) had so many sham battles it was hard to convince their friends that they meant this one. There was a great big catch, too, to the famous fight between Bill Powell and Jean Harlow (below), but they made up with huge peace offerings 'n' all the fixin's.

Now here was a sticker! Did *he* send it, or was this an ultra romantic gesture on the part of the fascinating foreigner? Ann put on the record. It was "Lovely to Look At." Nice, and flattering, but still it didn't tell anything.

Half an hour later a messenger arrived with another record: "Remembering." The mystery deepened.

Fifteen minutes later, another: "Without You I'm Just Nothing at All!" Huh!

Five minutes later the secret was out of the bag with the arrival of "I Apologize," because the last and saddest note had no more than died away when the young man strode in, looking very young, very chastened and terribly, terribly pleased with himself.

Suddenly Ann laughed, because she couldn't help it—and she wouldn't if she could have! She was too glad to see him again.

So the next day's columns carried the good word that Ann and her young man had made up again after a short misunderstanding.

Far be it from me to insinuate that the young man looked like Roger Pryor, or acted like Roger Pryor, or even *was* Roger Pryor because Ann just looks out the window or pretends she didn't catch the question when you start bringing up names. But the little incident should prove that it's not only fun to fight and make up in Hollywood, it's downright talented!

It is a very poor Hollywood Romeo, indeed, who resorts to the hackneyed idea of flowers, candy or perfume to say "I'm sorry" when his Juliet is tiffing with him. Whereas you and I, and maybe even a Congresswoman, might be thrilled by even a little note of reconciliation, Hollywood beaus manage to strike a much higher average of originality because, when they've played different and exciting love stories all day before the camera, the local belles aren't going to be pacified with anything short of an imaginative touch in their private love stories.

It's nothing at all for a romantic quarrel to start in Hollywood and travel across the continent, or up to Arrowhead, or down to Agua Caliente before the big reconcilation scene reunites the quarrelers. (*Continued on page* 83)

Lionel Barrymore, as the ghost-who-came-back, and Helen Mack both give fine performances in RKO Radio's "The Return of Peter Grimm."

It's not another "Bengal Lancer" — it's Laurel and Hardy in "Bonnie Scotland," their first feature-length film in too long a time to suit us.

Dick Powell and Marion Davies (in a grand comic role) head an extra-good cast in "Page Miss Glory," a double-check event for Warner Brothers.

MOVIES of the MONTH

Reviews of the latest films, with ✓ for the good ones, and ✓✓ for those you shouldn't miss

✓The Return of Peter Grimm (RKO)

You'll See: *Lionel Barrymore, Helen Mack, Edward Ellis, Donald Meek, George Breakstone, Allen Vincent, James Bush, Greta Meyer.*

It's About: *An old man who made a living mistake about romance and returned from the dead to rectify it.*

Combining excellent acting with a famous story, this picture affords better than usual entertainment. Its only fault lies in a too-faithful adherence to an ideal—the ideal of reality.

Lionel Barrymore, as Peter Grimm, owner of a famous flower nursery, is anxious that his son and his adopted daughter marry and carry on the name and the business that has been in the family for generations. He forces this wish upon Helen Mack because she is so grateful for his love and kindness. She really loves James, the bookkeeper, (James Bush) but she feels she must give him up. Then Peter Grimm dies, only to see his mistake in the "beyond" and return to make amends.

Lionel Barrymore's performance is fine, especially when he returns from the dead. Helen Mack shows improvement with each performance and is headed for big things. Edward Ellis, as Dr. Macpherson, lives up to his stage reputation; we'd like to see more of him. George Breakstone is much more of a boy than usual and we liked him fine. However, we think it an error in entertainment to have him die. The rest of the cast is fine.

Your Reviewer Says: If you're at all interested in the return of spirits, you should see this.

✓✓Page Miss Glory (Warners)

You'll See: *Marion Davies, Dick Powell, Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh, Patsy Kelly, Mary Astor, others.*

It's About: *A chambermaid who is asked to pose as a movie star.*

A couple of slick promoters, by pasting photographs together, create a dream girl (named Dawn Glory) who wins a radio beauty contest. Confronted with the task of producing Dawn Glory, they grab the first girl they see, who happens to be the chambermaid in their hotel. The world's greatest aviator (Dick Powell) falls in love with the fake Dawn's photograph and demands to meet her, and then the fun begins.

All this makes a fast and furious farce and the best picture that Marion Davies has had in several seasons. Marion is grand both in her comedy and love scenes and is beautifully photographed throughout. Dick Powell and Pat O'Brien are her leading men.

Your Reviewer Says: Highly recommended for an evening of laughs.

✓✓Steamboat Round the Bend (Fox)

You'll See: *Will Rogers, Anne Shirley, John McGuire, Berton Churchill, Irvin S. Cobb, others.*

It's About: *The old South, a boy and a girl in love and unhappy, and a traveling medicine-show man who makes everything work out right.*

This is our favorite picture of the month, in a month of good pictures. It has warmth, drama, love, suspense, beauty, and so much humor. It is the best picture Will Rogers has had.

Somewhere along the Mississippi, quite a long time ago, Will Rogers is selling "Pocahontas," a 90 per cent alcoholic medicine, guaranteed to cure anything but, chiefly, a thirst. His young nephew comes to him aboard the show-boat one night, announces he has killed a man, and brings the girl, the cause of it all, along with him.

The girl is a scared little "swamp" girl, the most despised of local characters. The uncle doesn't welcome her, but he won't go back on his nephew. It is his attempt to save the boy that provides the drama. It is the girl's winning of the uncle's affection that provides both the comedy and some of the film's most tender moments.

Your Reviewer Says: Here, as entertainment, is an almost perfect picture. You must see it.

Our favorite film this month brings together those good pals, Will Rogers and Irvin S. Cobb, with Anne Shirley in "Steamboat Round the Bend."

Sylvia Sidney and Herbert Marshall, in "Accent on Youth," add to the unusually long list of excellent pictures you'll be seeing soon.

✓✓Accent on Youth (Paramount)

You'll See: *Herbert Marshall, Sylvia Sidney, Philip Reed, Nick Foran, Astrid Allwyn, Holmes Herbert, others.*

It's About: *A witty playwright who gets his secretary married to a young actor because he doesn't believe he's young enough to fall in love with her himself.*

Here is Herbert Marshall, temporarily and we hope permanently liberated from those stuffy, long-suffering but so loving heroes he's been playing lately, as a witty, wealthy, urbane playwright who wants to marry his adoring secretary but feels since he's forty and she's twenty, that it wouldn't be fair to her. Instead he sees to it that she marries the handsome and rich young leading man of his show. What he can't foresee is that the girl won't stay married to the actor.

It makes quite the most delightful comedy of many months and adds new laurels to the charming Mr. Marshall's classic brow. Sylvia Sidney makes a very nice secretary and you'll enjoy watching Philip Reed as the very muscular young man.

Your Reviewer Says: It's romance and laughter delightfully combined and you mustn't miss it.

✓Woman Wanted (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Maureen O'Sullivan, Joel McCrea, Lewis Stone, Adrienne Ames, Robert Grieg.*

It's About: *A gal who is convicted of murder on circumstantial evidence and the boy who shields her because of love.*

A swell, fast-moving gangster story that will keep you on the edge of your seat most of the time. Plenty of suspense and exciting action, kept within perfect bounds by a well rounded plot and natural dialogue.

Maureen O'Sullivan is convicted of murder on circumstantial evidence and Joel McCrea, young man-about-town, shields her. Of course he falls in love with her and this gives us three corners, Adrienne Ames being the third.

Maureen and Joel make an excellent team and both do some fine work. Lewis Stone as the D. A. "who always gets his man" gives the picture his usual polish. Adrienne Ames has a small unsympathetic part but manages to make you remember her and Robert Grieg sets a new high for movie butlers.

All in all, a thoroughly entertaining picture, the gangster element sufficiently submerged for everyone.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll like this one. See it!

(*Continued on page* 96)

The Hollywood studios are more busy than they have been in five years. You'll be seeing some glorious films shortly, but here's a keen crop for your enjoyment. There's "Steamboat Round the Bend" for laughs and romance. This is just the best Will Rogers picture we've ever seen. There's "She" for thrills. There's "Page Miss Glory" for laughter. About the only thing lacking is a good musical. Biggest disappointment of the month: Laurel and Hardy's "Bonnie Scotland."

Ruth Waterbury

PICTURES in the CUTTING ROOM

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

COLUMBIA

She Married Her Boss. Claudette Colbert in a bright, fast-moving picture about a young business woman in love with her boss. A swell climax. The picture is said to have more sparkle than any of Claudette's films since "It Happened One Night." The star herself says she's "crazy about it." Melvyn Douglas is the husband.

M-G-M

Mutiny on the Bounty. A strong male cast in what is forecast as being one of the best pictures turned out by this studio in a long time. A tale of blood and thunder on the high seas, featuring Charles Laughton, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone. Probably Laughton's picture, with Gable running him a close second. Beautiful photography and outstanding direction. Eddie Quillan, DeWitt Jennings, Sr. and Jr., in the cast.

Broadway Melody of 1936. Metro's white hope that it will yet succeed in making a big, showy musical that's a hit. Jack Benny, Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, June Knight, Una Merkel, Sid Silvers and others are in it—plus a million dollars.

PARAMOUNT

Peter Ibbetson. Gary Cooper and Ann Harding in what should be a very romantic picture made from George du Maurier's great love story. Dickie Moore and Virginia Weidler play the childhood sweethearts. John Halliday, Douglas Dumbrille, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Ida Lupino and Marcella Corday are in the cast.

Big Broadcast. Paramount's parade of favorite radio and screen talent in a big production with lots of music. Jack Oakie.

RKO-RADIO

The Last Days of Pompeii. Impressive, spectacular picture in the typical RKO manner, based on the historic pomp and splendor of the ancient days of Pompeii. Preston Foster, Alan Hale, Basil Rathbone, Edna May Oliver, Dorothy Wilson.

FOX

Curly Top. Inside dope is that this is Shirley Temple's best. It's adapted from the old favorite, "Daddy Long Legs." John Boles and Rochelle Hudson handle the romantic leads. Rochelle sings, too.

Tips on Talkies

Brief comments on films of past months—reviews in italics are especially suitable for children; those marked ✓ are the better pictures, while those marked ✓✓ are the ones you shouldn't miss

At last, he's back! Here's one of the first views of him in his new picture, "Charlie Chaplin in Modern Times," once known as "Production No. 5."

ALIAS MARY DOW (Universal). Sally Eilers is the girl who "stands in" for the kidnapped daughter of a wealthy family. Miss Eilers gets a chance to show some fairly good acting when she switches from a hash-slinging taxi dancer type to the drawing room.

✓ANNA KARENINA (M-G-M). Garbo, the glamor lass, in a handsomely mounted rendition of the Tolstoy classic. Very sad and very serious, it retells the old story of the wife who leaves her husband and child for a dashing soldier. Freddie Bartholomew, Reginald Owen and Basil Rathbone are fine. Fredric March remains in the doldrums. Fair for Garbo fans.

ARIZONIAN, THE (RKO). Richard Dix and Margot Grahame in a winning-of-the-west story, with horses, sheriffs, shooting and fun. As westerns go, this goes well.

✓✓BECKY SHARP (RKO). A pictorially stunning costume picture with nothing to recommend it but color. That's enough, however. The story is slow. Hopkins is not in top form. But no movie fan can afford to miss the harmonic hues. See it as a cinema curiosity. Then decide if you want more like it.

✓✓BLACK FURY (Warner Brothers). An adult story of stark realism and he-man stuff in which Paul Muni gives a superb characterization of a strike-breaking coal miner. Karen Morley, Tully Marshall and Sarah Haden are excellent. Recommended particularly for serious theater-goers, though thrilling for everyone.

✓BLACK SHEEP (Fox). Edmund Lowe, an ocean-going gambler, saves his son, Tom Brown, from the toils of bad gal Adrienne Ames, only to fall for her himself. A good, smooth, action-mystery picture.

✓BREAK OF HEARTS (RKO). Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer in a somewhat slowly moving love story about a famous maestro and a poor, music-loving girl. There's good music, too.

✓BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN (Universal). Boris Karloff in a continuation of the first "Frankenstein" story plus a few added chills and creation of a mate (Elsa Lanchester) for the monster. Plenty of thrills and chills if you like 'em!

BROADWAY GONDOLIER (Warner Brothers). A good story, some nice performances and a batch of catchy tunes suffer from a too slow tempo. Bouncing Dick Powell, as a cab driver with an operatic voice, takes a trip to Italy and climbs to success while masquerading as an Italian. Adolphe Menjou, Louise Fazenda and Joan Blondell in supporting roles. Not the best of the Warner tune-films.

✓CALL OF THE WILD (Twentieth Century). Jack London's famous book of the out-of-doors brings Clark Gable as the miner, Jack Oakie as his wise-cracking pal, and Loretta Young as the wife of another miner who casts her lot with Gable and Oakie. Buck, a St. Bernard dog, is the hero of the show.

✓CARDINAL RICHELIEU (Twentieth Century). This time Mr. Arliss saves France (instead of England) and Edward Arnold is a convincing King Louis. Maureen O'Sullivan and Cesar Romero are the love interest. It's a bit too slow and historical, though beautifully produced.

✓CASINO MURDER CASE (M-G-M). Now it's Paul Lukas who is Philo Vance. Here he rescues Rosalind Russell and solves a murder mystery which is quite like all murder mysteries but which will hold your attention to the end. Excellent cast.

✓✓CHINA SEAS (M-G-M). A lusty, action-packed melodrama of the Oriental waterways with Gable, Harlow and Beery at their superb best. Outspoken, rough and often funny, the picture gives its stars the earthy sort of roles that made them famous. See it for a full movie evening.

✓COLLEGE SCANDAL (Paramount). A murder mystery with music. Action takes place in a college campus between editions of the school paper and rehearsals for the school show. A fine cast, including Arline Judge, Kent Taylor, Wendy Barrie and Edward Nugent.

DARING YOUNG MAN, THE (Fox). James Dunn and Mae Clarke, two romantic reporters on rival newspapers, allow business to interfere with their pleasure and love. This is strictly a program picture but there's enough action and romance to hold you if you go.

✓✓DAVID COPPERFIELD (M-G-M). A gloriously faithful reproduction of the time-honored Dickens classic, perfectly performed by the entire cast, a few of which are Freddie Bartholomew, Roland Young, W. C. Fields, Edna May Oliver, Lennox Pawle and Frank Lawton.

✓DOUBTING THOMAS (Fox). Will Rogers, in a clean, funny picture that has some humorous situations, which are all too few. Billie Burke, Rogers' wife, wants to go on the stage, and it's all about how Rogers goes about ruining her ambition.

ESCAPADE (M-G-M). The whole M-G-M lot gets behind Luise Rainer in her first American film. Bill Powell for the lover. Lovely Virginia Bruce and Frank Morgan in assistance. A story of arts, intrigue and romance set in a Viennese background. Luise Rainer is causing a lot of talk.

✓✓ESCAPE ME NEVER (United Artists). This sad and very sentimental little tale is made entirely credible by "Queen" Elisabeth Bergner's magnificient performance as the child-mother. Hugh Sinclair, of the original

(*Continued on page* 92)

FAY WRAY

She's been blonde (she was considered for the "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" lead in 1927, when the small portrait was taken), she's been brunette; she's played horror films, comedies and dramas. Now she's free-lancing in England, where her famous husband, John Monk Saunders, is writing and directing "Conquest of the Air" for London Films. Recently Fay made "Alias Bulldog Drummond" for GB.

MYRNA LOY

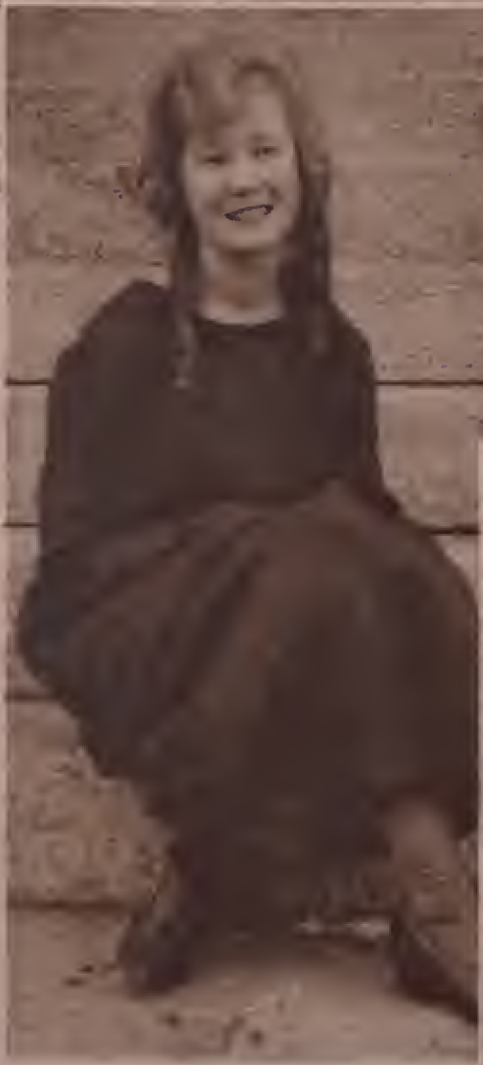
From unpleasant vamp roles in 1926 (right) to the triumphs of "The Thin Man." Then she walked out of "Escapade," took her first vacation in nine years, and insists she won't co-star again with Bill Powell, though M-G-M announces differently. Now she's "in the doghouse" because producers consider her salary demands unreasonable.

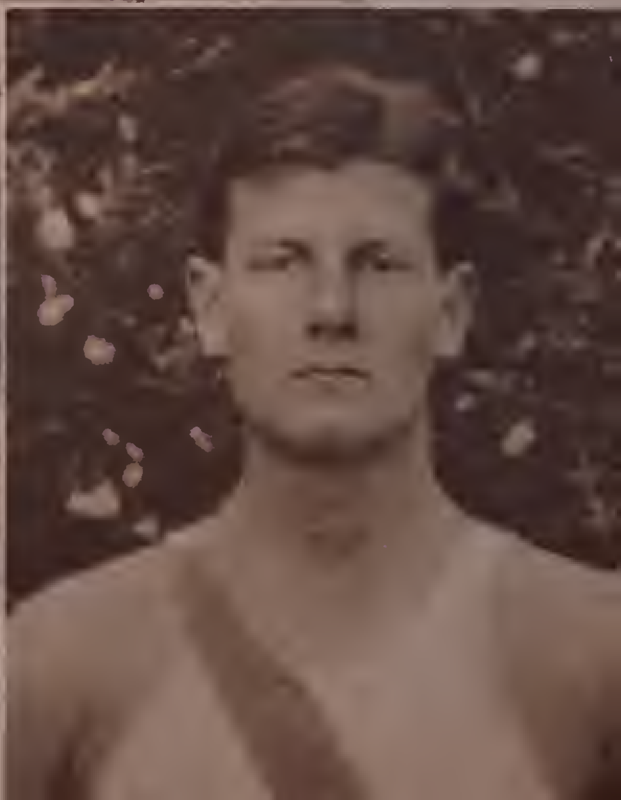
EDWARD ARNOLD

When he completed his role as "Diamond Jim," Ed made personal appearances in Baltimore, where he was an honored guest at Johns Hopkins (the hospital which the original Jim Brady endowed so gratefully after an operation), and in Washington, D.C., where he was well-known in stock years ago in such costumes as the one at left.

JOEL McCREA
MIRIAM HOPKINS

They're starting their new long-term contracts with Samuel Goldwyn in Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's lusty "Barbary Coast." But once upon a time Miriam was just a curly-haired schoolgirl at the Goddard Seminary in Vermont and Joel was a member of Pomona College's 1927 track team.





They Fell in LOVE After They MARRIED

The Paul Munis take the love-at-first-sight idea for a buggy ride

By
BEN MADDOX

Paul and Bella Muni arrive in New York for a holiday. Paul's next picture will be "Dr. Socrates," in which Ann Dvorak also will appear.

SOMETIMES the real romance comes *after* marriage. Then it can be even more thrilling and momentous than in the ordinary, conventional order of things, because a delight that is unexpected is doubly wonderful.

This, at least, is the discovery Paul Muni has made.

Many stories have been written of Paul Muni, the magnificent actor. But until now he has never allowed the vitally important Muni story to be told. It has been too precious to him and too personal.

So Paul has brilliantly discoursed on acting, on the screen versus the stage. He has parried with details of his difficult youth, those early years of struggle during which he gradually overcame the tribulations of poverty and established himself in the theater.

A man capable of strong feelings is inclined to say little of the one woman in his life. And Paul Muni is certainly that kind of man. It is the screen which has actually betrayed him.

Each of his film appearances has been a mature, finely-etched characterization. Yet it is obvious that here is more than just a superior performer. Here is a flesh-and-blood man with an emotional virility keynoting his every role.

This exciting star is a friend of mine and because of this he has finally agreed that I may brush aside the superficial stories about him and tell you the real one—the love story of Paul Muni.

I think it's my favorite of all the Hollywood love stories, for it proves quite definitely that marriage may be the beginning and not the end for true affection and love.

Paul Muni never believed he could be so lucky as to know a great love, even though he was a child of romance.

His father and mother met in a great Berlin cabaret. There, under the spell of beautiful music and gayety, the lovely non-professional girl listened to a fine singer and shortly found that he was the perfect husband for her. She entered into his life and they trouped through Europe and later, America. Their son, whom they named Muni Weisenfeld, was to become known to movie audiences as Paul Muni.

The career of Paul Muni as he saw it himself was merely to perfect himself for his back-stage world. All during his youth he felt that a grand passion was beyond his reach. It was a fantastic fairy tale, something infinitely above his humble sphere. There was nothing but hardship and drabness around him then.

At fourteen, already a veteran actor, he left home. His father dead, his mother to support, he was forced with his two brothers to earn a living. Because his parents had been Yiddish troupers he was imbued with the spirit of make believe. Too young to be convincing as a juvenile and too old to be a child actor, he had to (*Continued on page* 86)

I WANT TO BE A STAR!

By DORA MACY

The spectre of a love she could never hope to have loomed over her—she needed all her courage in her struggle for fame and happiness in Hollywood

MANY girls have met disaster and bitter temptation in Hollywood, but I don't think anyone was ever in a worse situation than my own. It's one thing to be propositioned by a man you dislike and can treat with scorn, but quite another to receive an obviously sincere, though still shady, proposal from a man you respect, a finer person with a topnotch reputation. I liked Bert Brothers, but to make things more difficult than ever, he was offering me his—well, protection as an alternative to exposure and prison for my brother!

All my life has been spent in protecting my brother, just as Mother's life has been spent protecting Papa. It was to escape his car-snatching, bootlegging companions that I took him on the long trek to Hollywood. It was to give him his chance that I tried so hard to get lucrative work there. Now he was repaying me—he and his shiftless pal, Mike Swift, were trying to blackmail Bert because of his friendship with me, because Bert had a wife in England and a few people were cruel enough to gossip about us. Even my adoring faith in my brother Jack was badly shaken.

I was not so shocked at Bert. He was obviously honest and humble in his desire to take care of me. And I had never told him of my hopeless love for Dick Carr, who had just got married, clear across the continent. No, it was obvious that my life was my own problem. All the decisions were my own to make, for good or bad. There was no one to love or defend me. Jack resented my friendship with the "upper crust" of Hollywood which had grown out of my accident with Victor Munson, the famous director, who had taken charge of my hospital bills and watched over my progress. I didn't have the money for the luxuries Jack wanted. I didn't even have money for necessities. Here was an offer of ample security. If it wasn't a question of love, there was comfort to be considered—and the charges against Jack would be forgotten.

I was glad Bert had turned away from me. So much was passing through my mind. There was so much at stake. What could I say? Should it be yes or no?

BERT," I said, "I'm sorry if I hurt you. I know you mean well enough."

He faced me and for a moment I felt really sorry for him. His face showed that he truly did mean well enough. He wasn't cast in life as a villain—nor as a seducer.

"I only wanted to take care of you, Judy, because you mean more to me than you know. Somebody has got to take care of you properly."

"Properly?" My voice was more sarcastic than I intended.

"Perhaps not legally," he shrugged, "but after all what are a few words murmured by a clergyman?"

"I did think, Bert, that you had more originality than to use that argument."

"It's hackneyed, I admit, but it's sense. After all those little words didn't make my marriage binding."

"No, but they seemed to prevent you from making another one. It's no good, Bert. It would be playing unfairly with you because I would be miserable and make you miserable. I never thought much about such things before I came to Hollywood. Black was black and white was white and it still is with me. If I loved you I don't suppose anything would matter. Love would be its own excuse but I don't have that apology. Your friendship has meant a lot to me but I have deprived myself of greater things. Now are you going to send the boys to jail?"

"That's where they belong."

"I suppose it is," I said, "and I suppose it's just as wrong for me to buck myself against the law as it would be for me to live with you. But that is one sin I can commit with a clear conscience. Jack means everything in the world to me. He is all I have. I never liked Mike but one of my best friends is the girl who loves him. She has done more for me than I could ever repay. Still Mike was caught before and I imagine he will be caught again. She is too grand a person anyway to throw her life away on a worthless cheater."

"So what's the answer?" Bert insisted.

"I don't know, Bert, but there must be some answer. I wish you would give me until tomorrow. I know it's a lot to ask but couldn't you keep them here tonight and let me have that much of a chance to figure things out?"

"All right, but what do you think you are going to do?"

"I don't know exactly."

I stood up and faced him. Again I felt sorry for him. I was convinced that he really loved me.

"Thank you, Bert," I said. "I'm sorry knowing me brought you such difficulties. I hope you can straighten it out with your wife."

"I'm used to arguments with her," he said and managed a smile.

That was sporting. I kissed him, then left the room and, walking past the boys without a word, I went out of the apartment.

It was after one. The streets were quiet and deserted. I was glad Bert had forgotten to order the car for me. I walked rapidly down Vine Street to the Boulevard and headed for my room. What could I do? What was there to do? To whom could I turn? Rene was the last person I wanted to face. The only other friends I had were Sonya and Victor. Victor! I stood on the deserted Boulevard and repeated the name aloud. Of course, Victor Munson would help me.

I didn't quite know how but he represented all the strength in the world to me at that moment. I don't even know why I felt he would bother, but surely men can't be so strong

Sonya was a restless woman with too much vitality. I don't know whether she talked to everybody as she did to me, but she was shockingly indiscreet, trusting me completely.

and refuse appeal to their strength. Surely he would help.

There was little sleep for me that night and next morning I was headed early toward Beverly Hills. It was after eleven when I trudged wearily up the driveway to the handsome old English manor house that seemed like home to me. I lifted the big iron knocker and heard a sounding clang in the house. Manuel, a Filipino boy, opened the door.

"Good morning, Missy Pine," he grunted, recognizing me.

There's still time to begin this engrossing novel of the real Hollywood of today. Follow the exciting adventures of little Judy Pine, who met disaster and malice and heartbreak with her chin up and her courage high

"I must see Mr. Munson," I stammered wearily. "Would you tell him it's important, please?"

The boy motioned me into the big hall and disappeared. A moment later, Victor Munson himself appeared on the upper balcony. He came down the stairs, his hands thrust into the pockets of a dark bronze robe.

"Hello, Judy Pine from Massachusetts, what do you want this hour of the morning?"

I didn't realize how much I admired this man, how completely I trusted him, until I heard the big boom of his voice and felt the reassuring comfort of his presence.

"Oh, Victor, you're the only person in the world I'd dare face in such trouble."

"Difficulties, huh?" he said, taking my hand in both of his. "Come into the breakfast room, we'll talk about it there. You're just in time for coffee."

With the double comfort of warm food and the kindliness of Victor Munson, I poured out the story of Jack and Mike Sweet, and of Rene who loved him, and my friendship with Bert Brothers and finally the boys' attempt at blackmail. I didn't mention Bert's proposition.

"Nice little brother," Victor commented dryly. "And why did you come to me at the crack of dawn?"

"Because, Victor," I said, "if anyone can find a way out you can and because you have been kind and helpful to me. You wouldn't know it but you are the first friend I have ever had in my life." He looked at me, a quizzical and rather embarrassed light in those green eyes, and then rang for his boy.

"Order the car, Manuel," he said, "and, Judy, while I dress, telephone Bert that we're on the way to his apartment."

In silence Vic and I rode up in the elevator to Bert's apartment. I felt suddenly frightened. Would Bert resent Victor's coming? His voice over the phone had been painfully noncommittal. I felt suddenly like a tattle-tale child. Bert himself opened the door, shook hands with Victor and gave me a rather subdued greeting.

"I hope you know, Munson," he said earnestly, "that whatever action I planned against these boys was primarily to protect Judy."

"I agree that some action ought to be taken," Victor said thoughtfully. "Covering up these attempts at blackmail doesn't help the culprit. Isn't Sweet the one they got in the Estelle Farley case last year?"

"Same one," Bert nodded. "An old hand at it, apparently."

"Bring 'em in," suggested Victor, settling himself in a large carved, high backed chair.

I stood back of Victor and bent every effort to conquer a dizzy feeling. Mike and Jack shuffled into the room. Jack had made some attempt to spruce up but Mike stood with shirt opened at the neck, his coat held loosely with his hand. For a long while Victor studied them.

"So you are Judy's brother," he said to Jack. "Lift up your head if you can."

Reluctantly, Jack raised his head but his eyes avoided the straight, green-eyed glance of the big director. I wanted to scream, "Stand up, Jack! Take it. You did it, so take it like a man!"

"How old are you?" Victor asked.

"Sixteen."

"A fine age to be living off blackmail! You'll probably think up a lot of better things between now and twenty-one. Mr. Brothers is right. Nothing comes of letting you fellows go scot-free. Here's Sweet back again, pulling the same old racket in less than a year."

"What . . . what are you going to do?" Jack whimpered.

"For your sister's sake I feel like giving you another chance but I don't know if you are worth it."

"I'll make myself worth it," Jack pleaded. "Just give me a chance and I'll show you and I'll show her, too. I don't know why I ever did it, but I'll do anything you say."

"Do you mean that?" Victor snapped at him. "Will you do anything?"

"Anything," Jack answered.

"All right. Mr. Brothers and I will keep you out of jail. We are making a deal with you. All we ask is that you show us you are a man and I'm going to see that you have the chance to show us."

"Anything," Jack repeated, as if inviting a test.

"That's good because it's going to be plenty. I'm going to send you away."

"Where?"

"To the Bering Sea. I'm going to send you on an expedition that is going to make pictures and do some scientific research. The outfit is in charge of a man named Dr. Landreau, a famous French scientist. He is a stern and difficult man. Anybody under him or connected with him has got to learn to take it and stand up to things."

"That's all right," Jack blubbered eagerly. "I love ships. I was brought up around ships and I know them."

"That's nothing to what you are going to know," Victor insisted. "You are going to be gone about two years. You are going to be with a group of men who don't pamper a new-born infant. You are going to live a rigorous and hard life, stricter than any military academy. Are you game?"

"Of course I am game," Jack said huskily.

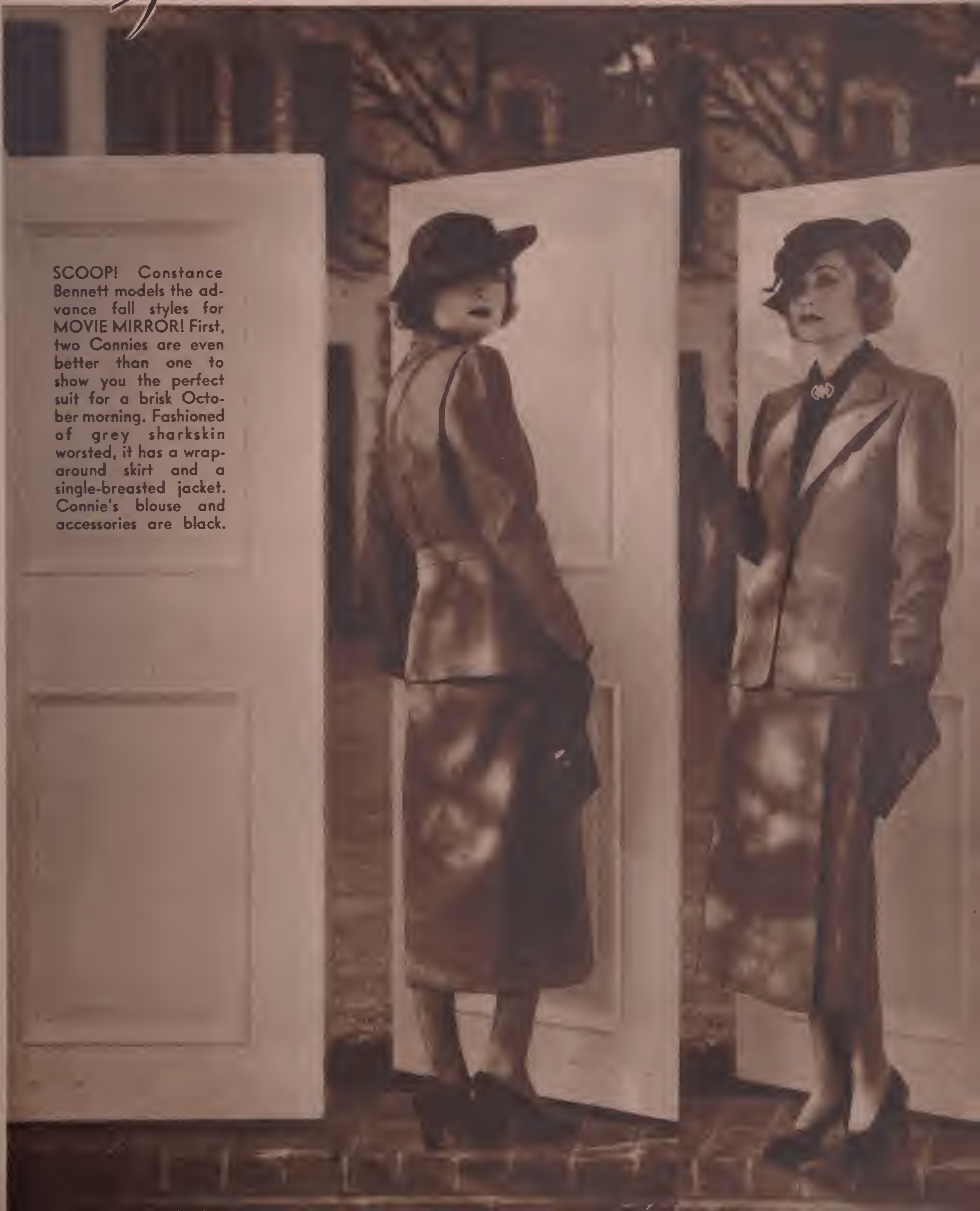
I could have kissed him I was so proud. The Bering Sea brought pictures to my mind of frozen and desolate waste. Perhaps it *would* be the making of Jack."

"Right," said Victor and I knew from his voice that he, too, was pleased. "Is that fair enough with you, Bert?" he said.

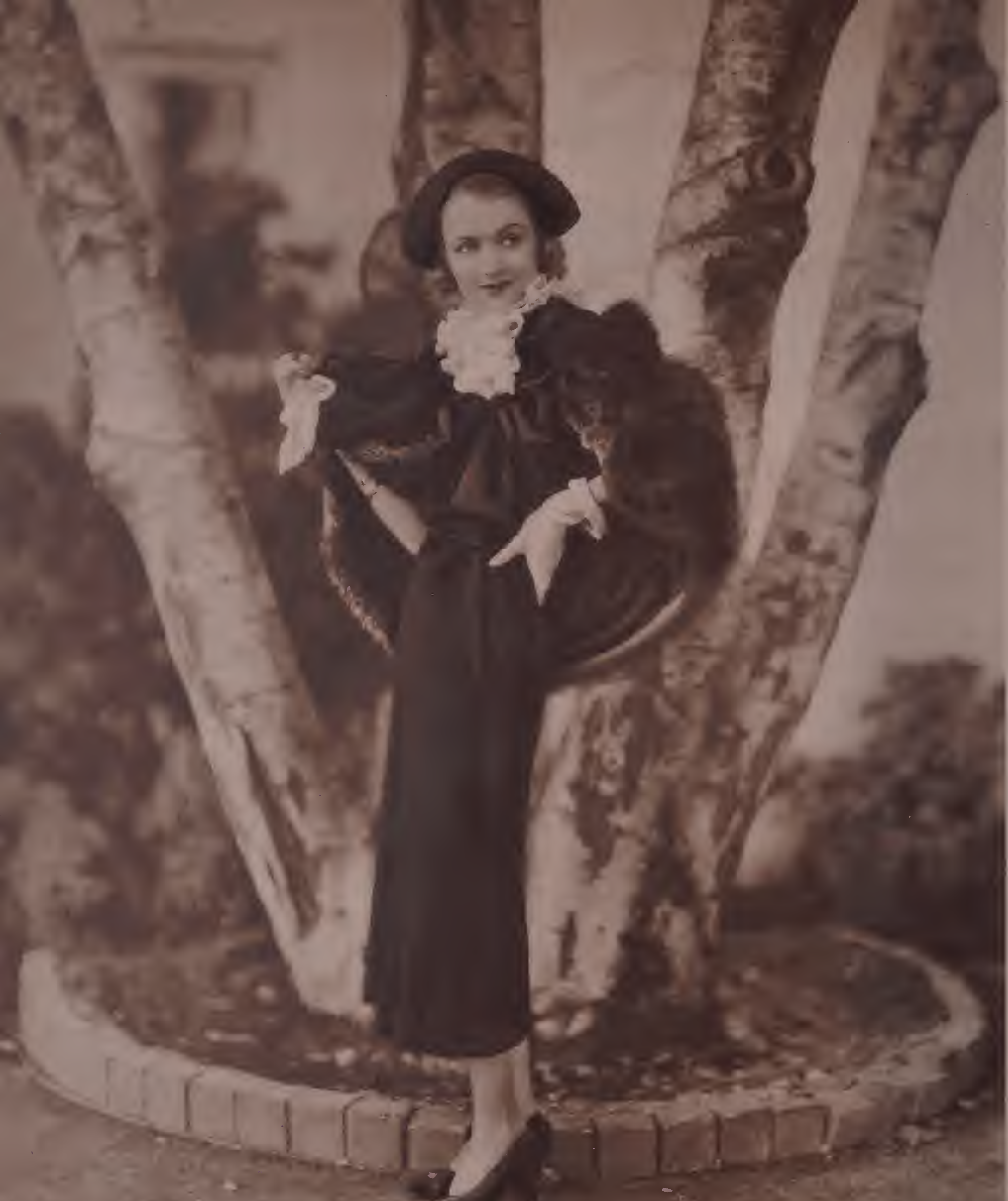
Bert smiled knowingly. Evidently (*Continued on page* 74)

Star Fashions

By GWENN WALTERS



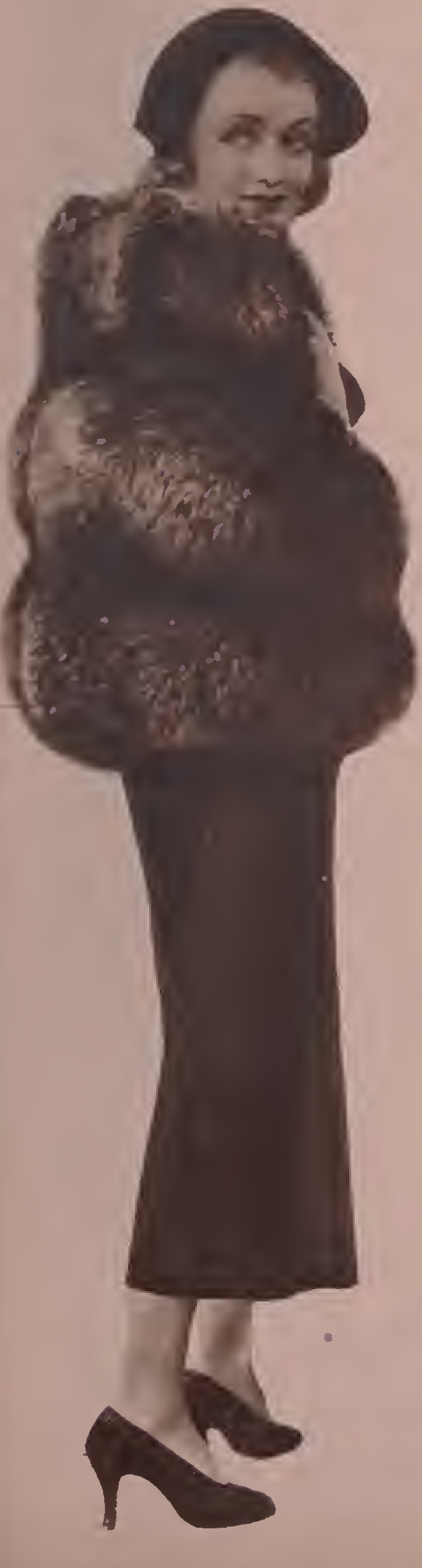
SCOOP! Constance Bennett models the advance fall styles for MOVIE MIRROR! First, two Connies are even better than one to show you the perfect suit for a brisk October morning. Fashioned of grey sharkskin worsted, it has a wraparound skirt and a single-breasted jacket. Connie's blouse and accessories are black.

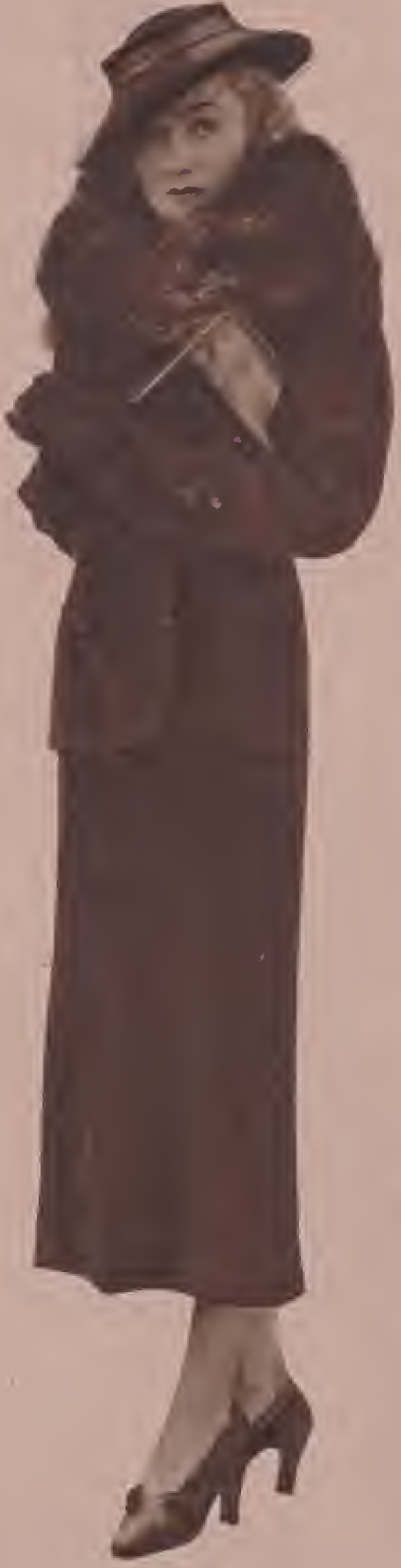


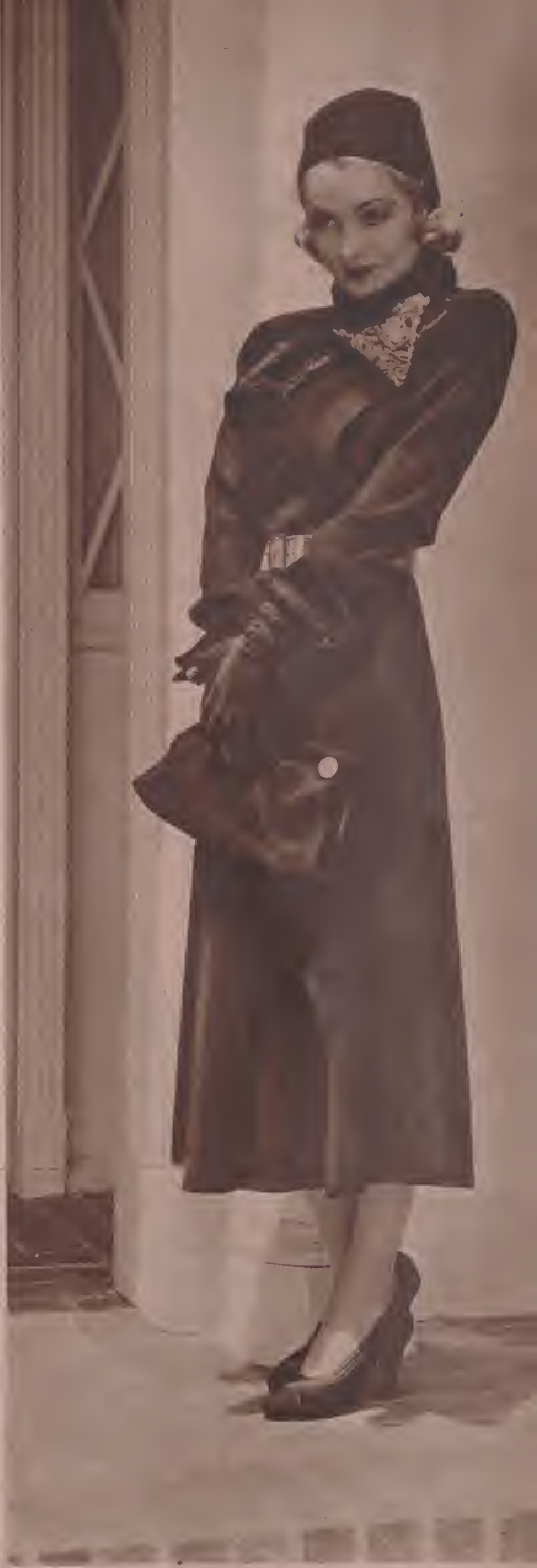
Connie pauses on her way to luncheon to let you see her one-piece frock of black sheer wool with a straight skirt and a shirtwaist blouse which opens almost to the waist in front, revealing a gilet of mousseline ruffles. The plain sleeves are elbow-length. A wee veil peeks out above the hairline from the upturned hat, which has a shallow crown and no back brim.

What would you like to know about colors, fabrics, fashions or clothes budgeting for your autumn wardrobe? If you would like advice about the new styles, just write your problems to Gwenn Walters, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

Center, a dressy suit of tropical worsted cleverly trimmed with silver fox. The six-gored skirt, flared at the hemline, contrasts with a straight double-breasted jacket. Grosgrain ribbon bands the pinched crown of the felt hat and the lacy veil covers the entire brim in the latest manner.



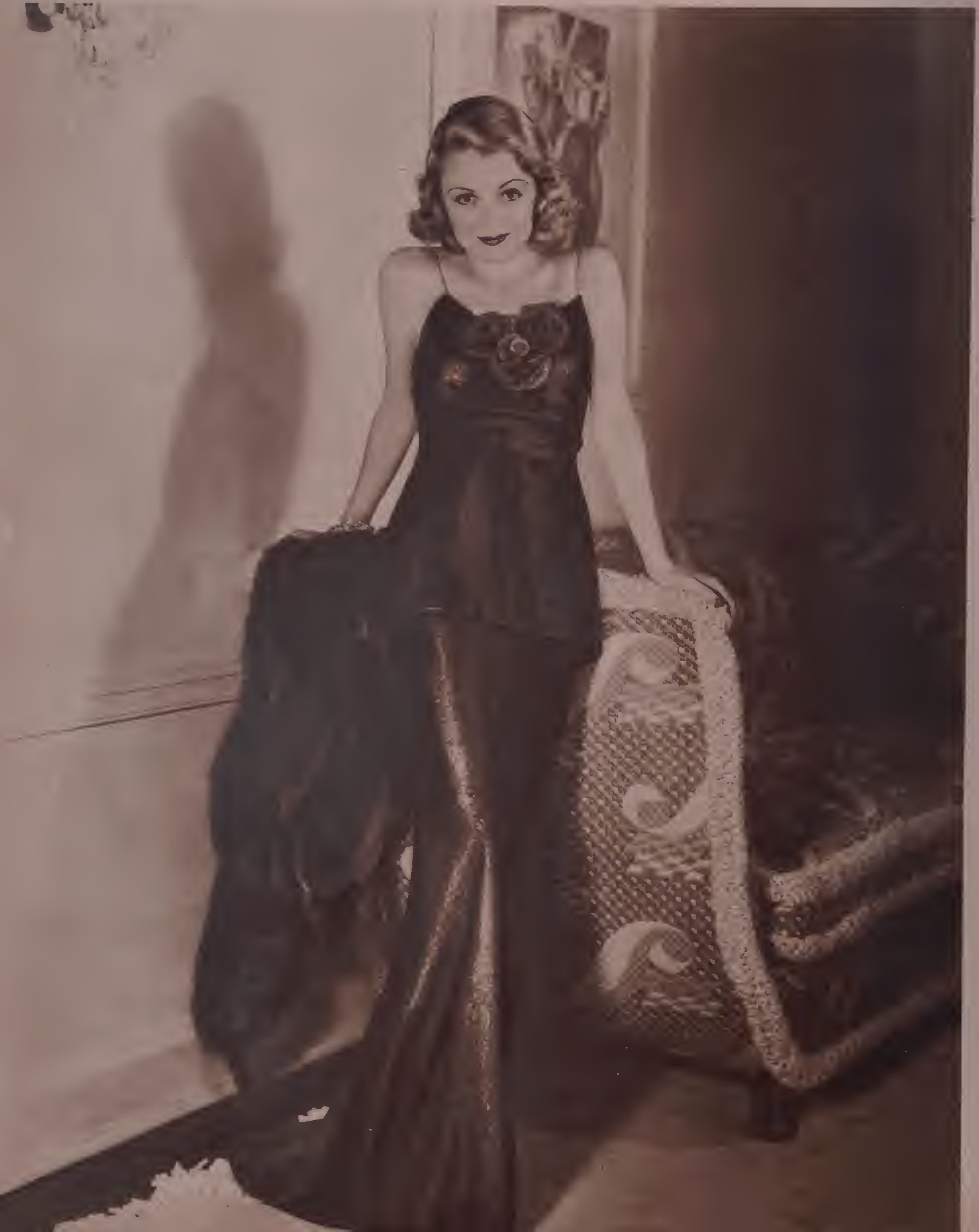


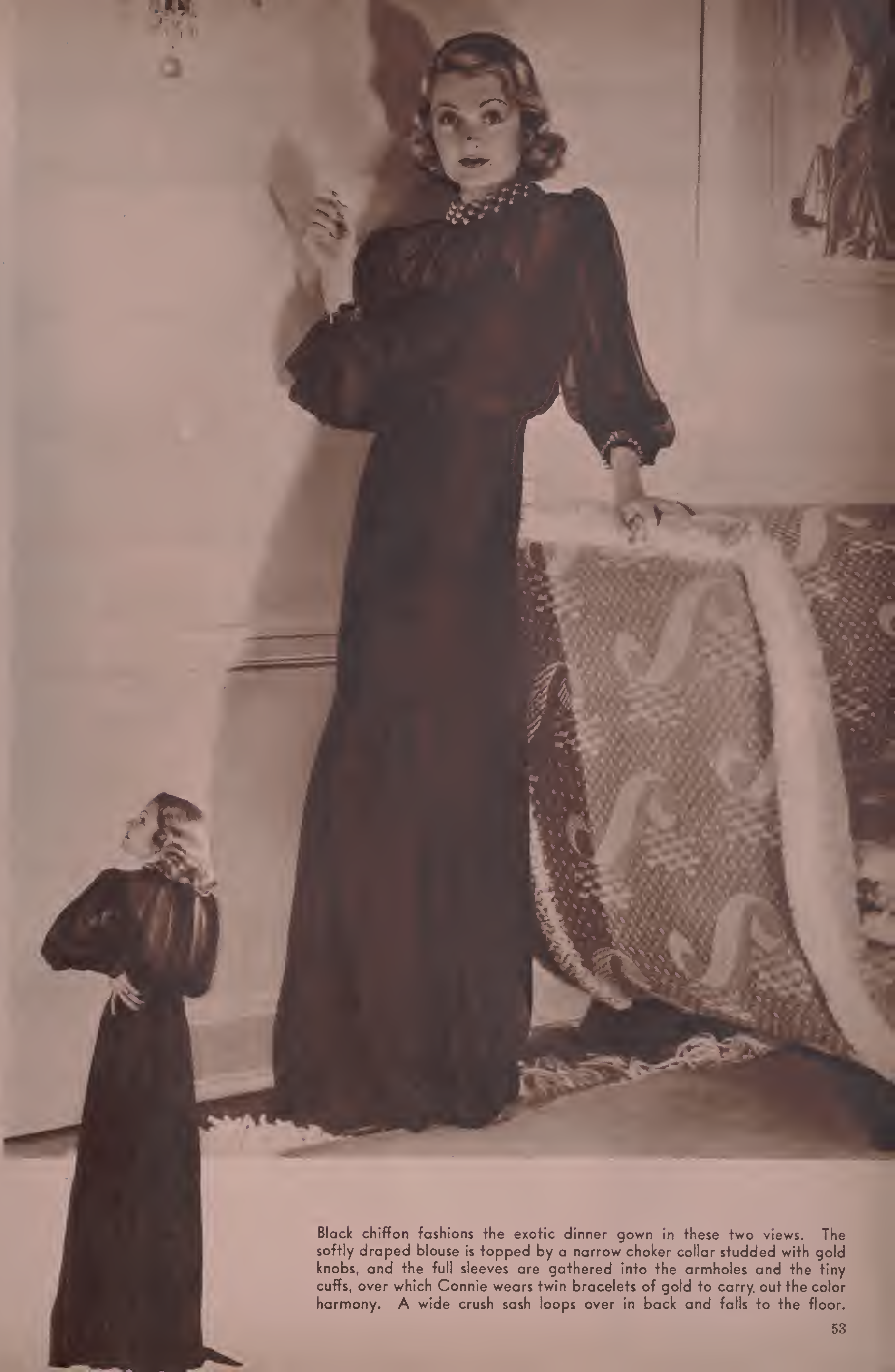


Left, another view of the silver fox trimmed cape which matches Connie's dress on the opposite page. Above right, a woolen street frock trimmed in caracul, with its full sleeves gathered into narrow cuffs. The suede gloves are edged in velvet and fastened with chromium clips to match belt and handbag. Note the beauty spot on the veil of the high felt turban.

THESE FASHIONS PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE HURRELL IN MISS BENNETT'S BEAUTIFUL NEW HOME —EXCLUSIVELY FOR MOVIE MIRROR

If you want to make an effective entrance in the truly grand manner, just wear a tunic evening gown of brown and gold lame like this one of Connie's. The bodice is identical back and front, held up by "invisible" shoulder straps. A large gold buckle fastens the fabric belt in back. With this, she wears the lavish sables you can see on the arm of the couch.





Black chiffon fashions the exotic dinner gown in these two views. The softly draped blouse is topped by a narrow choker collar studded with gold knobs, and the full sleeves are gathered into the armholes and the tiny cuffs, over which Connie wears twin bracelets of gold to carry out the color harmony. A wide crush sash loops over in back and falls to the floor.

LET GLORIA MACK HELP YOU! Write to her about your beauty problems and begin right now to clear up those skin blemishes; fill out or round off those curves; find a more becoming way to do your hair. And of course you want the rest of the suggestions on how to cultivate grace, which will improve your figure too. Her service is personal and confidential. Nor is there any charge, but please don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. GLORIA MACK, c/o Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

HOW DO YOU STAND FOR Beauty?

By Gloria Mack

Maria Gambarelli has the exquisite figure and posture which come from that most exacting art, toe-dancing. The world-famous ballerina will appear in "Here's to Romance."

WELL, how *do* you stand . . . and walk and sit, for that matter? Do you realize that correct posture is a tremendously important factor in your health? A fine carriage is so important to beauty, that one of the biggest studios here in Hollywood has a specialist who does nothing but teach girls how to hold their figures properly and, therefore, beautifully.

Health and beauty, two of the greatest blessings we can have, with one other, happiness! Perhaps you are wondering what connection there can be between posture and happiness, yet I assure you there is one.

Just stop and think how you unconsciously droop when you are tired and depressed, and maybe not very happy. Your mood has influenced your body. But here is a wonderful thing: you can *consciously* make your body influence your mood.

Psychologists tell us that it is very difficult to stay "fighting mad" as long as you keep your hands unclenched, open and relaxed. And I don't need to remind you how much better you feel, almost immediately, when you stand up straight, squarely on your feet, with your head held high.

Many and many of us fall into bad posture habits without being aware of them. We go slumping and humping along till some kind friend says, "My goodness, but you're getting round shouldered." Or perhaps we have that amusing experience of catching sight of ourselves in a shop-window at a distance, and looking critically at the reflected figure before we see . . . it is ourselves! Then indeed do we straighten up, pull in our tummies, and stop pounding along on our heels.

While I'm reading and answering your letters, I have a picture in my mind of all of you who read these articles. Some of the personalities I've really come to know because you write me again and again. And the girls I see, in my imagination, are such pretty, attractive people, and they walk past me so gracefully and yet so naturally. Because I always see you as the girls you *wish* to be, with that beauty which everyone of

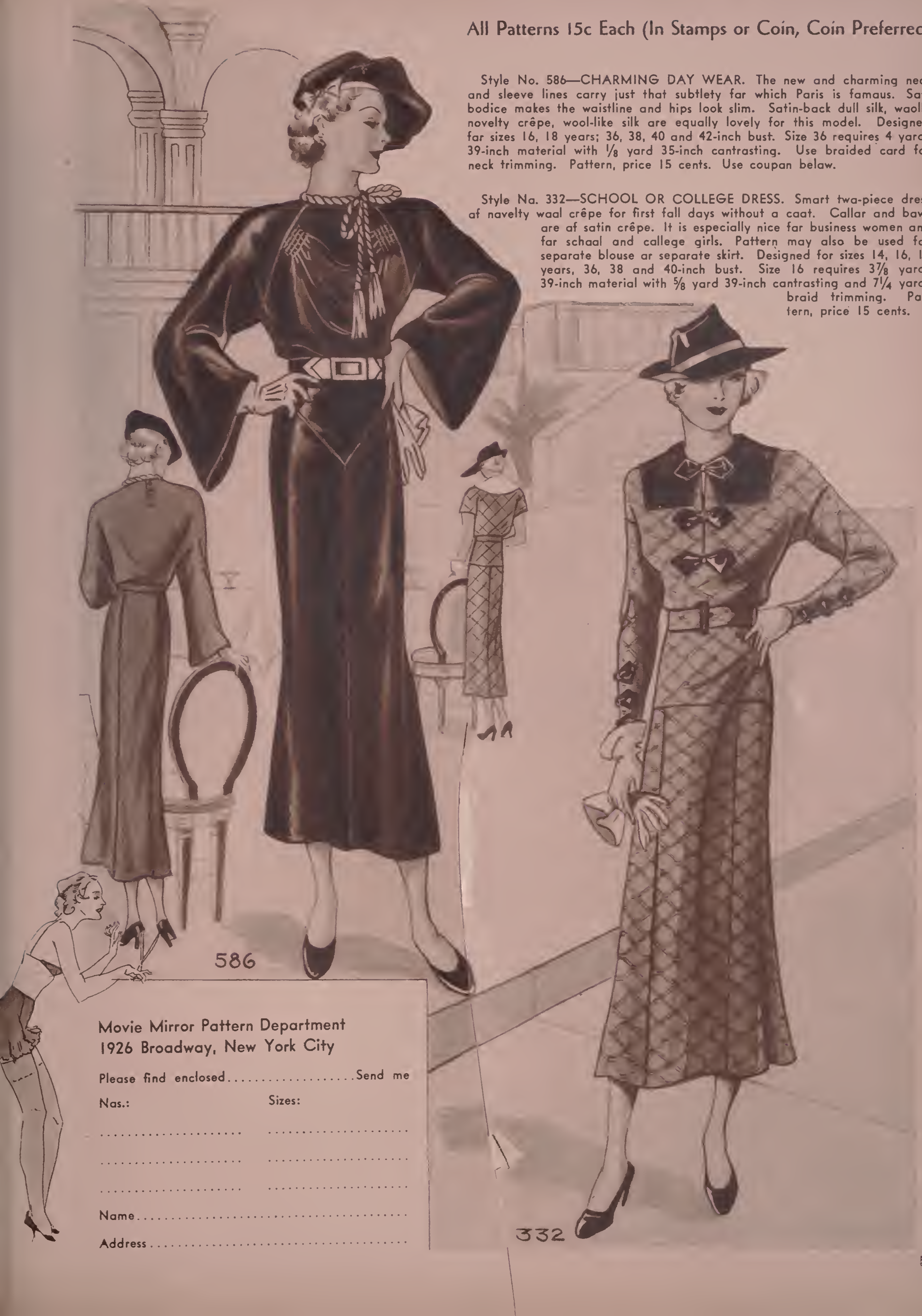
(*Continued on page* 82)

MOVIE MIRROR'S PATTERN DEPARTMENT

All Patterns 15c Each (In Stamps or Coin, Coin Preferred)

Style No. 586—CHARMING DAY WEAR. The new and charming neck and sleeve lines carry just that subtlety for which Paris is famous. Soft bodice makes the waistline and hips look slim. Satin-back dull silk, woolly novelty crêpe, wool-like silk are equally lovely for this model. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years; 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch material with ⅛ yard 35-inch contrasting. Use braided cord for neck trimming. Pattern, price 15 cents. Use coupon below.

Style No. 332—SCHOOL OR COLLEGE DRESS. Smart two-piece dress of novelty wool crêpe for first fall days without a coat. Collar and bows are of satin crêpe. It is especially nice for business women and for school and college girls. Pattern may also be used for separate blouse or separate skirt. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch material with ⅝ yard 39-inch contrasting and 7¼ yards braid trimming. Pattern, price 15 cents.



Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City

Please find enclosed..................Send me

Nos.: Sizes:

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Name..

Address.......................................

Why Wally Beery WANTS Carol Ann to be an ACTRESS

"I want her to begin to learn now how to take the disappointments!" That's only one of the reasons!

By SARA HAMILTON

"YOU did it wrong. You did it wrong. Now we'll have to do it all over again."

There was a hushed silence on the "China Seas" set. It wasn't often that Wally Beery, one of M-G-M's high-powered stars, was so blatantly set right. And by a new leading lady at that.

Wally drew back in surprise.

"Why, what did I do wrong?"

"You should have lifted me up after you stopped talking. Yes, yes, you should have."

Wally looked at the director who fought bravely to hide a grin. Off in a corner Clark Gable hid his head behind his script. Jean Harlow tittered openly and several electricians pretended to cough violently.

"She's right, Wally," director Tay Garnett smiled.

"See, Daddy. See, I told you." And Miss Carol Ann Beery, Wally's four-year-old, apple-cheeked daughter, went through the scene with her daddy again, this time without a single mistake.

The amused light, mingling with the unmistakable pride and joy that shone from Wally's eyes, seemed a trifle incongruous to the rough character he portrayed.

His own little Carol Ann was an actress!

It hadn't taken much coaxing on the studio's part to persuade Wally. If anything, it was almost the other way round. Wally was all for it.

Knowing, if ever anyone did know, the heartaches that accompany acting, the years of struggle that so often meet with crushing defeat, the all-too-short years of glory if one finally does reach his goal, the temptations, the hopeless mirage of dreams fulfilled, to say nothing of the hard work—still, knowing all this, Wally Beery, holding a baby hand in his large, rough one, said, "Sweetheart, this is the road I want you to travel."

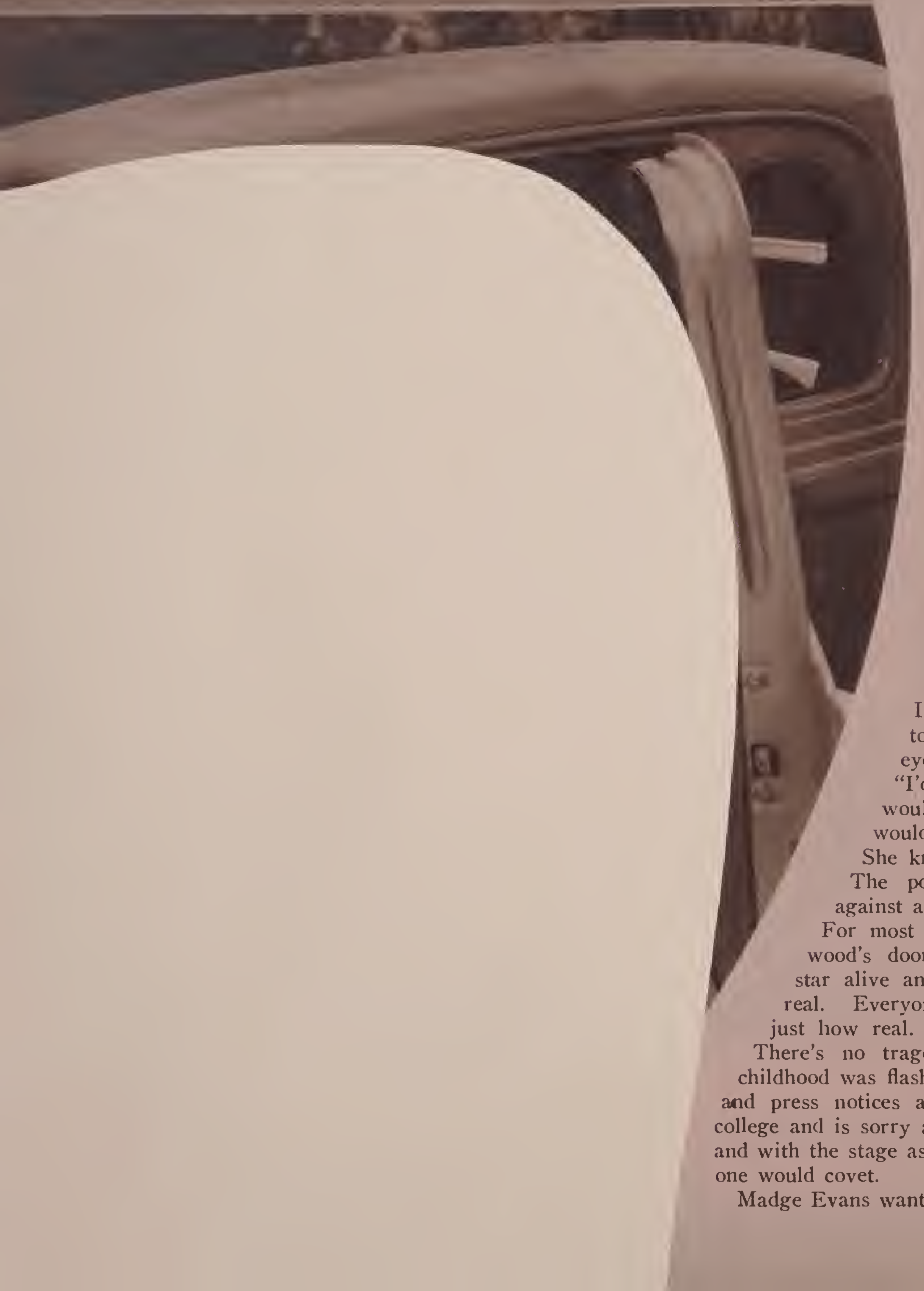
And Carol Ann, only too willingly, has begun her journey.

Almost four years before, little Carol Ann had come into the life of Wally Beery, childless (*Continued on page* 78)

Opposite page, Carol Ann with C. Aubrey Smith and Clark Gable in "China Seas," her first picture role.

A College Boy's PORTRAIT of MADGE EVANS

By HOWARD SHARPE



IF you ask the students at the University of Southern California what they think of Madge Evans, they'll tell you unconditionally.

"*Boy!*" they will say.

She came into the classroom bringing light with her, perched on the Prof's desk, and in a few minutes had painted with laughter and words the portrait of *America's Girl Friend*—a simple picture under-toned with glamor.

She was at first a photograph moving and living: new-penny-colored hair, incredible lashes, a mouth with a special beauty. The dark college-girl suit had a joyful brilliant jonquil growing from a lapel.

Reactions were several; but you couldn't miss them. Feminine pencils sped busily over scratch-paper, making notes about shade of hose, shade of blouse, shade of make-up. But masculine hands rested thoughtfully quiescent on desks; their owners were mentally in another place, trying to imagine this gorgeous little nifty deep in a roadster-seat beside them, dancing to the cry of saxophones with all eyes caught in her direction, sitting across a table listening with gratifying attention to college-man conversation. It wasn't hard, this imagining.

And so my first question was inevitable. I said, "If you had a date with a university fellow, what type would you like best and—uh—what would be your idea of a grand evening?"

Madge Evans grinned. She pronounced judgment: "He should be tall, for one thing (hope died in many eyes); and then he should be intelligent (the crestfallen faces brightened) in terms of appreciation, that is. Not just a walking library."

She was enjoying this. "And I think he should have a real purpose in his life, be going to college with some definite goal in mind." She reflected, swinging her heels against the desk. "I'd like him to be popular, president of his class or something, and nice-looking, too. I can't think of anything nicer than to go to the Grove," she finished. Her eyes looked past us, seeing the evening. "I'd wear something simple, dinnerish. I wouldn't dress. And I'm sure the man wouldn't want to, himself."

She knows, does Madge Evans.

The portrait had already begun to glow against a blackboard background.

For most of us, even if we do live on Hollywood's doorstep, it was our first chat with a star alive and embodied, talking and moving and real. Everyone was a little surprised to find out just how real.

There's no tragedy or sob-stuff in her story; her childhood was flash-bang and vivid, made of stage props and press notices and fan letters. She never went to college and is sorry about that, but with the help of tutors and with the stage as a textbook she got an education anyone would covet.

Madge Evans wants to go back to that stage; with Helen

Hayes she shouts its glory. But when she goes back it will be as a better actress, she told us, because of the years she has spent in Hollywood. A friendly and extrovertive girl, she wants the close contact with her audience which the legitimate theater offers and which she can't effect in this, her world of celluloid. She will stay on the boards, in the warm glow of footlights and with the curtain rising and falling night after night, until the end of her life if she can.

That's how much she loves the stage.

She wants, someday, to play Maggie Tolliver in "The Mill on the Floss," and the young wife in "The Shining Hour." Naturally, her pet gods, or rather goddesses, are Katherine Cornell, Elisabeth Bergner and Lynn Fontanne.

"I admire them tremendously," she told us with sincere emphasis. Someone, movie-minded, asked who her favorite leading men on the screen were.

She had to think about that. "Bob Montgomery," she answered, "and Spencer Tracy. Bob would win, Spencer would place, and Jimmy Cagney would show!"

We knew she liked racing then. Anyone with her passion for the theater must necessarily be thrilled at the great show of Santa Anita with its tumult and color and climactic suspense. She recalled, smiling, her only victory so far; "I bet on Time Supply in the Handicap," she told us. Some of us had, too. We grinned triumphantly back at her.

She rides, canters madly down the Beverly bridle-path, leaving a dusty wake. For the rest, she swims, and plays a joyous but indifferent game of tennis.

There's so much to say about Madge Evans, so many little lights and colors to put into this portrait.

There are the things she likes: the part of Agnes she played in "David Copperfield," because Agnes was sympathetic and nice and because the production as a whole is real and human and beautifully done.

She is too much of a modern not to like Guy Lombardo, but her taste is cosmopolitan in all things. If her life of freedom to go and come as she pleases would allow for collection, she'd have stacks of first editions and matted etchings to bring out and gloat over.

She likes President Roosevelt because he would make a marvelous actor and because he knows the psychology of his audience—his overwhelming audience of one hundred and twenty millions of people. She likes Shirley Temple because "Shirley is the cleverest child ever known."

W. C. Fields makes laughter, and because Madge Evans is essentially young, laughter is important to her, so she likes W. C. Fields. She likes Bing Crosby—Bing because his voice does peculiar things to her, and Helen Keller because a great courage and a beautiful appreciation are things of value to possess.

In fact, since she is the kind of girl she is, there are very few things Madge doesn't (*Continued on page* 102)

Madge Evans went to college—for a day. Each of the students in the class she visited wrote an impression of "America's Girl Friend." Howard Sharpe, shown above with Madge, wrote the finest portrait of her and sold the story to MOVIE MIRROR! Madge's next picture will be "Transatlantic Tunnel" for GB.

In a campus classroom she faced a small group of her fans, one of whom saw her more clearly than the others. He saw—

MARGARET SULLAVAN

Paramount has borrowed Universal's bright star for the coveted leading role in "So Red the Rose." Hollywood's still wondering if she's planning to divorce Director Willie Wyler and remarry her ex-husband, Henry Fonda.

ANITA LOUISE

Warners' "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which she plays the Fairy Queen, is to have its world premiere, October 9, simultaneously in London, Paris, New York and Hollywood (where admission is by special invitation only).

"IT'S FUN to be FIFTY!"

EDNA MAY OLIVER said suddenly, "I am fifty. And I would like to announce to those who read that being fifty is fun. FUN. For me at any rate. I am through with passion and perplexity and pain. I can let down my hair and be myself. *And now, for the first time in my life, I am about to do just that.*"

I had approached the home of Edna May Oliver with some misgivings, fearing that she might mistake me for a donkey and shoo me away. For there is something distinctly Aunt-Betsy-Trotwoodish about the low white brick and clapboard home of Edna May Oliver in the Westwood Hills, with its heart's-ease and pansies and air of New England, or Old England, as you please.

It was easy to imagine that the Aunt Betsy of "David Copperfield" might come violently to that brass-knockered white door and berate any casual stranger unseemly enough to invade the calm of those premises.

Miss Oliver did open the door to me herself, in person. But smilingly. Waving me in. She wore white silk lounging pajamas, peppered with huge black dots, a black satin coat, narrow red leather slippers. Earrings in her ears. A smart coiffure. She was thoroughly a lady of the Twentieth Century, even though her house belongs to the days of two hundred years ago.

We sat in the quaint, old-fashioned living room puffing companionable cigarettes. The late sunshine gilded richly the pie-crust tables, soft sheen of brass, garden flowers. Save for our two voices—Miss Oliver's sounding precisely as it does on the screen, with the same amusing inflections, same Bostonian diction—there was silence. Neither chick nor child nor parrot, neither barks, nor mews disturbed the matchless quiet of that house.

Lonely? I wondered.

But Miss Oliver was "letting down her hair."

She said, her voice lowered, "I never was like other girls. I never had any beaux. In my early youth my mother wouldn't allow callers. Later, my New England reticence acted as thorns upon hands eager to pluck the rose. I had a few men friends. I danced with them. I talked with them. But when sentiment blushed through, I withdrew.

"Perhaps," said Edna May, "perhaps I paid the price for that unnatural reserve later on."

And I knew that she was thinking then of the thing she has never mentioned before, of the locked door in her heart, of her sudden marriage when she was forty-three. It was an ill-fated marriage to a man ten years her junior. A charming man-about-town man who swept her off her feet, broke down that fine New England reticence, all but broke her heart.

She was saying, "You see, I had never been rushed like that before. Flattered. Stormed. I suppose I didn't know how to oppose such an onslaught. Still, even at the time,

Forty-nine eventful years separate Baby Edna May in her lace-frilled bonnet and the charming Miss Oliver her friends know today. On the screen she seems destined to play dowdy but witty old maids who comfort damsels in distress—but never mother roles.

Says Edna May Oliver

By GLADYS HALL

She's the happiest woman in Hollywood because her youth is gone, she isn't beautiful, people laugh at her and she lives alone!

Below, left to right, as Hildegarde Withers, teacher-detective, with Lola Lane in RKO's "Murder on a Honeymoon;" as Fanny, with Joan Crawford in "No More Ladies," and as the unforgettable Aunt Betsy Trotwood, with Madge Evans in "David Copperfield."

my New England conscience kept warning me, telling me that this spelled disaster. My marriage lasted three months. It might easily have left an ugly scar—frustration, bitterness. It did nothing of the sort. For a time there was a sore spot where disillusionment had left its mark. I am the type, you know, who gives unreservedly, gives all of me once the reserves are broken. It is hard to take one's whole self back unscathed.

"But I have come through it beautifully. I am healed. I am happy. It served only to show me that we are all vulnerable."

A clock ticked in the silence, seeming to remind us that time passes, that all things pass.

And then Edna May said, clearing her throat a little, passing one thin aristocratic hand over the transient dimming of her eyes, "And now I am fifty and done with pangs and pains. Such a tragedy can never happen to me again, and I am glad. I am fifty and I love it. I am content where I am and as I am. I have always wanted to be an actress. I wanted to be an actress from the day when I first began to have conscious thought. I was born in Boston, you know. My ancestors (of which John Quincy Adams is one, on the paternal side) may be turning over in their narrow beds at thought of a Nutter—I was born a Nutter, child of Ida May and Charles Edward Nutter—being in the theater. But it was my overwhelming choice. I don't know how I came by it. I only know that I have never regretted it.

"I started to be a musician when I was very young. Music is still my inner life. I couldn't live without it. But I wouldn't work for it. I was too impatient. And besides, I wanted to act!

"And so when my father died when I was fifteen I said that I would go out into the world and help support my mother. There were only the two of us, myself and a younger brother, Lawrence Oliver Nutter. He passed away a year ago.

"I had various jobs and lost them all. I worked at trimming hats. I had a way with hats. I still have it. I am an expert shopper, if I do say so. I am never befuddled about what I want. I can say 'Ooooh, not that—this!' And be right.

"Sooo," Miss Oliver said, "sooo, I didn't last long at my jobs. I was always fired, promptly. I paid little attention to what I was doing. I didn't really care, I wanted to *act!*

"And then, after a series of disappointments and frustrations and heart-burnings I did at last succeed in getting onto the stage. And I've never left it. Nor did it ever occur to me to be anything but a comedienne. I had no vanity. I knew myself.

"I like to be funny. I like to be laughed at. When I have friends here at home I act the clown continuously and I resent it only if they don't laugh at me. (*Continued on page* 94)

Speak for Yourself

MOVIE MIRROR awards Seven Prizes each month for the best letters—$20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about talkies, stars or stories, in 200 words or less. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

One of the youngest and one of the oldest Metropolitan Opera stars, Nino Martini and Mme. Schumann-Heink, are in "Here's to Romance."

$20 PRIZE LETTER

Nomination

Marie Dressler—that very, very wonderful woman and actress—has a logical successor. Hold your breath and don't scream! *Mae West.*

Have you recovered from the shock? All right—here's why I think this. Mae has the very same kind of personality that Marie had. She's a straightforward, wise-cracking, hard-boiled gal, with a real heart—a woman who would stand by a pal, see him through, and rag him unmercifully afterwards. She evidently thinks like a man, with the same decision and energy, and she's every bit as able to "take it" as they make them. So was Marie. Remember "Min?" Remember "Tugboat Annie?"

Well, Mae, frankly speaking, is slipping in these roles she's been putting over lately. She's acquiring a waistline that's positively matronly. Not a bit alluring. But she can get the laughs with those wise-cracks—she's marvelous. She's got—apart from all that anatomy-wiggling, so-called "seductive" hip-tossing—audience appeal. It isn't sex that puts her over, it's the fact that she's trained audiences to giggle every time she appears on the screen. Marie had them that way, too. They expect to laugh, if you get what I mean. So—let's have another Marie Dressler personality!

S. J. Crooke,
Bloomington, Ind.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

The Girl They're Talking About

After seeing "Escapade," I cannot understand why Myrna Loy refused to play the role that should make Luise Rainer one of the screen's leading stars. In my opinion, Miss Rainer is the best foreign actress that has ever been brought to the American screen—I haven't forgotten about Garbo, either.

At first glance, she reminds one of a perfect combination of Myrna Loy, Sylvia Sidney and Claudette Colbert, but she certainly is not an imitator or even a copy of any or all three of these beautiful and charming stars. Luise Rainer is an entirely new type for Hollywood, and certainly should go over in a "big way."

I am sure that our show reviewer of Movie Mirror would have had to classify "Escapade" as just another picture if it had not been for the splendid performance of Luise Rainer. She gave the show a lift which made it something important.

Robert Schlunegar, Jr.,
Dallas, Tex.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Why, Miss Edmunds!

Last night I went to see Robert Montgomery, Franchot Tone, Edna May Oliver, Charles Ruggles, Gail Patrick, Vivienne Osborn and Arthur Treacher in "No More Ladies." Without just such magnificent casts as this there would be "No More Crawford." Glance over a list of Joan's pictures for the past four years . . . she is always blessed with two, and perhaps three leading men. And not the ordinary, everyday variety of leading men which most stars must contend with, but a Gable, a Montgomery, and a Tone, with every now and then a stray Gene Raymond, Fred Astaire, Edward Arnold, Lionel Barrymore or Otto Kruger thrown in for good measure. Take a nation-wide poll and you will find that three-fourths of her so-called box-office appeal is due to her supporting casts. That phrase, by the way, must have been coined with Crawford in mind . . . for her casts not only have to support her . . . they practically have to *carry* her along!

Jeanette Edmunds,
Pueblo, Colo.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Round Robin

Please, oh, *please* let's hear some more about that most attractive man of the screen—Lewis Frederick Ayres. And let's have a few good snapshots of him. Why, do you suppose, doesn't Lew get roles more suited to him? Something like those parts given to good old Bob Montgomery—a man-about-town, a play-boy and a ladies' man. Those serious girl-shy roles (like the part of Harry in "Lottery Lover" and that of Eric in "Servant's Entrance") just don't do him justice.

(*Continued on page* 100)

MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER

"For Flavor and Mildness I've never found a cigarette that compares with Camel"

Mrs. Van Rensselaer finds America gayer and more stimulating than Europe. "If I'm tired from the exhilarating American pace," she says, "smoking a Camel gives me a 'lift'—a feeling of renewed energy, and I'm all ready to go on to the next thing." Camels release your latent energy in a safe way.

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PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
R. A. WHITTEN
LOS ANGELES

French apple pie (left) is a delightful variant of an old family favorite. The jellied apples below are served sweet and cold, smothered in cream, with a garnishing of bright currant jelly as added decoration.

Apple season is here again—and you'll be glad when you try these really delicious recipes

I'VE just finished making the French apple pie that's going to have its picture taken for this page, and its spicy smell is still in the air. Don't apples have the best *smell?* Everything about an apple is fragrant, from the romantic soft sweetness of apple blossoms to the heady tang of cider.

Everybody makes applesauce and apple pie, and bakes apples, but it's surprising how many other ways there are of using apples. You ought to know a lot of them, because this is the season when apples are fresh and inexpensive, and there's never a season when apples aren't the best thing for you to eat, both for health and for taste. They supply roughage for the system, and mineral salts (especially when you eat the skin too) and give necessary sugar in a natural form.

My kitchen is full of delicious apple-smell right now, because, besides the pie and the jellied apples that were made to be photographed for you, I've been cooking pommes en casserole, and apple fritters and all the other things for which you'll find recipes here, or will write to me for. I always do that, you know, before I begin to write about cooking, to make perfectly sure the quantities are right before I pass them on to you.

I'm giving you the French apple pie recipe first. Here it is:

French Apple Pie

Make enough pastry for a lower crust. (And if you haven't a pastry recipe you like, write for mine.) Line your pie-plate with this. Now peel, quarter, and core about five apples. Slice them pretty thin, till you have enough to fill the crust. If the apples are very dry, pour over them a very little water, otherwise not.

Sift together one cup of sugar, three-fourths cup of flour, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-eighth teaspoon of salt. Rub into this a scant half cup of very soft butter, till it is all blended, making a mixture of little lumps. With a big spoon, arrange this evenly over the apples. Bake for twenty-five minutes in a hot oven (400° F.) and then for twenty minutes more, or until it is done, in a cooler oven (300° F.).

You can serve this hot or cold. I like it hot best, and of course you can add whipped cream, or pass the cream-pitcher with it, but I think you'll like the tart and sweet of the pie well enough without any garnishings.

The other picture is jellied apples. This isn't as rich as a pie so you can use it as a desert for a fairly heavy meal. It's a good recipe to know when you aren't quite sure when dinner will be served because jellied apples have to stand in the refrigerator anyway, and a little longer wait won't hurt them a bit.

Jellied Apples

¾ cup sugar
1½ cups hot water
slice of lemon
2 big cups of cut-up apple
2 tsp. gelatine
⅓ cup cold water
whipped cream and currant jelly for garnishing.

Boil the sugar and the hot water together briskly for one minute, and add the slice of lemon. Take the saucepan to a side-table, and as you peel, quarter and core the apples, drop the sections into the sugar and water. Then put the pan *(Continued on page 95)*

MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

C	L	A	U	D	E	T	T	E		C	H	E	V	A	L	I	E	R
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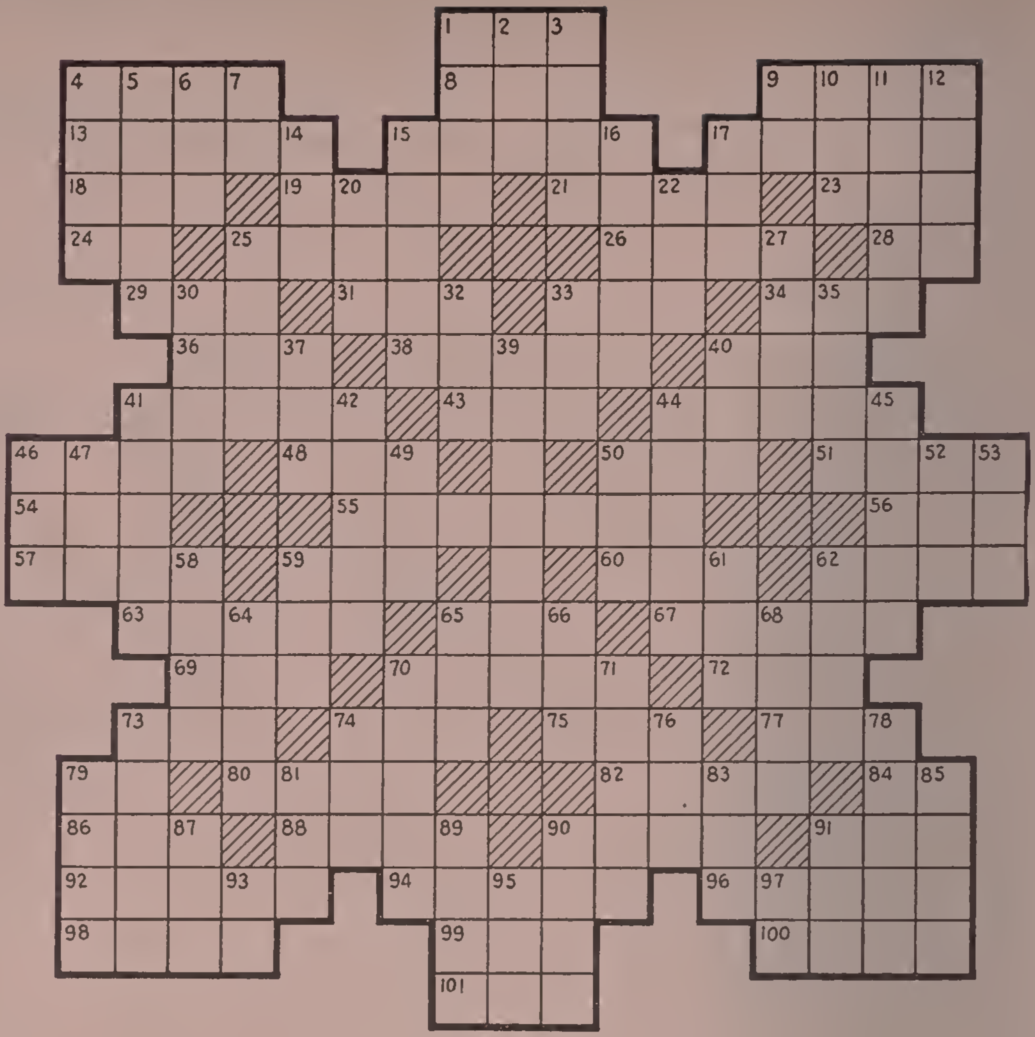
MOVIE MIRROR awards $20 for the best original puzzle submitted in July, to John W. Krull, 2113 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill. Why not try your luck? You may win the same amount. You must create a new and original puzzle. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. We cannot return puzzles. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



HORIZONTAL

1. Father
4. Drunkard in "The Little Minister"
8. Playing in "One New York Night"
9. Lew Ayers' ex-wife
13. Actress who wed a Prince
15. Played in "School for Girls"
17. She is playing in "Black Fury"
18. "The —— Wits"
19. Old-time actress
21. "The Bride of Frankenstein"
23. Sea eagle
24. In "Go Into Your Dance"
25. Formerly June Vlasek
26. Mrs. Frank Lawton
28. On account
29. Joan Bennett in "Little Women"
31. You saw him in "Sweet Adeline"
33. Mr. McCoy
34. Bickford played in "This —— and Age"
36. Soft drink
38. He played in "David Copperfield"
40. Jean Morgan in "G-Men"
41. He was married to Loretta Young
43. A period of time
44. She played in "Silver Streak"
46. Her first name is Shirley
48. Player in "The Devil is a Woman"
50. "Elmer the Great"
51. He is in "Let 'em Have It"
54. Possessive pronoun
55. Frederick in "The Wedding Night"
56. To court
57. "Rio Rita"
59. Charlie's brother
60. Perceive
62. Hollywood's proud father of a pair of twins
63. A wind instrument
65. Frances Dee in "Little Women"
67. "Ben Hur"
69. He is a Hunter
70. She played in "Farewell to Arms"
72. Lt. Nick Terris in "Happy Landing"
73. Now playing in "Hooray for Love"
74. Hollywood's fastest talker
75. The little boy in "Rasputin"
77. Star of "In Caliente" (init.)
79. Wife of 62 across (init.)
80. She's in "No More Ladies"
82. Miss Wing
84. Olive Borden
86. Antique
88. Sylvia's husband in "Accent on Youth"
90. Her first name is Virginia
91. John Boles played in "The —— of Innocence"
92. He played in "Power"
94. Eddie ———
96. You saw him in "Death Flies East"
98. Concludes
99. Pup
100. —— Sue Collins
101. Color

VERTICAL

1. She played in "La Cucarracha"
2. Conjunction
3. Starlet from "Gold Diggers of 1935"
4. "Nana"
5. She played in "Ruggles of Red Gap"
6. Agent (abbrev.)
7. Near (abbrev.)
9. Note of the scale
10. Crude metal
11. He is the baby of films
12. Chinese actress
14. An English actress
15. Her name represents a messenger of God
16. She played opposite "The St. Louis Kid"
17. "Dr. Monica"
20. Playing in "The Flame Within"
22. ——— Hardy
25. Recently she eloped to Yuma with Bud Ernst
27. Playing in "No More Ladies"
30. America's Sweetheart
32. Mrs. Joel McCrea
33. Metal
35. Formerly Dawn O'Day
37. Finis
39. A "Kentucky Kernel"
40. A drink
41. Swedish actress
42. Playing in "The Goose and the Gander"
44. He is married to Pat Paterson
45. He was crippled in "The Band Plays On"
46. Sailor
47. Jack La ——
49. William Powell in "Reckless"
50. Fay Wray's husband (init.)
52. A charged particle
53. Tooth of a gear
58. Played in "Little Men"
59. —— Francisco
61. Organ of hearing
62. Deceased star of "Lost City"
64. Squad
65. "Come up and see me sometime" gal
66. Receive
68. She played in "A Wicked Woman"
70. Dora in "The Wedding Night"
71. Glossy silk
73. He plays in "The Irish in Us"
74. Falsehood
76. Douglas Fairbanks played "—— Juan"
78. He is playing in "Dinky"
79. One of the most beautiful film stars.
81. Old-time cowboy actor
83. Husband of 57 across
85. "Dracula"
87 Performed
89. Playing in "The Glass Key"
90. Anita ——
91. Past
93. Dental Surgeon (abbrev.)
95 Sheila Mason in "Wings in the Dark"
97. Electrical term

"I'D SOONER DIE THAN GO TO ANOTHER PARTY"

Pimples were "ruining her life"

1 "I had counted so much on my first high school 'prom'! Then my face broke out again. I could have *died*. My whole evening was a flop. I came home and cried myself to sleep.

2 "Those pimples stayed. Even grew worse. Then, I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast. I began to eat it. Imagine my joy when my pimples began to disappear!

Don't let adolescent pimples spoil YOUR fun___

DON'T let a pimply skin spoil your good times—make you feel unpopular and ashamed. Even bad cases of pimples *can* be corrected.

Pimples come at adolescence because the important glands developing at this time cause disturbances throughout the body. Many irritating substances get into the blood stream. They irritate the skin, especially wherever there are many oil glands—on the face, on the chest and across the shoulders.

Fleischmann's Yeast *clears the skin irritants out of the blood*. With the cause removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear.

3 "Now my skin is clear and smooth as a baby's. I'm being rushed by all the boys. Mother says I don't get *any* time to sleep!"

Many cases of pimples clear up within a week or two. Bad cases sometimes take a month or more. Start *now* to eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast as long as you have any tendency to pimples, for it is only by keeping your blood clear of skin irritants that you can keep pimples away.

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated

The first step in ROMANCE

It's your EYES *that invite men —How to frame your* EYES *with long, seductive lashes.*

HE'LL remember your eyes—did they charm or repel? There is no need to suffer from skimpy lashes—they can look long and alluring in 40 seconds by merely darkening them with either my Emollient Cake or Creamy Liquid Winx Mascara. One application works wonders, I promise—a complete change, giving your face a mysterious charm. You'll be admired as "the girl with beautiful eyes."

Give yourself long, lovely lashes

I present Winx Mascara in two convenient forms, Winx Emollient (cake) and Winx Creamy Liquid (bottle). You can apply Winx perfectly, instantly, easily with the dainty brush that comes with each package. Each form is the climax of years of pioneering in eye beautification—each is smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—each is scientifically approved.

Buy whichever form of Winx Mascara you prefer *today*. See how quickly Winx glorifies your lashes. Note it's superiority. And think of it—long, lovely lashes are yours so inexpensively, so easily.

Louise Ross

WINX

Eye Beautifiers

Winx Cake Mascara—for years the most popular form of all. So easy to apply. Its soothing emollient oils keep lashes soft, silky.

AT 10¢ STORES

Winx Creamy Liquid Mascara. Absolutely waterproof. Ready to apply. No water needed. The largest selling liquid mascara.

Hollywood's Hidden Past

(*Continued from page 25*)

"We were quite impressed with the fact that the powerful Universal Company was building a studio, not in Los Angeles, but in this uncultivated district called Hollywood. If Hollywood was good enough for a successful company, we decided, it was good enough for us. It was really no city at all, twenty-three years ago, just a charming little town of lovely, shaded streets, hanging pepper trees and sunshine, all very romantic and picturesque.

"Since no one would gamble on our left-over quarter interest in the company, we had to be prepared to pay out a lot of cash, thus our first studio must be unpretentious." (The matter of cash became particularly important when C. B. found that no large bank would accept his $10,000 deposit! They wanted nothing to do with movie-makers! He finally found a small bank with a far-sighted president who could see the future of pictures. C. B. DeMille is, today, the vice-president of the great bank that has grown from that small beginning.) "So I rented a barn at the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Vine Street from Jacob Stern for $25.00 a month and, after building a small platform behind it (which was the stage) and rigging up a large umbrella for diffusion, we were ready for action.

WE used the barn for offices and made dressing rooms out of the horse-stalls. Come to think of it, we didn't get the whole barn for $25.00—we got only half. Jacob Stern kept his horse and carriage in the other half and when he washed his equipment I had to put my feet in the waste basket to keep them out of the open drain that ran under my desk! I guess Stern was the only man financially interested in our project (his rent) who wasn't offered that pesky quarter share of the company in lieu of cash.

"Now that we were ready to start our first production, there was yet one glaring flaw in the set-up: I didn't know the first thing about writing or directing a motion picture! We had to get Oscar Apfel from New York for that duty and he brought his own cameraman with him!

"Some of our cast came from New York, the remainder we got in Hollywood. Winifred Kingston came from New York to play the lead, a man named Milt Brown played the sheriff, Monroe Salisbury played the bad man and Red Wing, an Indian girl, played the squaw. Those names should be famous! They were the cast of the first feature-length drama ever made in Hollywood from a successful stage play. Dustin's ex-secretary, Fred Kley, acted as business manager and kept our records in a cheap notebook he carried in his hip pocket!

"I learned a lot about picture making from 'The Squaw Man.' The picture was completed in about four weeks and we were sure we had something good. Certainly it was different from the usual run of films at that time and we gathered proudly to see the finished print projected. It was to have been the first time any of us had seen the picture. There was no such thing as daily rushes as yet. We sat there and waited. Nothing happened! None of the films would run through the projection machine because the punched edges weren't spaced correctly. Worse than that, it was obvious that most of the negative had been tampered with in our laboratory—it appeared to have been placed under heel and scratched. I knew what had happened: *Sabotage!*

"When this disaster overtook us, everyone realized there was nothing but oblivion ahead for the three young men with the Big Idea. I knew that we were being destroyed—and not by mice! Pictures, understand, were a game at that time—a battle to the finish—and the octopus held all the winning tricks and was dealing the cards. What difference does it make what we call the octopus of film politics—call it the Europa Company or A No. 1 Film. No matter what the name, it had a death grip and complete control of the release of all pictures made at that time. We weren't foolish enough to ignore this potent factor. Since it controlled all the exchanges selling motion pictures, it was obvious that we would have to sell our picture to it. We tried. We were laughed out of the office and called fools for trying to buck the company and its power. In reply to our statement that we could make better pictures we were told '. . . not that we think you can, but even if you could we wouldn't buy them. We have our own!'

"Now I knew the reason for our ruined print of the precious first picture and realized what it meant. To all appearances we were ruined, and I mean that literally. We had not only spent our entire $15,000 capital but borrowed an additional $15,000 as well."

Fortunately, DeMille had done the unheard of thing, shot two negatives of every scene. He had done this as a precaution against anything happening to the first negative after finding that no insurance was sold for film protection. Without that, the dramatic trail-blazers would have been ruined before the start. But just as all looked the blackest, DeMille remembered the extra negative stored in the attic of his home and forgotten by everyone. Fearful to risk local printing, he set out to New York with it alone.

I'LL never forget the adventure of getting that negative to the station. If anything happened, now, we were all in the noose! No one knew I was leaving town, much less that I carried our future hopes under my arm. Two cowboys, with 45's, acted as my escort and my drawing room door was scarcely ever opened until I got to Philadelphia with an entirely new cut negative of 'The Squaw Man.' I had done the job in a drawing room, alone! When I walked into the plant of Mr. Lubin I hadn't had sleep for six days and nights. He promised to straighten out the perforations and fix the film for projection."

The picture was shown in Jesse Lasky's theater of "Folies Bergere" fame, the great group of film buyers present was a tribute to the sales genius of Sam Goldwyn! The showing was a tremendous success. It heralded something new. It was different. It was a "feature play" picture. The in-

(*Continued on page 72*)

"Now I go to the Movies with them"

"Just that one change in my diet has changed everything for me!"
. . . *Mrs. H. J. J.* writes

"After my day's work I felt too tired to move"

"I'm really having fun with my family again"

"I WANT you to know about my experience because I hope you can tell others about it in your advertisements.

"I used to wonder how so many women managed to do a day's housework and then go out in the evening. After my work I felt too tired to move. If our little girl wanted to go to the movies my husband had to take her alone.

Growing Apart

"I could see where I was losing out on the fun and companionship of my husband and daughter, but I felt too miserable and irritable to do anything about it.

"One day I read in your advertisement about drinking two glasses of orange juice a day and how you couldn't feel your best without the vitamins and so on that orange juice contains. I knew my diet wasn't as good as it might be. Anyway I started.

Tired Feeling Goes

"A few days later I noticed I was less tired than usual, but I thought it might be a light day. But it wasn't long until I seldom had that draggy feeling in the evening.

A
TRUE
STORY

"Now none of us would miss our breakfast and supper glasses of orange juice for anything. I'm really having fun with my family again. Just that simple change in my diet has changed everything for me."

FREE—Health and Recipe Booklets

The reasons for the health benefits received by Mrs. J. are explained in the free booklet, "Fruits That Help Keep the Body Vigorous." Tells the part of oranges and lemons in normal and *safe reducing* diets. The value of the four now known protective food essentials (vitamins A, B and C, and calcium) in maintaining youthful vigor. How citrus fruits help teeth and gums, aid digestion and build the alkaline reserve.

Also free, "Sunkist Recipes for Every Day" gives more than 200 delightful ways to serve oranges and lemons. Mail coupon.

Copr., 1935, California Fruit Growers Exchange

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Dept. 4010-A, Box 530, Station C
Los Angeles, California

( ) Send FREE, *"Fruits That Help Keep the Body Vigorous."*

( ) Send FREE, *"Sunkist Recipes for Every Day."*

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*City*______________ *State*________

CHERAMY
April Showers

There's glorious fragrance — *the perfume of youth* — in April Showers Talc. There's luxury supreme in its soothing, smoothing touch. Yet the cost is low for quality so high.

No wonder it's the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

Exquisite . . . but not Expensive

(*Continued from page 70*)

dependent exhibitors were so impressed that orders came for more pictures at once, and C. B. was sent back to Hollywood to start production in a big way!

"As rapidly as our resources would permit and as fast as I could import players, I directed 'The Virginian,' 'Call of the North,' 'What's His Name?' 'The Man From Home,' 'Rose of the Rancho' (which is now being remade as a talkie with John Boles and Gladys Swarthout) and 'The Girl of The Golden West.' From the very beginning it was obvious that we were going to have to develop a stock company of names!

"Dustin Farnum was still our best name bet, having starred in our two most pretentious films, 'The Squaw Man' and 'The Virginian.' He was our Clark Gable, our Gary Cooper. Winifred Kingston, his leading lady, was also popular; Bessie Barriscale had scored a hit in 'Rose of The Rancho' and Mabel Van Buren was delightful in 'The Girl of The Golden West.' But I still believe that our two most potent discoveries of that first year were Theodore Roberts, the actor, and Jeanie MacPherson, the writer.

"THE Grand Old Man of the screen was the first character-actor star Hollywood every produced. Roberts was neither young nor handsome, but his name came to mean more on a film than that of many romantic young lovers. He was definitely a screen personality. He had that indefinable charm that has little to do with technique, but radiates from the heart. I don't care how great the actor, no player has ever achieved picture stardom without that intangible spark and Roberts had it to a marked degree. He didn't have to act on the screen, fine actor though he was; he had but to appear and people would love him. It was this appeal of Roberts' that led me to the realization that motion picture personalities were more valuable to a producing concern than the greatest of actors with ready-made reputations who lacked that force. However, the play has always been the most important to me!

"Jeanie MacPherson came to me as an actress, though it was not through this medium that she scored her greatest success. I shall never forget the first time I saw her. This little dynamo walked into my office one day. She was a funny little thing with a turned-up nose and a disposition that curled up too. She nonchalantly informed me that she was the greatest living actress and that I could count myself extremely lucky to engage her before she was snapped up elsewhere. She named a salary that staggered me.

"I told her I would give her $25.00 a week to take dictation and act as my secretary. Jeanie hit the ceiling and rushed for the door. The next day, though, she returned and started to work, later to achieve her heights in some of the finest and most workmanlike scenarios I have ever worked from!" (Though Jeanie is a marvel at writing for the screen she may still consider her few acting roles for C. B. as the highlight of her career, particularly the famous fight scene with Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen.")

In securing the services of the beloved and glamorous Farrar for Lasky productions, the "Three Bright Young Men" had scored a scoop, indeed! Goldwyn had heard and seen the sensation of the opera in New York and had prevailed upon her to make films in Hollywood. Farrar was dubious. After all, she could not use her voice in silent films and she gave herself little chance at success as a result. But DeMille recognized the spark in the famous singer and wanted her for the picturesque role in "Maria Rosa."

Farrar arrived in Hollywood early in 1915.

"We had ambitious plans, indeed, for Miss Farrar's debut," DeMille continued. "In the first place, we had received tremendous publicity when we contracted an opera star. Her salary was the largest ever paid a player at that time, $20,000 for three pictures (a small sum according to present day standards), and the critics were wondering what the outcome would be.

"Naturally, we wanted an exceptional cast around Miss Farrar. There were several actors available whom we might have used. Thomas Meighan was becoming very popular following his first picture success and House Peters was another box-office name already under contract to us."

But DeMille, the super-showman, wanted someone new—someone to match Farrar's own electric personality. He spent days in the projection room looking over films of rival producers trying to catch that illusive spark in some performance, even a small role. It was during the running of D. W. Griffith's "Birth of A Nation" that his attention was suddenly caught by a player who performed the unimportant role of the blacksmith in one sequence. It was just a flash of profile and a strong physique. DeMille demanded a re-running of the film.

"Who is he?" he demanded of his severeral assistants (the legend of the mighty DeMille was just beginning and his large retinue that continually surrounded him even when he went for a glass of water was the beginning of the famous "yes man" jokes from Hollywood).

BUT the young actor was so unimportant that no one knew his name. It was not on the cast sheets. For hours, the DeMille assistants searched through casting office files for some clue to his identity. Finally one of them returned with the information that the player's name was Wallace Reid!

Two days later "the handsomest man who ever lived" and one of the really great stars of screen history made a screen test for the leading role in Farrar's first picture for DeMille.

"He was wooden, self-conscious, stilted and unnatural—but the spark was there, so much so that his work became the measuring rod of all future male stars for years to come.

"I signed Wally for the Farrar picture—under the general, though unspoken, assumption that I had gone crazy!"

WITH lovable, tragic Wally Reid, the parade of great personalities created by C. B. DeMille begins in next month's issue of Movie Mirror *and you will see them and know them as they were known by the man who created them.*

"PAGE MISS GLORY"

...and you'll find magical Marion Davies in her first picture for Warner Bros. —her finest for anybody!

Look who's Marion's new screen sweetheart . . . Yessir, it's Dick Powell! And when he sings to Marion he does things to her—and you!

SHE'S back, boys and girls! Back with that glamorous gleam in her eye . . . that laughing lilt in her voice . . . that merry, magical something that makes her the favorite of millions.

Of course you read the headlines a few months ago about Marion Davies' new producing alliance with Warner Bros., famous makers of "G-Men,' and other great hits. Well, 'Page Miss Glory' is the first result of that union—and it's everything you'd expect from such a thrilling combination of screen talent!

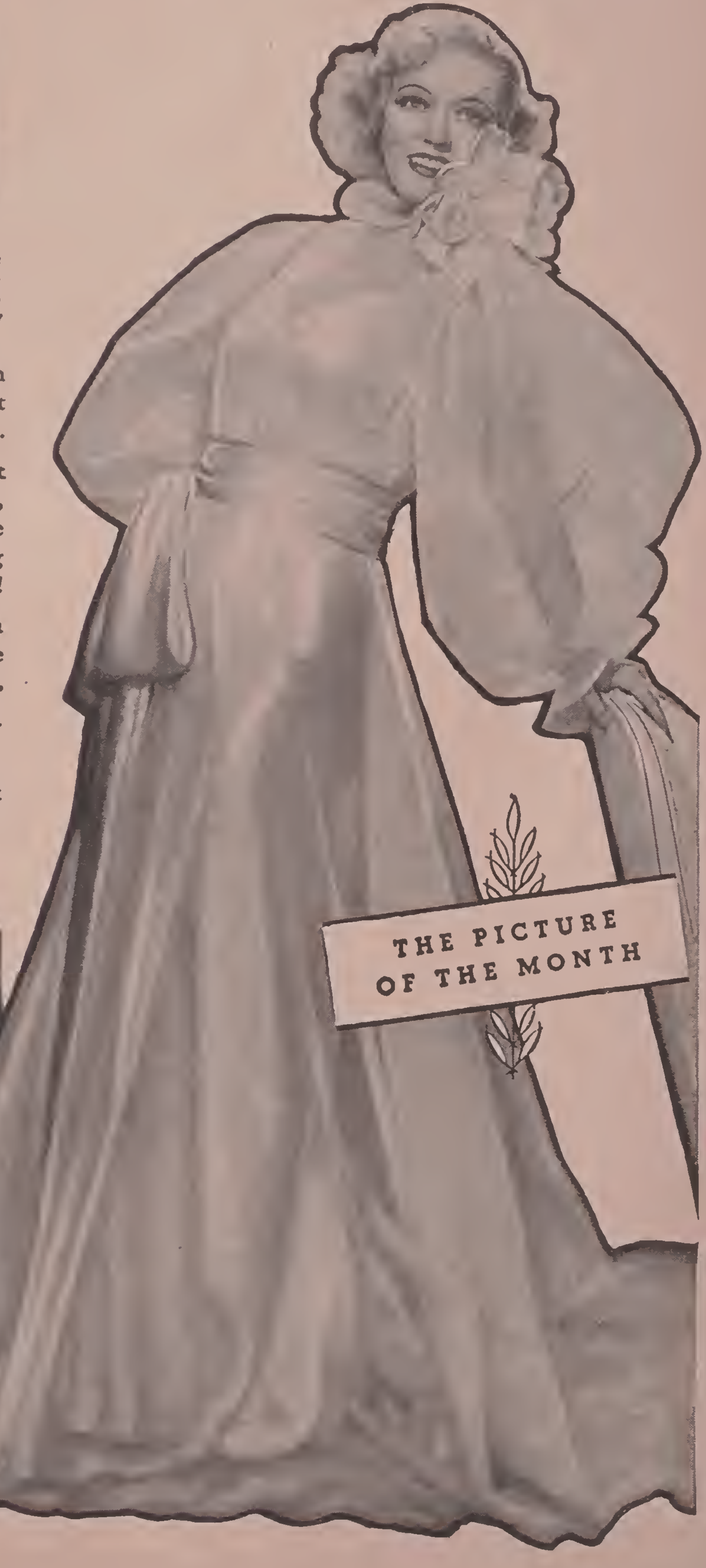
It's from the stage hit that made Broadway's White Way gay—a delirious story of Hollywood's 'Composite Beauty' who rose from a chambermaid to a national institution overnight . . .

It has a 12-star cast that makes you chuckle with anticipation just to read the names . . .

It has hit-maker Mervyn LeRoy's direction, and Warren & Dubin's famous song, 'Page Miss Glory'. . .

It has 'Picture-of-the-Month' written all over it!

Don't think you're dreaming! All these celebrated stars really are in the cast of Marion's first Cosmopolitan production for Warners:—Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh, Mary Astor, Allen Jenkins, Lyle Talbot, Patsy Kelly, and a dozen others.


THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

I Want to Be a Star!

(*Continued from page* 48)

Dr. Landreau had a reputation and Bert was aware of it.

"I won't press charges," he said, "on an understanding like that."

"What about Mike?" I asked.

"We can't arrest Mike without involving your brother. He is the sort of skunk who would drag him in just to make us show our cards."

He stood up and faced Mike sternly. For a moment I thought he was going to hit him.

"You are going to clear out of this place for good. I'm going to remind the Los Angeles police that they overlooked your return to town. If you don't want to be picked up you get out of California by sunset."

"I heard you the first time," Mike grunted.

NOW you clear out, you two, and Jack you be at my office at four o'clock this afternoon."

Jack glanced at me then turned and followed Mike out of the apartment. I was crying with relief but when I turned to thank Victor he was already at the phone trying to reach Dr. Landreau.

Bert gave me a rather sheepish smile. "It's all forgiven and may I come home?" he said softly.

"Home on the old basis," I said, "and no reference to the future."

"All right," he agreed, "but don't cry now that it is all over. Now is the time for celebration. Victor is smarter than I could ever be. That expedition will either make or break your brother and show whether he is fish or flesh."

Victor at the telephone winked a large agreement.

"Stop talking, Bert, and give the girl some coffee."

I went over to him but he lifted his hand in protest.

"Don't thank me," he said, "it makes me nervous."

Trust Victor to make the right remark. We laughed at that and the laughter eased our tension. In no time I was eating ham and eggs, hot biscuits and coffee and accepting Bert's elaborate plans to outfit my brother for the expedition. It appalled me to think how much he would need. Rubber boots, a fleece lined suit like an aviator's that cost $200 and innumerable necessities that I never could have supplied.

Victor had walked out on us protesting that his day had been delayed an hour and with him went all the devotion and gratitude and affection that I wished I could feel for Bert.

But Bert was kind, and he was only human. Perhaps I should have cut him off forever. Possibly that would have been the right attitude. Or perhaps I should have forgiven him anything after all the annoyance that my brother had brought to him. Maybe that was the right way.

In those days I was so confused that I never knew what was the right attitude—whether I was thinking right or wrong or whether I was misjudging.

But when he asked me to have dinner and dance that night I knew he was demanding a complete forgiveness and that he wanted to reestablish our old relationship and it wasn't in me to refuse him.

I WENT home and found Jack waiting for me. For hours I listened to him. He needed to talk. He seemed to realize for the first time how completely wrong his attitude had been. His whole outlook on life had changed, he seemed to realize his own weakness. I knew somehow that he was afraid of this trip, that the thought of this expedition terrified him but that he didn't dare admit such cowardice even to himself. I talked of the expedition enthusiastically telling him all that I had gathered of Landreau from Bert and Victor.

"You'll never have a chance to go to college," I argued. "Boys like Dick can go to college for four years to get ready for life, and I don't think they are such easy years as they sound. This expedition will give you two years to get away from things and get a new outlook. It's the greatest chance that ever came your way. It's not a punishment, it's a big opportunity."

I think I fired him with a little enthusiasm. When he set off for Victor's office that afternoon, slick and better groomed than I had seen him for months, there was a certain determined tilt to his chin that made my heart ache. He didn't deserve my sympathy, but I felt sorry for him.

Then I faced the one thing I dreaded most. I went over to see Rene. She opened the door and with an empty look in her eyes told me that she knew.

"Come in," she said dully, closing the door behind me. "Mike's gone."

"So soon?"

"It doesn't take him long," she shivered and pulled the coat sweater closer around her. "He's used to leaving places in a hurry."

"I feel terrible, Rene."

"Cheer up, kid," she said, "I'm used to it. It was low of him to pick on you, when you're just starting up. Oh, no," she huddled down in a corner of the divan and lit a cigarette, "if it hadn't been you, it would have been someone else, and he mightn't have got off so easy." She puffed in silence for a moment. "The thing, Judy, is that he's so clever. He could do almost anything if he'd work. He is smooth and charming and good-looking—and good for nothing. I guess Jack's like him, and we're a pair of fools."

JACK'S going away. Munson is getting him in Landreau's expedition, I hope."

"That's what Mike said. Say, Judy, if he really goes, why don't we live together? There's a lot or room in the bungalow, twin beds and everything."

"But Rene, the expense . . ." I began.

"Well, you're paying something for your room, and I guess you buy something to eat once in a while. You could drop that little bit in the till and it would be gravy to me. I have to run this place anyway. Please, Judy," she ran across the room to me, "Come and stay with me and keep me from being a complete fool again."

Her voice trailed away in sobs that she tried to smother against my shoulder.

The next Saturday Jack sailed with the Landreau expedition, and I moved in with Rene. The house wasn't very warm in the chill California winter, but used to the ramshackle place on Cape Cod, with rags and papers stuffed in the biggest holes that Pa was going to plaster over "one of these days," it seemed like a miniature palace. All the small comforts that most girls are used to were the veriest luxuries to me, one of a family of eight, raised in an old farmhouse with stoves and oil lamps and no proper bathroom at all.

Rene was still working steadily at Warner Brothers and I gladly did the house work. An actress at Warners' gave her a box of dresses and she remodeled most of them for me. But shoes and hose, hats and coats were a terrible problem. How did these other kids manage to hang on? Shabby, half starved, shivering in fall suits when they needed heavy coats.

I was deeply fortunate in a friendship like Bert's and I knew it. He never refered to any of our past stumbling blocks. He even seemed pleased when I went to live with Rene.

I HAD been living with Rene for two weeks, and not one day's work in all that time, when I got a letter from Dick. It was the first letter I had received since his marriage. I hadn't even acknowledged his wire. I had been too concerned with Jack. I felt that this, the first letter after his wedding, would be tough to bear and I opened it reluctantly.

> Dear Judy:
>
> I can picture your surprise at hearing of my marriage but it seems strange to me that I have had no word from you. Hazel and I after all our plans had a very different wedding than we expected. Perhaps things are very different in California, but here banks are failing and businesses are closing right and left. Hazel's father was wiped out with the failure of his small brokerage house and, a few days after business suspended, had a stroke.
>
> Mrs. Mitchell took him to their summer cottage near Carteret, and of course it left poor Hazel completely stranded. I saw no reason for putting off our marriage, if she could bear a poor medical student for a husband.
>
> We have a tiny apartment but are very happy. There is a possibility that Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell may come out to California in March. If they do, I hope you'll call on them. I'll write you about that later. My mail address as far as you're concerned is still the University Club and don't forget your letters make my day.
>
> DICK.

The pages fluttered to the floor and I tried to think my way around them. I went to the desk before I lost my nerve and wrote. I described "yesterday at the studio," the parties I went to and the stars I knew; told him how glad I had been to get his letter and how happy I'd be to meet his mother and father-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell. In all their summers at Carteret they had never known the daughter of shiftless Mortimer Pine.

The telephone rang. I might have known it would be magic. The sort of strange streak of fortune followed every letter of Dick's as if he were the touchstone of my success just as he had been the reason for my daring to make a bid at fortune.

"Miss Judy Pine there?" came a sharp, faintly familiar feminine voice.

"This is Judy Pine speaking."

"Oh, Miss Pine, Monarch Studios calling. Would you please see Mr. Baker today at eleven for a screen test?"

"Baker? Today?" I muttered. If that had been a voice test I'd have been through before I started.

"That's right. Thank you."

It was several minutes before I realized I was still holding the telephone. Screen test! The miracle! The moment for which girls wait years and it never happens.

Baker at eleven. I dared to wear Rene's good black coat with the caracul collar. My hat, a tiny spot of black felt on my flat red waves, was a crown from last year's hat, folded down flat in a trick way Rene discovered, and fastened with a clip. The dress was a black satin made over from the actress' wardrobe and fitted snugger than a cocoon. The whole outfit only served to accent the resemblance to Barbara Bell. There was very little resemblance, in fact, to the fluffy haired, freckle nosed Judy Pine of Carteret, Massachusetts, who had landed in Hollywood three months before.

I REACHED the door of the bungalow that evening at the same moment that Rene came up the path. My excitement by that time had reduced me to spluttering.

"But what is it?" she kept insisting. "Where have you been? What did you do?"

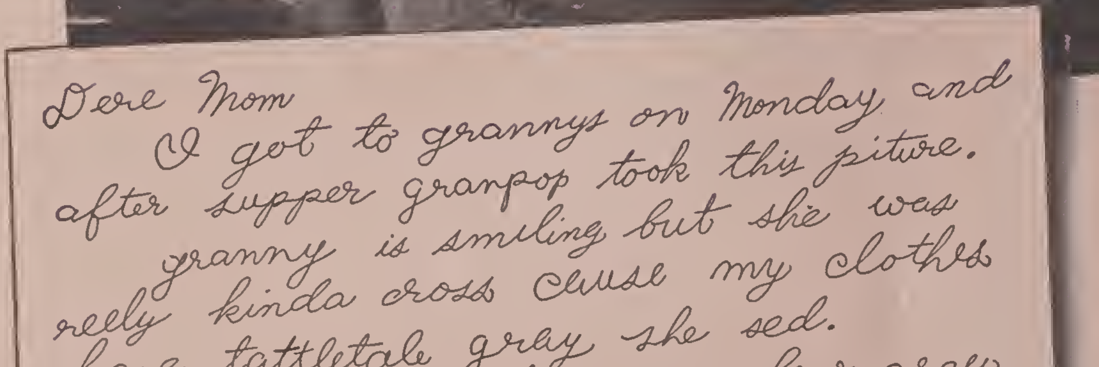
"Monarch! Screen tests!" I exploded.

"Not really," she caught my hands and we danced in mad circles around the living room. "Oh, darling, I'm so thrilled. How did your voice come over?"

"That was the strange thing," I explained as we began preparing supper. "I did three scenes. I came down a staircase, opened and closed a door on another stage and climbed a rope ladder in a sailor suit. They took shots at various ranges on all the scenes, but I never spoke a word! Mr. Baker asked me all manner of questions of what I knew about handling boats, and of course with twenty years along the shore I'm at home in a boat, any kind except an ocean liner. Finally he said that was all and I might hear something later."

"What do you suppose it is?" Rene wailed. "That's how you get Hollywood jitters—not knowing where you stand nor why you're standing there."

She lit a cigarette and was about to launch into chapters of advice but the phone rang again. It was Bert inviting me to a party. I felt embarrassed as I answered so gayly. I was sorry for Rene whose clothes I borrowed right and left for any and all occasions. She had no dates. She seldom did in those first few weeks after Mike left. Her life had hit



Dere Mom
I got to grannys on Monday and after supper granpop took this piture. granny is smiling but she was reely kinda cross cause my clothes have tattletale gray she sed.
She sed cannt you see how gray your pygames are? they tell everybody they arent reely clean she sed.
Wich made me say my mother works like anything on washday but she sed the trubble is your soap doesnt get out ALL the dirt.
So granny sed to tell you you ought to use fels-naptha soap like she does on account of its got heaps of naptha right in the golden soap and it gets clothes white as mopsies new baby rabits.
I'm bringing a rabit home to show you how awful wite that is.
Billy

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P. S.— Billy's mother did get rid of tattle-tale gray with Fels-Naptha Soap—*and so can you!*

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one of those dull streaks that even the most popular girls get occasionally, and I had heard her decline a couple of minor invitations. Whether she missed Mike or heard from him, she never said. She never complained of being lonely, but there was a weary droop to her lips, and she seemed to prefer going to bed early and sleeping the whole thing off.

She sent me off to the party with good wishes and her best black chiffon. It proved to be a huge affair given by an executive for a foreign star. Practically everybody in Hollywood was there sometime during the evening. Only the host and the gate crashers stayed from beginning to end. Bert and I stayed less than an hour but in that little time I met Barbara Bell! And she made me gasp.

That anyone could think that I resembled even remotely this gorgeous creature was an extravagant compliment. And yet even I could see that I did. It was as though the designer had used the same model for us but different materials in working it out. She had come with Sonya and Victor. I had the uncomfortable feeling that I was being scrutinized though she said only a few words, mostly to Bert, and was lost in the mob.

TWO days later Monarch called me again. Then I found out what it was. I was to have a try as stand-in for Barbara Bell! For days I was ragged with nerves. So much depended on this chance. It meant a job with a salary, a contract. Rene literally nursed me through it, with comforting help from Bert.

Just before Christmas vacation, I was placed on the rolls as stand-in at fifty dollars a week. At home I cried for an hour, then Rene and I let Bert throw us a party. It was the first time Rene had stepped out since Mike left.

I shall always think of those next few months as the happiest of my life. Fifty dollars a week was a small fortune to me who had never seen more than ten dollars at a time. The sheer joy of trying to repay Rene was a private heaven of its own.

I sent money home regularly now, but in small amounts, distrusting Ma's ability to handle anything over five dollars. To Peggy, who was fourteen, I sent clothes, and asked her to let me know what the three younger ones needed. This, I felt, was really success.

It's funny, but it is the people like the stand-ins, the good but not too important bit players, and the rest of the fairly paid smaller fry who get the most out of Hollywood. They can live in cheap but pretty little bungalows, drive Fords and buy at the open markets. They don't have to give parties that would bankrupt a millionaire, pay agents, publicity men and all the numerous Hollywood rackets.

I wrote Dick about my success without feeling that my pages were filled with lies—not that I was important but I had a niche. I wrote Jack about it, too, though I had no idea how long it would be before he would receive a letter or when I would hear from him. He had been gone almost three months.

But the greatest fortune of all were the friendships that made me *a person* even more than a job. Sonya and Victor included me in practically every affair, formal or informal; and they, Bert and I spent many weekends together.

It became a theory with Sonya that I was more beautiful than Barbara Bell because I was unspoiled.

"Hollywood will change you in a few years and you will lose all the real spark. I would like to do a head of you just to show Barbara Bell what I mean and to show you in years to come the difference between youth and the perfect imitation of youth."

So Sonya arranged that I should model for her two afternoons a week. It was an unforgettable experience for me to hear her talk, to see a close-up of a brilliant person and to grasp the fact that she had known more hardships than I had ever been asked to face! Every slight word and gesture proved her devotion to Victor and yet I sensed that she was far more important to him than he was to her. I realized, too, that she loved attention with a very naive need of being assured that she was desirable and important. I got my first angle of Victor's jealousy though as far as I could see Sonya gave him no definite cause. I am sure that his jealousy flattered her as much as the attentions that she encouraged from a long list of friends.

She was a restless woman with too much vitality. It seemed as if she could make everybody in the world feel at home, but nobody could give her a complete feeling of a haven or anchorage. I felt vaguely sorry for her as if hers were a special loneliness that no ordinary relationship or person could ease. I don't know whether she talked to everybody as she did to me, but she was shockingly indiscreet, firm in the belief that I would never repeat a word.

I learned she was a Russian princess but never used the title. I gathered hints of her escape from Russia, her wanderings in the Far East and her beat to civilization through a series of unspeakable horrors. There had been, evidently, innumerable men in her life and it was her boast that she had never parted with a quarrel and that with each and everyone she was a friend.

"That's my trouble," she shrugged. "I just miss out on the big emotions. I can never love with enough abandon after what I've been through and I could never really hate either. It doesn't seem important enough and people are worthwhile only while it is pleasant. With Victor I think it's the real thing but it seems to me as if the real thing is often just around the corner."

SHE asked me about myself, too, and was rather amused at my lack of experience. In no time at all she had wormed from me my true feeling about Dick.

"Youthful idol," she nodded, a caustic note in her voice. "You never quite get over that."

When it was time for me to go to meet Dick's mother and father-in-law she sent me over full of spunk.

"They may be king and queen where you come from but they are going to look awfully small out here."

They did look small townish, too, painfully so. Though they might be broke, as well-to-do people are broke, they were staying at the Roosevelt. One had a feeling that they ate in cheap restaurants on side streets. And yet as Mrs. Mitchell greeted me I began to feel small. I could get by in Hollywood, where you were just as good as you looked and all you had to do was learn the answers, but Mrs. Mitchell was the background I understood and had envived all my life. She was gracious but cold, interested but narrow minded, charming but opinionated. She had more disagreeable characteristics than anyone I had met since I came West, but I couldn't dodge the fact that she was a lady.

"Mr. Mitchell is resting at present," she said. "I'm sure you'll pardon him. He has been quite ill. We have a small ranch at Sierra Madre and we're going to try living on it for a while. Strange how these things happen. My uncle left me this place years ago. I've never seen it."

Strange, too, I thought, how people like that always had something else to fall back on. "Got a goose, you'll get a goose."

"You say you didn't know Hazel, Miss Pine?" Mrs. Mitchell asked me.

"No, I've never met her."

"That's strange. Hazel has spent so much time each summer at the Cape with the Carrs. They're such charming people."

I agreed, skipping the social difference between the Pines and the Carrs. "They surely are. Dick will be graduated soon, won't he?"

JUNE. I suppose he would like to specialize—they all do now-a-days—but I think that is too much to ask of Hazel. He has another year's internship, and I think the proper thing for him to do is to associate himself with some well established and successful doctor."

I hadn't any answer for that but it occurred to me that Dick was going to have some tall interference from his new relatives, in a perfectly nice way. I rather hoped he would tell them where to get off.

"We'll be moving out to the ranch next week," Mrs. Mitchell went on.

"I hope you'll let me help you," I offered. "I know this town backwards and forwards now and I might be able to. . ."

"Thank you, child," Mrs. Mitchell smiled. "We know quite a few people out here and I'm sure you will be busy."

She must have read my expression.

"I hope you'll come out and see us though," she said, "after we get settled and of course you must come in June when Dick and Hazel arrive."

"Dick and Hazel . . . coming here?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? They plan to come out by boat in June and return in August, before Dick starts his internship. Dick would rather work this summer at the little clinic his father is starting in Carteret, but he won't get another vacation in a long time. After all that will be five months before we see Hazel. You'll meet her then, Miss Pine."

"I hope so," I said limply and rose to go.

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Why Wally Beery Wants Carol Ann to Be An Actress

(*Continued from page 57*)

through two marriages, in an unexpected way. A half sister of Mrs. Beery's mother had passed away leaving little Carol Ann, a baby nine months old, and two half-grown boys. The father could care for the boys, but the baby needed a home.

It was at the dinner table one night that Mrs. Beery, looking over at Wally, said, "How would you like to have a baby? One to keep for your very own, always?"

"I'd love it," he said and so into his arms, his heart and his life came Carol Ann. And now, four years later, her little feet were placed in her daddy's footsteps.

"Now what do you suppose is in that bozo's mind?" Hollywood asked.

Wally Beery was thinking of just one person—little Carol Ann. His baby girl. He was looking into the future of his little girl with clear analytical eyes that refused to be clouded with the mists of love that constantly shone in them. He was doing what he thought best for her and doing it to the best of his ability.

A GRADUATE of the school of hard knocks, Wally was looking at this little scrub of his and thinking to himself, "It's a long rough road ahead and all I can do for my little girl is to set her right as far as I know how. That's why I want her to begin now while I'm still with her. I want her to begin to learn now how to take the bumps and disappointments. They won't hurt so much, *after I'm gone.*"

You see, Wally realizes children of the rich and famous are almost as handicapped as the children of the poor and unknown. Pampering flattery can kill ambition and worth and, if he can help it, Wally isn't going to have Carol Ann's chances ruined by such pampering. She'll begin now to take the bumps.

He means that literally, too. We watched a little scene between them on the "China Seas" set that won't be forgotten soon.

Carol Ann bumped her knee on one of the props, giving it quite a whack. We saw Wally wince with actual pain but he raised neither his voice nor his hand in sympathy.

"It's all in the game of life and this acting business, isn't it, Carol Ann?"

"Yes. Yes, daddy," she answered and, slipping off behind a box all alone, she sat and silently fought back the tears while, in his dressing room, Wally Beery, that huge hunk of humanity, fought the same battle.

"This experience will teach her to be dependent on no one but herself," Wally says. "It's a lesson children must learn. I can't say lines for her, I can't think them for her. It's up to Carol Ann to depend on herself in every scene."

And Carol Ann not only looks after her own part, but does a bit of looking after her father's part, too. In one scene, Beery fumbled his lines in several takes. Carol Ann finally looked at him with sober eyes. "How can I be right in my lines when I know my daddy doesn't know his lines?" There were no more errors.

It's not only in her picture work but in every day life that Carol Ann has been taught to think and act for herself.

"What have you decided about a wardrobe for your part, Carol Ann?" Wally asked, when she was cast for the picture.

"Let's see, Daddy, do you think I should wear my dancing costume?" The dancing costume was one Wally had brought her from New York in which she danced every evening for him.

"Naw, I don't think that would suit the part, do you? You're supposed to be a little girl traveling on a big boat."

"Well, could I wear a dress like Jean Harlow's? All tight and shiny?"

"Well, what do you think? Think that would look right for a little girl four years old?"

"No, Daddy, I think we'd better go shopping."

Unable to leave the set, Wally phoned a Hollywood shop to send down some clothes for their inspection.

Placing three chairs in a row on the stage, Carol Ann seated Wally, Clark Gable and Jean Harlow, all members of the cast, to pass judgment on the wardrobe. Probably the strangest fashion show ever held in Hollywood.

Silk undies came first. There wasn't a smile on those three famous faces as chubby little Carol Ann swished about for their approval. Each one realized that this was an important and serious event.

"I like the panties with the blue flowers on them," Gable finally announced, after thorough deliberation.

"I believe I do, too," both Jean and Wally agreed. But when it came to the dresses, the problem grew a little more complicated. Clark liked the blue sailor dress with the white trimming and Wally and Jean preferred the white one with blue trimming.

"After all, you're *my* leading lady, you know," Gable argued. "I should have some say."

BROWN eyes, trouble filled, flew to Wally's face. Running over to him, she placed plump little arms about her daddy's neck. "I'll pick it 'cause I am Clark's leading lady," she whispered, "but Daddy," she kissed his rough cheek, "I think you're just lots prettier than Clark is." And what is probably the homeliest mug in town lit up with pride and pleasure.

"Carol Ann is going to learn a lot about human nature in this business," Wally said. "Lessons that can't be learned from books. She'll learn tolerance and understanding and she'll learn to respect the rights and wishes of others. And no one is too young to learn valuable lessons like those."

Too, Beery feels that in this work Carol Ann will learn to think for herself and decide what is right and best for her to do. It's working already and here's an amusing incident to prove it. A photographer from the publicity department went over to the set to take some pictures of Carol Ann. He wanted one with Carol Ann wielding a huge powder puff. To his

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complete amazement she refused to pose for it. "No, I don't want to," she said.

Strolling over, Wally asked what was going on. The photographer explained.

"Daddy, you always said my cheeks were rosy enough," Carol Ann said. "I don't want to use a big powder puff."

For a long moment eye looked into eye, heart looked into heart. Then, sensing the repulsion she felt for the idea, Wally said, "You and Carol Ann had better get together on another kind of picture."

Please don't get the idea Wally Beery believes in lack of discipline and obedience. Far from it. There's a certain something that creeps into Wally's voice that warns Carol Ann to stop, look and listen. And she does.

On the set Carol Ann had watched her father rehearse all morning and Wally felt it was time for her to go home.

"But I don't want to go, Daddy," she begged. "I want to stay here with you."

"Daddy thinks it best for you to go," Wally said, with a certain inflection in his tone that meant business.

There were no more protests.

I FEEL Carol Ann will learn obedience and self discipline on a motion picture set quicker than any place else in the world. The director's word is law. She must obey it. When silence is called, it means just that. There are too many thousands of dollars at stake to allow anyone to upset the rules and regulations of the business," Wally said. "Too, she'll learn to respect the rights of others. When the cast is studying lines or sitting quietly alone, she'll learn not to disturb. In fact, I believe by being in this business, she'll learn more in character building than she'll ever learn outside where often children are flattered and pampered beyond hope. At school, at home, anywhere."

Deeper than Wally's sincere desire to make of Carol Ann a splendid woman by the rigid discipline gleaned from a movie set, lies buried another reason. A tender beautiful one that he seldom talks about.

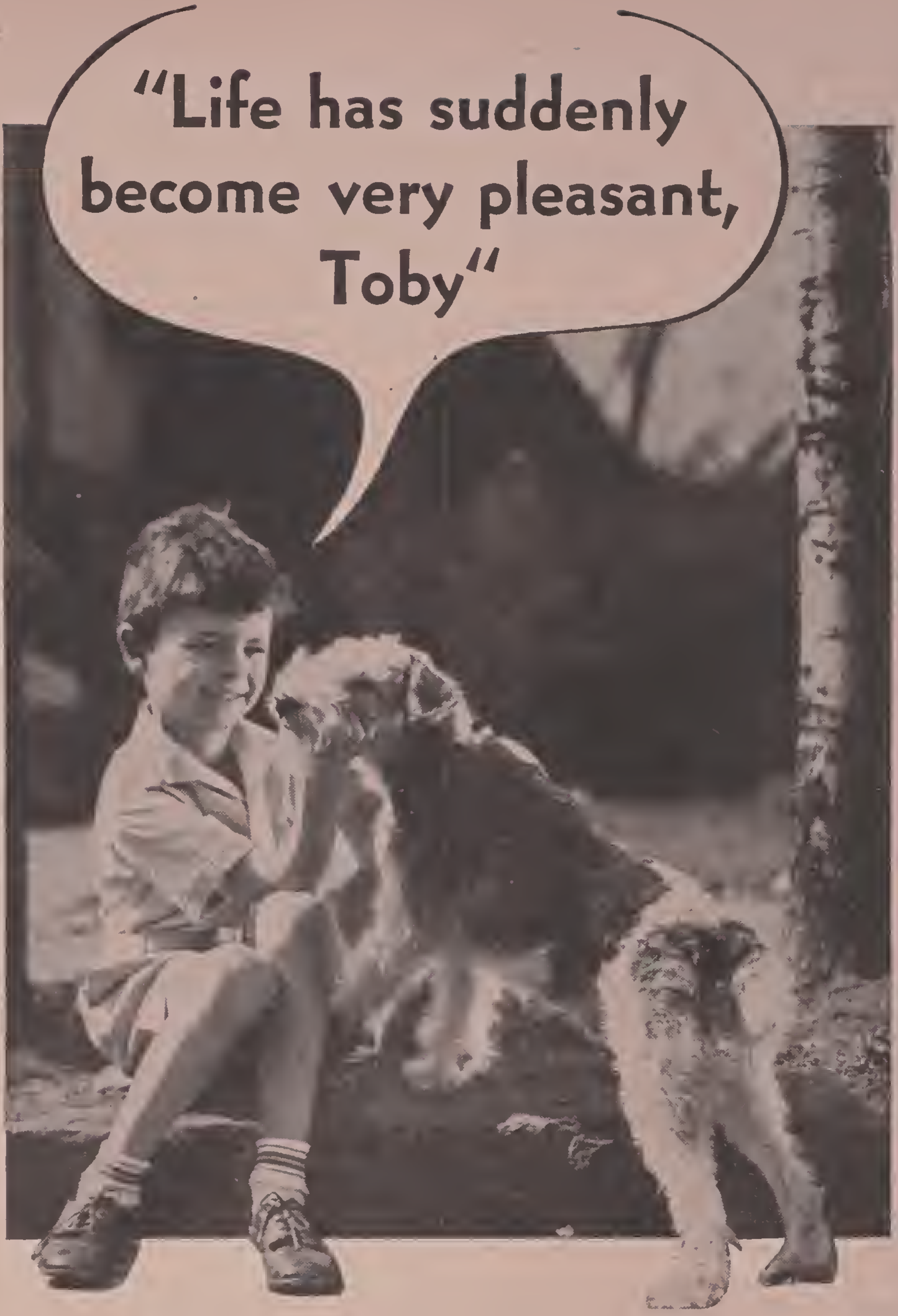
It's more than a reason. It's a vision. A vision of the two women who have counted most in Wally's life. Gloria Swanson, his former wife, and Rita Gilman, his present wife. Both actresses. Gloria, the dashing, glamorous, sophisticated woman who began her climb upward after her marriage to Wally.

Naturally her vivacious, cultured charm is a source of pride to Wally.

It was sweet faced, quiet Rita Gilman, the exact opposite of Gloria, who next won his heart. Since their marriage, Wally has known complete and perfect happiness.

"The requirements of the screen go a long way toward giving a girl a real cultural background," he said recently.

He should know. He's watched little "hey-hey, don't-give-a-hoot-babies" fling themselves on a movie set and emerge women of culture, of beauty and of character. You see, he knows what he's talking about by seeing it with his own eyes. And if he can build a firm, secure foundation in the soul of Carol Ann on which she can build her house of worthwhile womanhood, he's going to begin the job right now. He is going to help her forever to escape that world of "Hey, nonny, nonny."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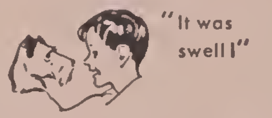
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Freddie in Wonderland

(*Continued from page* 31)

"a vast country where crowds of people rush about on most important errands."

Many of Freddie's dreams have actually come true and still others are soon to become realities. This unusual and gifted child *makes* them come true—through his talent, his own lovable and generous nature, and his infinite faith in his friend God, his completely adored aunt, and a few other lesser but still very important deities in his personal world. In less than one year he has reached two mighty goals. He has played "David" and he has worked in a picture with Miss Garbo. Two only slightly lesser ambitions are in the process of being attained.

First he wants to be a cowboy. This ambition dates from the afternoon Basil Rathbone (who played Murdstone, the stepfather, in "David Copperfield") took him to a rodeo. His friend "Les," who is a real cowboy, is teaching him to ride and has given him a trick riding whip and a lariat. There is the matter of owning a horse, of course, and Freddie has taken this up with Mr. Selznick who is doubtful of the advisability of much riding under the circumstances.

THEN, young Master Bartholomew also wants to become an author. This ambition may possibly be traced to the fact that a very dear friend in New York, Rowland Lee, happens to be one. Almost every day Freddie writes a long letter to Rowland. This practice, in addition to supplying Mr. Lee with news of the Bartholomews, is helpful to Freddie, for he gets in return the criticism of an established author as to his own literary efforts. The two friends (both of whom have a decided penchant for nicknames) address each other as "Dearest Whatnot" (Rowland) and "Dearest Insanity" (Freddie).

To return to the subject of Freddie's personal history, so much has been written and said about Aunt Cissie and the home with the rose-covered walls in the village of Warminster, in Wiltshire, that some of Freddie's friends in America are under the impression that the child is an orphan, that perhaps he has been adopted by his aunt. But both his parents are living and he has two younger sisters. His father is in government service, in the Ministry of Agriculture, as was *his* father before him. The parents and the sisters live in London. Freddie does not because when he was three he was sent for a visit with his grandparents. He was then a rather delicate child. Because the country air agreed with him and because his foster family adored him and wished to keep him indefinitely, he stayed on. Myllicent undertook his education at the beginning and when it was discovered that Freddie learned very rapidly and never forgot the poems he so easily committed to memory, she continued as his teacher. He has been to school only half a year in his life.

Freddie's more formal and adult education, however, has been definitely planned, and all that he earns in motion pictures is being set aside in a trust fund to pay for this schooling. His name has been entered with one of England's great public schools. Later he will go to a university, probably Cambridge. The reason for all this is plain. As Cissie so wisely expresses it:

"Once Freddie has gone through a good public school and a university I feel that he will be prepared to carry on with any plans he may decide upon for his life work. But the education must and will come first."

It is apparent to people who have been much with the two Bartholomews during this past year that the nephew, as he grows older, will probably become Auntie's protector and guide where business and the sterner matters of life are concerned. Even now young Freddie, being a chivalrous male, does all that he can to show Cissie he worships the ground on which she treads. Of course, as a woman, he will explain, she has certain limitations. He is a little impatient, for instance, that he cannot yet relieve her of tiresome business details with which no woman should have to be bothered. When certain technical and legal points were under discussion in the M-G-M office, before the signing of the all-important contract, and when Cissie seemed just a little weary and confused with it all, Freddie laid his hand protectively on her knee and explained to the others: "Can't you see, Cissie's a *country lass?* She's *got* no head for business!"

Almost every morning in the sunny apartment in a Los Angeles suburb Master Bartholomew prepares Miss Bartholomew's breakfast. There are servants, naturally, but Freddie is sure that Aunt Cissie prefers a repast which is the product of his own hand, since he knows her preference through long association. He explains:

"Cissie does so very much for me, and there is really so very little I can do for her. At least I can see that she takes a proper breakfast!"

ABOUT the time when "David Copperfield" was to be released all of those close to Freddy wondered how he would react to the picture when he saw it. The making of the film had been a wonderful experience for him. He had worked hard day after day under the direction of Mr. Cukor. In many of the scenes he made contributions to the business from his own childish experience. He would say: "Pardon me, Mr. Cukor, but if I *might* make a suggestion. . . . I feel that David would have done it this way." When the day's rushes were run off it often seemed that Freddie's own bits of business were the best.

These daily rushes, by the way, Freddie never saw, any more than he is shown the fan mail he receives. But he was taken to the opening night, with his aunt and a friend. They noticed, to their surprise, that Freddie was plainly bored all through the first half of the picture, the part in which he himself appeared constantly. He wriggled in his seat and only during the second half did he sit up and pay strict attention to the picture.

Afterward, in the lobby, Mr. Cukor asked Freddie what he thought of the picture, now that he had seen it. Standing with feet apart, in thoughtful mood, Freddie answered:

"Well, Mr. Cukor, you see I *lived* the first part of the story over and over for so many weeks while we were filming it. So naturally I wasn't really very interested in that part I know so well. But, oh, the *last part,* after David has grown up, oh, Mr. Cukor, *that part* was indeed wonderful!"

It was just after this incident that a little boy came timidly over to Freddie with a photograph. Would Freddie autograph it for him? What a thrill! Freddie had often seen Basil Rathbone and other grown-up stars who were in the picture with him write their names on photographs for their admirers. But it had never occurred to him that anyone might want his. He was so excited that he wrote in a trembling hand: "Yours Most Sinecerely, Freddie Bartholomew".

Almost at once, then, the Bartholomews went on to New York for the opening of the picture there. Autographing photographs very soon became an old story for Freddie. However, as long as it was a physical possibility, the new little star graciously signed everything anyone asked him to. He was going a great deal to the Broadway theaters, since it was almost his first opportunity to see legitimate productions, and he developed a passion for seeing every play he possibly could. He and Rowland Lee would slip in late and remain as unobtrusive as possible. But always, during intermissions, Freddie would be recognized and hordes of people would crowd around with programs they wished him to sign. Finally Freddie, since he could not possibly do them all, worked out a little system for himself, which he later confided to his friend Rowland.

WHAT I'm doing now, Whatnot," he explained, "is to autograph all the program and pictures that children ask me to. Grown people I shall just have to leave out, except ladies who are over sixty. I just couldn't very well *not* do ladies over sixty, now could I, Whatnot?"

Unbelievable as it seems, when the Bartholomews arrived in Hollywood the name of Greta Garbo meant nothing to them. Neither had seen more than an occasional picture on their rare visits to London and none of Garbo's had been among those seen. But it was not long before they heard a great deal about the glamorous star and Freddie added to his list of dreams that of someday playing with Greta. Much sooner than he expected this dream has come true. He was cast as her small son, Sergei, in "Anna Karenina" about the time he left Hollywood for the five-week holiday in New York after "David Copperfield."

While in the East Freddie was asked how he expected to get along with Miss Garbo. He answered, "I do not yet know Miss Garbo, but I am sure that we shall get on well. It will be part of *my job* to get on with her."

The little story of the first meeting of "Anna" and "Sergie" is rather a touching one. They were formally presented

Learn about bargains from her

SHE GOT THIS FREE—When she buys her favorite gum she receives free—a pretty mouth . . . a clean, healthy, refreshed mouth. For the special firm consistency of Dentyne exercises the mouth in a healthy, natural way. This helps keep the mouth and teeth clean. It prevents the cheek and chin muscles from going flabby. Many doctors and dentists recommend this health habit.

WHEN SHE BOUGHT THIS—All of this mouth aid she received with Dentyne—the gum she likes best. She adores its flavor—it is so full-bodied and spicy, and she loves its chewiness. All of her friends say the same thing—Dentyne is certainly their favorite chewing gum. Why not adopt Dentyne for your favorite gum? Identify it by the handy, flat purse shape—an exclusive feature with Dentyne for many years.

DENTYNE

KEEPS TEETH WHITE · MOUTH HEALTHY

on the set, before the first rehearsal, and the woman led the little boy to one side and sat down with him.

"Freddie," she said, "We are yet strangers, but I hope we shall become friends. Let us make a little agreement of helpfulness. If I forget my lines in a scene we are playing together, I hope you will prompt me if you remember. And I shall do the same if you forget. Is it a bargain?"

"Why, of course, Miss Garbo, and thank you very much," he answered, and then was overcome for a moment by a shyness which seldom attacks him. They sat silently gazing at each other for a little space, then Freddie's eyes filled with tears and impulsively he put his arms around Garbo and leaned silently against her shoulder for a moment.

For those who caught this little backstage scene there was no question as to how the two would "get on." But Aunt Cissie did not, nor did Freddie mention it to her. So it happened that, after work had been going on for a few days, she asked her nephew one evening:

"Are you ever frightened, dear, in the sequences you have with Miss Garbo?"

"Cissie darling," Freddie answered, with all the feeling and sincerity which is so characteristic of him, "I am never frightened by beauty, particularly beauty of the soul!" One more fortunate person had been admitted to the circle of those he "really, really loves." He is Garbo's devoted slave.

Just in case anyone might think that a little boy who happens to appreciate "beauty of the soul" is by way of being an insufferable little prig, it should be reported that Freddie is as keenly interested in things physical as he is in those spiritual. After a year in Hollywood he is getting to be an excellent rider, although he was never on a horse in England. He is an unusual shot, slips off the clay pigeons one after the other at a range of ten yards. Recently he shot out the flames of four candles in succession at the same distance.

AND when he plays, he is apt to get very dirty. On one occasion Cissie sent him into the bathroom to wash up after a particularly strenuous rough-and-tumble bout. He came back, shining, to report: "I entered a ruffian—I emerge a gentleman!"

That about sums it up. He is usually a gentleman, frequently a ruffian, and always a very real little boy.

How Do You Stand for Beauty?

(*Continued from page* 54)

you can express in one way or another.

I told you that one of the film companies, Paramount Studios, has a posture-specialist. She is Zecel Silvonia, a charming young person. She was one of the famous Ziegfeld Follies girls when she suffered a serious accident, falling from a fourteen-foot height down to the stage and hurting herself badly. She was in a plaster cast for months. Then the doctors put her into a brace and sorrowfully told her she would never dance again. She stood that brace just about a week, and then she took it off—forever. Slowly, oh so slowly, she re-educated those hurt muscles, and then she went back to the stage to dance again!

Zecel Silvonia bases everything on relaxation and control, and says firmly that if you are to succeed in improving your carriage you must also change your attitude of mind, and you must be patient.

The body should be a perfect series of curves, carrying the weight from the wonderful arches of the feet, to the knees, the hips, up the spine and through the neck. If you throw any of these curves out of place by the way you walk or stand or sit, you are interfering with the natural, perfect adjustment of your body. You are making certain muscles work overtime, and giving other muscles no exercise at all. The circulation of your blood is upset, your nerves cramped.

If bad posture habits are continued, you may suffer from nerve-strain, over-fatigue, fallen arches, a too big stomach, round shoulders and a double-chin. Bad posture also means shallow breathing, not getting enough good oxygen into your system, and that is bad for you in every way, from helping to induce complexion troubles to really serious illnesses.

First, you must relax—no stiffness anywhere at all, because the moment you are holding yourself tightly, you are straining some part of the body. So shake yourself limp, all over! And then do this exercise, old-fashioned, but still the best possible for inducing a beautiful carriage, which is called the "straightener-upper."

Stand in stocking feet with your back to the wall. The heels, lower back, shoulders and head should all touch the wall closely. Place two or three books on your head. Now extend the arms out from the sides, just below shoulder height, wrists and fingers held gracefully, as a dancer would. In this position, walk across the room and back to the same wall, making sure the ball of the foot (*not* the toes and certainly never the heel) goes down first in each step. You will probably have trouble keeping the books balanced at first, but keep at it, and you'll find them staying put much better, then you can begin to add other books.

This exercise makes you stand and balance your weight as you should, and I hope you will begin using it. Remember, when you begin to work on your posture, you are trying to change habits you may have had for years. It's going to take time to re-educate those muscles.

Then, too, you must keep these new, correct posture habits in mind all the time, not only when you are exercising. Never slump in a chair, resting your weight about half way up the spine, instead of on the bottom of it, from which the weight should be supported. Keep your shoulders back and give your lungs room to work. Banish the double-chin by keeping the head up.

Miss Silvonia gave me more valuable and important suggestions; and when next you write me, mention that you'd like to have these and I'll send them on to you.

***NOW*-QUICKER RELIEF FROM**
CONSTIPATION

Science finds DRY yeast far more effective source of tonic element that stimulates intestinal action—and it's easier to eat

FOR YEARS doctors have recommended yeast for combating constipation without harsh drugs.

Now science finds that this tonic food is far richer in Vitamin B content if eaten *dry!*

Tests by impartial scientists reveal that from *dry* yeast the body receives almost twice as much of the precious element that tones and strengthens the intestinal tract!

Experiments indicate that the digestive juices can more easily break down dry yeast cells and extract their rich stores of vitamin B.

No wonder thousands have found Yeast Foam Tablets so helpful in correcting constipation. These tablets bring you the kind of yeast science has found so effective.

At a leading clinic, 83% of the patients with constipation, who were given Yeast Foam Tablets, reported improvement within two weeks! Before starting to eat this *dry* yeast, some of the patients had used laxatives almost continuously!

Let Yeast Foam Tablets restore your eliminative system to healthy function. Then you will no longer need to take harsh laxatives. You will have more energy. Headaches should no longer trouble you. Your skin will be clearer and fresher.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. RG. 10-35

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________ State ____________

Let's Kiss and Make Up!

(*Continued from page 37*)

Dixie and Bing Crosby, for instance, had their first quarrel at the home of friends over where they were going to live (meaning Dixie and Bing, not the friends). As quarrels go it was a beauty. They'd been married only six days, but before the words ceased flying they had agreed that the only thing to do was to get out of each other's lives. The idea was mutual.

Dixie was convinced that the move should begin at once and she insisted on leaving immediately with the embarrassed friends for Caliente!

"That was all right with me," relates Bing, "for about two hours! Then I began to miss her. If we couldn't be happy together there was no reason why we couldn't go on being unhappy, because it took me just about two hours to make up my mind I'd rather fight with Dixie than get along with anyone else!"

Bing took the next plane and flew to Caliente. Results—zero. Dixie wouldn't speak to him. She wouldn't even look at him. "Look here," said Bing to the still embarrassed friends, "why don't you kids take the car and go back home? Dixie has lost all her money at the Casino. There's no one down here she can borrow from. So she'll have to ride home with me!"

Bing's plan worked so perfectly (at least as far as getting Dixie to ride back with him) that it almost started another war. The tempestuous bride was so furious at being trapped in this ignoble fashion she didn't speak to him until they reached the outskirts of Los Angeles. And believe him, Bing didn't do any crooning on that ride, but just some good, old-fashioned fast talking!

FRANCES DEE and Joel McCrea are another pair of sweethearts who began a first-class row in Los Angeles and ended it three thousand miles away, somewhere in upper New York where they were married.

When Frances left on that trip East she would have bet money and given you odds that she would never put eyes on Mr. McCrea again. She was through. They were *finis!* Joel was too utterly unreasonable. She had promised to marry him, all she had asked was that he wait a short time, while they made sure of one another, until they really came to know each other. But would that great big stubborn, handsome (no, not handsome—oh, well, maybe he was a little good-looking), domineering, spoiled, have-his-own-way-or-die young *mule* see it that sensible way? No, he would not! He had said they would be married immediately, or else! Frances had decided. It was *or else!*

When the train arrived in Winslow there was a telegram for her. There was no name but the message was clear: YOU ARE THE MOST STUBBORN PERSON IN THE WORLD EXCLAMATION POINT. So, she was stubborn! Frances had to laugh, but not too much!

In Kansas City there was another wire: PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT STOP WITH YOUR DISPOSITION WE WOULD NEVER BE HAPPY.

In Chicago, Frances sent a wire herself:

"SUB SOIL" GROWS GOOD BLACKHEADS

ONLY A PENETRATING FACE CREAM WILL REACH THAT UNDER-SURFACE DIRT!

By Lady Esther

Those pesky Blackheads and Whiteheads that keep popping out in your skin—they have their roots in a bed of under-surface dirt.

That underneath dirt is also the cause of other heart-breaking blemishes, such as: Enlarged Pores, Dry and Scaly Skin, Muddy and Sallow Skin. There is only one way to get rid of these skin troubles and that is to cleanse your skin.

Make This Test

Pass your fingers over your whole face. Do you feel little bumps in your skin? Do you feel dry patches here and there? Little bumps or dry or scaly patches in your skin are a sure sign of "sub soil" or under-surface dirt.

A Face Cream that Penetrates

It takes a penetrating face cream to reach that hidden "second layer" of dirt; a face cream that gets right down into the pores and cleans them out.

Lady Esther Face Cream is definitely a *penetrating* face cream. It is a reaching and searching face cream. It does not just lie on the surface. It works its way into the pores immediately. It penetrates the pores, loosens and breaks up the waxy dirt and makes it easily removable.

It Does 4 Things for the Benefit of Your Skin

First, it cleanses the pores.

Second, it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible.

Third, because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.

Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for *your* skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge.

Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

See for Yourself!

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you.

At My Expense!

With the free tube of cream I'll also send you all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Thus, you can see which is your most flattering shade and also how well the cream and powder go together to give you a lovely complexion.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (17) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ *State* ________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

The Magic of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids

will instantly transform your eyes into glowing pools of loveliness

● Beautiful, expressive eyes are within the reach of every girl and woman in the simple magic of the famous Maybelline eye beauty aids. Their magic touch will reveal hitherto unsuspected beauty in *your* eyes, quickly and easily.

Just blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow and see how the color of your eyes is instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Finish your eye make-up with a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to make your lashes appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold—your eyes become twin jewels, expressing a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Accept only genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

KINDLY STOP WIRING INSULTING MESSAGES CONSIDER ANYTHING PERSONAL BETWEEN US ENDED.

But before she changed trains for New York there was another one from the Coast: THAT'S FINE WITH ME.

Considering how "happy" she felt now that this was all over, she'll never know why she felt so gosh-awful when she got to New York. It was wonderful that she and Joel had discovered how incompatible they were before they were married. Yes, they were lucky to be rid of each other. By way of congratulating herself, she barely managed to get to her hotel room before she broke down with the sheer joy of it.

Right in the middle of the storm, someone wrapped on the door: "Telegram, lady." Wouldn't this ever end, couldn't they part friends? Why did they have to end such a lovely thing with such bitter words? She tore open the envelope, shook out the message:

BETTER LOOK AROUND FOR SOMETHING BECOMING TO WEAR STOP ARRIVING TUESDAY FOR OUR WEDDING!

Like all the others it was unsigned. But Frances didn't need any names. In the future hers would be Mrs. Joel McCrea.

NOT everyone in Hollywood has the fun of changing locales for the rainbow finish after the storm. As Merle Oberon and David Niven could tell you, they had their first, and last (so far) quarrel right in Merle's own beach living room—and it ended there, too. If the British had a word for "goofy" this would be it.

Merle and Dave had an amusing little gag worked up between them that went something like this: They would wait until there was a room full of people and then they would start a hectic sham battle. It would begin slowly, just like a real quarrel, and then work up to something really insulting. Merle would order David out of her home. He would refuse to go. Finally, Merle would appeal to some male guest to toss Mr. Niven off her premises in one of those is-there-a-gentleman-in-the-house? appeals. It was always good for a laugh when some heartsick gentleman would try to give David a talking to or, if Merle and David were good enough in their stunt, actually try to evict him physically. Of course, it was just a gag, a game, but Merle and David pulled it so often it began to lose its humor. And that's just where the humor comes in!

One night they really had a battle! They weren't kidding. It wasn't a gag. They meant every word that flew across that living room. Finally, Miss Oberon drew herself up to her full five feet and chilled every word as she suggested that perhaps Mr. Niven had better depart!

But in place of the shocked silence that should have greeted this social impasse, the guests merely looked a little bored, if at all. They didn't look any particular way. They just ignored them! Merle was flabbergasted. She insisted she was not joking. Would Mr. Niven leave or would Mr. Niven leave? It seems he wouldn't do either. Merle was almost to the boiling point, and Mr. Niven looked as though he were on the verge of bursting a vessel of his own! As I heard the story, I believe it was Constance Collier who capped the climax by drawling, "But darlings, you've done all this for us before. Very amusing. But let's do get on with supper!"

They didn't want to, but they had to laugh at that, and just as suddenly as the first quarrel had come up, it was all over! And no one the wiser—until now!

When Charlie Chaplin first met Paulette Goddard, the little comedian wanted his new girl friend to let her hair "go back" to its original brunette shade. After all, Charlie had been one of those gentlemen who always preferred blondes, and maybe he wanted to break his luck. On the other hand, Paulette wasn't convinced that she wasn't more "fully expressed" as a blonde. That's how matters stood when they parted one afternoon with a certain chilliness in the air.

Mr. Chaplin did not phone that evening.

The next morning Miss Goddard was not in when he did phone.

Two silent days went by.

On the third day Charlie called up. He suggested lunch, as though there had been no argument. Paulette accepted the same way. And that meeting was a classic, for, in Charlie's pocket nestled the grandest bracelet with diamond gadgets on it with a little note explaining that he really liked blondes best! He was puzzled when Paulette began to laugh and when she jerked off her hat her hair was as russet-brown as it was the day she was born. She hadn't waited for it to go back—she had pitched in and helped Old Mother Nature along! And if everybody getting his own way isn't the swellest way to end an argument you ever heard, I'd like to know what you'd call a diamond bracelet.

MARY BRIAN and Dick Powell had their first quarrel over what appears to be the greatest romantic stumbling block—*who danced too often with whom?* For an entire month they didn't see one another, and in the meantime Mary seemed to have forgotten all about Dick in having such a good time with Mr. So-and-so and it was hinted in the papers that Mr. Powell had a brand new romance that looked as though it might lead to the altar.

But, Hollywood being Hollywood, and all the hostesses being at a total loss to keep all the quarreling lovers apart (besides, whom could you invite if you only asked people who were speaking to each other?) it happened that Mary and Mr. So-and-so and Dick and his new flame found themselves at the same dinner party at the Trocadero one evening.

Mr. Powell and Miss Brian nodded in deadly politeness. They completely ignored one another at the table. After all, weren't they terribly wrapped up in other people? Well, weren't they? But there came that time, as it comes in all café parties, when all the dancing partners had switched and there was no one left at the long, conspicuous table but Mary and Dick!

Impossible to ignore each other any longer. They couldn't sit there like a couple of sore thumbs and give Hollywood something to laugh about in the lowdown columns the next morning.

So they danced that dance, and the next dance, and the one after that and so on. After that, they didn't seem to know whether there were people in the room or not. And what's more they didn't care.

It would have been worth something to have had earphones to hear what was said on the way home when Mary got back to Mr. So-and-so and Dick returned to Miss Altarbound! Maybe! This gentleman and this lady had plenty to say, along the same old lines, who danced too often with whom!

Dick could hardly keep the grin off his face as he bade his irate dinner partner goodnight and made for the nearest corner telephone. There was something ironic about the whole thing, but that didn't matter now that Mary had danced with him again, and again and again.

"I caught it!" he remarked cheerfully into a phone that had Miss Brian's shell-pink ear pressed close at the other end. "*You* did?" she laughed.

And a couple of days later it was pretty generally known that Mr. So-and-so was no longer Miss Brian's steady interest, and all the altarbound rumors concerning Mr. Powell had Mary as the prospective bride.

BUT it remains for another Powell, William, the debonaire, and his steady company, Miss Jean Harlow, to put the final fillip on this business of making up. For Bill and Jean had all the fun of making-up without ever bothering to have a quarrel.

This also started one of those potent nights at the Trocadero!

The onlookers and gossips were suddenly electrified to notice that Jean had left a private party and was dancing in the public room with a strange young man while Mr. Powell sat "moodily" in a corner and watched. Hurray. A rift!

But here's the point. Bill and Jean hadn't tiffed, even a little bit. They had merely left the private party in order to avoid an embarrassing encounter with someone. But before they could drift into the main room to dance an old friend stopped them and asked Jean for a dance. It was okay with Bill and he just sat, and watched.

Now all Hollywood was saying they had quarreled!

It was a lot of fun while it lasted because Bill and Jean went through all the gestures of making up. Jean pouted. Bill coaxed her to speak to him. Then Bill would pout and Jean would coax. When Bill came calling for her that evening he brought an enormous bottle of perfume as a "peace offering." And little Jean was not to be outdone. She had a beautiful bouquet of cactus all wrapped up for Bill. And finally they forgave one another.

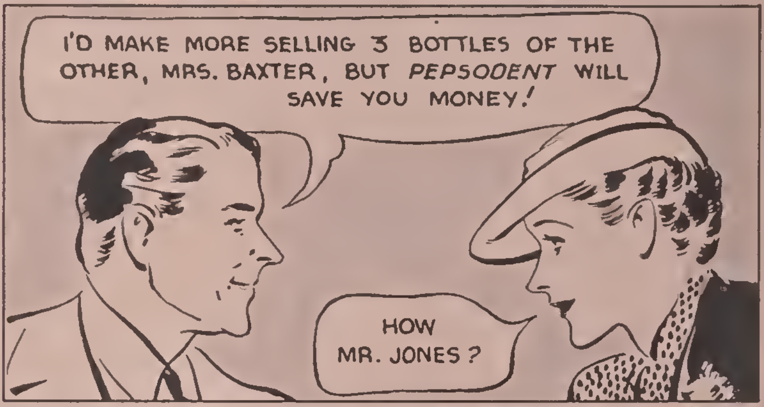
It may be fun to fight and then kiss and make up every place in the world, but it's funnier in Hollywood!

JEAN HARLOW SETS THE STYLES—IN A BRILLIANT FASHION SPREAD APPEARING EXCLUSIVELY IN NEXT MONTH'S MOVIE MIRROR, ON SALE ON SEPTEMBER 25

ONE DAY WE NEEDED A MOUTH ANTISEPTIC AND THERE WASN'T A DROP IN THE HOUSE. SO I WENT OUT TO BUY A BOTTLE OF THE KIND WE ALWAYS USED.

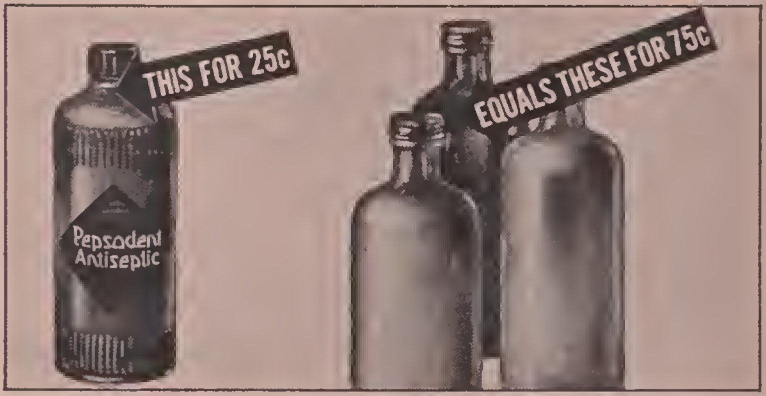
HEAVENS! NOT A DROP LEFT! I'LL HAVE TO RUN DOWN TO THE DRUG STORE, JUNIOR.

BUT OUR DRUGGIST, A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE, TOLD ME THAT I COULD MAKE MY MONEY GO 3 TIMES AS FAR BY BUYING *Pepsodent Antiseptic*

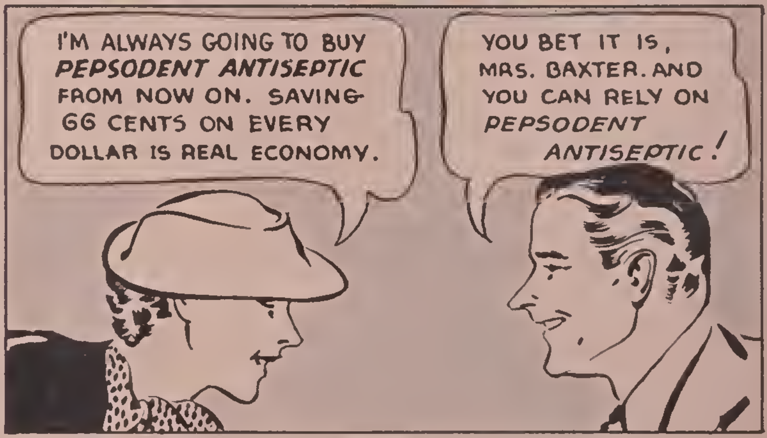

I'D MAKE MORE SELLING 3 BOTTLES OF THE OTHER, MRS. BAXTER, BUT PEPSODENT WILL SAVE YOU MONEY!
HOW MR. JONES?

THE DRUGGIST EXPLAINED TO ME THAT: IN GERM KILLING POWER, ONE BOTTLE OF *Pepsodent Antiseptic* EQUALS 3 BOTTLES OF OTHER LEADING MOUTH ANTISEPTICS.

(Because Pepsodent still kills germs effectively, even if you dilute it with 2 parts water.)



SO I BOUGHT A BOTTLE OF *Pepsodent Antiseptic* LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, I WANT TO MAKE MY MONEY GO AS FAR AS I CAN.


I'M ALWAYS GOING TO BUY PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC FROM NOW ON. SAVING 66 CENTS ON EVERY DOLLAR IS REAL ECONOMY.
YOU BET IT IS, MRS. BAXTER. AND YOU CAN RELY ON PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC!

Pepsodent Antiseptic

gives greater protection against germs

SAVING money is only half the story. Thousands who switch to Pepsodent Antiseptic tell us it is more effective in fighting colds and unpleasant breath. This extra efficiency is the result of Pepsodent's remarkable germ-killing action—actually it is 3 times as powerful as other leading kinds. It is absolutely safe when used full strength, yet even when two parts of water are added, *Pepsodent still kills germs in less than 10 seconds.* Play safe! Guard your health and save your hard-earned money! Get Pepsodent Antiseptic at any drug counter.

Much more is expected from women today

These days are good to women. They have independence unheard of a generation ago. And with this new status every woman is expected to have a frank, wholesome outlook, particularly in those matters which affect her intimate feminine life.

Take the question of feminine hygiene. The modern woman has found out that *Zonite* is the ideal combination of strength and *safety* needed for this purpose. The day is gone when caustic and poisonous compounds actually were the only antiseptics strong enough. In the past, you could not criticize women for using them. But today every excuse for them is gone.

Zonite is *not* poisonous, *not* caustic. Zonite will never harm any woman, never cause damage to sensitive membranes, never leave an area of scar-tissue. This remarkable antiseptic-germicide is as gentle as pure water upon the human tissues. Yet it is far more powerful than *any* dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the human body.

Zonite originated during the World War. Today it is sold in every town or city in America, even in the smallest villages. Women claim that Zonite is the greatest discovery of modern times. Comes in bottles—at 30c, 60c and $1.00.

Suppositories, too—sealed in glass

There is also a semi-solid form—Zonite Suppositories. These are white and cone-like. Some women prefer them to the liquid while others use both. Box holding a dozen, individually sealed in glass, $1.00. Ask for both Zonite Suppositories and liquid Zonite by name at drug or department stores. There is no substitute.

Send coupon below for the much discussed booklet "Facts for Women." This book comes to the point and answers questions clearly and honestly. It will make you understand. Get this book. Send for it now.

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Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.
( ) Facts for Women
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CITY........................ STATE..................
(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)

They Fell in Love After They Married

(*Continued from page* 45)

resort to complicated make-ups and essay aged characters to get work.

From one theater to another he went in Eastern cities, improving an instinctive skill for the theater with constant study. There was no high school or college interlude for Paul Muni, only tutoring from life itself. By the time he was twenty-one he was good enough at his business to rate steady employment in the Jewish theaters in New York City.

Naturally, he longed for romance with all the intensity of youth. But so hard was his climb, and so zealously did he plunge into the creative, artistic side of acting, that he sternly determined to pass up romance.

When he was twenty-three his friends took him in hand. They sensed that underneath his bluff, serious mask he was lonely and incomplete and that the right woman could shape his life into something splendid.

They didn't know, though, that they were promoting a match with a girl who had made no impression on him at their first meetings.

PAUL'S troupe specialized in straight drama. One night a drama demanded that Paul, as character comedian, appear to be one hundred years old in the last act. A chorus girl was to intrude for a scene with him. As the troupe had no one capable of taking this particular role, they asked a neighboring musical comedy house to lend them a girl. Fussing with his tricky make-up, Paul Muni had no time to think of the girl sent for the part as a woman. And she, in search of work, didn't see romance in the person of the doddering old soul with whom she rehearsed.

"After three days," Paul now recollects, "her company suddenly decided on a road tour and so she was withdrawn from our show. We hadn't made the slightest impression on one another and we didn't see each other again for fully two years." Then the maneuvering of their mutual friends brought them together once more.

Paul Muni disliked parties, but he was, after all, only twenty-three, and so he was eventually inveigled into being introduced to this girl his friends swore he would like. "I didn't want to know her!" he repeatedly exclaimed. She was equally indifferent. However, she too gave in when they kept recounting what a charming man he really was. "I can't spoil the whole evening by just meeting him," she rationalized.

Bella Finkel was a luscious young beauty with all the inherent glamour of her race. Her face is oval, her eyes and hair a warm brown, and her skin has a thrilling ivory glow. They met—*and justified their friends' judgment!*

Her unaffected simplicity attracted him. Today Paul Muni still shies from any sort of pretense and artificiality. He did it even more then. But Bella was so genuine and, also, she had a marvelous sense of humor. It was fun to be with her. There was no nonsense about her and yet, together, they laughed at all kinds of little insconsequential things.

In short order they discovered they had a background and an ambition in common. Her hardships had been as great as his. Her widowed mother had been a famous actress and invalided at twenty-five. One of three children, Bella had had to seek work at nine. She sang, accompanying colored slides, in movie theaters. When she reached her teens she and her sister joined the chorus. At twenty she was playing leads.

The friendship of the two young strugglers progressed with these links drawing them closer. She was devoted to her family, as he was to his. He found himself going to her home for dinner and after shows for a late bite. His handsomeness and sincerity interested her more and more.

Bella Muni remembers that his proposal was certainly unusual. No flowery line, as might be anticipated from an actor. "I hate spending money on a strange woman," he announced one evening. "Let's get married!"

She knew then she would hate being a strange woman to him. They were fond of one another; marriage seemed a bright idea. So they dashed upstairs to break the news to her mother.

When they first began dating they had been casual; their wedding was casual, too. Bella was appearing in Newark and she hurried over for the ceremony, solemnized by a rabbi handy to the theater, between matinee and evening performances. That night Bella went to her own home. Not for a week did the young Munis have time to settle down by themselves!

The official honeymoon was spent working on the road. Bella had a chance to sign up with Paul's company. The troupe secured a London engagement. And then, the bridal pair being constantly in one another's company proceeded to do an astonishing thing. *Paul Muni fell in love with his wife and she found herself amazingly keen about him!*

Other people became a nuisance to them. They wanted nothing so much as to be alone together. This was a joint shock.

IN a whirl they celebrated by bidding adieu to their astonished associates and spiritedly embarking on an adventurous tour of Europe. Head over heels in love at last, they shunned the ornate spots and blissfully went wherever their moods suggested. Paul Muni's wishes are spontaneous and when it developed that Bella adored action on the spur of the moment their devotion was clinched.

First they investigated all the wonders of Paris. One day he remarked, off-hand, "How about Italy tonight?" Without the slightest delay or fuss Bella calmly dragged out two suitcases, packed them and ordered the rest of their belongings put in storage, and off they flew.

When they returned to America they rose rapidly in the theatrical scale. They were headed for Broadway. Bella Muni went on with her own career, acting in many of the dramas which Paul's genius transformed into Broadway history.

Although the lives of these two players are inextricably wrapped up in the theater and the studios, they have never been upset by the nature of their work.

"I have no sympathy with the standard Hollywood alibi that two careers automatically bring marital grief," Paul Muni emphasized to me the last time I visited them at their ranch home. "Bella and I aren't perpetual puppets; we have a family life just as anyone else who is acting should and can have. My wife thinks blaming the profession is a dumb excuse. So do I. And so far as those Hollywood divorces go, I guess that social ambition breeds most of the trouble."

The Munis take no part in the film colony's social functions, preferring a few intimate friends. Their lovely home in the San Fernando Valley is less than a half hour's drive from Hollywood, but far enough away so they escape the Hollywood traps which might possibly break into their happiness.

As Paul Muni's Broadway popularity mounted, pictures beckoned. His first talkie experiences at Fox were unsatisfactory and he returned to New York vowing to forget the movies. It is Bella whom we may thank for his being with us today. As the years rolled on she gave up her work and gradually evolved into the business buffer for her husband.

A QUIET, peace-loving man interested in delivering the best sort of portrayal when he has undertaken a role and in extracting the utmost from every day's moments, Paul Muni abhors the stress which being a star in films brings upon his head. When the producers negotiated for a second trial in California he became so ill with misapprehensions that he came home to their New York apartment one night, said, "Pack me a bag. I'll 'phone you tomorrow where I am," and fled.

Next evening he telephoned Bella to solve the matter as she deemed proper. When he called on the subsequent night she cried. "Come on back; I've settled everything. We're going West again and on the right terms!"

Vindication was her one aim. He had failed before because he had not been given opportunity to exercise his talent. "I was positive he needed only good stories and treatment," Bella said. And time has shown how smart she was. That he makes but two pictures a year is his own ruling, however. He follows his own terrifically high code of ethics, declaring he cannot secure more than two worthwhile stories annually.

"Personally," Bella Muni admitted to me, "I hated coming back to Hollywood, because it meant professional inactivity for me." She still hasn't abandoned her stage yearnings, and hopes to reappear on the stage some day. But she now likes Hollywood because her husband's life has centered there. A woman in love cherishes love far more than ambition, you see.

Their love, rooted in friendship and nourished by humor, has shaped both their lives superbly. Now you can understand why Paul Muni is the actor and person that he is.

I envy him more than any other star in Hollywood. Not for his fame and material success, but because a man who finds a grand passion in the woman who is the ideal companion and adviser is indeed blessed by the Gods.

Why doesn't it EVER ring?

WHAT wouldn't she give to hear it ring? To hear a girl friend's voice: "Come on down, Kit. The bunch is here!"

Or more important: "This is Bill. How about the club dance Saturday night?"

• • • •

The truth is, Bill *would* ask her. And so would the girls. If it weren't for—

Well, bluntly, if it just weren't for the fact that underarm perspiration odor makes her so unpleasant to be near.

What a pity it is! Doubly so, since thousands of women find perspiration odor so easy to avoid. With Mum!

Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

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Handcuffed TO THE GIRL WHO DOUBLE-CROSSED HIM

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THE 39 STEPS

A hundred steps ahead of any picture this year

LUCIE MANNHEIM • GODFREY TEARLE • PEGGY ASHCROFT
Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK
Director of "The Man Who Knew Too Much"
GB
A GB PRODUCTION

Virginia Bruce—Belle of the '30's

(*Continued from page 32*)

But when I delicately put the idea to your Editor that a gentleman could investigate this Bruce appeal and get a timely story all I got was a quizzical eyebrow and a somewhat weary: "You, *too?*"

SOOOoooo, after instructions galore and warnings (more galore) I started on my trek across Hollywood to locate the hidden charm of Bruce that was leading so many of our best males astray.

First, working on the theory that there is no better way of checking up on a woman than through another woman, I called around to see Claudette Colbert.

"That name is taboo in this house," she laughed. "Yes, I do adore her. But I don't want to hear any more about her. Ever since the word got out that we were friends, I've been surrounded by handsome and palpitating men who waited no longer than a decent interval before I would be faced with pleading eyes and: 'Could you —er—that is, I'd like to meet Virginia Bruce.'"

That seemed to prove that the old theory was out-dated. At any rate, I decided to do less asking and more listening. I listened at a party that a famous producer was throwing that night. I knew La Bruce would be there.

She was. And was she gorgeous? You should have been there to watch the looks of green that were flashed at Virginia's blonde mop as she wended her way around the gathering. Long about midnight, Eddie Hillman—the Chicago millionaire who was once married to beautiful Marian Nixon—remarked:

"You're certainly running way out in front tonight, Virginia. May I call you some time?"

And said Miss Bruce, looking like a blonde angel in a blue chiffon gown, her calm eyes never batting a single eyelash:

"Please *don't!*"

I could almost hear him say, "It isn't the way she says it . . . it's *what* she says!" And so I had discovered item number one in the Bruce Appeal:

Surprise appeal—put it down.

THE next afternoon, late, I was scouting around M-G-M for a look-see. I saw Maurice Chevalier—and he saw Virginia at the same time. I pretended to be talking to Jeanette MacDonald and all the time I eavesdropped on Chevalier who said:

"May I take you home in my car, Miss Bruce? It is such a cold night." Then he flashed that grin that has come to mean okay where women are concerned.

"Thank you, no!" smiled Miss Bruce, "I always have father call for me."

Did I make that sound sort of cold—yet inviting? If I didn't, I missed, because that's the way it sounded. Which makes item number two:

Look helpless and act independent.

And while I was eating dinner that night at Levy's, who should come in and sit with me but one of Hollywood's most famous bachelor stars. I won't embarrass him by mentioning his name. He has too swell a bachelor reputation to wreck. But he was down-cast, blue. I asked the reason.

"A beautiful woman," he smiled wanly. He didn't have to tell me. I knew who it was—'twas the Belle of the Thirties, Miss Bruce. He said:

"I've sent her flowers every day for a week. I always put a note with the buds asking if I may call on her. That's all I ask. Never so much as an answer. I'm going crazy."

"What is there about her that would cause you so much heartache?" I asked.

"She is gorgeous, understanding, lovely. She looks like a beautiful poster to me. She reminds me of a Red Cross nurse—her gowns are always as simple as a white uniform and they create the same sort of fascination. She looks cold, but I *know* she isn't. Something slumbers behind those eyes. I wonder what?"

Put it down: *Look cold and hint WARM.*

NOR was it until the night of the Donald Ogden Stewart party that I had a real chance to try my own investigating powers on La Belle. I got there too late for the first courses, but still in plenty of time to see that Virginia was seated between Jock and Sonny Whitney, those much-moneyed men from the East. Of course I knew they were married (and happily) but I had also heard that whenever they came to Hollywood they together escorted Virginia around town.

Later when I was sitting in a corner, who should walk up and hold out her hand but Miss Bruce. I looked over my shoulder to see for whom I had been mistaken. She smiled and sat down at my side. I wondered, "Will she remember me from that one interview years ago?" She flabbergasted me with:

"Do you remember *me?*" (Put that down before I forget it for you. It's *memory appeal.* Nothing flatters a man into the doldrums like being remembered by a gorgeous woman.)

And then we proceeded to talk for about two hours. I let her talk and just sat there and appraised for you girls. I found out plenty:

Her loveliness is relaxed! The entire effect is calm, serene and uncomplicated. Hers is a completely restful beauty and I don't mean illusion. When she sits, she sits still. Her voice is gentle and soft.

She is interested in you. Seemingly more than you are in her. (I said, seemingly.) More than one man has found to his utter surprise, I presume, that Virginia is the one beautiful woman he ever knew who didn't expect to be rushed—or suppose that she is bowling you over by her mere presence. It's fun to meet a beautiful actress in Hollywood who says what she thinks, likes whom she wants and, meanwhile, seems grateful for everything while she expects nothing.

There you have what would make a girl tick—and click—anywhere. I suppose I've left out something, but you'll have to forgive me if I have. I guess it's got to me, too. Last night I called on the phone to ask if she would be home. In Swedish dialect (mystery appeal) she warbled:

"Miz Bruzz iss not at hum. She go by China."

I'll wait.

The Amazing Life Story of Elisabeth Bergner

(*Continued from page* 35)

the best interest of the group, the thing to do is to give that individual some legitimate means for the release of his unsocial impulses.

In his early experiments with children, therefore, Doctor Moreno, through play acting, gradually led the young minds into creative activities of a constructive nature to develop their imaginations and give them something definite to do which they enjoyed.

Moreno, still a young undergraduate medical student but already an advanced idealist along the lines described above, first noticed a small, colorless child whom her companions called "Lisl" in one of the parks in Vienna.

Elisabeth was just entering her teens, but she was so little and thin and undernourished looking that, except for her habitual expression of pain and unhappiness, she would have seemed much younger. Jacob Moreno became particularly interested in the little girl who sat apart from the others, unsmiling. He found that she lived in the neighborhood, not far from his own humble room, with her parents and her young brothers and sisters.

TO this day it is not known whether Elisabeth Bergner was born in Vienna or, as some say, in a small town in Poland. But at any rate there she was, just the unhappy, odd sort of child that the young doctor believed needed to be guided toward a fuller existence. He made friends with the family, and it was not long before he was accepted as a sort of unsalaried, volunteer tutor for the children, one of which her guardians frankly looked upon as a problem child.

Was Elisabeth, at that difficult age, a problem to herself and to those with whom she lived? The legends seem to indicate that she was. But to Jacob Moreno she was the sort of problem he hoped to spend a lifetime solving. He understood her supersensitive nature.

Each day "Herr Doktor Jacob" would arrive at a certain hour and proceed with his new charges, and other children of the district picked up along the way, to the public gardens.

Make-believe, "play acting" games were a large part of the informal schedule. For instance, the children usually carried their lunches with them, as well as some simple toys. Young Moreno would ask them to give their food away to some of the poorer youngsters, of whom there were always a number playing about. He knew his little friends had had hearty breakfasts and would have filling suppers later. Then he would ask one of them to watch another child eating a piece of delectable cake, to go through all the motions of eating cake himself, and then to describe to him just how the cake "tasted." In the same manner the children would give away their ball, then engage in a spirited game of pitch and catch with only thin air for a projectile.

Elisabeth entered with pleasure into these and other make-believe plays. She had a

NEW FIGURES FOR OLD QUICK, SAY THOUSANDS

TO THINK I LOOKED LIKE THAT JUST A FEW WEEKS AGO!

Posed by professional model

GAINS OF 10 TO 25 POUNDS IN A FEW WEEKS REPORTED BY USERS

SKINNY people who never could gain an ounce—many who for years had seen themselves held back by a bony, gawky figure—cannot say enough in praise of this remarkable new discovery that has given them normal curves and natural attractiveness they so long had wished for — *in just a few weeks!*

Doctors know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight is they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on pounds of firm flesh—*in a very short time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normal, good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special *cultured ale yeast* imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process this yeast is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.* Then it is *ironized* with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

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No matter how skinny and run-down you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only don't be deceived by the many cheaply prepared "Yeast and Iron" tablets sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. These cheap imitations usually contain only the lowest grade of ordinary yeast and iron, and cannot possibly give the same results. Be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for "IY" stamped on tablets.

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To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package — *or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2210, Atlanta, Ga.

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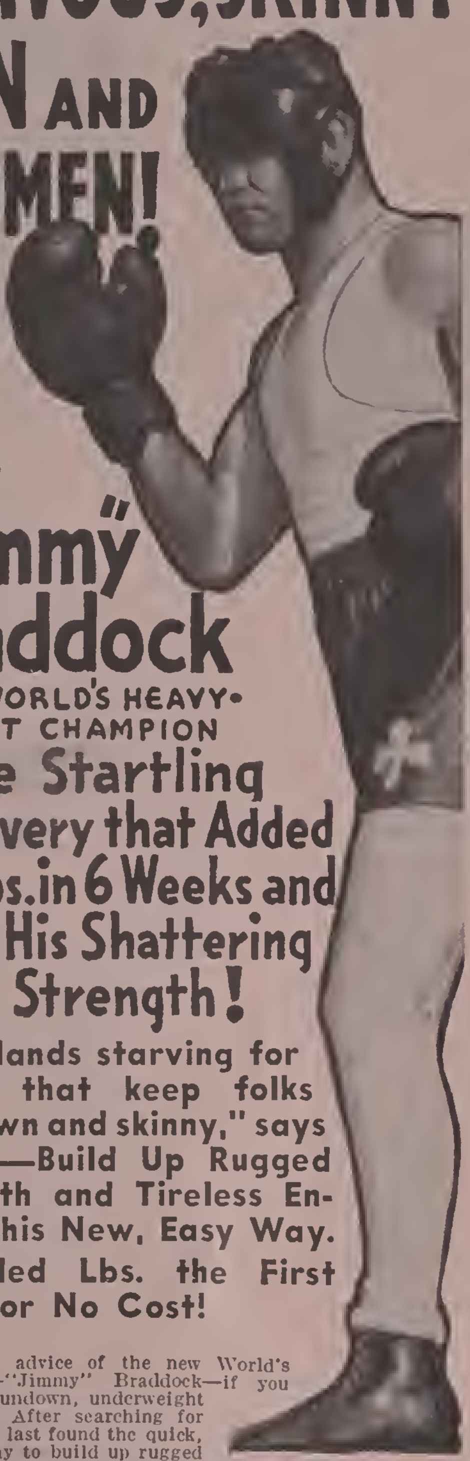

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He says: "Tests convinced me that rundown conditions, poor blood and skinniness come frequently from iodine-starved glands. When these glands,—particularly the important gland which controls weight building—lack NATURAL PLANT IODINE (don't confuse this with ordinary chemical iodine), even diets rich in fats and starches fail to add weight and produce energy. That's why skinny folks often have huge appetites, yet stay skinny."

With the discovery of Kelpamalt—a mineral concentrate made from a huge 90-foot sea plant harvested off the Pacific coast, you can now be sure of your needed ration of plant iodine in concentrated, easy to take form. 1300 times richer in iodine than oysters, Kelpamalt helps your food to do you good, build rugged strength, add weight and banish fatigue. Its 12 other minerals stimulate the digestive glands which produce the juices that enable you to digest fats and starches. 3 Kelpamalt tablets contain more iron and copper than 1 lb. of spinach or 7½ lbs. of fresh tomatoes, more iodine than 1,386 lbs. of lettuce, more calcium than 6 eggs.

Start Kelpamalt today. Even if you are "naturally skinny", you must add 5 lbs. the first week or the trial is free. 100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt costs but little at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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keen imagination and revelled in this new chance to exercise it. She could always describe accurately tastes and feelings which she was only *imagining* she actually experienced.

Like many other abnormally shy children, Elisabeth engaged feverishly in the new activities, replacing self-consciousness with happiness. Moreno had already learned that from a tiny child she had loved to recite little pieces, that while in the act of speaking she glowed with such a strange fire of emotion that her listeners were often moved to tears.

During more than a year of contact with Moreno at this period, Elisabeth played literally hundreds of parts, but she never thought of becoming a professional actress. It was all just fun.

Then came the day when Jacob Moreno became really "Herr Doktor" and went away to take over his first professional post. It was not long after that Fate again took a hand in the shaping of Elisabeth Bergner's destiny.

She was only fourteen when she sat alone one evening on a bench in one of the gardens near her home. Two gay young university students out for a stroll saw her, stopped to talk, introduced themselves, and ended by spending the evening on the bench with Elisabeth—all three of them talking animatedly about everything and nothing, but particularly about plays.

It was the first of many meetings. Soon Bergner began going secretly to the room which the young students shared. There they had many books, volumes of plays and literary and dramatic criticism. These the three friends read together. The boys were already well grounded in the drama of their own and earlier times. Finding that Elizabeth shared their love of the theater, they gave her in a few months' time an intensive course in its literature.

Until then she had never read Shakespeare, but her passionate instinct for the best in written drama, her secret studies at this time were leading her straight toward her destined career. She was later to be hailed all over Europe as the greatest "Rosalind" of her time, and be famous in many other Shakespearian roles.

But first there was trouble. The local police discovered her clandestine visits to her student friends and put the worst possible construction on them. They went to her guardians. She denied nothing. It is probable she even disdained to explain how her time was spent at those sessions!

Very well. Something must be done. The aunt decided that her niece must wed at once, whom she did not care.

But there they ran into trouble. For Elisabeth calmly said she had no intention of marrying anyone. Asked what she did plan to do she declared she intended to become an actress. After days of pleading and argument she won her point.

Since she *would* not marry, and since it was therefore apparent that something must be done to provide her with a profession, it was finally arranged that she should take a three year course in Vienna's "Conservatoire," a dramatic school at which many of the actresses then known in Berlin and other cities had studied.

A milestone had been reached and passed. Elisabeth Bergner was no longer a child. Although still in her early teens, she was a woman, and one who knew the lofty goal at which she aimed. She was turning her steps toward the years ahead, toward the greatest fame and honor that can come to a woman in her chosen art, but it is probable that even then, with the struggle all before her, she had some conception of the price in work and tears and discouragement success would cost.

But she did not falter. She had the courage to face the future.

Continue the dramatic account of Elisabeth Bergner's spectacular rise to her position as greatest European actress of her time. Read of her experiences at the "Conservatoire," her struggles to land her first job after she completed her course, her romantic meeting with the man who was later to become her husband and her director, her discouragement when she saw the first picture she ever made, the account of how she left the stage for five long years, and her triumphant return in the November MOVIE MIRROR, *out September 25.*

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Just Off Hollywood Boulevard

(*Continued from page 6*)

I said, as he dived into his lunch bucket for a sandwich. "You must get a big kick out of it."

"Big kick out of what?" munched Gray Thatch. "Just another paintin' job to me."

Then I told him about the window he'd just been painting. About how Blanche Sweet used to wave from there when Mickey Neilan blew his horn out in front. And how Rudolph Valentino once lived in the very next room and how the tourists would gather around the front of the hotel and look up at Rudy's window whenever the light went on. Of course, I told him, that was fifteen or more years ago. That was when Norma Talmadge lived in the big room right on the corner.

"Mind if I climb up the ladder and take a look?" I asked Gray Thatch. He said the rooms were empty, go ahead. So I climbed up and walked carefully out the cat-walk to the window ledge. I looked in. Nothing seemed changed; even the furniture, somehow, looked the same. The picture on the far wall reminded me of the room Bill Hart had farther down the hall; it was the same picture. After a while, I climbed down the ladder again. And it seemed as though I was a character in a mystery play . . . and that the other characters were ghosts of other great days.

"If you're done snoopin'," said Gray Thatch, "I'll git to work."

I WANDERED out on a movie set today and found my old friend Jules Molnar hard at work. Jules looks something like Clark Gable, is strong as an ox, portrays headwaiters in pictures and has a secret. It was the secret that earned him most of his money. Today, it was earning him $300.00.

Jule's secret gives him the title of "Hollywood Food Color Expert" and he likes the title almost as much as movie directors like his expert touch on their banquet scenes. Jules, you see, is the only man in Hollywood who can make a banquet look like a banquet.

"Funny thing," smiled Jules. "The motion picture camera makes food appear like anything else in the world but food. Like a mess, really. Years ago, I was working as headwaiter in a picture and the director was hitting the ceiling because the prop department couldn't produce food that would photograph like food. I asked for a chance to help. After days of testing in my own kitchen, I discovered an unusual glaze which, when painted on food, would make it photograph. I've been doing it ever since."

I looked at the buffet table he had just arranged. The gorgeous, brown turkey looked like a picture. It shimmered and shone with Jule's secret glaze. He's clever with food, too; the beef tongue looked like an elephant's head. How did he do it? What did he use?

"Lots of directors won't take the time or money to use my work, but all of them would use it free if they knew how. All I use is a little—just a little of this and that. It's a secret," he said.

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BABY RASH
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(from external causes)

Greaseless Medicated Cream brings instant relief promotes rapid healing—refines skin texture

JUST THINK! Over 12,000,000 jars of Noxzema are now used yearly! Noxzema was first prescribed by doctors for relief of skin irritations like eczema and burns. Nurses first discovered how wonderful it was for their red, chapped hands, and for helping to improve their complexions. Today Noxzema is used by millions—bringing soothing comfort and aiding in healing ugly skin flaws.

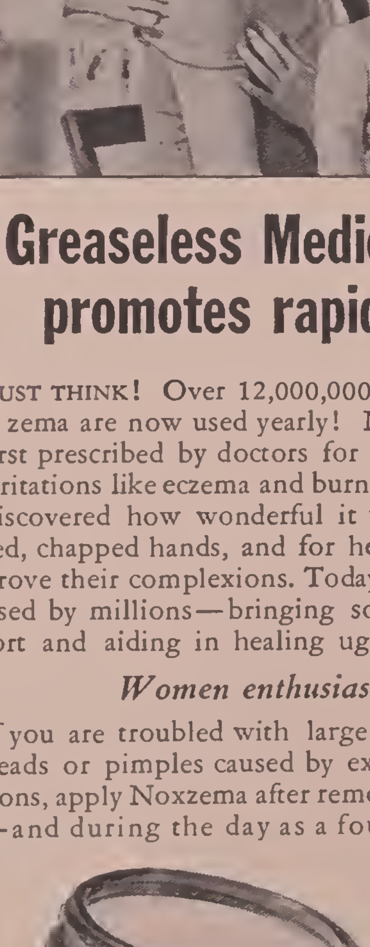
Women enthusiastic

If you are troubled with large pores, blackheads or pimples caused by external conditions, apply Noxzema after removing makeup—and during the day as a foundation for powder. Notice how it refines large pores—helps nature heal ugly pimples—helps make your face smoother, clearer, more attractive.

If your hands are red, irritated, use Noxzema for quick relief—to help make them soft, white and lovely. Use Noxzema for burns, itching, baby rash and similar skin irritations.

For shaving irritation

Men! The news is flying around—*if you are troubled with shaving irritation, use Noxzema—it's marvelous.* Apply Noxzema before lathering. No matter how raw and irritated your face and neck may be, note what a quick, cool, comfortable shave you get shaving this new way.



SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Noxzema is sold at almost all drug and department stores. If your dealer can't supply you, send only 15¢ for a generous 25¢ trial jar—enough to bring real comfort and a big improvement in your skin. Send name and address to Noxzema Chemical Company, Dept. 1010, Baltimore, Md.

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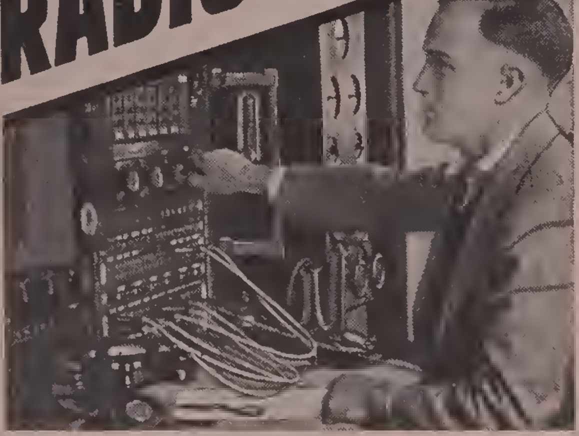
RADIO EXPERT



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"My books show that for the yaar 1933 I ran $3200. Radio sarvica doesn't coma too tough for me now. You know who taught me Radio?—N. R. I."—J. P. WILSON, Box 43, Westville, Okla.

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'Before finishing your Course I was Radio Expert for tha largast sporting goods stora in North Carolina. Sinca enrolling I have mada about $8,500. I want to thank N. R. I."—J. F. HUFF, 601 W. 18th St., Austin, Texas.

Get my FREE book about the opportunities in Radio. Mail the coupon now. Get the facts about this new, fast-growing industry. N.R.I. training fits you for jobs making, selling, servicing short and long wave Radio sets, to have your own business; to build, service and install loud-speaker systems; to operate Radio apparatus on board ships, in a broadcasting or commercial land station; for Television, which promises hundreds of good jobs soon, automobile Radio, aviation, police Radio, and many other branches. My FREE book gives full information and tells how to learn quickly at home in spare time. Stop struggling along in a dull job with low pay and no future. Start training now for the live-wire Radio field. Hundreds of men now in Radio owe their success to N.R.I. training.

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Hold your job. I'll train you in a few hours of your spare time a week. The day you enroll I start sending you Extra Money Job Sheets which quickly show you how to do Radio repair jobs common in most every neighborhood. I give you Radio equipment that teaches you to build and service practically every type of receiving set made. George W. Honert, 248 Water Street, Ligonier, Ind., made over $500 from the start of the Course to its completion.

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Dear Mr. Smith:
Without obligating me, send free book about spare time and full time Radio opportunities, and how I can train for them at home in spare time. (Please print plainly.)

NAME..................................AGE.......
ADDRESS..
CITY.........................STATE....................

Tips on Talkies

(*Continued from page* 40)

English stage production, plays the weakling husband who goes astray.

FLAME WITHIN, THE (M-G-M). A rather slow, and consequently dull, picture about a romantic young couple, Maureen O'Sullivan and Louis Hayward, who are regenerated by a woman (Ann Harding) psychiatrist.

✓✓FOUR HOURS TO KILL (Paramount). A melodramatic story, chock-full of smaller stories, in which Richard Barthelmess is a convict taken to the lounge of a theater to await the train which is to take him to prison. Charles C. Wilson, as his guard, gives a performance almost on a par with Barthelmess, who is swell.

FRONT PAGE WOMAN (Warner). Bette Davis and George Brent, rival reporters, try to scoop each other on a murder yarn, complicated by a bet that if George wins Bette will marry him. Fast paced, with good dialogue and performances.

✓GINGER (Fox). Jane Withers laughs, cries, quotes Shakespeare and mimics Garbo and will win your heart completely as the hoydenish girl of the slums who tries to keep her uncle, O. P. Heggie, out of trouble. Excellent cast.

✓GLASS KEY, THE (Paramount). Plenty of fast action, mystery and suspense when a senator's son is murdered and the big boss of the city is suspected. George Raft, Edward Arnold and Claire Dodd are swell.

HARD ROCK HARRIGAN (Fox). He-man stuff in which the muscular George O'Brien is an adventurer who takes a job on a tunnel, then finds that his worst enemy is the construction boss. A loosely fashioned story with occasional moments of excitement and fun. Irene Hervey is the gal.

✓HOORAY FOR LOVE (RKO). There's music, singing and dancing that you'll like in this. Don't pay any attention to the old, old story of how the show must go on—and does! Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond are the romance; Bill Robinson dances, as does Maria Gambarelli.

✓✓INFORMER, THE (RKO). A truly artistic triumph in which Victor McLaglen, a tiny mind, is ruled by Wallace Ford, a great brain, during the Irish Revolution. The theme is definitely of masculine appeal, but we think women will go.

✓✓LADDIE (RKO). A wholesome, sweet story from Gene Stratton Porter's well-known book, in which little Virginia Weidler steals the show, even from John Beal and Gloria Stuart.

✓LES MISERABLES (Twentieth Century). Victor Hugo's ponderous work appears on the screen with Fredric March as Jean Valjean and Charles Laughton as the police inspector who never forgot a face or his duty. It you like to cry, go.

✓LOVE ME FOREVER (Columbia). Following the smash success of "One Night Of Love" this comes as a distinct disappointment. Not enough of the lovely Moore voice and too much of Leo Carrillo. A weak story, all about a gangster with a heart of gold, doesn't help matters any.

MAD LOVE (M-G-M). Peter Lorre, the screen's newest hair-raiser, in a garbled horror story about a concert pianist whose hands are mangled. Lorre, playing a surgeon, grafts the hands of a knife thrower onto the musician. The musician starts throwing knives. You'll throw fits if you pay good money to see it.

✓MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, THE (Paramount). A stretched out two-reeler gives the inimitable W. C. Fields elbow room for all his comic cutups. This one has him as a hen-pecked Mr. Milquetoast who skips work to see a wrestling match. The ensuing complications make this a satisfactory, if not outstanding, Fields item.

✓✓MEN WITHOUT NAMES (Paramount). Paramount's contribution to the current "G" man vogue. Fred MacMurray does an effective job as the federal agent who traps a gang of murderous bank-robbers. Full of inside peeks at detective technique. David Holt, Madge Evans and Lynne Overman give excellent support.

✓MIMI (Alliance—B. I. P.). Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Gertrude Lawrence in a gentle and charming version of Henri Muger's "Vie de Boheme." Fairbanks, not so thin any more, gives a sparkling performance. The supporting cast is excellent and Miss Lawrence displays an original personality. A woman's picture.

✓MURDER IN THE FLEET (M-G-M). With its full share of murders, thrills and mystery this little picture is quite up to standard. Robert Taylor and Jean Parker supply the love interest. If you like murder mysteries go.

✓✓NAUGHTY MARIETTA (M-G-M). Victor Herbert's undying music is more poignant than ever when sung by Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in a picture abounding with romance, beautiful backgrounds, adventure, and above all, the lovely familiar musical score. See it!

✓NELL GWYN (United Artists). A slight, lively and seemingly authentic biography of the infamous English flirt. Anna Neagle handles the title role in an unrestrained manner that most Hollywood stars wouldn't dare. Charming settings and costumes make this importation another worthwhile offering from Britain.

✓NO MORE LADIES (M-G-M). A funny, not very satisfying story about the ladies' man who got married only to find that he couldn't work at both jobs. Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery, Franchot Tone, Edna May Oliver and Charles Ruggles give their usual fine performances.

✓✓OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA (Warner Brothers). Pat O'Brien, a virile idealist, finds it romantic to supply backward China with oil in spite of the fact that his wife, Josephine Hutchinson, must suffer untold hardships with him. An interesting vehicle.

✓OUR LITTLE GIRL (Fox). All Shirley Temple fans should see this newest Temple picture. Not much here for the more sophisticated patron.

✓✓PRIVATE WORLDS (Walter Wanger for Paramount). A stimulating picture despite its hospital-for-the-insane background, in which Claudette Colbert gives a subtle performance of great beauty, Joan Bennett is electrifying, Charles Boyer is enchanting, and Joel McCrea is quite perfect. A thriller. Don't miss this.

✓✓PUBLIC HERO (M-G-M). A swell picture about the "G" men who cleaned up "The Purple Gang" and got the leader as he emerged from a theater. Lionel Barrymore, Chester Morris, Joseph Calleia and Paul Kelly all give fine performances, but Jean Arthur's work is outstanding!

✓SCARLET PIMPERNEL, THE (United Artists). Leslie Howard, disguised as the "Scarlet Pimpernel," and Merle Oberon as his French wife in a story that works up to an exciting denouement.

✓SCOUNDREL, THE (Hecht and MacArthur for Paramount). The most controversial picture of the year, with Noel Coward doing a magnificent piece of acting in the title role. Julie Haydon is superb as the betrayed girl. See it.

SHANGHAI (Paramount). Charles Boyer gives a heart-breaking performance as an Eurasian in love with an American girl (Loretta Young), with marriage impossible because of racial animosities. See it for performance, but don't expect a happy ending. Allison Skipworth and Warner Oland give excellent support.

✓✓STAR OF MIDNIGHT (RKO). Bill Powell in another "Thin Man" role with Ginger Rogers, this time, as fellow sleuth. Mr. Powell turns detective once more, and there's a surprise ending to the mystery. It's gay and romantic.

✓THE 39 STEPS (GB). Another mystery thriller from the same company and director who made "The Man Who Knew Too Much." In beautifully photographed out-door scenes of the Scotch Highlands, Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll enact a gay and interesting story of intrigue and spies. This one will keep you guessing.

"Where have you been all my life?"

{Intimate conversation of a lady with herself}

"I'VE been doing nasty things to my palate with bitter concoctions. I've been abusing my poor, patient system with harsh, violent purges. The whole idea of taking a laxative became a nightmare. Why didn't I discover you before . . . friend Ex-Lax. You taste like my favorite chocolate candy. You're mild and you're gentle . . . you treat me right. Yet with all your mildness you're no shirker . . . you're as thorough as can be. The children won't take anything else . . . my husband has switched from his old brand of violence to you. You're a member of the family now . . ."

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INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS

Half-times kitchen work

~ Patented parallel outer layers provide—

"Double the Wear, where the Wear comes"

MAKE

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—even in DARK shades

GLEAM with GOLD

in one shampoo WITHOUT BLEACHING

GIRLS, when your blond hair darkens to an indefinite brownish shade it dulls your whole personality. But you can now bring back the fascinating glints that are hidden in your hair and that give you personality, radiance—beauty. Blondex brings back to the dullest and most faded blond hair the golden beauty of childhood, and keeps light blond hair from darkening. Brownish shades of hair become alluring without bleaching or dyeing, camomile or henna rinsing. Try this wonderful shampoo treatment today and see how different it is from anything you have ever tried before. It is the largest selling shampoo in the world. Get Blondex today at any drug or department store.

"It's Fun to Be Fifty" says Edna May Oliver

(*Continued from page 63*)

"Which reminds me of why I am afraid of interviews. And I am. I always say too much or too little. I have never, for instance, dreamed that I would ever discuss my marriage. And now I've gone and discussed it. Dear knows what I shall be saying next. When I first came to Hollywood, when the sore spot of disillusionment was still in the throbbing stage, I happened to remark one day in the presence of a member of the press that I wished I had been born beautiful. My de-ar, a story appeared presenting me as heartbroken because I did not resemble Miss America of 1855 or a Ziegfeld beauty, at the least.

"Absurd! Preposterous! Rot! Of course I should like to have been born beautiful—what woman wouldn't? But not at the cost of what I have. No, no, I wouldn't change my face for all of its—shall we say 'oddity'—nor my fifty years nor my home and friends and work and satisfactions to be a combination of all the Delilahs.

WHY, without this face what would I do? Where would I be? Probably back of some counter or in a hair emporium selling a would-be beauty the idea that she should have her classic features elevated. My face has given me my real heart's desire—the stage. What more can a face do for its owner? And when I think of some of the beautiful girls I have known on the stage, girls who had the world at their feet and would not stop to pick it up for fear of acquiring a wrinkle, then I am more grateful than ever for the Nutter nose and eyes and mouth which have put me and kept me where I am.

"I have one great regret. I should like to have had a child. Friends suggest that I adopt one. But I am far too nervous for that now. The least thing upsets me. If a chair in the house needs re-covering I am in a state of jitters until it is done.

"I am unspeakably nervous every time I start a new picture. People would feel sorry for me if they knew the tortures I suffer. I always find myself thinking frantically, 'I can't act! I don't know how to act!' When I first step onto a new set I suffer agonies.

"Which is one of the reasons for my always coming directly home from the studio, never dining out or going anywhere. I come home, go to bed and study my lines for the next day.

"My other fear or phobia is of—the *public*. I am terrified of the people. When I am asked for my autograph in public I hide my face and, my cousin tells me, look like a child who is afraid of the bogieman. Letters from the public frighten me. I appreciate them but fear them.

"But these are the vapors of a delicately unbalanced nervous system. They are the reasons I should and I do live alone here with only my good Hungarian housekeeper to care for me, to cook my food in the way I must have it. I have one living relative in the world, the cousin I mentioned, a charming woman who lives out here in an apartment. I once considered the advisability of asking her to share my home with me but decided against it. I have several dear friends.

"Discounting these footless fears of mine, I am happy. So happy! I am fifty and I love it. It is fun for me and it should be fun for all women of my age whoever they are, wherever they are. For if they are professionals as I am, they should be entering their most productive years. That is, if they have not been too beautiful and relied only upon the skin. Skins do go off so, hair emporiums struggle as they may. If they are women in private life and the children have grown up and left them, making them feel that they are no longer needed—*fine! The world is theirs.* For the first time. I know that I have never seen the world until now. I've never *really* seen the sun rise and set, the bees, the flowers and birds, the sunlight over hills and fields. I've never really cared about these things, nor about open fires and books and good talk and the smell of coffee on chilly mornings. The good things. *The things which we inherit when we are fifty.*

"Why, I've never even had a home until now. I've always lived in hotel suites and furnished apartments. I thought that I didn't want things. But as I grow older things, just things—tables and chairs and walls and floors—become more and more precious to me, more and more important. For things cannot disappoint us. They cannot hurt us. They are with us while we are at home and they wait for us while we are away.

"I love my home. I want nothing more than this. It is the great love of my whole life and I can hardly bear to be away from it, even when I am working."

AND somehow you feel the love of Edna May for her home in the home itself. A charming cosy home reminiscent of old daguerreotypes and waxen flowers under glass; the old fashioned cushioned rocking chair in Edna May's bedroom (in such a chair, our great-grandmothers sang first their love songs and then their lullabies); a livable sunny house of gentle Yesterdays and tranquil Tomorrows, wherein a lady of fifty summers may garner the ripening fruits of the years.

"Other women may be thinking as they read this," Miss Oliver said, "that it is all very well for me to talk because I still have my work to do. But I assure you that if I were to cease work tomorrow I would have so many things to do I would not know where to begin. I would study languages, French and German and Spanish. I would read all the books I've never had time to read. I would study reincarnation because the subject interests me. I would study various forms of religion and philosophy. I would travel if I could afford it and if I could not afford it I would walk in my garden and see things I've never really seen before.

"I am to be envied, not pitied. I am to be envied because people laugh at me, because I have the Nutter face, because I once knew pain and because I am now fifty.

"It's fun being fifty," said Edna May Oliver.

Cooking

(*Continued from page 67*)

back on the fire. Cover it and let the apples simmer for three minutes. Then turn them and rearrange in the syrup to make sure they are cooking evenly, and let simmer, covered for about five minutes more, or until they are soft enough to pierce with a fork, but no softer.

Take out the apple sections, and lay them in the bowl in which you plan to serve the dessert. Soften the gelatine in the cold water, and add to the hot syrup to dissolve it. Then pour it over the apples. Let it all cool, and then set in the refrigerator till the gelatine has hardened. Sweeten the whipped cream, add a little vanilla, and heap on the top when serving time comes, adding cubes of currant jelly.

You can use apple fritters as a dessert, or serve them with chicken. As a change from the usual applesauce with pork, they are delicious! And if you've never used beer in your batter, now is the time to learn how.

BEER BATTER APPLE FRITTERS

1 cup flour
pinch of salt
2 tbls. olive oil
2 egg yolks
4 tbls. sugar
½ bottle of beer
1 tsp. baking powder
beaten whites 2 eggs
6 apples
½ tsp. cinnamon

Sift together the flour and salt. Add the olive oil, the egg yolks, and mix with the beer till smooth. Peel and core the apples and cut into rings about a quarter of an inch thick. Roll them in the sugar and cinnamon. Now beat into the batter the baking powder and the egg whites. Dip the apple rings in the batter and fry in deep fat till they are brown. If you are using the fritters as a dessert dish, dust with powdered sugar.

Trying to find a new vegetable dish which is good and healthful and that the family will like is a continual performance for any housekeeper, so I'm giving you this apple and onion combination.

POMMES EN CASSEROLE

¼ cup flour
¼ cup molasses
4 slices bacon
8 cooking apples
4 big Bermuda onions
½ tsp. powdered clove
1 tsp. salt

Thoroughly butter a casserole. Peel and core the apples and slice both apples and onions rather thin. Mix the flour with enough water to make a thin paste that will pour. Put a layer of onions in the casserole, then a layer of apples, and between each layer, alternately pour over the flour paste and the molasses till you have used all the apples and onions. Sprinkle the cinammon on top and spread over it the bacon slices. Bake in a slow oven (320° F.) for about three-quarters of an hour, carefully covered. Take the cover off for the last fifteen minutes to brown the bacon.

Sounds crazy, BUT IT WORKS!

EAGLE BRAND CARAMEL PUDDING
1 can (or more cans) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

Place one or more unopened cans of Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed in boiling water and keep at boiling point for three hours. (CAUTION—keep can well covered with water.) Chill. Keep in can till needed. To serve, dip can in hot water. Punch hole in bottom. Remove entire top of can. Loosen contents with knife dipped in hot water. Turn on plate and slice. May be served on pineapple slices.

Actually! This pudding makes itself right in the can!

● Try it. It's the best caramel pudding you ever put in your mouth. Keep several cans of caramelized Eagle Brand on hand. ● But *remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.

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Everyone laughed. I was sorry for her. But suddenly the room was hushed.

She played "Anitra's Dance"—played it with such soul fire that everyone swayed forward, tense, listening. When the last glorious chord vanished like an echo, we were astonished—and contrite. "How did you do it?" "We can't believe you never had a teacher!"

"Well," she laughed, "I just got tired of being left out of things, and I decided to do something that would make me popular. I couldn't afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have time for a lot of practice—so I decided to take the famous U. S. School of Music course in my spare time.

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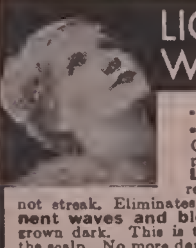

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Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 39*)

✓✓The Irish in Us (First National)

You'll See: *James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Olivia de Haviland, Frank McHugh, Allen Jenkins, Mary Gordon, J. Farrell MacDonald.*

It's About: *A family of Irishers—and what happens when two sons fall for the same gal!*

Extra-good entertainment! Not a super-special, by any means, just an unpretentious picture that makes no attempt beyond gaining all the laughs possible.

Story concerns an Irish mother with her brood of three grown sons: Pat O'Brien, policeman; Frank McHugh, fireman; and James Cagney, fighter's manager. Pat and Frank are always after Jimmie to get a job but Ma O'Hara (Mary Gordon) wants her baby to do as he likes. When Pat brings the captain's daughter, Olivia de Haviland, home to dinner, the fun starts. She falls for Jimmie!

The real acting honors go to Mary Gordon whose characterization of Ma O'Hara is one of the most sincere pieces of acting we've seen in months. The rest of the laurels are divided between the three boys and the boxer, Allen Jenkins.

Your Reviewer Says: Absolutely! Take the kids, for sure.

✓✓The Farmer Takes a Wife (Fox)

You'll See: *Janet Gaynor, Henry Fonda, Charles Bickford, Slim Summerville, others.*

It's About: *Romance between a boy who loved the farm and a girl who loved the Erie Canal in the days before the railroad.*

Beautifully photographed entertainment of the down-to-earth variety that seems such a relief after gangsters, drawing-rooms and chorus girls.

Story concerns the romance of Janet Gaynor, best canal-boat cook on the Erie, and Henry Fonda, a boy who can't learn to love the Canal but wants to make enough money working on it to buy a farm. Fonda shys from a fight with Janet's boat boss, Charlie Bickford, and is labeled a coward until he returns to lick him.

Janet Gaynor gives her best performance in many recent pictures, staying entirely in character and using sincerity rather than pathos or beauty to gain her points. Henry (newcomer) Fonda is well cast as the farm boy and should make a name for himself. The real acting honors of the film, however, must go to Charles Bickford, the Canal champion, and Slim Summerville, the gambler-dentist.

Your Reviewer Says: See this, everyone.

✓✓The Murder Man (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Spencer Tracy, Virginia Bruce, Lionel Atwill, Harvey Stephens, Robert Barrat.*

It's About: *A newspaper reporter who* *specializes in murder cases—and how he solves the last crime of his career.*

A real, honest version of a star reporter for a change, excellent suspense, good performance and an ace story make this fine entertainment!

Spencer Tracy, the crack crime reporter of the *Star*, has so many murder scoops to his credit that he is known as the Murder Man. The reason for his success is quite apparent: he's a good detective, too. After the murder of a partner in a shady investment business Tracy helps convict the remaining partner and the man is to be electrocuted, when Tracy scoops the town again with the written confession of the actual murderer!

Spencer Tracy gives an excellent performance and brings the reporter to life. Lionel Atwill as the police captain is up to his own high standard and Robert Barrat as the editor lends real color and humor to the film. Virginia Bruce as the gal who writes the Miss Lonelihearts column for the *Star* is a charming but a bit too well dressed for the part.

Your Reviewer Says: See it by all means. Fine entertainment.

Jalna (RKO)

You'll See: *Kay Johnson, Ian Hunter, C. Aubrey Smith, Nigel Bruce, David Manners, Peggy Wood, Jessie Ralph, Theodore Newton, Halliwell Hobbs, Molly Lamont.*

It's About: *That popular family, the Whiteoaks, who live clannishly at their estate Jalna—and what happens when one son brings home an "outsider" for a bride.*

You'll enjoy this wholesome rural story. The large family of Whiteoaks, living as a clan to themselves, occupy the ancestral Canadian estate, *Jalna*. A daughter, disappointed in love; four sons; two uncles and Grandma. Into this clan, *Eden* (David Manners) brings a New York Bride (Kay Johnson) and the same day, *Piers*, another son (Theodore Newton), brings still another alien, the daughter of neighbor *Maurice* (Nigel Bruce). All this requires adjustment, but every development is a natural one and you'll enjoy watching it.

While we realize that Jessie Ralph's performance as *Grandma* will excite many raves, we want to give David Manners a pat on the back first. Ian Hunter and Kay Johnson lend a forceful sincerity to the picture and Molly Lamont is surprisingly fine.

Your Reviewer Says: Enjoyable for lovers of "Little Women." Go!

Bonnie Scotland (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Laurel and Hardy, William Janney, June Lang, Anne Grey, others.*

It's About: *Two comics who inherit a very Scotch estate.*

This has marvelous gags but the picture doesn't quite come off because it is composed of two distinct plots which don't merge.

Laurel and Hardy, down and outers, inherit an estate in Scotland. When they get there they discover their entire estate is a broken-down bagpipe. Pretty June Lang, in love with William Janney, is the real heiress.

Here's where the trouble with the film begins; the love story has nothing to do with the comedy story.

Your Reviewer Says: The individual laughs are swell, but the whole thing is disappointing.

✓Born for Glory (GB)

You'll See: *Betty Balfour, John Mills, Barry Mackay.*

It's About: *"A courageous British gob defies a German cruiser, single-handed, in the South Pacific.*

Although the human interest background of this exceptional production is not very believable the scenes of action are thrilling and well worth seeing.

The romance with which the story opens shows Betty Balfour as a green grocer's daughter and Barry Mackay as an English lieutenant. Although he goes to sea and never sees her again she brings their son up in the tradition of the British navy. At the outbreak of the war his ship is sunk by a German cruiser. Taken prisoner he manages to delay repairs on the German ship allowing the British *Leopold* to maneuver into position for battle. Ironically the *Leopold* is captained by the boy's father.

The scenes of the naval engagements are superb and the acting of John Mills, the boy, suggests that you'll be hearing from him in the future.

Your Reviewer Says: An exciting, admirably photographed action picture.

Bright Lights (Warner)

You'll See: *Joe E. Brown, Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis, William Gargan, Joseph Cawthorn.*

It's About: *The small-time burlesque team that finally hits Broadway, and what comes of them when one half falls in love.*

A fast-moving side-splitting Joe E. Brown comedy that has all the elements of grand entertainment.

When Joe E. Brown and Ann Dvorak, a tank-town burlesque team, get a Broadway booking, the producer breaks up the team and puts a stage struck heiress in Ann's part. Joe wants to quit, but Ann makes him go on to fame and fortune. Of course the complications of love arise and Joe almost loses Ann before he finds out that Patricia Ellis is really in love with the press agent, Bill Gargan.

The best thing about this picture, besides the good story and the numerous laughs, is that when the actors are supposed to sing, sing they do. Both Ann Dvorak and Patricia Ellis sing and make you cry for more. Another surprise is Joe's dancing, and his reciting "The Little Mousie." Joe's been doing that sidesplitter around Hollywood for years, but this is the first time *you've* had the chance to hear it.

Joe and Ann are excellent. Pat Ellis is beautiful and well photographed. Joseph Cawthorn, as the burlesque manager, is perfect.

Your Reviewer Says: By all means! If you like to laugh, go!

✓In Old Kentucky (Fox)

You'll See: *Will Rogers, Dorothy Wilson, Etienne Girardot, Russell Hardie, Esther Dale, Bill Robinson, others.*

It's About: *Young love and horse races.*

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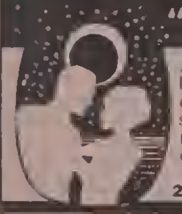

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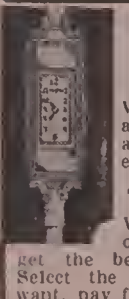

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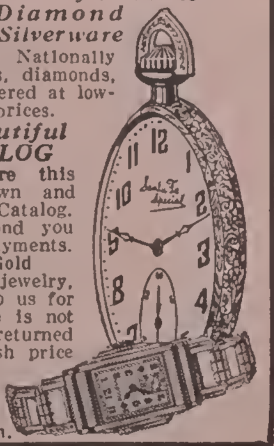

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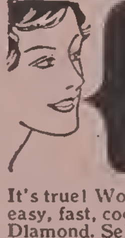

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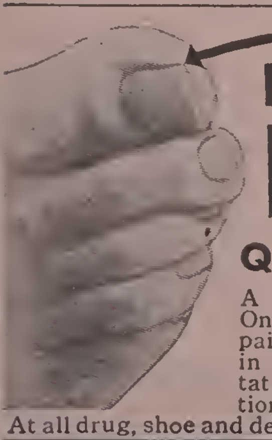

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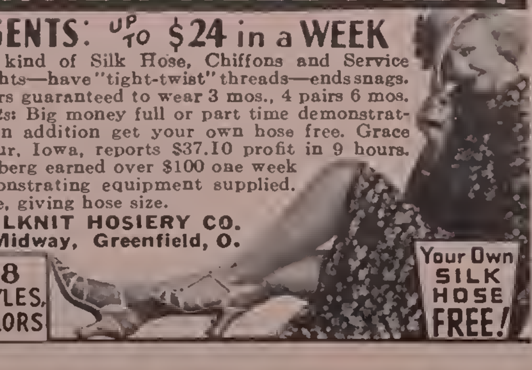
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in his training of race horses, is fired from the stable of Kentucky's richest owner, he offers to train a pony owned by Dorothy Wilson. The horse from the opposition stable is trained by Russell Hardie. Will and Dorothy haven't any money; their horse, to win, requires a muddy track. The providing of a muddy track, on the sunniest of Kentucky days, and the trick by which a new jockey is provided, make one of the funniest and most exciting sequences possible. The entire cast is excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: A typical Rogers film of sentiment, humor and action.

We're In The Money (Warners)

You'll See: *Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert, Ross Alexander, others.*

It's About: *A pair of blonde process-servers who mix up their court tactics with love.*

This is a simple, nutty farce, of the usual type played by Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell. The girls are process servers, working for absent-minded Hugh Herbert. They go through men's locker rooms, high water, everything to serve their victims, and in the course of it all a vague love plot gets mixed in.

Your Reviewer Says: Okay if you like Blondell-Farrell farces.

✓She (RKO)

You'll See: *Helen Gahagan, Helen Mack, Randolph Scott, Nigel Bruce, others.*

It's About: *The queen of a kingdom wherein burns the flame of everlasting life, and some ordinary mortals search for it.*

You can't believe a scene of it, but for fantasy, horror, suspense and thrills, this is a fine way to spend your evening. The story is all about one of those hunts for eternal youth, except this time it's a flame and not a fountain. Young loves comes into it in the persons of Randy Scott and Helen Mack, and drama in the figure of Helen Gahagan, playing a woman five hundred years old who is still young and beautiful.

The Queen falls in love with Randy when he, as a young scientist in search of the flame, wanders into her kingdom. She tries to kill Helen Mack, so that she may win Randy for herself. But the sacred flame apparently has a conscience along with its youth-giving properties and creates an ending to the drama that is a knockout for thrills.

Your Reviewer Says: Fine if you like utter make-believe.

The real story of Joan Crawford's new leading man. Read how Brian Aherne took Hollywood on the installment plan, how he captured the town that didn't want him in the first place, in next month's MOVIE MIRROR, on sale September 25.

There Should Be a Charles Boyer in Every Woman's Life

(*Continued from page 27*)

Boyer took place just one week ago. This time I met an authentic Hollywood star, the film industry's most important talent find of the year, the man who had fascinated a continent of women with a single performance in "Private Worlds."

And I met the same Charles Boyer. He was still the sonata-voiced, pleasantly poised, warmly charming Frenchman I had watched on a set three years ago.

There was the same silent message of knowing tenderness in his eyes, glowing through the same brittle armor of hard masculinity.

And throughout the long spring afternoon while he recalled for me the pattern and fabric of his boyhood in France, I felt quite suddenly that Charles Boyer had known me for a long, long time. I knew, homehow, that I was talking with an old and tolerant friend.

I knew that I had met a man who understands women completely, not as a man of many affairs and flirtations understands them, but as one who really knows the gentleness, the kindness and the loyalty that women can offer men.

YOU see, Charles Boyer had learned much about women when he was ten years old. His father had died the year before and left his widow and only son well provided for but quite alone in a sprawling four-story mansion in the town of Figeac in Southern France.

Until his eighteenth year, Charles and his mother were never separated. He did not go away to boarding school as French boys of well-to-do families usually do. He attended the local *lycée,* returning late each afternoon to the large, dim, richly furnished rooms of the Boyer residence for hours of music and talk and intimate little teas with his mother.

The pair continued to make gay trips to Switzerland during summer vacations, to Paris for every Easter holiday, and to their country villa every week-end.

And so because his mother was, and still is, completely feminine, Charles Boyer learned during the impressive years of adolescence the rare and beautiful lesson of womanhood.

The war did not part them because Charles was several years under fighting age. But his most vivid recollection of the holocaust involves the second woman in his life, the young school-mistress who replaced the schoolmaster who was called to arms.

Charles promptly fell in love with her and he recalls that his mother was deeply sympathetic with his first painful pangs. She even helped him with his daily themes which he stubbornly devoted for a solid year to the single subject of his fifteen-year-old idea of love.

Just before his eighteenth birthday Charles and his mother experienced their first and only disagreement. Following a particularly successful recitation at a public benefit, Charles decided to study for the stage. His mother, born and reared in provincial France, tried to dissuade him. The rift was finally patched up by a compromise. Boyer was to finish a two-year course in philosophy at the Sorbonne in Paris before making any definite decision as to his future.

And, because the bond between this mother and son is no silver cord, Madame Boyer stuck to her promise to bury forever her objections when Charles finally entered the conservatory of drama in Paris, after fulfilling his end of the pact.

Although his success as a dramatic actor was practically instantaneous, Boyer's mother, during the first confused years of his career, secretly hoped that he would fail and return once more to the easy currents of life in Figeac.

But, ironically enough, it was the priceless lesson she unknowingly gave her son during the long years of their exquisite and almost isolated comradeship, that brought him the accolade of audiences in Paris, London and Berlin.

It was from the very solidarity of her love that Charles Boyer gleaned the intimate, sincere tenderness that creeps out over the footlights, that today even manages to escape from his impersonal gray screen shadow to every woman in America's vast movie audience.

The failure Madame Boyer hoped for a dozen years ago did not touch Charles until that first unfortunate visit to Hollywood. It brought him back home, as failures usually do, for two years.

LATE in 1934, when he finally mastered English, and used it with success in several British-made pictures, Walter Wanger, a well-known Hollywood producer, saw, on a homeward-bound Atlantic liner, a Boyer production called "The Battle" (now "Thunder in the East").

There was an extravagant flurry of cablegrams between the ship and Paris for three days and nights, terminating with Boyer's reluctant consent to return once more to Hollywood.

Wanger had "Private Worlds," and its aftermath of stardom, waiting for him when he stepped off the train. And Fate, after a strangely long delay, had the third woman in his life waiting, too.

It was in the midst of a gay, too-crowded Hollywood party that Charles Boyer met Pat Paterson, a new arrival from the English stage.

They were a pair of exiles, both of them homesick and a little bewildered by Hollywood's noisy merry-go-round. It was what is usually called "a whirlwind courtship," and their marriage was in the popular airplane elopement style.

At this writing Charles Boyer is on the high seas returning to France with his bride to visit his mother. Sometime during their short reunion he must tell her of the new and astounding contract with Wanger that will bind him to Hollywood for the next five years.

During the many days that must come and go before five years have passed, I wonder if Charles Boyer's mother will realize that it was the consummate perfection of their early fellowship that has caused their longest, perhaps final, parting.

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Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 64*)

So here's to more and better Lew Ayres pictures.

Emogean Guthrie,
Nurses Home, General Hospital,
Spartanburg, S. C.

I agree with "Gene"—Catherine Harrison, same address.

Same here!—Lina Coates, same address.

In fact we all think so—The student body of General Hospital.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Come On In and Fight!

I've a bone or two to pick with a couple of guys and after that I haven't anything but praise.

What ailed Dorothy Grover of Akron, Ohio, in the August issue of MOVIE MIRROR? She had something mean to say about *everything* that an ordinary person likes. I think if she dislikes everything and everybody so much—well, she should go off and live on an island all by her own self—or maybe she dislikes herself, too?

Also, Clifton Wilson of Martin's Point, S. C., raised Cain about "It Happened One Night." He's asking for pictures that he can remember after he's left the theater. Well, whose fault is it if he has a bad memory?

Now for the praise. I think Claudette Colbert is the very best actress of all time—although there are lots of other good ones, too.

Let's not overwork dear old Will Rogers, but how about some more of those lovable pictures that he makes seem so real?

Mary Evans,
Houston, Tex.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Shirley's Rival?

Last evening we saw "Laddie," and I do not hesitate in saying that little Virginia Weidler is a worthy rival for Shirley Temple. Shirley is the fairy-like, little-doll girl that most parents, especially mothers, dream of having. Virginia is the little girl most parents have. Thousands of little girls throughout the country became curly hair, blue eye, dimple conscious after seeing Shirley, but perhaps after a few more pictures with the little Weidler girl, the thousands of "plain Janes" throughout the United States who, like Virginia, have straight dark hair, serious, round little faces and sturdy little bodies, will become more and more reconciled to be themselves instead of a poor imitation of Shirley.

At least I, for one, hope so. I'm sick of seeing little girls, straight hair tortured into corkscrew curls, simpering and pouting because they have heard their elders gush that "Shirley Temple is just the cutest thing." All due credit to Shirley, she was born charming with a natural aptitude for doing as she is told, but little Virginia is herself, a real child with a normal little girl's awkwardness and, if I may so term it, plainness. Don't let the directors spoil her. We need a few little girls that look as we *might* have looked, to remind us of our own childhood.

Margaret M. Bradford,
Chicago, Ill.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

No More "Ladies?"

Can't something be done about similarity of screen titles? Sometimes it's downright confusing. Here's an example. Recently I saw "Vagabond Lady." I raved about it to a friend and advised her to see it, but she replied that the title was familiar, she must have seen it. When I mentioned one of the hilarious scenes, the one in which Evelyn Venable solemnly walks down the stairs on the arm of her father at her own wedding, both of them chewing gumdrops, my friend said she couldn't have seen the picture after all. She finally remembered the picture she saw was "Transient Lady." And, to confuse us further, currently showing are "Times Square Lady," "Lady by Choice" and "No More Ladies." All these ladies are getting us highly confused, and in many cases we miss a good picture, under the impression that we have already seen it, the title being to blame. So what, producers?

H. Stappenbeck,
San Francisco, Calif.

Honorable Mention

Why don't these movie folks give Franchot Tone a chance of being happy in the end—especially if Clark Gable is the rival?—*Corinne Humphry,* Roxboro, N. C.

People do not ask you if you have seen "Naughty Marietta," but "how many times have you seen it?"—*Ralph W. Doctor,* Fort Wayne, Ind.

What a pity to waste Gene Raymond's talents in such a picture as "Hooray for Love"—*Mrs. Thelma E. Busby,* New Philadelphia, O.

How about Pat Paterson and her husband, Charles Boyer (the smoothy), in a film together? I'll bet they make a swell couple around town—*Barbara Jones,* Ames, Ia.

Just wait till we see Jeanette MacDonald in Technicolor!—*Mrs. V. Chevillard,* Berkeley, Calif.

The producers have given us films portraying the Army, Navy and Marines. What about the fourth branch of Uncle Sam's service, the Coast Guard?— *Leslie Sellers,* Loveland, O.

Why are Ruth Chatterton's pictures so few and far between?—*Cecil Faulkes,* Richmond, Va.

Of course the stars are types and we want them that way—*Dorothy R. Johnson,* Friend, Neb.

We kids have something to say about what we like, too. So it's Buck Jones on "Silver" in a good Western and I'm pleased—*Charles Welch,* Columbus, O.

One of my special peeves is the building of a whole picture around some prominent actress so that all you have is about one and one-half hours watching someone "emoting" all over the place, with just enough other characters to feed her the lines—*Mrs. Mildred Lammers,* Fairfax, Minn.

Ann Harding is not being given a fair chance. Why don't they give her something real to show off her talent?—*Olga L. Smith,* Detroit, Mich.

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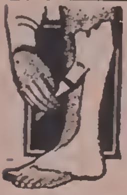

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Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 19)

HARRY REVEL, the famous song writer, went on a bit of a jaunt down to the Crosby ranch and while there took a flock of motion pictures of Bing, Dixie and the three boys. Since Bing has refused plenty of dough for those very pictures to be made by a news-reel company, and since they are the only motion pictures of the Crosby family in existence, Harry has two reels of very popular and valuable entertainment! He has shots of Bing chopping down a tree, romping with the kids and working around the ranch with Dixie. Harry says, "If I ever have to have some quick money—WOW!"

* * *

HOLLYWOOD has begun to wonder just what it is that Bette Davis is knitting on the set every day.

* * *

It'll Be Feature News

THAT Lee Tracy and Estelle Taylor are about ready to take that last step—at least they are together every minute of the day and have taken to giving each other jewels of no uncertain value!

Isabel Jewel and Nelson Eddy have formed a romance pact—at least they might just as well have, they're in each other's arms (dancing) most of the time.

Each of the Marx Brothers has a bed on the set of their newest venture. After each scene is made, the boys make a dive for the downy couch. When asked why, they replied in unison: "We *think* better, lying down!"

Rumored that Norma Talmadge is coming back to films! 'Tis said that she and husband George Jessel will go to England this fall to make "Jazz Singer."

Since his one-picture deal with Columbia fell through, the story is out that Bing Crosby will produce one picture with his own money! He'll find it's something like racing the ponies, we fear!

* * *

MAE WEST almost knocked the gang at Paramount for a loop yesterday when she appeared on the lot in SLACKS! That is the first time on record that La West has followed the leader (Dietrich) and marks, also, the first break-away of the screen's No. 1 feminist.

* * *

IT sounds like a pun but it's true: Ann Dvorak is wearing a gorgeous Mandarin coat these days—it was sent to her by a Chinese fan.

* * *

Dots Right, Dash It

DOLORES DEL RIO has rented a little grass shack in Waikiki and plans to vacation there whenever possible. . . . Bob Montgomery had hardly set foot in London before he was dodging offers to appear in British pictures. . . . Lots and lots of the stars have trekked down to the Fair at San Diego to appear in the Movie Exhibit; they actually go through the making of scenes for the visitors. . . . Gladys Swarthout gave a huge party the

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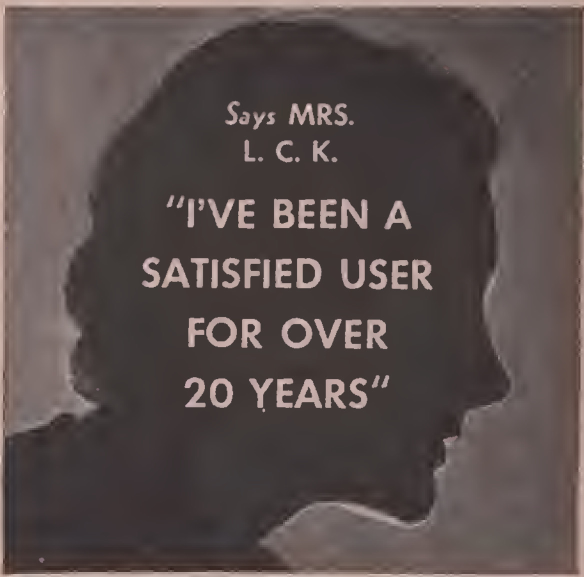
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other day to welcome Lily Pons to the moom pictures. . . . Though Eddie Lowe says he will stay on the bachelor list for a long time, part of the town is betting, secretly, that he won't. . . . Countess di Frasso is still in Europe and Tom Tyler doesn't like it at all but Marlene Dietrich seems to like it all right—she's taken the di Frasso house in Beverly Hills for the time. . . . Elissa Landi is off for Paris to play the lead in "Two Virgins."

* * *

Open Letter Department

Dear Buddy Rogers: You better give those personal appearances the slip, ol' boy, and hurry home. We walked into a grand party out here in Hollywood last night only to find your sweetheart, Mary Pickford, arriving with that fair-haired boy, Gene Raymond.

Dear Walter Winchell: Your jotting to the effect that Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone were already married these many months since January, has me down. I've been on a wild goose chase to all the marriage bureaus and have pumped all the friends I've got and still no proof. If you aren't just guessing, Walter, be a pal and let us all in on it.

Dear Ginger Rogers: The other night at a party in Hollywood, your name came up and a couple of those present gave the impression that you had gone "grand" on your old pals. Now, Ginger, I don't know any particular reason to believe this story, nor do I know any reason why you should be "grand" if you are. All I can say is: Don't mistake the TOP-HAT for the HIGH-HAT!

Very sincerely yours,
PETER ABBOTT

A College Boy's Portrait of Madge Evans

(*Continued from page* 59)

like. Sunflowers are her pet peeve. But you can't begrudge a funny little peeve like that to anyone who goes in for such pleasant and human things as reading in bed and Model "A" Fords. And football games.

She likes these things.

There are the things she has done, basically important to this portrait. It began early, this doing things: Madge had been out of the cradle only three years when first the public saw her on a magazine cover. It saw a miniature golden-haired baby in the best tradition clutching a bunch of violets and sitting on a cake of soap. Underneath there was a caption:

"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"

And with that as the beginning things began to happen in a big way for Madge Evans.

She became a child star in "Sign of the Cross," and continued her triumph in "The Day of Reckoning" and "Heidi." She made a personal appearance tour and discovered just how important she was when throngs of young admirers sought

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her autograph. She inspired a hat, which was named for her.

Time out was taken then—you can't thrill audiences with knobby knees and dubiously gawky graces. Madge had reached that stage. So she became an ordinary young lady for a while and went to school.

We asked her about that. "Being an 'ordinary girl,'" we said. "That must have been a relief to you."

She stared at us in genuine wonderment. "But it wasn't a question of being different from other people," she insisted. "Oh, I suppose being in motion pictures, catching an education in jumps and flurries, affected my life. It *must* have. But the rest was perfectly normal. I wasn't conscious of being set apart."

All the same, that adolescent period, unexciting though it was, must have been a pleasant one. It didn't last long, at any rate. She was only fourteen when she made "Classmates," with Richard Barthelmess, and followed that success with "On the Banks of the Wabash."

She tried the stage for a time, but that was before M-G-M found her; you know the rest. You saw "Lovers Courageous," "Mimsi," "The Greeks Had a Word for It," "Dinner at Eight," "Day of Reckoning," "Helldorado," "Stand Up and Cheer." You saw "Paris Interlude" and "Death on the Diamond" and "David Copperfield."

THERE are the things she will do when her contract has ended and she can return to her beloved stage.

Marriage may be one of those things. "I expect to get married some day," she told us. "Of course. People do. But it won't be for any life of vines and cottages. I'll be on the stage just the same."

To the inevitable question, "Do you think a career and a marriage can mix?" she had a ready answer.

"They'll mix in my case," she said, "because my home is entirely separated from my work. He could have his job, and I'd have mine. You couldn't ask for anything nicer than that."

Madge Evans is free. In a life of periodic changes from one sea-board to the other she hasn't had the chance to contract ties or fetters that might hold her in one place. And she is glad of that. Living with her mother in a Hollywood house has not been very expensive and Madge doesn't go in for liveried flunkies and fleets of motors. She scampers between studio and home in a little loud-voiced car, and frequently cooks dinner herself.

And so the portrait stands, this picture of America's Girl Friend.

Beauty is here, a special loveliness. Simplicity and sincerity are the predominate overtones, with a sophistication which is apparent because she does not make a point of being sophisticated.

There is, above all, the restrained charm which every college man wants in his girl and seldom finds, because coeds try too hard.

The question is, if there *had* been the campus idol she described present in that classroom, and if he *had* asked her to go to the Grove with him, what would her answer have been?

I'll bet she would have accepted.

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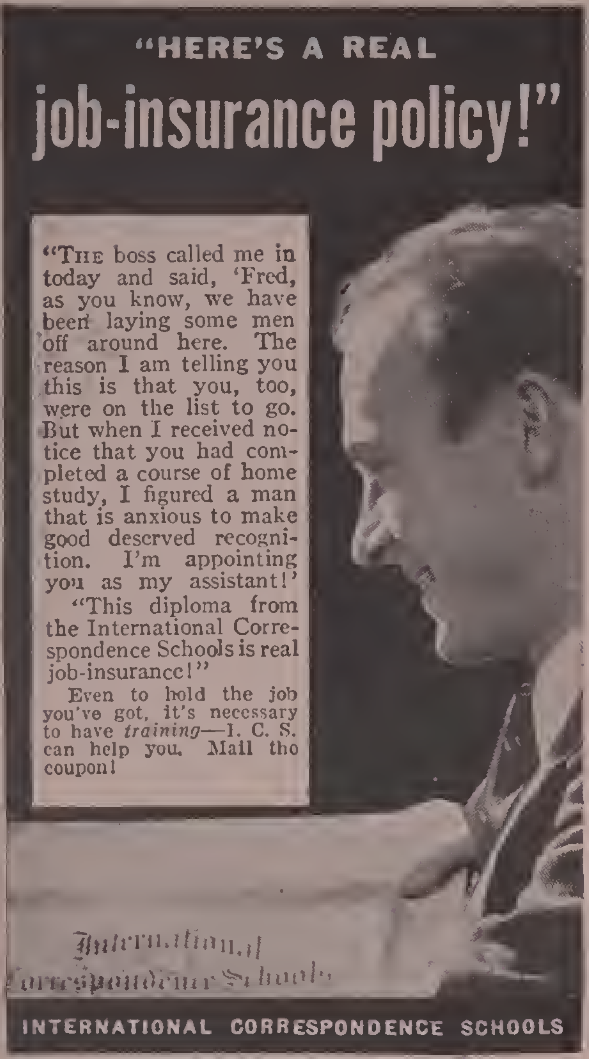

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Movie Mirror, Junior

(*Continued from page 12*)

recognize in every picture.

All the players who first started with "Our Gang" are grown-ups now. Some of them are even married. There's no one in this crop, however, who's older than seven years of age.

When I first saw Director Miens on location he was talking with "Spanky" and "Buckwheat" about their next scene. The boys were to fish in the private stream of a mean old farmer, who was to catch them at it. After rehearsing the scene two or three times, the director told the cameraman to start shooting it.

"Cut," said Director Miens.

"Spanky," he said, "you'll have to look up quicker, when the farmer starts talking to you."

"Spanky" had been far too interested in watching the cork on his fishing line. And this is the reason why. "Spanky" loves fishing. He will sit for hours patiently watching for a bobbing of his cork. He didn't want even acting to interfere with a nibble on his line.

The scene was retaken. This time it was perfect, so "Spanky" went right on with his fishing. "Buckwheat" wandered off the scene toward a white duck. You have all seen the duck used in the recent "Our Gang" comedies, I'm sure. Well, that duck has caused "Buckwheat" trouble. It seems the duck liked to take a peck at him now and then when he wasn't looking. Naturally, "Buckwheat" had been shying from it. This wouldn't do, of course, because the duck had to be used in many scenes of the picture. Director Miens had to think of some way to make "Buckwheat" and the duck friends again. So, one night he sent the duck over to "Buckwheat's" house. The duck had to be fed, and "Buckwheat" had to do it. By the time they arrived at the studio the next morning, "Buckwheat" and the duck were pals again.

A sharp whistle sounded, calling everyone back to work. "Spanky" and "Buckwheat" again faced the camera.

"Now, 'Buckwheat,' as the farmer turns to leave, I want you to swing the fishing pole back into the water," said Director Miens. "Only it is going to catch into the farmer's hat and throw it into the water."

"Buckwheat" took the fishing pole and swung it back. The poor assistant director happened to be standing in the way. Around and around his neck the line went. "Buckwheat" had caught him instead of the farmer's hat.

California laws protecting movie children from overwork and fatigue are very strict. Any child under two years is permitted to work only four hours per day; there are special rules and regulations for babies; boys and girls of four are permitted to work six hours; children over six are allowed eight hours per day. But there must be rest periods at regular intervals. But don't think just because the kids are actors they can skip school. Not on your life. During the school months, there's a teacher right on the set and the children must have their lessons at certain periods of the day.

"Few people realize," Director Miens

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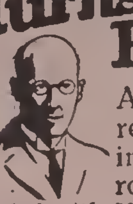

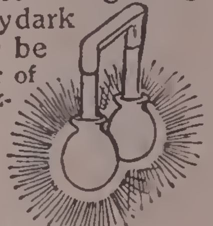

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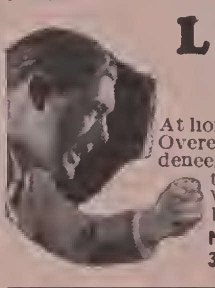

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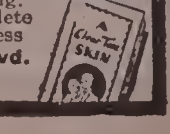

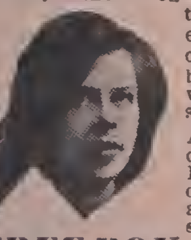

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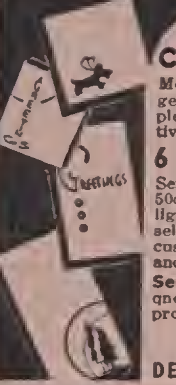

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said, "the difficulty we have in getting just the right type of youngster for 'Our Gang.' People have asked me where we find the new ones. The answer to that is—everywhere. Some of them I have seen in cafes, eating. That was the case with 'Alfalfa,' our little hill-billy. But the search always goes on because members of the Gang soon grow too old, and must be replaced by younger talent."

And here is a surprise! Director Miens would like to have the readers of MOVIE MIRROR, Junior, write him about "Our Gang." What kind of pictures would you like to see them make? Have you any suggestions about "Our Gang" comedies which you think would make them even better than they are? If so, write your letters and send them to MOVIE MIRROR, Junior, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. An autographed photograph of the members of "Our Gang" will be given to each boy or girl writing one of the five best letters received.

Get busy! Write your letter, and win one of these prize photographs.

LAST MINUTE NEWS

Lubitsch's marriage to Vivian Gaye is in the headlines.

Romance: Paramount newcomer Marsha Hunt and Jack (Thinner) Oakie.

Marion Talley, once of the Metropolitan Opera, is starting a new carer in the films.

Most shocking news of the month: the separation of Joan Blondell and George Barnes.

If Charles Boyer is available, he will be co-starred with Dietrich in "Invitation to Happiness."

Gladys Swarthout will do "Carmen" if the studio can locate a suitable Don José.

Heather Angel and Ralph Forbes deny that the new addition to their home is a nursery.

Fred Astaire goes to Bermuda when his book on dancing is finished.

Richard Dix and his wife will tour Europe by plane before returning to Hollywood.

His studio has ordered Preston Foster out of his new high-speed boat until "The Last Days of Pompeii" is finished.

Steffi Duna is enrolling in the Hollywood High School for fall courses in geography, United States history and English.

Samuel Goldwyn is to produce plays on Broadway; the first is "Romany Afternoon" and its authors are two college lads who are studying pictures meanwhile.

Romance: Henry Fonda and Shirley Ross.

Ruby Keeler's sister, Marjorie, begins her dancing career at the Cocoanut Grove.

M-G-M has decided to let Myrna Loy cool her heels till she agrees to their terms—and this may mean another Mrs. Thin Man for Bill Powell.

Margot Grahame leaves for England to bring her parents to Hollywood for good.

Lily Pons can't use her Hollywood swimming pool (her first) until she has finished all the song recording for the films, because of the danger of a husky voice.

The Nelson Eddy-Isabel Jewell romance is out.

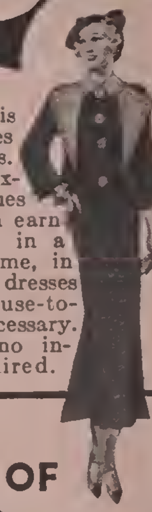
M-G-M's search for a Romeo for their Juliet is like their hunt for a young "David Copperfield."

Frances Marion's new "Valley People" is out and getting rave reviews.

Evelyn Venable's baby is expected within the next six months.

Clark Williams is set for the title role in Universal's "Tailspin Tommy."

Janet Gaynor and her mother and Margaret Lindsay have gone to Honolulu for a rest.



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The HIDDEN HOLLYWOOD

The film colony finds its own newcomers every bit as exciting as do the fans—and, of course, knows a great deal more about them!

By Ruth Waterbury

Half of Hollywood is raving about M-G-M's exquisite Viennese importation, Luise Rainer (above). The other half is wild about the great German actress, Elisabeth Bergner.

THOUGHTS during a Hollywood month: Thank heaven, new personalities are appearing. When I read about the French remaining fans of Mistinguette for forty years, or of the English affection for Marie Tempest or Irene Vanburgh for several decades, I wonder what makes me so lacking in loyalty. Certainly no one could have been more of a Garbo fan than I have been, nor a Crawford fan. But now it seems to me that I know every angle of their strangely beautiful faces, know every trick of their acting performances. The West hip-wiggle doesn't seem to me what it once was, and I crave newness.

THAT is, I suppose, why I am so doggoned excited over Elisabeth Bergner. Hollywood right now is divided into two camps, the Bergner-ites and the Rainer-ites. I belong with the Bergner crowd. A lot of my feeling about her, I'm sure, is due to her not being pretty. I am so tired of screen prettiness, the perfect hair, the sweeping lashes, the lusciously shaped mouth. Rainer is beautiful and exquisitely young. Bill Powell calls himself a "stooge for Cinderella" when you mention Luise and "Escapade" to him. And Cinderella the girl is, elevated to co-stardom on her first picture and the picture cleaning up all over the country despite the summer heat. I will concede Rainer her limpid eyes and her captivating smile. But I wish she wouldn't be so cute, and I wish her studio would tell her that years ago Lionel Barrymore used that trick of making hiccoughs seem very funny.

I LIKE the fact that Bergner hasn't pretty hair, nor a pretty mouth, that she's too short for grace, and that she doesn't handle her body as though it were the chassis of a Rolls Royce. I can't even think of such characteristics as I watch Bergner in "Escape Me Never." I am aware only of Gemma who left her dead baby behind her in the hospital, of the girl's understanding, without bitterness, that she is in love forever with a man who isn't worthy of any one's love. To me she is as satisfying as a cold drink of water, as exciting as golden champagne. (There's a very fine story about her on Page 34, this issue.)

THE hidden Hollywood is excited, in different ways, over two new men, Charles Boyer and Nelson Eddy. The women whisper, "Will Boyer stay married?" They ask, "Will Nelson Eddy marry?" Executive Hollywood worries over Boyer's accent and his insistence upon returning to France just so many months a year. They worry over how to cast Eddy. If Eddy were just a scat singer, it would be easy to find pictures for him. If he were merely handsome, that would be a cinch, too. But the combination of his looks, his charm and his truly great voice bewilders them.

The other night when the moon was having that eclipse of hers, Nelson Eddy stopped by at the beach house where I was visiting. As the moon rose high, Nelson began to sing. Because there were only four of us present, he wasn't thinking about "what the public wants." He sang, as songs came to his mind, everything from "Tristan" to "The Last Round-Up."

It was a potent blend, I assure you, the sea, the moonlight, a highball or two, and the Eddy voice muted down to a whisper.

PARAMOUNT, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Warner Bros., RKO-Radio and Fox are the five studios permitted to call themselves "major" studios. The remainder, because they put out fewer films per year, have to be listed as also-rans. Two powerful contenders have been rising in the last year, little Columbia and Twentieth Century. Now Twentieth Century, which actually means Daryl Zanuck, has merged with Fox. In other words, from now on Mr. Zanuck will be Fox, or Fox will be Mr. Zanuck, and you and I will see some good pictures.

What makes it nice for all of us who are merely the people who pay our money at the box-office is that Zanuck will pep up Fox. Because of this, United Artists, which he left, feel they have to show him they don't even miss him, and that will pep up United Artists. To take Zanuck's place, David Selznick has left Metro for UA, so Metro will be pepped up to show Selznick that they don't miss him. That will automatically throw Warners and Paramount into the general competition, to prove they are superior to anyone, and while the boys are all scrapping I don't see how you and I can lose.

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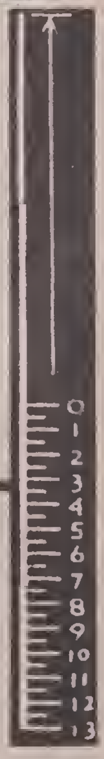

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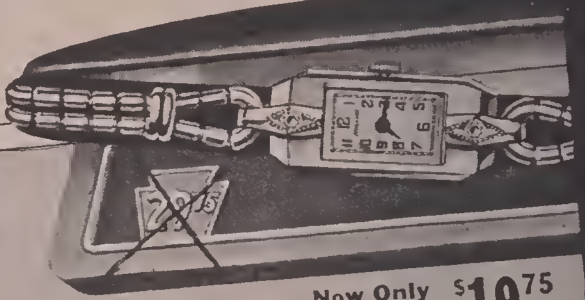

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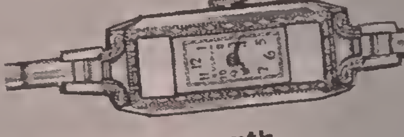

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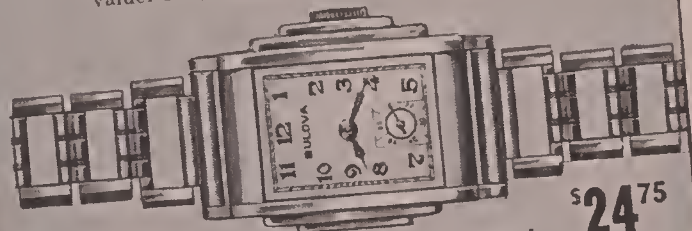

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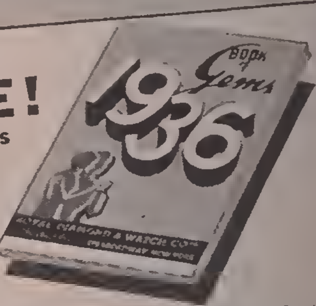

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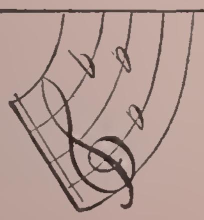

movie MIRROR

combined with Shadoplay

VOL. 7, NO. 6 November, 1935

Edited from Hollywood

ERNEST V. HEYN, Eastern Editor
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Editor

IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE
(OUT OCTOBER 25)

The Unknown Love of Una Merkel

If you're "in the know" in Hollywood, you are aware that Una Merkel is one of its best-liked personalities. She has been called the Most Popular Girl in Hollywood. MOVIE MIRROR has dug up the inside story of how she has acquired this reputation—and it's based on a secret romance revealed for the first time next month.

special features

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HARRY STOCKWELL · NICK LONG, JR.

A Metro-*Goldwyn*-Mayer Picture

Directed by Roy Del Ruth · *Produced by* John W. Considine, Jr.

JUST OFF HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

Author's Note: *This month we're going to have a "request program." So many of you have been kind enough to write in and ask for certain types of people and places and at last I've gotten together an entire column of them. A number of letters, of course, merely mentioned a class of workers or a job in Hollywood. If the letters keep coming with suggestions, we may have another of these "request programs" so let me know how you like it. Address me: 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.—W. R.*

By WALTER RAMSEY

MR. PAUL WIDLICSKA came from Budapest, Hungary, in 1914 to be a cabinet-maker in Hollywood. One day, on the set of a picture, he almost choked to death from chemical gas. It gave him an idea for a new job in Hollywood.

Mr. Widlicska has become a "fog expert."

Since he is only about five-feet-eight and has brown-gray hair, Mr. Widlicska doesn't look like an "expert" of any kind, except maybe an expert cabinet-maker. He's about forty and has two children who are going through college on a wisp of fog. But Mr. Widlicska almost had to die for his art before he could make his art earn him his goulash and college degrees.

"In the old days, they used to use a combination of ammonia gases to produce the movie fogs," said Mr. Widlicska with a shudder at the memory. "It made the actors' eyes smart and they couldn't do their love scenes good; so I tried mixing it different."

His first job as a fog expert was on "The Thief of Bagdad" and his new mixture didn't work. In fact, if Douglas Fairbanks hadn't made it a habit to get to the set an hour early, Mr. Widlicska wouldn't be fogging up the situation today. Fairbanks dragged the expert out from under the fog machines just in time.

The next day Mr. Widlicska invented a new idea!

"Now, today, we are still using my invention. We heat some ordinary mineral oil and force it through an aperture under high pressure with compressed air. In 'The Dark Angel' we want a low-lying, London fog, so I heat the oil only a little. For 'Barbary Coast' we want a high, San Francisco fog so I heat the oil a lot and it rises above the whole set. See? I make fogs to order."

As I walked away from Mr. Widlicska's work of art, I thought. "With half the world walking around in a fog most of the time, this one little guy is the only one who gets paid for it."

Ammonia in the old-time studio "fogs" was hard on the love scenes, so Paul Widlicska (above) invented his own mixture of—mineral oil! Maxine, the Trocadero cigarette girl, is famous in Hollywood for her very pretty legs.

YOU'D never think she was "Hollywood's Party Girl" to look at her. She has the sweetest little face you've ever seen and her blonde hair has a soft, old-fashioned wave. But despite the fact that she is young and beautiful, she never dances at Hollywood parties.

Ella Wickersham goes to parties in a wheelchair.

A few years ago, Ella and her brother were a famous team of adagio dancers. They brought down the house with their dangerous feats—until that night of the terrible accident. Ella was flying through the air toward the waiting arms of her brother. Something, perhaps a light, obscured his vision and his usual protective arms were not there for his sister. She fell to the stage in a tangled heap. That night, late, the doctor told the young man that his little sister might never walk again. It was then that he vowed he would devote his life to her. And so, to this day, whenever Ella Wickersham arrives at a Hollywood party, her brother is pushing the wheelchair.

Why does she go to every social event in *(Continued on page 97)*

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movie JR. MIRROR

CONDUCTED BY BETTY TURNER

Hollywood is all excited about little Sybil Jason, but the only thing that excites her is her new puppy, her first one.

REVIEWS FOR JUNIORS

ALICE ADAMS (RKO-Radio). Katharine Hepburn as a poor wallflower who finally marries the town's richest boy. Lots of laughs for older children.

THE CRUSADES (Paramount). Here is a thrilling spectacular picture with plenty about knights and ladies of old.

STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND (Fox). Will Rogers owns a steamboat in this, and runs a race with the other boats on the river that will make you laugh plenty.

OLD MAN RHYTHM (RKO-Radio). Buddy Rogers in a story about college life. Buddy and his dad both enroll at the same college. Music, too.

HOP-ALONG CASSIDY (Paramount). A fine western with Bill Boyd doing some grand riding and singing.

TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS (Mascot). A musical western with plenty of action.

WELL, have the movie children been having a time this month! Two little girls made big advances in their screen popularity. They are Edith Fellows and Sybil Jason and you'll be hearing more and more about them from now on.

Edith is nine years old. She has been in pictures for some time, playing bits in "Cavalcade," "Cimarron," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and "Black Fury." But her recent good work with Claudette Colbert in "She Married Her Boss" has everyone asking questions about her. She is the darling of the Columbia studios now.

"In my last picture," Edith tells us, "I'm playing the part of a regular meanie. Usually I'm a goody-goody kind of girl, but I guess I'm a regular villain in this one—that is, up until the time I 'reform.'

"I throw things around, scream and everything. I even throw my dolls at my dog! But I'd rather be a good girl on the screen than a bad one."

Edith has played both kinds, too, so she should know.

Edith lives with her grandmother, who brought her to Hollywood when she was three years old. Her parents are theatrical performers.

"I'm in grade Five-A at the Hollywood Conservatory," Edith said. "I get pretty good marks, too, don't I, Mummy?" (You see, Edith calls her grandmother "Mummy.")

Mummy agreed that she did.

Edith's a healthy little girl. She goes to bed early and gets ten or eleven hours sleep every night—except Saturday night, when she goes to the movies. Boris Karloff is her favorite actor.

Edith Fellows often plays meanie roles, but would rather be a good girl.

She has two pets; one canary, called Buddy, and Fluffy, a four-months-old kitten. She wants to have a house so she can have lots of dogs some day.

Sybil Jason, the other little new star of the month, works at the Warner studios, where she is popular with everyone.

Sybil has blue eyes and jet-black hair. She was born way off in Capetown, South Africa, and is five-and-a-half years old. Although she just recently came to Hollywood, her acting in "Little Big Shot," with Robert Armstrong, won her a long-term contract.

A London favorite for her singing, dancing and piano playing at the age of five, Sybil has a dandy background for acting and entertainment.

"I was terribly busy all the time in London," the little star explained, "with the two films I worked in and my radio broadcasting, and I even made some records with my Uncle Harry's orchestra."

Her uncle, Harry Jacobson, is the leader of the orchestra playing at London's Savoy Hotel.

Sybil likes the slang used by American youngsters. She has had to ask the meaning of many expressions used by other boys and girls she plays with. She loves palm trees and big American ice cream cones.

Sybil's doing considerable talking these days about her new puppy. She has always wanted a dog and now that she has one she'll talk about it to anyone who will listen to her.

David Holt had the prize birthday party of the month. It was held at the Paramount studios (*Continued on page* 86)

"So Red the Rose!"

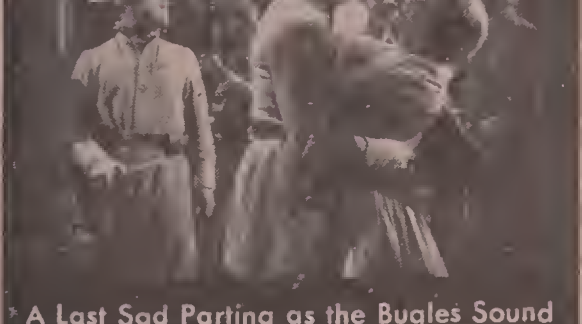
The Flower of Southern Chivalry Dewed with the Shining Glory of a Woman's Tears . . .

The Girl He Left Behind Him

A Daughter's Love Heals War's Wounds

Slaves in the First Frenzy of Freedom

A Son of the South Goes Forth to War



A Last Sad Parting as the Bugles Sound

Women Await the Dreaded News

War's Axes Smash a Southern Home

"SO RED THE ROSE," starring MARGARET SULLAVAN and Walter Connolly with Randolph Scott. Directed by King Vidor. From Stark Young's novel. A Paramount Picture.

FOR LOVERS OF *Music* AND LOVERS OF *Love*

The romantic idol of radio and opera comes to the screen — and triumphs in a sensational debut! Millions will thrill as Martini portrays a struggling young tenor who sings a song of love on the heart-strings of one woman, and the purse-strings of another!

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REGINALD DENNY

VICENTE ESCUDERO

world's greatest gypsy dancer!

Directed by Alfred E. Green

A FOX
PICTURE

CAROLE LOMBARD

While the rest of the world is in its winter furs, the Hollywood stars are still basking in California's sunshine (advt.). If we had a lastex satin suit like Carole's, we'd even wear it in the snow! You'll be seeing her next in "Hands Across the Table," opposite Fred MacMurray.

KATHARINE HEPBURN

Katie again proves her versatility and her devotion to her job. In "Alice Adams," made from Booth Tarkington's Pulitzer Prize novel of a decade ago, she was the charmingly feminine, sensitive girl above. Then her role in "Sylvia Scarlett," in which Cary Grant plays opposite her, demanded that she masquerade as a boy and the Hepburn tresses were sheared off to create the masculine make-up which she shows you at the right.

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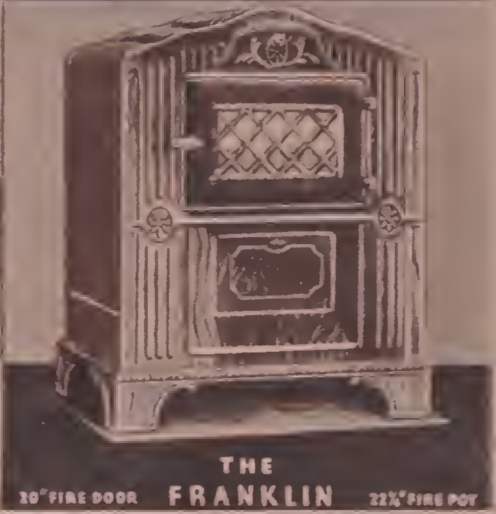

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CLAIRE DODD

Although many think she's star material, Claire is still playing "other woman" roles, as in Warner's "The Pay Off." Some day she'll get the break that Myrna Loy got, then watch her climb to spectacular success!

"If you don't tell your husband, I will!"

"*She was almost hysterical with fear and embarrassment . . . but my advice about "Lysol" restored her happiness.*"

DR. LINITA BERETTA
leading gynecologist of Milan, Italy, tells how a marriage was saved from disaster, when a timid wife found courage to face the facts

"ONE DAY a timid young woman came into my office . . . nervous, worried, unhappy. She told me her husband, too, had become irritable and cold. In fact, he wanted to give up his business and get away . . . by himself.

"Then out came the usual story of ignorance, fear and false modesty. I showed her how proper marriage hygiene with reliable "Lysol" would provide the peace of mind which would calm her worries, replace fear with assurance. Even then she was timid.

"Finally I said, 'If you don't tell your husband your real problem . . . I will!'

"She was almost hysterical with fear and embarrassment, but she knew that I meant what I said. A few months later she came to me again—a different woman!

"'I thought you were cruel,' she confessed. 'But now I'm so grateful. My husband and I are happy again!'

"I would like to give every married woman the same advice, which has helped so many of my patients . . . proper feminine hygiene. Regular use of "Lysol"—because "Lysol" is a truly effective germicide. And yet, used in the proper dilution, it is gentle, soothing — and so reliable, physicians everywhere prefer it."

(*Signed*) DR. LINITA BERETTA

6 "Lysol" Features Important to You

1. SAFETY. . ."Lysol" is gentle and reliable. Contains no free alkali; cannot harm delicate feminine tissues.

2. EFFECTIVENESS . . ."Lysol" is a true germicide, which means that it is effective under practical conditions . . . in the body (in the presence of organic matter) and not just in test tubes.

3. PENETRATION . . ."Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus actually *search out germs*.

4. ECONOMY. . ."Lysol", because it is a concentrated germicide, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. ODOR . . .The odor of "Lysol" disappears immediately after use, leaving one both fresh and refreshed.

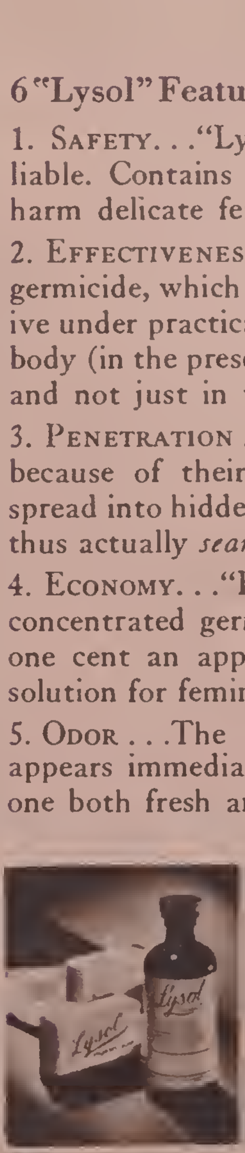
6. STABILITY. . ."Lysol" keeps its full strength, no matter how long it is kept, or how much it is exposed.

Don't risk your happiness on untried experiments when, for nearly 50 years, "Lysol" has proved it deserves the confidence of millions of women who use it, thousands of doctors who advise it.

Throughout your home, fight germs with "Lysol"

You can't see the millions of germs that threaten your family, but you must fight those invisible foes through disinfection. Use "Lysol" in washing handkerchiefs, bed linen, towels, and to clean telephone mouthpiece, door knobs, laundry, kitchen and bathroom

NEW! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.



Lysol Disinfectant

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Mail coupon for copy of interesting brochure—"LYSOL vs. GERMS," containing facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol."

LEHN & FINK, INC., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept LY-65
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

*Name*____________________

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Minna Gombell and her husband, Joe Sefton, Thomas Patten and Dolores Costello Barrymore are snapped together, while attending the theatre.

Here's a real grab shot, showing Director "Woody" Van Dyke, Pat Ellis and Fred Keating at the Trocadero. Aw, let us in on the joke; it must be good!

Ann Dvorak and her husband, Leslie Fenton, though always together, are seldom seen in the night spots, but Hymie caught them at the Trocadero.

The Hollywood younger set goes places just as informally as any other youngsters—Phyllis Frazer, Dick Bare, Anne Shirley and Donald Beery.

ALL AROUND the TOWN

WITH HYMAN FINK

Pinky Tomlin, the cowboy musician, and Maxine Doyle are trotting about together these days; here they are bending an elbow with the Bill Cagneys.

A tribute to her Beauty Soap from a very *Lovely Bride*

DB It's true and I'm delighted to say so! Camay does more than any other beauty aid to keep me looking my spick-and-span best.

Sincerely,

Dorothy Baruch
(Mrs Edward Baruch)

Youngstown, Ohio
September 15, 1935

She began with Camay at Barnard—this darkish blonde beauty with the hazel eyes. And while she has a naturally good, clear skin—Camay has helped it—year by year—to a marvelous purity and smoothness.

She will tell you so just as she has told so many of her friends! And it's just such casual conversations of today's modern young women that are adding so rapidly to Camay's popularity. They *know*, and say, that it is gentle and mild—that it *does* make your skin smoother—that it *does* help to bring new softness and clarity to your complexion. You'll be delighted with Camay's low price.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY
The Soap of Beautiful Women

Little Sandra Jean has made Gracie Allen and George Burns so happy they plan to adopt another baby to be her brother.

PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM WALLING, JR.

INSIDE STUFF

By PETER ABBOTT

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

HOT NEWS: **Adrienne Ames** and **Bruce Cabot** are getting together even more than was rumored here last month.

The **Crawford-Tone** marriage is said to be a matter of weeks now; Franchot gave Joan a ten-carat diamond. Joan is planning to buy a farm in Vermont while on her vacation.

Bill Haines will design the stage settings for the new **Ina Claire** show.

Elisabeth Bergner will do three pictures for 20th Century-Fox in its London studios, the first of which will be "Saint Joan."

Jack Mulhall gets his first important comeback break in "Shooting Star," with **Barbara Stanwyck.**

David Manners, here since 1907, will take out his citizenship papers pronto.

Mary Pickford met **Buddy Rogers'** plane when he arrived in Hollywood on his way to Catalina with his band.

Lawrence Tibbett is on a concert tour following the completion of "Metropolitan."

Lew Ayres plans to become a director of pictures instead of an actor.

Romances: **Alice Faye** and **Dick Powell; Betty Furness** and **Cesar Romero; Eric Linden** and **Margo.**

Monroe Salisbury, once a star, died recently, alone and penniless, at the age of fifty-nine.

WHEN Joan Blondell married cameraman George Barnes, the film colony buzzed with the dire fate of Joan's first marriage because she was becoming the fourth (or was it the fifth?) wife of the celebrated camera cranker. How could it last?

This week, just a few short months after the birth of their baby, the rumor got out that "Mr. George Barnes has taken an apartment at the Ravenswood." Their friends were quick, however, to point out the fact that Joan and George were "out together" the very next evening.

We just couldn't be much impressed with that "out together" business because we happened to sit next to Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot the night before she appeared in court for her divorce! They seemed just as happy as two larks, yet the next day Adrienne was telling the court in no uncertain terms that she had to have a divorce.

And now Joan and George have followed the pace set by Mr. and Mrs. Cabot.

* * *

THE other day I overheard Jackie Cooper bet Joan Crawford $5.00 that she couldn't turn a cart-wheel. I hurried from the stage and ducked into a protective doorway opposite the set.

Soon, sure enough, they appeared. Joan glanced up and down the deserted street (not across) and suddenly dropped her makeup case and turned a perfect cartwheel. Joan collected her $5.00!

* * *

IN Seattle, Luise Rainer, who admits quite freely that she is "the best actress in the world," passed through and was asked one question.

"With whom are you going to make your next picture?"

Said Miss Rainer, "I am going to make a picture soon and my leading man will be . . . will be . . . oh, his name is something like Gordon, or Gilmon, or—well, I can't remember his name. It will be a great picture."

So I called up the studio to find out who this new player could be. They told me. Ronald Colman.

* * *

IT *must be love.*

Adolphe Menjou went through a long and rather intricate speech the other day on the "Milky Way" set. He was letter perfect. Beaming he turned to wifey Verree Teasdale, also in the cast.

"Pretty good for the old man, eh?"

"Of course, darling," she returned. "How else could it be?"

WHEN Ernst Lubitsch lifted Vivien Gaye onto the plane for Yuma, and marriage, the other seats in the cabin were occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Sam Katz. Which makes everything perfect, even unto sounding, strangely, like the happy end to a novel

Months ago, Sari Maritza arrived in Hollywood accompanied by her companion and social secretary, Vivien Gaye. While Sari didn't get any place particular on the screen, she gained the love of Sam Katz who is one of the most influential producers in Hollywood. They were married.

Now comes her companion-secretary with a marriage to the equally-successful director, Mr. Ernst Lubitsch.

The Most Interesting Shot of the Month: Marlene Dietrich's frequent appearances with John Gilbert are furnishing the current excitement in Hollywood.

So what started out to be a movie star-companion team has become a team of the most important hostesses in Hollywood.

* * *

ARLINE JUDGE was almost finished with her quarantine period for scarlet fever when she up and caught a batch of hives and had to stay put in bed for another week or so. And she's the one gal in pictures who hates to rest!

* * *

IT was at a preview of "Little Big Shot." Two amply proportioned women squirmed in their seats, glanc-

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Trial Size bottle PACKER'S Shampoo

You get this FREE

when you buy THIS
full size bottle at regular price

Now see what Packer's can do for your hair. No need to put up longer with oily, stringy hair—or dry, lusterless wisps.

For a limited time we are attaching a special Trial Size Bottle to each package of Packer's Shampoo. Doubtless your dealer has the combination-package on display. If not, he can easily get it for you.

You see, we want a host of new friends to discover how the right Packer Shampoo reveals the hidden beauty of their hair.

OLIVE OIL for *Dry* hair
PINE TAR for *Oily* hair
—both for your hair's beauty

There are *two* Packer Shampoos, you know. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, for example, is made especially for dry hair. In addition to nourishing olive oil, it contains glycerine to soothe and soften your hair until it shines like silk.

Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, if your hair is oily. This shampoo is gently astringent—it tightens up relaxed oil glands; washes out the excess oil and rinses cleanly. Leaves your hair soft and fluffy.

Try Packer's Shampoo without risk

Take advantage of this special offer: You get, free, enough Packer's for 2 washings, when you buy the full-size. Use the trial bottle first. If you don't agree that Packer's brings out your hair's full loveliness, return the large bottle unopened to your dealer and get your money back.

Does he admire your hair close up? Let Packer's reveal its beauty.

Look for this display at better drug and department stores

FREE
PACKER'S Shampoo
PACKER'S PINE TAR SHAMPOO
PACKER'S OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
PACKER'S PINE TAR SHAMPOO
FREE

(Above) Claire Windsor, Lily Pons, Jeanette MacDonald and Irene Dunne—where else but in Hollywood would you find such beauties and such voices gathered together? (Right) Betty Furness and Cary Grant were also among the guests at Mlle. Pons' first movie party, but their romance is dead.

ing this way and that for celebrities.

Casually the eye of one fell on a child four rows back. She straightened indignantly.

"Humph!" she snorted. "It's downright wicked to bring a child to a theater this time of night."

The child was cunning Sybil Jason, featured in the picture.

* * *

DIRECTOR King Vidor got awfully smart when the casting director informed him that he was having a tough time getting enough colored actors and actresses for the mob-scenes showing the slave revolt in his picture of the old South, "So Red The Rose."

"Postpone those scenes until Thursday," said Vidor, with the happy thought that Thursday was maids' and butlers' day off in Hollywood. He rounded up the additional five hundred extras easily that day.

* * *

STAN LAUREL'S prop grin is real these days. His aged dad and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jefferson, popped over from England for their first Hollywood cheerio with their famous son.

Jefferson, one of the last of the school of old English actors, was impressed by the scope and bustle of Hollywood. But more by Stan.

* * *

Short Notice

MELVIN PURVIS, the G-Man who killed Dillinger, is said to be in Hollywood and anxious to sign a writing contract.

Wally Beery has finally started out on that much-delayed trip to Europe. Mrs. Beery and Carol Ann will meet him in New York this week and sail on the *Majestic*.

There are going to be some divided camps around the country when Jean Harlow comes forth with that new hairdo in "Riff-Raff." It's the braid around the head that will cause it all.

Joe Penner says he'll never (no, never again) buy another foreign-made car. The dash-board light failed yesterday and Joe had to send all the way to Italy for a new one.

Eric Linden is romancing with Margo these days. They met on location while making "Robin Hood of El Dorado."

* * *

A CERTAIN well-known couple in Hollywood have been separated for quite some weeks. Yesterday, two friends of the contestants met in Sardi's and one said:

"Everything is really all right between them. The reason they haven't gone back together is that they're waiting to find a house big enough. Isn't that a scream?"

"Why is it such a scream?" asked the other friend.

"Neither one of them is looking!" yipped the first.

* * *

LITTLE wonder stars fight so madly for their places in the Hollywood sun.

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon came out of a Hollywood Boulevard theater the other night.

A passer-by gave them a casual glance.

"'S funny," he said to his companion. "Those faces look familiar, somehow."

* * *

THE following announcement just came over the wire from 20th Century-Fox and we thought you'd like to know.

"Darryl Zanuck announces the purchase of 'The Law West Of the Pecos,' based on the story 'Biography of Judge Roy Bean,' which will be brought to the screen under the title 'Men Remington Knew.' "

If it's a game, we'd like to suggest, "Over a Barrel In Mexico," based on the story "The Rover Boys Under The Border."

* * *

THE day after Victor McLaglen signed his new contract with 20th Century-Fox he told the boys he thought he'd take a short jaunt to Ireland before starting his picture, "Professional Soldier." While packing, however, he got a rush call from John Ford, the director who told McLaglen "how" in "The Informer."

"Do you think the Irish will take my role in that picture too seriously?" asked the worried Vic.

"Not at all," Ford answered. "They'll just string you up to the nearest lamp post, that's all."

Vic's trunks are almost unpacked by now.

IT'S interesting, refreshing and quite a change from Hollywood," was what Virginia Bruce said when questioned about her attendance at the philosophy classes at the summer school of U. S. C.

Which leads us, being philsophically-minded, to the conclusion that Virginia can't be bothered with much romance these days.

* * *

TIE this one.

John Boles was due at a dinner given by Ernst Lubitsch. Uncertain of the extent of the formality and minus Herr Lubitsch's unlisted telephone number, Boles called the studio line plugger-inner. Was the party white or black tie?

"It's this way, Mr. Boles," the friendly operator volunteered. "If you wear Tuxedo, you wear a black tie. If you wear full dress, then a white one."

All without Menjou's help, too.

* * *

TED HEALY dropped into the Marx Brothers' office the other afternoon to see Groucho.

"I'm sorry," said the Marx secretary, "but they are in conference." An hour passed. "What are they doing that's keeping 'em so long?" inquired Healy.

"They're thinking about producing 'Romeo and Juliet,'" said the secretary, "but so far all they've agreed on is the title, which will be 'Romeo, Romeo, Romeo and Juliet,' so that each of the boys will get equal billing!"

* * *

WE were out on the set of "The Case of the Lucky Legs" that day the cast decided to hold a little contest to decide which girl in the cast really had the most beautiful legs. Warren William and Patricia Ellis were the judges. Lucky, we thought, that Miss Ellis was one of the judges—lucky for the extra girl who won the prize—because Pat was wearing shorts that day and her legs were just about the closest thing to perfection we've seen since Dietrich came to Hollywood.

* * *

THE more sentimental members of the Hollywood Colony will no doubt journey over to the Playhouse at Pasadena this week to see a new stage show called "Squaring The Circle."

Lila Lee, after a long recuperation from her illness, and Patsy Ruth Miller, who hasn't been on the screen since the Great Flood, will both be in the cast. Wouldn't it be swell if some producer should decide that it was time for both of those girls to come back to the screen with a big bang?

* * *

MARY BOLAND has spent half her life being funny. Now she finds that life is quite as funny in return. Recently, she was sued for $500,000 for "alienation of affections." The suit came right on the eve of her departure for New York to appear in a stage play. Miss Boland hopped a plane (which isn't at all funny since Miss Boland never liked the idea) in order to avoid process servers.

Lily Pons and Lawrence Tibbett were snapped at her party. Two other guests were Shirley Ross and newcomer Henry Fonda, a big romance.

"My Headache—
'Tired Feeling—
BANISHED!"

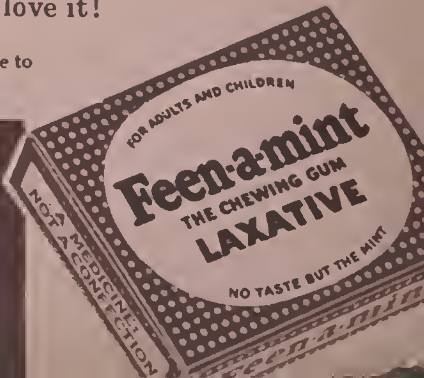
"ISN'T YOUR HEALTH WORTH THREE MINUTES!"

I don't consider three minutes of my time a very high price to pay for banishing headaches and the tired feeling that come from constipation. Particularly when during those three minutes* you simply chew a delicious gum like FEEN-A-MINT. Of course, if you aren't willing to spend three minutes, harsh "all-at-once" cathartics will have to do. But what a difference chewing makes! With FEEN-A-MINT there are no cramps, no griping, no bad after-effects! Try the three-minute way yourself. Only 15c and 25c for a large supply.

ATTENTION, MOTHERS—FEEN-A-MINT is ideal for everybodv, and how children love it!

* Longer if you care to

better because you chew it



BEHIND THE SCENES IN STUDIOS, NIGHT CLUBS AND HOMES OF THE GREAT AND NEAR GREAT

AFTER the rumor finally leaked out, Margot Grahame said:

"Mr. Lister and I had hoped to be able to solve our marital difficulties without publicity but now that the news of our break-up has been made public, all I can say is that we can't make a go of it. As they say in Hollywood, it's just a case of incompatibility."

* * *

A FEW issues ago, we told of a nameless young player who had been forced out of pictures by illness on the eve of stardom. Now we can tell you his name, because he is completely well once more and will return to Hollywood and his career very soon.

His name is John Beal! At first it had been thought that he would never be able to act again, but later his illness was diagnosed as a nervous breakdown from over-work at the studios. He has since taken a rest-cure trip through the Panama Canal to New York and arrived there feeling fit and fine. And we're so glad.

* * *

REMEMBER Madge Bellamy? Madge hasn't been getting much of a break in Hollywood for a number of years, but it looks as though she might be on the road back. After doing a part in "Charlie Chan in London," she has just been handed a role in the new Lawrence Tibbett picture "Metropolitan."

* * *

BERT WHEELER was coming out of a parking station when a fan walked up with autograph book in hand and asked for his signature. He signed. Another fan approached with six books and asked that they all be signed. As the fan walked away he heard him say to a friend:

"I can trade these six Bert Wheelers for one Clark Gable!"

Bert's face was still red when he had finished his Brown Derby lunch but when another autograph hound approached him near the door, he gamely started to sign his name. He was half through, when the fan grabbed the book from his hand and dashed away with a whoop of joy, "Gosh! There's Clark Gable!"

* * *

This month's Gable shot shows him leaving Merle Oberon's beach home with the Mrs. after a swim (hence the hair!).

Nelson Eddy, Frances Marion, Louis B. Mayer and Hedda Hopper were among the famous movie people who attended the preview of Ramon Novarro's all-Spanish picture.

Hollywood in Shorts

WE'RE still shivering to think how close Frank Morgan came to drowning in his own swimming pool yesterday! He was going down for the third time when his butler finally came to the conclusion that he was not clowning and rescued him.

Mary Astor's newest heart seems to be song-writer, Harry Ruby, and they are together at the late spots nightly.

We caught Fred MacMurray coming out of the alley back of Magnin's store on the Boulevard yesterday. He had just taken his best girl back to work after lunch (she's a model) and he was whistling. Lillian Lamont is her name and there are "secret marriage" rumors about them.

The Paramount lot was almost at a standstill lately because most of the players are home in bed. W. C. Fields is still very ill; Gladys Swarthout was ordered to bed on the day she was to do her songs for "Rose Of The Rancho;" Harold Lloyd's "Milky Way" was held up because Ida Lupino has such a terrible cold and Sir Guy Standing was recuperating from a bad case of make-up poisoning.

Since Vic McLaglen has signed with 20th Century-Fox he will not be available for the lead in Mae West's opus of the North, "Klondike Lou" and Henry Wilcoxon, in his first non-costume picture, will play the role. This will be Wilcoxon's first time away from C. B. DeMille, too.

Your old favorite, Charles Ray, is coming back! Charlie will do a series of comedies in the near future that may bring him back to the glory he handed to one "Miles Standish." Good luck!

It had to come! We mean they are now having to deliver Robert Taylor's fan mail in *trucks*—and this marks a 1935 high for the M-G-M lot.

We stopped over to watch Benny Rubin direct his first two-reel comedy

Ramon Novarro and Jeanette MacDonald (remember when they co-starred in "The Cat and the Fiddle"?) were caught by Hymie at the preview of the all-Spanish film which Ramon produced and directed. Where was Bob?

for Columbia and who was playing the lead but Charlie Chaplin's former wife, Mildred Harris!

* * *

HERE'S a question for you fans of both radio and pictures: Who will win the applause when Gladys Swarthout of radio meets Bing Crosby of the movies?

These two are going to be co-starred in "Tony's High Hat," the idea being that they will bring us Opera vs. Jazz—and let the best entertainer win.

* * *

EVERYBODY'S happy and Myrna Loy has gone back to M-G-M. Not that we ever doubted it particularly. Myrna was too valuable to let go. After all, she made twelve pictures last year, so what if she was asking a hundred per cent increase in salary? The girl's good.

* * *

ANN LORING, of Brooklyn, N. Y., had heard the crack that goes, "So she went the way of all Contest Winners," so when she won a talent contest over 25,000 other girls in the New York area and received a trip to Hollywood and a free screen test, she didn't get too het up.

The first thing that happened to her was a short-term contract to play the lead opposite Warner Baxter in "Robin Hood of (Cont. on page 103)

Reduce . . .
your WAIST THREE INCHES
AND HIPS IN TEN DAYS
with the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
or it won't cost you one cent!

. . . . Read how Miss Jean Healy reduced her hips 9 INCHES!
"Why Jean! What a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"
"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder".
"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial . . .
"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".
"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy".
"The massage-like action did it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away".
"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds".
"Jean, that's wonderful, I'll send for my girdle today!"

You Can TEST the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE
For 10 DAYS at our expense!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY, and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

■ The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere knead away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce, in order to regain your youthful slimness. Beware of reducing agents that take the weight off the *entire* body . . . for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

SEND FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce *you*. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense!

Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

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Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your
10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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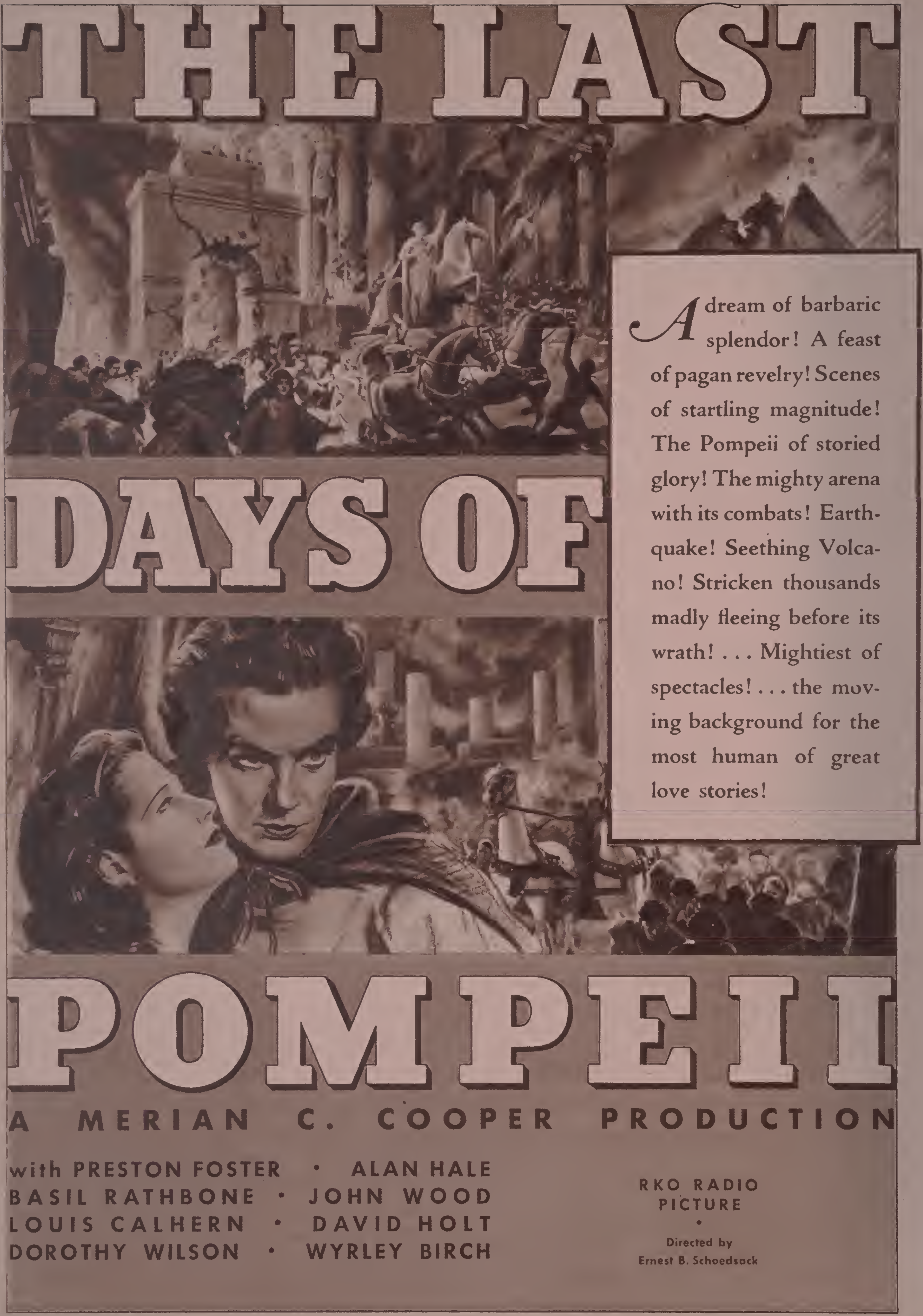


THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

A dream of barbaric splendor! A feast of pagan revelry! Scenes of startling magnitude! The Pompeii of storied glory! The mighty arena with its combats! Earthquake! Seething Volcano! Stricken thousands madly fleeing before its wrath! . . . Mightiest of spectacles! . . . the moving background for the most human of great love stories!

A MERIAN C. COOPER PRODUCTION

with PRESTON FOSTER · ALAN HALE
BASIL RATHBONE · JOHN WOOD
LOUIS CALHERN · DAVID HOLT
DOROTHY WILSON · WYRLEY BIRCH

RKO RADIO
PICTURE
•
Directed by
Ernest B. Schoedsack

DON'T GET HIM WRONG

Hollywood thinks Brian Aherne, Crawford's new leading man, is cold, aloof, very high-hatty! Don't you make the same mistake!

By JOHN CHATTERTON

IF you listen to the Hollywood gossips (and who doesn't?) you doubtless have heard that handsome Brian Aherne, the debonair Irishman, is cold, aloof, elusive, and very, very high-hatty. It is whispered that when he goes to London, his bosses at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer seldom know his address or phone number and that he moves from house to house, like a mountain goat leaping from crag to crag, to avoid being located. All this is a lot of bunk.

Aherne, appearing opposite Joan Crawford in "I Live My Life"—climax of a sensational comeback after a flop—is about as cold as Lupe Velez, as aloof as a fox terrier puppy, as top-hatted as Jimmie Durante and as elusive as a Hollywood press agent! He has lived in two places since his return to Hollywood—a house, from which he moved because it proved too lonesome, and the Beverly Hills Hotel where he had the same privacy he would enjoy in a tent on Sunset Boulevard.

He knows every restaurant, bar, and hot spot in Southern California and his every idle night finds him in one of them. The natives mistake him for Gary Cooper, which is responsible for a lot of whispering that has been circulated about poor Gary. For Aherne is startlingly like Cooper. They not only look alike, but both stand exactly six-feet-two-and-a-half inches, are slender, have the same color hair and eyes, and that same, come-hither, wistful stare. They could pass for twins. Several times a week autograph hunters grab Aherne and exclaim "Please DO, Mr. Cooper." Autograph books out here are full of Gary's signatures—done by Aherne, for the big Irishman is always obliging.

But the comparison between the two ends there. Cooper is taciturn; Aherne is garrulous. The extenuating circumstance, insofar as Aherne's garrulousness is concerned, is that although he was born in Kings Norton, Worcestershire, England, he is blessed (or cursed) with Irish Norman blood. His middle name is de Lacy. Aherne is never quiet. Get him started on a subject dear to his heart—such as the Far West—and he talks like a representative of the local Chamber of Commerce. Like this:

"Santa Barbara is what the south of France OUGHT to be.

"The Monterey Peninsula—what country!

"There is nothing in all the world to compare with the Grand Canyon.

"San Francisco—what a city! I hope to live there some day."

Brian kisses the bride (none other than the glamorous Joan) in M-G-M's "I Live My Life." And this lad didn't want to be an actor!

And listen to this verbatim report of a thirty-second order to Theodore, his Filipino boy, given as we entered Aherne's dressing room: "Theodore, some sherry, quick! See if Miss Ann Harding's car is parked on the lot—I must speak to her. Theodore, order some lunch—sardines, cold cuts and fresh figs. Theodore, get Noel Coward, in London, on the wire. Get some glasses for the sherry. Try Jimmy Durante's cabin. Theodore, ask Mr. Irving Thalberg if he can speak to me. Theodore, get my agent, and my lawyer on the phone. Hurry everything."

Aherne sank deep into a chair.

"Now we can talk a bit," he apologized, as he sipped the sherry.

"I never wanted to be an actor," Aherne told me. "Acting, to me, was a commonplace thing. My mother was keenly interested in the theater and was one of the original company of the Birmingham Repertory Theater Company. I made my stage debut at the age of four (*Continued on page* 65)

Luise Rainer—AS SHE REALLY IS!

By JACK GRANT

When the bewitching star whom you saw for the first time in "Escapade" docked in New York, she spoke only ten words of English! An intimate portrait of this exciting new discovery—

PERHAPS I should not say so in my first interview, but Hollywood confuses me a little. I do not know where the make-believe ends and the real begins. Sometimes I think I may never know."

Luise Rainer (pronounced Rye-ner) spoke these words with intense seriousness. This young German girl of twenty-two, only four months in America when she was unanimously acclaimed Hollywood's greatest current discovery, is unusually serious when speaking for publication. She doesn't like interviews and frankly expresses her dislike. Yet, even so, once in awhile there are flashes of wit to enliven the solemnity of the occasion and indicate a highly developed humor. If she ever gets over her shyness, she will be natural copy, for she is definitely an individualist with a mind of her own.

Fräulein Rainer had received me in her charmingly unpretentious canyon house facing the Pacific. Or rather Johnny had received me. Johnny is her small dog with a big bark—a Scottie. I had tried to silence him for I like to believe I get along well with dogs. But the more I talked, the louder Johnny barked.

"He doesn't understand English," said a pleasant voice and there stood Luise Rainer. She murmured something to Johnny in German and he went away.

We proceeded to a comfortable library. Luise literally threw herself into a chair and, like a small girl, sat upon her legs. She appeared even tinier than her five feet three, possibly because of the slacks and sweater she wore. Her deeply tanned and slightly freckled face was entirely devoid of make-up. Her short curly dark hair was carelessly combed in what beauty parlors call a "wind-blown bob."

"I shall tell you about my first day in Hollywood," she announced, apropos of nothing. "I was sent on an automobile tour, a sort of sightseeing trip I think you say, through Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. They gave me a driver as guide.

"We rode up one street and down another. The sets represented every country in the world—Russian steppes and South Sea jungles, Paris boulevards and Shanghai alleys, New York business districts and the old London of 'David Copperfield.' It was wonderful and I was impressed. I had never been on a motion picture lot before, never.

"The trip continued for two hours before I said 'It is so big, this studio, it terrifies me.'

"My driver laughed. 'We left the studio an hour ago. We have been through Beverly Hills and are now in Los Angeles.'

"I did not know. I thought it was all M-G-M. That is why I say Hollywood confuses me. I can not tell the difference between make-believe and real. They are so mixed up here. It is like that with all Hollywood."

In the brief time she has been in Hollywood, she has

violated most of its accepted traditions. She has avoided its social life and is never seen in its night clubs and cafes.

Her passionate devotion to music took her once, just once, to a concert. She found the music second-rate and was not afraid to say so. In fact, the word she used was "rotten."

That Luise Rainer did not meet Hollywood's multitude of newspapermen either formally or informally, is because of her own request.

"Wait until after my first picture is shown," Luise pleaded. "Maybe they will not like me. Maybe I will be a flop. Then I can go back home without being notorious after all."

There was no changing her mind. There seldom is when she has made a thoughtful decision. Despite parental objection, she made up her mind to go upon the stage at the age of sixteen. Without any preparation except her determination, she applied for an audition at the Dumont Theater in Düsseldorf, Germany.

For a person so shy, the try-out must have been a frightful ordeal, but she won such an enthusiastic reception that she was starred in her first play. Max Reinhardt saw her and invited her to his theater in Vienna. A Reinhardt invita- (*Continued on page* 68)

The INSIDE STORY of SNEAK PREVIEWS

By **HOLMES WILLIAMS**

There are previews and previews in Hollywood, but the best of them—and the most exciting—are the "sneaks"

The faces that pine on the cutting room floor
At hard hearted cutters need glower no more.
For products of present day cinema art
Are polished and edited and taken apart,
Pruned of debris and portrayals that creak
At the studio? No! At the Preview or Sneak.
From "The Minnesinger of Movieland."

STAID citizens of Bakersfield, California, awoke on a red letter day sometime ago and found their city undergoing an unprecedented publicity bombardment, Hollywood variety.

Up and down the streets ostentatiously rolled huge sound trucks adorned with flaring posters, their clamorous loudspeakers drowning out the medley of traffic sounds. Urchins darted through the crowds distributing handbills. The local newspaper and radio station enthusiastically joined in the campaign of high-pressure exploitation. And by mid-afternoon it would have been almost impossible to find a single resident yet unaware that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's famed Dickensonian screen epic, "David Copperfield," was to receive its first showing at a Bakersfield theater that evening.

Not unappreciative of the signal honor bestowed upon their city, Bakersfield fans turned out fifteen hundred strong that night to witness an untrimmed production lasting two hours and twenty-five minutes. And more than six hundred of these spectators were considerate enough to fill out and mail cards soliciting criticism which were handed to them as they left the house.

When in due course these cards arrived at the studio they furnished the basis of a furious and costly exchange of telephone conversations between the New York and Hollywood offices of the studio. For a surprisingly large percentage of this army of unofficial critics united in making a unique suggestion. These fans thought the production should be divided into two distinct and separate pictures, the first dealing with Copperfield, the boy, and the second with Copperfield, the man.

When word gets out that a preview is being held somewhere in or near Hollywood, the crowds and the newspaper photographers are sure to gather. Below, lobby of the theater run by Mrs. Lela E. Rogers, Ginger's mother.

M-G-M executives were so impressed that the suggestion was made the subject of prolonged transcontinental debate, but in the end it was decided to keep "David Copperfield" in one film. The feature was trimmed to average length (about one hour and forty-five minutes) and after four more so-called sneak showings, went forth to reap its reward at a thousand box office windows.

In making the final deletions the cutting department was aided considerably by the cards of criticism from the public which revealed just what portions of the picture the fans thought would be missed least. The policy of passing out cards at all first showings is followed by most of the major studios and has proved invaluable to the celluloid industry in making a final check up of a film before it is shown in regular theaters.

Ralph Blum, Pat Paterson and her famous husband, Charles Boyer, on their way into the Alexander Theater in Glendale.

Above, Claudette Colbert hurries in with the crowd for the preview of "Becky Sharp."

Ginger Rogers' black wig didn't fool autograph hounds at the "Top Hat" preview.

Incidents such as this are common at the previews which are being held almost constantly in Los Angeles and these first showings furnish a pleasurable and exciting climax for every production.

Much longer ago than most of us can remember, way back in the gas-light days when the first moving picture was finished and put in the cans, the first director probably turned to the first producer and exclaimed:

"Now let's try it out."

And thus began a custom which has been followed scrupulously by all film manufacturers, big and little, ever since. The preview, one of the oldest traditions of the cinema, is the recognized acid test of a production for it constitutes the picture's first exposure to typical theatergoers.

While the unbilled offering unrolls before an unprofessional, supposedly average audience, studio experts are watching like hawks, checking laughs and applause and making graphs of the crowd's reactions. After the preview, and there may be several, the picture receives its final trimming and goes forth to the world.

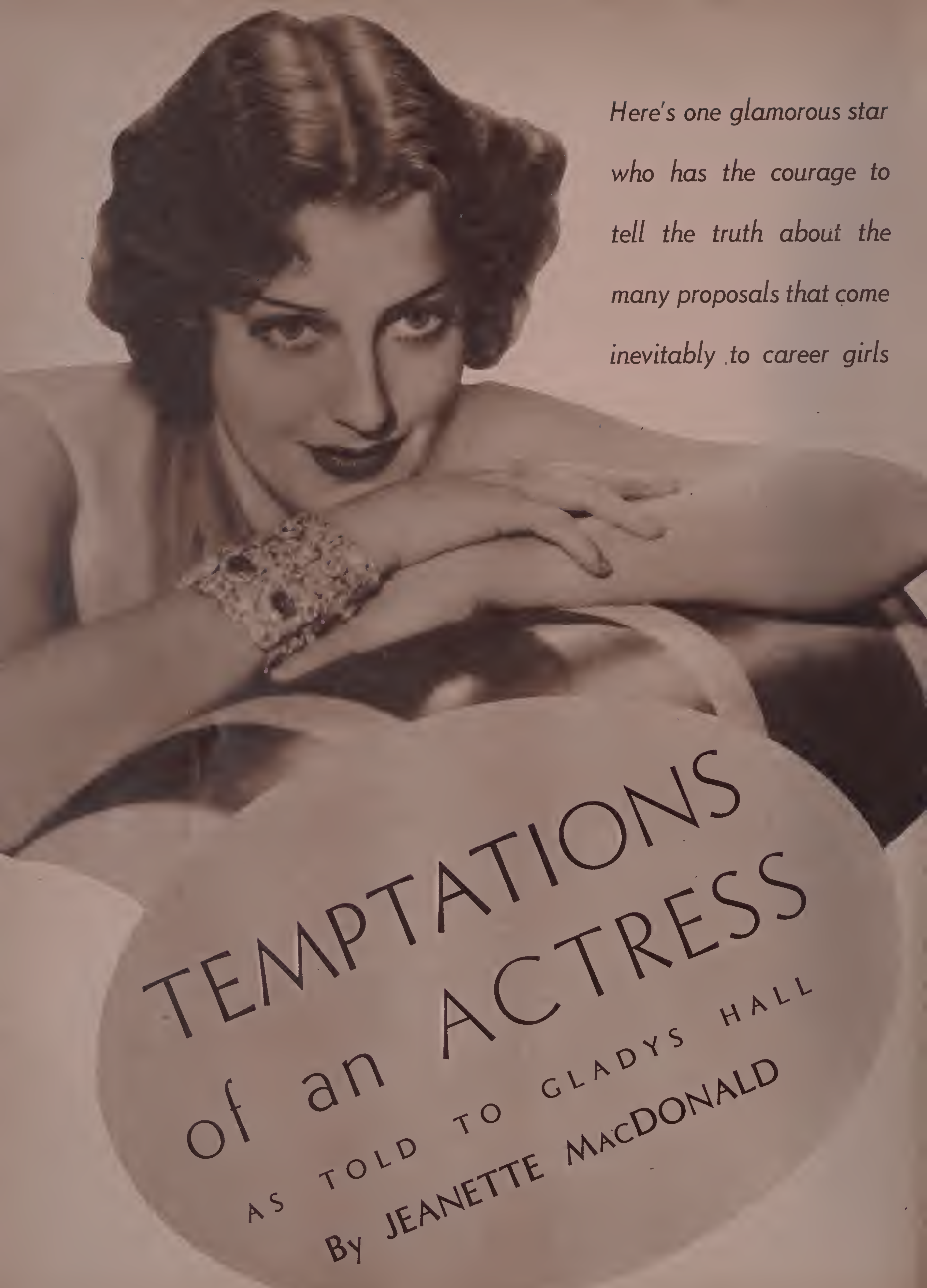
Producers usually try to have their pictures previewed by persons outside the movie game for they want to study the layman's response. But because there exists among the thousands engaged in the industry and its press a natural curiosity about new pictures they have a hard time ducking audiences packed with writers and other professionals, just the sort of trial group they do not want.

Out of this problem and conflict has evolved the "sneak" preview, the name of which is self-explanatory.

The preview is an advertised affair but the name of the picture generally is withheld to avoid drawing an audience packed with admirers of the film's featured players. The sneak, however, is unheralded in the press and omitted from the billing and lobby display. So secret is the rite of the sneak that only the manager of the theater and the studio executives are supposed to know about it.

Yet nearly every sneak performance finds writers for the daily and trade press, furtive members of the cast and a triumphant and noisy troop of first nighters persistently and mysteriously on hand.

Why and how? These questions long have puzzled Hollywood. The knowing felt there was more than a rhyming significance in the similarity of (*Continued on page* 66)



Here's one glamorous star who has the courage to tell the truth about the many proposals that come inevitably to career girls

TEMPTATIONS of an ACTRESS

AS TOLD TO GLADYS HALL

By JEANETTE MacDONALD

"OF course I've had temptations," the luxuriantly beautiful Jeanette told me, "of course I've had to learn how to repel the 'advances' of men. All actresses have temptations and most of us have to develop a technique in order to keep clear of unpleasant complications. After all, girls on stage and screen are especially appealing to the eye or they wouldn't be where they are.

"During my first young years on the stage I had no such temptations and no such problems. No one insulted me. Boys liked to dance with me and talk with me but they never tried to kiss me, never tried 'necking.' My girl friends would tell me of their emotional experiences, of boys who threatened to leave college to marry them, of kisses and exciting love scenes. I felt neglected and rather ashamed. I made up things in self-defense. I pretended that I'd had experiences and proposals of all sorts.

"But I didn't fool myself. I knew that I wasn't pretty. I wasn't even a screen type then. I was much too thin. I was completely undeveloped. I looked sort of—well, poor, underfed and chilly.

The real love of Jeanette's life has always been Bob Ritchie, her manager.

"I was very fortunate, although I didn't think so at the time, because I was much too young to know how to handle difficult situations. I can honestly say to young girls that sex appeal in the teens is a definite disadvantage. Success on the stage may come sooner if a girl has 'backing,' has influential men 'interested' in her, but it usually goes sooner, too. Think of the gorgeously beautiful girls of the Follies, the girls who had nightly gifts of diamond bracelets fastened to a rose and limousines and sable coats fastened to a card—where are they now? Certainly very few of them are stars. They discovered, too early, that they didn't need to work, didn't have to use their talents. They had only to look lovely in order to attract and to get what they wanted. And so their ambition died.

"I had only my ability to sell—nothing else. I began on the lowest rung of the ladder, as chorus girl understudy. If one of the chorus girls fell ill I stepped into the ranks. And I had to climb out of that niche alone.

"Then came my first experience, when I was in my first Broadway show, doing a bit part. The prima donna of the show, also named Jeanette, became interested in me and warned me to beware the producer of that play. He had a bad reputation, she told me. Girls who accepted his advances were soon out of the show because he tired of them and girls who repelled his advances were soon out of the show because they angered him. That was my first introduction to a lesson I've learned by heart. The wise thing for me to do, she cautioned me, was to remain as inconspicuous as possible, to stay in the background whenever he was around. I did the best I could and was lucky for quite a time, and then—

"One night I was on the stage waiting for my cue. He appeared. I could feel that he was looking at me and I shivered with a dread premonition. Suddenly he came nearer and said, 'You have very small feet for so tall a girl. What size shoe do you wear?' I told him a number three and added politely 'Thank you.' He smiled and remarked that I had a good many more attractions than met the eye at first glance. He added: 'But what you need, my dear, is warmth—sex appeal.' He then told me he'd like to advise me about my career and asked if I would please come to his office the next afternoon!

"I knew, then, that the hour had struck! I was about to have my first experience.

"I consulted with Jeanette and she gave me the advice which has stood me in good stead from that day to this: 'Laugh at him,' she told me, 'if you possibly can, just laugh the whole thing off—that's your only chance.'

"The next day, with gooseflesh all over me, I went to the producer's office.

"He began by saying, 'Are you the girl all the Teddy Bears wait for after the show?' He meant the college boys in their raccoon coats who waited for the girls at the stage door. I told him that some of them were my friends, that I liked to go dancing with them. I loved, I said, to dance.

"He was very disapproving. He told me that young boys of that age and type could do me no good, get me nowhere. What I needed, he said, was warmth and sex appeal and I would never acquire these qualities with those callow kids. Now he knew, he said, several older men, experienced men, who could really do things for me, further my career, give me the emotional depth I lacked.

"I knew what he meant and whom he meant. But I didn't know what to say. There didn't seem to be any occasion for loud laughter. And so I used the only thing I knew how to use—honesty.

"I said, 'But Mr.—, I don't like old men. They make me sick!'

"He asked me what I meant by 'old' men. I told him I meant men around thirty.

"He laughed then.

"I said, 'I went on a party once and there were some old men there. They don't know how to dance very well. They hold you too tight and step on your feet. They always want to drink and smoke and make love and I'm not interested in things like that. I wouldn't let an old man make love to me for anything in the world.'

"It was obvious that he had no pat answer for this line of talk. He had met with many responses to his advances before but the one response he had never met was honesty.

"He told me that I was making a sad mistake, that I might get somewhere some day but it would take the rest of my life and that was that. The next week I was fired! I came into the theater one night and there was my notice posted! I was frantic. I needed that sixty a week. I talked it over with Jeanette who told me (*Continued on page* 81)

THE STARS *live* DRAMA

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

WE had just seen a spectacular movie, crammed with thrills, chills and suspense. Climax followed climax in breath-taking succession and it all ended in a dramatic wind-up that left the more susceptible members of the audience limp and breathless.

Afterwards, we talked about it—as we always do about movies—and someone remarked, "But it all seems so phoney. Things like that just don't happen in real life. Most lives are pretty drab. Who of us here has had an experience even remotely as dramatic as anything we saw tonight?"

Ralph Bellamy had been listening quietly to the discussion. When he spoke we saw that he was possessed by some curious excitement. "You're wrong," he said. "There are occurrences in real life often so dramatic that no scenario writer would dare set them down. They would be unbelievable.

"You need not take my word alone for what I'm going to tell you. Several studio employees will confirm it.

"I was on my way to a 'location' in the mountains early one morning," he began. And then this astonishing story poured out like water.

Ralph was in a big studio car alone except for the driver. To reach the location they had to go over a narrow one-way road that hugged the side of the mountain. After about an hour's drive along this dangerous pass they were in sight of the location, near the crest of the range. Now the cliff dropped below them for about a thousand feet. Ralph, slightly nervous because of the dangerous road, was relieved that they were so near their destination, when suddenly he was aware that the car was zig-zagging wildly. Ralph shouted to the driver to be careful. He received no answer and thought that perhaps the wheels were merely caught in the ruts of the road.

But just as they topped the crest and started down the slope on the other side toward the location the car headed straight for the cliff without any sign of slowing up.

Ralph rose and shouted to the driver at the top of his lungs. The man did not move! Ralph lunged forward, snapped off the ignition and gave the wheel a twist away from the edge of the cliff. But before he could get his hands on the brake the car had crashed into a tree and had come to a stop.

"You fool! You blithering fool!" Ralph shouted at the driver. "Are you trying to kill us both?" The man made no reply. His head rolled back. Ralph looked at him.

Ralph Bellamy's most exciting adventure happened, not on the screen, but in real life—on a treacherous mountain road.

He was dead! And he had been dead, the company doctor told Ralph, for some time! His heart had apparently stopped beating just before the car began to careen on that narrow mountain pass.

"That's the truth," Ralph ended. "Yet you," he turned to the lad who had criticized the movie, "would say, if you saw it in a film, that it couldn't happen in real life."

PERPHAPS our friend, the critic, doubts the movie plot in which a girl is told by her boss that she must choose between love and a career. Yet such an episode occurred to Irene Dunne.

Her first big break had come. She was singing a major role in a Broadway production and her dreams of a bright future stretched before her like a golden road. She would be a great *diva,* stand on a stage while audiences applauded her frantically, smile beautifully into the elaborate bouquets of flowers presented to her across the footlights.

But she felt that no woman could be truly great unless there was some room in her life for love. She met an attractive young man who, impressed by her beauty and charm, began escorting her to various after-the-theater parties and events.

It was all very rosy, her romance and her wonderful chance of success, until the day the producer of the show called her into his office.

ILLUSTRATED BY HUBBELL REED McBRIDE

There are occurrences in real life so dramatic that no scenario writer would dare to set them down. They'd be unbelievable! And yet they did happen in the lives of our most famous film stars

He was very brusque. She thought, "This is it. I'm not making good. He's going to fire me." And yet she realized that after her songs there was a more than generous round of applause. What could he want?

He told her. "You've been chasing around with So-and-so," he said, naming the boy she thought she loved. "Let this be a warning. You'll have to give up that boy or give up your job with me."

"But why?" she asked.

"He's my enemy. Politically he is working against my interests. I can't have a member of my cast seen with him."

The interview was closed. The producer dismissed Irene by turning to his littered desk.

That night, almost in tears, she told the story to her sweetheart and he verified the fact that there was a political feud between the producer and himself; he had not imagined that the producer would hit at him through Irene. "I suppose," he said, "that this is the end—between us, I mean."

"Call for me tomorrow, after the show," Irene said.

The lad arrived. The producer was backstage. He saw Irene and her sweetheart going out the stage door together. He called to them to stop. And there, in front of the amazed eyes of the entire cast, the producer told her once more that she must choose—it was her job, perhaps her future, or this boy.

Irene looked him full in the face. "Then I've chosen," she said and put her hand on the boy's arm. The two of them left with a magnificent and dramatic gesture.

But her story goes further than that. The boy for whom she gave up her job was not the man she married. And within a week she had found another job. But she thought at the time that she was actually forfeiting her career to make an injustice right.

ROBERT TAYLOR was in Hollywood trying to make good as an actor, but the cards seemed to be stacked against him. He wanted to be a success not only for himself but to justify his father's faith in him.

This father, whom he adored, had put no objections in his path. He was willing and eager for Bob to pursue the career he most wanted. And he believed in his boy's talents.

So Bob wrote the most cheerful letters home, assuring his father that dozens of studios were besieging him with offers and he was only waiting to select the best.

Then came a telegram announcing that his father was very ill. When Bob arrived at the Nebraska hospital there was grave doubt of his father's recovery but the wan face lit with a smile when Bob (*Continued on page* 79)

As a last fitting tribute to a beloved actor, his dearest, most intimate friend presents:

THE WILL ROGERS I KNEW

By FRED STONE

When Fred Stone's plane crashed, shortly after the above picture was taken, "Bill" saved the day by carrying on for Fred in the Broadway musical hit, "Three Cheers."

JUST as there is one great love in a man's life, there should be one great friend. Many find one or the other. I am one of those fortunate enough to find both. Because Will Rogers was my friend through the years, because of the laughter and understanding we shared, because of the long span of our lives in which he was such a part of mine, my talk of him today is difficult. Words tumble and falter and fail to express what he meant to me . . . what I thought of him.

The last twenty years we were closer, far closer, than brothers. From the day of our first meeting we were friends. We didn't go through a long process of "getting to know each other." It was more like recognizing each other. We spoke the same language. A simple wordless language which is of the heart. So it is hard now to make words do justice to the memories of the man.

Our families grew up together, our wives are friends, our kids are all like one big family. For years, Bill wanted me to come to California. I was rooted in the East. My work and home were there. But with Bill out here, I was lonesome. I missed our times together. California meant Will Rogers to me. I came here because of Will Rogers.

I don't know when you first became conscious of a shy young fellow, whether he entered your scheme of things as a writer, political observer and adviser, movie actor; or whether you knew him from the time he was just a plain gum-chewing cowboy. He came into my life as a man's perfect companion. For twenty years my plans have ended in, "then Bill and I. . . ."

Seven years younger than I, he was, but we loved the same things, liked doing them in the same way. We were Westerners at heart. We planned for years to own a ranch together, some place, some time. We wanted to leave the bright lights and go back to the plains. Our work changed those plans.

Bill was a man of destiny. His simplicity was the simplicity of the immortals. His was the culture of the heart. The language of Lincoln, of Livingstone, which even the natives understood in the jungle. The world had to recognize this homely guy with a vocabulary of homely phrases to which his understanding heart and mind gave new meaning. Quite naturally, with no striving for the spotlight, he took the center of a stage his great gift created for him. He was a one-man show. Without help or influence he developed himself. He did not make himself into something the world demanded. He remained himself and the world mourns him today.

For all his laughter, for all his quiet appearance, he took his responsibility seriously. As he realized that people listened to him, and acted as he thought, he lived to give of himself to their needs. Charities! I could never list them completely. Time after time, when a sizable check came to him for his radio work, or his concert work, time after time, as I say, that check was endorsed to the Boy Scouts, the Community Chest, to the Flood Sufferers, an endless list of those in need. He was thrifty about his own needs, but prodigal in supplying the needs of others.

He was a man of faith. Simple, prayerful faith. He never talked about it . . . he proved it. There was that time in Long Island. At the back of the grounds on which our home stood was a channel of tide water from the Great South Bay. I made a comfortable swimming beach back there for the little kids, and for us *(Continued on page 80)*

A great deal was said about Bob's "romance" with Jean Parker, when they played together in "Murder in the Fleet" (left), but it's Irene Hervey who goes to the M-G-M clipping room (above) with him daily to watch the progress of his career as recorded in the newspaper reviews on file.

NO young actor in Hollywood has ever been endowed with more trumped-up romances in the short span of a year than Robert Taylor, the new M-G-M heat-wave, Gable-threat and other fancy phrases used by Hollywood to denote a sudden, cinematic success.

The "Romance-pressure" is on, full blast!

Bob had no more than zoomed from the comparative obscurity of a "student contract" into a leading romantic menace with the picture "Society Doctor," than enterprising press agents and even more enterprising columnists began to endow him with a list of feminine conquests that would have been a credit to a man twice his age and possessing four times his speed!

So quick was Hollywood to make tall, dark and handsome young Taylor into a devilish sort of guy, that some of our best and highest paid columnists and news photographers got way ahead of themselves, with some very amusing results.

On one evening a demon bulb-presser posed Bob with three different girls on the same party, in the same cafe, against the same background and captioned each picture:

"The new romantic flame in Bob Taylor's life!"

When he appeared with Virginia Bruce in "Society Doctor," Hollywood turned the association into a burning love affair just a few minutes after they had been introduced on the set.

Perhaps the best work, though, was achieved with little Jean Parker, who appeared with Bob in two pictures. This, alone, might have been enough; but when Bob and Jean were seen in public, *twice,* the heat was really turned on! To date, both Miss Parker and Mr. Taylor have denied any romantic attachment no less than ten times, which seems to matter not at all.

And last, but not least by any means, comes the persistent newspaper and photographic campaign linking Bob with pretty Irene Hervey—practically marrying them! But more of Irene later.

In the meantime, Mr. Taylor sat across from me in the commissary at Universal, where he has been loaned to gather further glories in "Magnificent Obsession." Bob, in person,

The WOMEN in BOB TAYLOR'S LIFE

He's been reported engaged to girls he hardly knew, but here's the story of the real romances he never talked about

By GEORGE MADDEN

is revealed as so nearly a duplicate of his screen self that it is almost amazing. Away from the camera he loses none of that college man (not collegiate) attitude that so thoroughly characterizes his work. You have not been deceived into the belief that his hair is dark, his skin tanned and his eyes clearly blue. Unusual as it is in a Hollywood actor, he looks, acts and sounds exactly as you would expect!

The first question I put to Mr. Taylor after our order of sliced turkey and cold sliced tomatoes had been served was:

"What's the matter with this private life of yours that they keep hanging prop romances on you? Don't you like the society of the lovely ladies?"

Mr. Taylor spiked a chilled tomato. "Yes," he replied with what I thought to be surprising emphasis, "Oh, yes!"

"Then what's all this business of making up love stories about you?"

The tomato got slightly in the way of his reply, but it sounded very much like, "You tell me!" Four swallows later, he continued, "Ever since I was seventeen years old, I guess, I've been more or less in love with someone. But since I came to Hollywood, no one has ever asked me to tell the truth on the subject; they've all been too busy printing how I *should* feel!"

I said, "Then, brother, consider yourself asked!" and settled back with that roseate feeling that comes only with an accidental demonstration proving that honesty and forthrightness may, after all, me the best policy.

Bob hesitated. "Do me a favor on this story, will you?"

This sort of question usually precedes a request to refrain from printing any of the information about to be disclosed, so I didn't commit myself. Finally he went on:

"If I do give you this story, it's because I think the truth about my so-called romantic life is a lot less harmful than these contradictory, cooked-up versions, so please don't make me out a dashing Lothario with the ladies. I'm not one now, never have been and never shall be! What I don't know about women would fill a book. I can't give you any startling interludes from my life because there haven't been any but the usual high school and college romances. And if the truth be known, I've come out on the wrong side of the romantic ledger with an almost unflattering regularity! So just bear in mind that these aren't 'Lessons in Love,' but just an attempt to straighten out my romantic reputation for a lot of people who could very easily have the wrong impression from reading the publicity I've had.

"I think the first girl who ever made any impression (*Continued on page* 102)

THE feverish back-stage traffic flowed unheedingly past the woman in the crude bed on top of the two theatrical trunks. With the "flu" epidemic sweeping the town, players and stage-hands were fearful of their own safety and refused to venture near her.

The woman tossed restlessly. Her throat ached for a cooling drink; her head throbbed painfully. Suddenly she raised herself on one elbow—listening. Then she dropped back with a sigh. The orchestra had struck into the popular Charleston that meant relief for her.

There followed a burst of applause and the sudden appearance of three red-headed youngsters running through the wings—two to the crowded dressing rooms they shared with other acts, and one, a spindle-shanked youngster of fourteen, to the makeshift bed in the far corner.

She leaned over, kissed the woman, picked up a bag of oranges and an empty glass from the battered "prop" table and hurried to her dressing room.

There she rolled the oranges back and forth along the cluttered make-up table with one hand, while the other wiped the grease paint from her face. She had discovered that the fruit yielded more juice when massaged in this manner, and her purse wouldn't permit the loss of a single drop. Half-filling the glass with orange juice, she put a towel to soak under the faucet and then stole out to purloin a piece of ice from the water cooler. Then she hurried

THE DAYS GINGER ROGERS CAN NEVER FORGET!

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

There are courageous adventures, heartaches and sacrifices in the memory book of the star who was a breadwinner at fourteen

Above, the Ginger of early vaudeville days in 1928, when she headed her own troupe, though still in her teens. Left, the Ginger who struggled for a firm foothold on Broadway.

back to the feverish woman lying on the makeshift bed.

"Listen, Mom," she said, as she wrapped the cooling towel around the woman's head and put the glass in her hand, "I've got to leave you for a little while. I'm going to collect our money, pay off the kids, get the railroad tickets, do a little shopping and send a couple of wires. And I've got to arrange to have you taken back to the car, too."

"The very first thing you do," ordered the woman weakly, "is to get yourself a thick steak. Right after you pay the kids and before you telegraph or do anything else. Remember, I said a steak. I don't know what will happen to us if you try starving yourself now. So promise me, Ginger."

Yes, that half-grown youngster with the full-grown responsibilities was Ginger Rogers. Ginger—with her company of two other youngsters, playing a one-night stand in Leadville, Colorado—her clothes over in the Pullman on the siding and her sick mother on the trunks backstage.

Ginger at fourteen had full responsibility. She had to collect the money from the box-office, pay the other members of her act, take care of her mother and arrange to get her and their baggage back to the car, contact the bookers for her next week's engagement and do everything else in connection with their business.

Their act drew $175 a week, and out of that had to come the salaries of three and the railroad fare of four people. If, at the end of the week, she and her mother had saved ten dollars they considered themselves very fortunate.

So telegrams had to be sent, since if they missed as much as a half week's work they were stranded.

But that wasn't all Ginger had to worry about. She knew that another actor who had been traveling the route with them was planning to steal the boy and girl who were dancing with her. And when that actor did steal her partners, just a week later, Ginger and her mother were stranded in another one-night stand somewhere in Colorado.

That is but one of the many unknown souvenirs in Ginger Rogers' memory, souvenirs of this little star's climb from the very bottom to the very top.

In the past, Ginger has been (*Continued on page 72*)

MOVIES of

Reviews of the latest films, with one check (✓) for the good ones, and a double check (✓✓) for those you mustn't overlook

You'll see Una Merkel and Robert Taylor in M-G-M's "Broadway Melody of 1936," which introduces Jack Benny of the radio to movies.

"Special Agent," Warner's newest G-man picture, is full of action, but Bette Davis and George Brent don't get much chance to act.

✓Special Agent (Warner)

You'll See: *Bette Davis, George Brent, Ricardo Cortez, Jack LaRue, Robert Strange.*

It's About: *How the government agents track down gangsters who, after years of freedom, go to prison because of income tax.*

Do you like fast-action, inside stuff pictures of the G-Man type? Then by all means see this one; its interest and entertainment are way above par.

George Brent, special government agent, takes a job as a newspaper reporter in order to "cover" his activities while trying to get the dope on gangster Ricardo Cortez, and makes a sweetheart of the gangster's bookkeeper, Bette Davis, so that he may have the lowdown on him. Fast action, murders, romance and Federals vs. gangster schemes follow in rapid order. Bette Davis, the only member of the gang's employees that knows the bookkeeping code, is in hot water from both angles, kidnapped to keep her from testifying against Cortez, and recaptured by Brent to be the main witness against the gang.

Ricardo Cortez looks his part more than the others, thus bringing more attention to himself. That gag of never taking off his gloves was his own idea and the audience likes it. Bette Davis is okay but doesn't get much chance to act.

Your Reviewer Says: See it if your fancy runs to G-Men and gangsters.

✓She Married Her Boss (Columbia)

You'll See: *Claudette Colbert, Melvin Douglas, Edith Fellows, Michael Bartlett, Grace Hale, Katherine Alexander, others.*

It's About: *Just what the title implies.*

Here is Miss Colbert in a lightsome mood, very much in contrast to "Private Worlds" and "Imitation of Life." She plays

Nino Martini makes his film début for Fox in "Here's to Romance," with Anita Louise furnishing the love interest.

Melvyn Douglas plays a stuffy role and Claudette Colbert a gay one in Columbia's farce, "She Married Her Boss."

the MONTH

A month of grand pictures. First, "Alice Adams," one of the best pictures ever; Hepburn is marvelous. Then there's "Top Hat" for some swell dancing by Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. But the biggest surprise of the month is M-G-M's tremendous musical success, "Broadway Melody of 1936," a personal triumph for tap-dancer Eleanor Powell. For fast action—"Special Agent."

Ruth Waterbury

a devoted secretary who marries her stuffy boss only to discover, much to her disappointment, that she has also married his whining sister, his "brat" child by a former marriage, and his badly run household. Next she discovers the boss is still in love with his work. She yearns for romance and gets only dictation. Being efficient, she discovers her own hilarious way of getting peace and romance.

Claudette is delightful, playing the intelligent, love-perplexed girl for both comedy and pathos. Melvyn Douglas, however, as the stolid husband is a bit too accurate. He seems so genuinely dull, that while it's a tribute to his acting, he actually harms the reality of the story. You wonder why a vivid lass like Claudette would worship him so. Michael Bartlett appears briefly as the inevitable other man and Edith Fellows scores terrifically as the terrible infant.

Your Reviewer Says: A farce with serious undertones, particularly interesting to married people.

✓✓Top Hat (RKO)

You'll See: *Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Edward Everett Horton, Eric Blore, Helen Broderick, Erik Rhodes.*

It's About: *A dancer who is mistaken by a pretty girl for her best friend's husband, or, "Astaire and Rogers, No. 3."*

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dance, sing and romance just as charmingly in their third co-starring picture as they have in the previous two. But, while lavishly produced, luxuriously mounted and expertly performed, this picture is not the sensation its predecessors have been.

Story concerns a young American dancer and the girl he loves. She thinks he is the husband of her best friend; he thinks she doesn't love him; the wife thinks

(*Continued on page* 74)

PICTURES in the CUTTING ROOM

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

COLUMBIA

A Feather in Her Hat. **Pauline Lord plays the role turned down by Ruth Chatterton. It's the story of a mother who sacrifices all to make a gentleman of her son. Tear-jerker.**

M-G-M

I Live My Life. **Another bright Joan Crawford society girl film, with Brian Aherne as a young archaeologist who believes Joan to be a secretary.**

A Night at the Opera. **The mad Marx Brothers are at it again! Their antics are mixed up with the opera and pretty, singing Kitty Carlisle. Said to be a riot of fun for everybody.**

PARAMOUNT

The Milky Way. **Harold Lloyd playing a milkman who most accidentally becomes a prize fighter. Loaded with laughs.**

Rose of the Rancho. **Introducing radio's and opera's Gladys Swarthout, supported by John Boles in a musical love story of early Mexico.**

RKO-RADIO

Shooting Star. **Barbara Stanwyck returns in the role of Annie Oakley, a tough girl of the old West. Said to be the best role Barbara has had in months.**

WARNER-FIRST NATIONAL

A Midsummer Night's Dream. **The big Warner-Reinhardt special shown so far only to the cast but expected to be revolutionary. Jimmy Cagney, who plays *Bottom*, passes along the word he thinks this Shakespearian production about the finest picture ever made.**

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are as grand as ever in "Top Hat" (RKO); story isn't up to par with the others.

"The Crusades" (Paramount) hits the heights of spectacle, with Loretta Young and Henry Wilcoxon heading the cast.

Tips on Talkies

The perfect film guide for previous months—✓ indicates the better pictures, and ✓✓ indicates those you shouldn't miss; reviews in italics are especially suitable for children

M-G-M's "Mutiny on the Bounty," in which Charles Laughton, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone have the leading roles, is expected to be one of the new season's most impressive productions.

✓✓ACCENT ON YOUTH (Paramount). Herbert Marshall, Sylvia Sidney and Phillip Reed in a bright, witty story which shows that love and youth are not always synonymous. Marshall is excellent as the middle-aged writer who thinks himself too old for Miss Sidney, while the whole picture is a delightful merger of laughs and romance.

✓ANNA KARENINA (M-G-M). Garbo, the glamor lass, in a handsomely mounted rendition of the Tolstoy classic. Very sad and very serious, it retells the old story of the wife who leaves her husband and child for a dashing soldier. Freddie Bartholomew, Reginald Owen and Basil Rathbone are fine. Fredric March remains in the doldrums. Fair for Garbo fans.

ARIZONIAN, THE (RKO). Richard Dix and Margot Grahame in a winning-of-the-West story, with horses, sheriffs, shooting and fun. As westerns go, this goes well.

✓✓BECKY SHARP (RKO). A pictorially stunning costume picture with nothing to recommend it but color. That's enough, however. The story is slow, Hopkins is not in top form. But no movie fan can afford to miss the harmonic hues. See it as a cinema curiosity. Then decide if you want more like it.

✓BLACK SHEEP (Fox). Edmund Lowe, an ocean-going gambler, saves his son, Tom Brown, from the toils of bad gal Adrienne Ames, only to fall for her himself. A good, smooth, action-mystery picture.

BONNY SCOTLAND (M-G-M). Laurel and Hardy's latest offering is made from two distinct stories that never quite get together. One has the comic team up to all their old tricks and as funny as ever. The other is a serious romance that travels from Scotland to India but never really gets any place. A fifty-fifty picture.

✓BORN TO GLORY (GB). The human element doesn't count for much in this importation from the English studio, but the battle scenes are decidedly thrilling and well worth seeing. Story concerns a sailor who, single-handedly, manages to wreck a German ship. John Mills, the hero, is a young man to watch.

✓BREAK OF HEARTS (RKO). Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer in a somewhat slowly moving love story about a famous maestro and a poor, music-loving girl. There's good music, too.

BRIGHT EYES (Warners). Joe E. Brown and Ann Dvorak as a small time burlesque team that finally lands on Broadway. Love enters to complicate the comedy team's success but all ends well in this typically humorous item from the cavern mouthed clown. Joe's tap dancing and Ann's singing are pleasant surprises.

BROADWAY GONDOLIER (Warner Brothers). A good story, some nice performances and a batch of catchy tunes suffer from a too slow tempo. Bouncing Dick Powell, as a cab driver with an operatic voice, takes a trip to Italy and climbs to success while masquerading as an Italian. Adolphe Menjou, Louise Fazenda and Joan Blondell in supporting roles. Not the best of the Warner tunefilms.

✓CALL OF THE WILD (Twentieth Century). Jack London's famous book of the out-of-doors brings Clark Gable as the miner, Jack Oakie as his wise-cracking pal, and Loretta Young as the wife of another miner who casts her lot with Gable and Oakie. Buck, a St. Bernard dog, is the hero of the show.

✓✓CHINA SEAS (M-G-M). A lusty, action-packed melodrama of the Oriental waterways with Gable, Harlow and Beery at their superb best. Outspoken, rough and often funny, the picture gives the stars the earthy sort of roles that made them famous. See it for a full movie evening.

✓COLLEGE SCANDAL (Paramount). A murder mystery with music. Action takes place in a college campus between editions of the school paper and rehearsals for the school show. A fine cast, including Arline Judge, Kent Taylor, Wendy Barrie and Edward Nugent.

✓✓CURLY TOP (Fox). Shirley Temple gets better with every picture. This latest one, remodelled from the famous "Daddy Long Legs" to fit Shirley, is thoroughly charming. John Boles and Rochelle Hudson, who sings, too, supply the love interest. However, this is all Shirley's picture and those who come to see her won't be disappointed.

DARING YOUNG MAN, THE (Fox). James Dunn and Mae Clarke, two romantic reporters on rival newspapers, allow business to interfere with their pleasure and love. This is strictly a program picture but there's enough action and romance to hold you if you go.

✓✓DAVID COPPERFIELD (M-G-M). A gloriously faithful reproduction of the time-honored Dickens classic, perfectly performed by the entire cast, a few of which are (Continued on page 98)

JOHN BOLES and GLADYS SWARTHOUT

Equally famous as one of the most beautiful of the Metropolitan Opera songbirds and as one of the richest mezzo-soprano voices in radio, Miss Swarthout makes her film début in Paramount's "Rose of the Rancho," opposite John Boles.

FREDRIC MARCH
and
MERLE OBERON

Merle's work with Freddie in "The Dark Angel" has been so successful that Sam Goldwyn is borrowing her from London Films for a film specially written for her.

CHARLES FARRELL and CHARLOTTE HENRY

Will they be the next beloved co-starring team? Following her fine work in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," Charlotte has been teamed with Gaynor's famous partner in "Forbidden Heaven," a Republic film.

LUPE VELEZ

After a brief dispute as to whether or not she would pose for the newspapers with Gary Cooper (she didn't), Lupe has sailed for stage appearances in South America. Her newest film is GB's "The Morals of Marcus."

FRANCHOT TONE

Here's a lad who's made Hollywood sit up and take notice! Remember the raves he got in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer?" They say he's even better in "Mutiny on the Bounty"—and that he'll wed Joan Crawford soon.

For the real explanation of "the problem child of Destiny" and the qualities which have made her a great star, read:

THE AMAZING LIFE STORY of ELISABETH BERGNER

By JOSEPHINE LE SUEUR

Bergner and Percy Marmont were co-starred in one of the first European talking films, "Ariane" (above). Though she now plays youngsters, when she attended the *Konservatorium* she looked much older than she was (left).

JUST as Elisabeth Bergner as a child was a strange small creature of moods whom almost no one understood, so today, as a mature woman with many years in the theater to her credit, she is the most eccentric and temperamental actress of her time. As the years pass she seems to become more withdrawn inside the walls of privacy she builds around her life and against all but the most necessary contacts with the world.

Of course, it was not always so, but it has certainly been true in recent years that Bergner finds it impossible to rehearse any role, either in a stage play or a picture, before a director other than her husband or with other members of a cast. From the moment she is cast in a part until the curtain rises before a first-night audience or until director and cameras are ready for a "take," this highly nervous little genius studies and works alone, or with only Paul Czinner, behind locked doors.

First she reads and re-reads the story, until she feels that she knows the character she wants to become as well as she knows herself. She uses an arrangement of mirrors to study posture and expression, to make every movement and facial change express what is going on in the character's mind and soul.

During this period she gradually commits the lines of the part—approximately! Despite the forebodings of the supporting cast, however, a first night with Bergner is never the awkward ill-timed affair one might expect from her refusal to rehearse with the others beforehand. She knows her cues, makes every entrance exactly on the second and is completely and convincingly the character every moment she is on the stage. True, she often alters her own lines from the exact way they appear in the script, but never to the extent that she fails to give the cue to the one who speaks after her. Although those on the stage with her never know where she will go or what business she will invent as the action proceeds the action is always completely natural and never interferes with what other characters must accomplish.

For instance, in "Escape Me Never," the ignorant woman who cares for Gemma Jones' ailing baby was originally named "Mrs. Cooper." When the moment came, the first night of the play in London, for Elisabeth's anguished dash off the stage with the dying child clutched in her arms, it was to "Mrs. Brown" she despairingly called. She did not forget the correct name, but she did not *feel* it and substituted one she did feel.

It has been said that the story of a great actor is the story of his parts. So it is with Bergner. From the time she graduated from the *Konservatorium* in Vienna, when she was about nineteen, her life has been lived in the roles she has played. More than any other woman of the theater save Duse and Bernhardt she has always seemed actually to become each of her characters.

Her three years in dramatic school were not marked by colorful events of any kind. None of her classmates recalls that she was other than a quiet, painfully shy little person who made few friends and seemed only to wish to study and read.

Her diploma showed her "slightly better than average" as a pupil, yet someone, early in her career at the school, must have recognized her as one of the inspired few, for she finished the course with the help of a scholarship which had been originated by the Emperor Franz Joseph for the first-year scholar who showed greatest promise of a great gift for the world of art.

The moment she graduated Elisabeth began her fight to gain a foothold on the ladder of fame. She wrote to every theatrical agent in Vienna and in nearby cities. She received, now and then, a call to present herself to one or another of these agents. But when they saw her they all told her, in effect, the same thing: She was not beautiful, she had no figure to speak of, they could see no future for her in the theater. Few of them even gave her the opportunity to read a line. Her tiny, childish form, such an asset today, was considered nothing but a liability in the days when voluptuous and Junoesque women were the fashion.

Finally Elisabeth landed a four months' contract to play with a company stationed at Innsbruck. Her salary, a few kronen, was so meager as to be hardly worth mentioning. But, as she said at the time, she was a tiny person. With even the tiniest salary she could live.

Much more than the unfavorable terms of her contract she minded the disappointment she had to swallow after her first rehearsal. She had been scheduled to portray the heroine in a play she had adored and dreamed of since childhood. She lost the part when it was decided her voice was too deep for it. Instead she was given secondary parts, character bits, second woman roles.

For a time she felt discouraged but she did not yield to the feeling long. Again she wrote to all the agents and managers, and this time she could at least tell them she was actually in the theater. She was no longer the complete novice, pleading for her first speaking part on any stage.

One of those to whom she wrote was Herr Geheimrat Frankfurter of Marienbad. Interested by her letter, he sent a certain Herr Reucker, director of the Zurich *Pfauentheatre,* to look over the young actress at Innsbruck.

Arriving at the town, the visiting director inquired at the theater, only to find that Bergner was not even cast for the play that week. He asked the way to her lodgings and found her at home in a cheap little attic room, the only place she could afford.

(*Continued on page* 92)

You Pick the

THIS IS THE FIRST GROUP OF CANDIDATES FOR CHILDREN'S PICTURE CONTEST CASH PRIZE. THE VOTES OF MOVIE MIRROR READERS WILL DECIDE IF THE $500.00 OR THE $200.00 WINNER IS IN THIS MONTH'S GROUP

HERE are the first twenty selections from the many hundreds of photographs entered in this contest. Under the rules their reproduction here automatically brings each of the entrants a check for $5.00. Will one of them be the eventual winner of either major award? The answer to that will be supplied by MOVIE MIRROR readers. You and our other readers hold the decision in your ballots. The polls are open now and the tally clerks are ready. Do not act immediately unless you are sure that your choice is among this first twenty pictures. If it is here, well and good. Send your ballot immediately. But do not forget that twenty more pictures will be published next month and twenty more in January. If you wish you can save your ballots until you've had an opportunity to study every portrait.

Of course you will want to know the name of the attractive youngster you are honoring with your support. On page 89 in this issue you will find the names and home cities listed in the same order in which they are numbered here.

Vote as early and as often as you like but make sure that each vote you submit is an official ballot clipped from November, December or January MOVIE MIRROR.

$500 Child

5

11

2

19

6

18

10

The RULES

1. Any child who has not passed his or her tenth birthday is eligibie in this contest.

2. To be considered, photographs must be received by Children's Picture Editor, Movie Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., on or before Friday, October 11.

3. The name and address of the child and name and address of the sender must be PRINTED IN INK or typewritten on the back of every picture entered. In the event a picture is submitted by someone other than a parent the consent of the parents must be written in ink on the back of the picture.

4. The editorial board of Movie Mirror will select the sixty most attractive pictures for publication in this magazine in the November, December and January issues. With each group a ballot will be printed. The readers of Movie Mirror will vote to select the child from this list of sixty whom they would most like to see in a screen role. The child receiving the greatest number of ballots will be awarded the first prize of $500.00. The runner-up will receive $200.00.

5. Movie Mirror will pay $5.00 for each of the sixty pictures selected for publication and each of these pictures will become the property of Macfadden Publications for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Movie Mirror will not be responsible for the return of any picture although every effort will be made to return pictures which are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed return envelopes when submitted.

7. Quality of photography will not count. The attractiveness of the child will be the sole basis of judgment. Expensive portraits are not required. If of sufficient clarity for reproduction, a snapshot will be as acceptable as a studio sitting.

8. You can submit as many official ballots as you wish but only the official ballots printed in this magazine in November, December and January will be counted. All ballots must be in the hands of the counters on or before Friday, January 10, 1936, the closing date of this contest. Ballots should be sent by First Class Mail to Children's Picture Editor, Movie Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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4

USE THIS OFFICIAL BALLOT TO VOTE FOR THE CHILD YOU WOULD MOST LIKE TO SEE IN A SCREEN ROLE.

OFFICIAL BALLOT

MOVIE MIRROR'S CHILDREN'S PICTURE CONTEST

As the child pictured in this contest whom I would most like to see in a screen role, please count this ballot as

ONE VOTE FOR NUMBER...

(Write in number that appears on picture of your choice)

My name..

Street..

City...State.......................

I WANT TO BE A STAR!

By DORA MACY

Courageous little Judy Pine, stand-in for a famous star, meets the greatest crisis of her exciting life in Hollywood

Illustrated by STEPHEN GROUT

As I walked back toward home I wondered why I let Mrs. Mitchell work me up into a stew. Obviously Dick was going to be lucky if he was allowed to draw his own breath. But what business was it of mine? Still, with every step I took, my brain kept repeating, "He'll be here in June. He is coming in June."

At the bungalow, Rene gave me a message from Sonya and I phoned her immediately.

"Vic has left for New York," Sonya told me. "Unexpected complications. I guess they are in for a big fight. If he wins, which of course he will, he'll have to toddle over to London and France immediately."

"How long will he be gone, Sonya?"

"I don't know, but he is afraid it's going to be a long drawn out fight. He said it's a show-down. Either he wins or he will never come back to Hollywood. The point is," she drawled, "that I am lonely and I wish you and Bert would come and have supper with me and dry my tears."

"We will be over with a mop," I promised.

I hadn't taken her complaint of loneliness seriously but I found Sonya very changed that night. She was breaking one of her severest rules and was drinking. She had a fevered air and talked as if she had just come out of solitary confinement.

Bert talked of it on the drive home and I was a little annoyed at his attitude. He insisted that Victor was an iron corset that kept Sonya's spirit in shape and that the moment his influence was withdrawn she went native. Holding my peace was one of the best things I had learned but I hoped fervently that this was a momentary reaction with Sonya and that no one but ourselves would see her or hear her in that mood.

It wasn't a passing mood. She broke all dates right and left. She did absolutely no work. Everything came to a halt while she indulged herself in all the dissipations that I had thought her immune to. I felt sorry for her but I didn't dare speak, even when she began to flirt with Bert. After all Bert meant nothing to me but I hated to see Sonya making a fool of herself. I knew she did it from boredom, too. There was some devil in her that was driving her on just for the excitement. Regularly Victor telephoned, wired and wrote, and just as regularly Sonya responded in good form. I knew she missed him and couldn't understand why she didn't follow him. I suggested it once and her eyes and her laughter were sarcastic. That is all the answer I got. I wish that I had had nerve enough to call Victor and tell him to come home. I prayed that anything would bring him back in time.

We got to taking long week-ends—as soon as my work at the studio was over. While the rush on the Barbara Bell picture was suspended I had had a chance at a few shorts but I was learning to my grief that I wouldn't go very far. I was a duplicate and Barbara Bell had got there first. My resemblance gave me a regular salary and job as stand-in, so it was my future, but that very resemblance would keep me from any real fortune.

So, because Sonya and Bert were kind enough to include me—not as an automatic gesture but because they really wanted me—our week-ends were short, consisting mostly of wild drives started late at night, heading almost everywhere.

On one of these trips we all three fell in love

I couldn't bear it another minute. I rushed over and put my arms around Sonya. "Go ahead, Bert," I cried despairingly. "Why don't you tell him, if he must know?"

with Arrowhead. So much so that Bert, on the spur of the moment, decided to buy one of the swanky little cabins on the edge of the lake. He made an absurd deal based, as in many such transfers, on someone's losses and need for cash.

After that we had a place to go. It was fun getting away and "camping out" and not even having a phone.

But it was too wearing on me. The hours at the studio were long and very fatiguing. The long drives, the late hours, the strain of watching Sonya on a brandy spree—it was all too much for me.

Besides, the time was coming when Dick would arrive. I had many letters from him; he was quite excited about the trip, though plainly he thought it a waste of time and money under the circumstances. And then with a shock I found a wire one day saying that they had sailed. Time slips by so fast. In two weeks now he would be here.

I began to take stock of myself. I looked tired and I felt worn out. I had been going it too hard and I was letting other people's affairs upset me emotionally. After all what could I do if Sonya was determined to make a fool of herself? Nothing, except watch her when she wept uncontrollably and mumbled broken resentments of what the years had brought her. Nothing but be sorry because I loved her and because she was a great person who owed it to herself to keep up the battle. Evidently Victor alone could keep her on the tracks. She would not admit her dependence on him, but without him she was lost.

I wanted to look my best when Dick arrived. I explained that to Sonya, who was highly amused.

"My dear, I'll throw a party for you. A party that will dazzle the love interest from the back woods and his funny bride. We'll show them how important you are and what society you move in. I'll give them an eyefull!"

She began to plan a most elaborate party. I heard her telling Victor all the details over the phone—a transatlantic call, for Victor, having won, was now in Paris! She treated her party for me as a prize joke. There wasn't a soul in Hollywood who would refuse Sonya's invitation. She rarely gave a party but, when she did, they came.

She asked me to come over the Wednesday evening before Dick arrived to plan the final decorations. I was very tired when I reached her bungalow around six o'clock that evening.

"Miss Sonya left you a note," her colored maid told me. "She is awfully sorry but she had to go away."

> "Forgive me, lamb, we'll do this tomorrow. I have to go to my grandmother's funeral."

One of her typical tongue-in-the-cheek notes. I sighed with relief and started home to get some rest, when I re-

membered having promised Bert to select some ties for him. I bought them on Wilshire Boulevard just as the stores were closing and, being so near the Town House, I dropped in with them.

Bert's secretary opened the door.

"Mr. Brothers went to Arrowhead," he said.

I smiled. "I didn't have an appointment with him. Just give him these for his lily-white neck."

But on the way home I wondered about it.

The next day Sonya was on hand and we arranged the decorations.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

All her life, Judy Pine had worhipped just two people—her younger brother, Jack, and Dick Carr, son of the wealthiest family in her home town in New England. So, when Jack fell in with evil companions and Dick offered to sign his mother's name to a letter of introduction to a motion picture director, she was glad to take her brother and run away to Hollywood. New temptations confronted Jack there, however, and the final blow fell when Judy discovered that Jack and his disreputable friend Mike were trying to blackmail a married man on the strength of her friendship.

Judy was not getting ahead very rapidly in Hollywood, but she had two or three friends of whom she had a right to be proud. First and foremost was Victor Munson, the great director; he had discovered very quickly that her letter of introduction was a forgery but had taken much kindly interest in her when she was injured while riding in his car. Then there was Sonya, brilliant and beautiful, who lived on Victor's estate and ran his household for him. A third friend was Bert Brothers, British representative for a large movie company. Bert had made love to her and she had repulsed him, but they were still the best of friends. It was Bert whom the boys had tried to blackmail. Finally, because of their affection for Judy, her friends had kept the whole affair quiet. Victor arranged to have Jack sent away on a two-year scientific expedition to the Bering Sea, where he might be kept out of trouble, and Bert promised not to press charges if Mike left town immediately. Judy was grateful even for this last kindness, because she was living at the home of Rene, the kindest friend of all, who had never got over loving Mike, worthless as he was.

Meanwhile, the problems in her own life were increasing. Word had just reached her that Dick had married his childhood sweetheart. Her career was not advancing. In desperation, she decided to cash in on her resemblance to the famous screen star, Barbara Bell, thus preparing for the job she finally obtained as Barbara's stand-in. She was still getting letters from Dick, and, at his request, welcomed the parents of his bride on their visit to California. Through them, she received the heartbreaking news that Dick and his wife, Hazel, were coming to California. She would have to meet them, smile at them—and keep silent about her love.

Bert returned on Friday and insisted that he meet Dick and his wife with me.

At the dock we met the Mitchells. Sonya had already written them an invitation and enclosed a note from me explaining that it was in their daughter's honor. Naturally, they would accept the bid and were coming that night to Sonya's.

That morning at the dock was the first time I had met Mr. Mitchell. He was stoop-shouldered and bronzed, a wiry little man with a high, toneless voice.

I saw Dick before anyone did, leaning over the rail, and I stared at him. Could a year and a half make that much difference? Of course he was Doctor Carr now, tall, brown and handsome as he had always been, but older and much more mature.

The others spotted him. From the remarks called back and forth, as the ship nosed into port, I picked out Hazel standing beside Dick and studied her. She had a rather sweet face except for the thin lips that were her mother's trade-mark. She was slim but rather boney, square-built. She wore neutral, expensively dowdy tweeds.

I stood back while they greeted Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell.

Finally Dick turned to me. We didn't speak as he came over and shook my hand. Either I was a fool or his eyes were dangerously glad to see me. I caught my breath and stuttered an introduction to Bert Brothers, whose crisp British accent brought us all down to earth.

Suddenly Dick turned back to me as if he could not believe.

"I scarcely knew you," he murmured. "I hope you are not as changed inside."

Before I could speak, Hazel approached and he introduced her.

"My wife." That proudly possessive title.

The Mitchells were greeting Bert, and were telling "the children" about the party that night. Obviously Bert and I were in the way. The Mitchells wanted to carry off their own and talk *en famille*. We promised to pick them up that evening. I stood, dazed, and watched them go.

Then Bert and I climbed into his gray roadster, which had carried me so many miles, and I blessed Bert for his silence.

As we pulled into town Bert nudged me with his elbow.

"Shall we go to Sonya's?" he said. "She will have a lot to do."

I looked at him through tears and shook my head.

"I would like to be alone," I half whispered. "She will understand and she hasn't anything to do now that the caterers can't attend to."

Bert took hold of my hand and patted it understandingly.

"Dick is a pretty swell fellow, Judy. I didn't expect him to be so nice. Funny how such men pick bread-and-water wives."

"Please!" I pleaded and drew my hand away.

He let me off at my door and I was glad to find Rene in the bungalow. I could be at ease with her and say what I thought. But what did I think? I was both glad and miserable at seeing Dick. I loved him more than ever before. Preposterous, silly, unintelligent love, and the look in his eyes upset me. I knew at last what my letters meant to him but I couldn't understand it. If he felt at all close to me, then what about Hazel? Had they just married because they were expected to because of the trouble in Hazel's family, because of circumstances and routine and the power of accepted plans? Was it really possible that Dick was going to be happy with Hazel? Bread-and-water wife, as Bert so neatly and crudely put it. I was sorry that they were to be here four months and that I would have to face Dick ever so often. I didn't trust myself and life was full of enough complications.

Rene talked to me as a friend that really cared and as a girl that knew her way around. The more she handed out arguments I couldn't dodge, the more I resented having to listen to her. She made me feel rebellious. Maybe that's what she intended.

At any rate I started out that night with a highhanded determination to take what the gods offered. Bert noticed my manner and smiled approvingly when he called for me.

"Stiff upper lip, eh?" he grinned. "I hope he is worth it."

"I hope he is," I agreed.

"Of course, I think you'll find," he said, as we drove over to the Roosevelt, "that you have changed more than he has. You are not the same girl that knew him back home. However, Judy, I hope you'll be happy whichever way the wind blows. But, if it isn't Dick, don't you think it's time you gave me a chance?"

I smiled up at him.

"I certainly do," I agreed. "If it isn't, Dick, it should be you."

"Now you are talking sense. I'll be better for you than he would be with or without a little gold band."

We had to wait twenty (*Continued on page 83*)

Exposing Charlie Chan

By HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

Hollywood's best-known Chinese actor is Swedish—and almost as much of an enigma to the film colony as his noted countrywoman, Garbo

HE has the body of a brute, the face and eyes of a mystic, the mind of a scholar and the soul of a poet; he is a cultured gentleman and one of the screen's greatest character actors. Self-educated, he speaks several languages, is a translator of note and a successful playwright; he is one of the richest of film actors, a great golfer, a farmer, a breeder, a horticulturist, and a fine host. His name is Warner Oland and he is the man whose screen characterization of Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective, has won him a following of millions of adoring fans.

Despite this, Warner Oland is almost as much of a mystery to Hollywood as is Charlie Chan to the crooks he pursues so relentlessly. This is due to the fact that Oland is a stranger to Hollywood save when he is working on a picture, and when Oland is working he is too busy for anything but work. The moment a picture is finished, Oland vanishes. Truth to tell, outside of the actual business of filming a picture, Oland has nothing in common with Hollywood; his varied interests encompass a thousand-mile strip of the Pacific coast.

Warner Oland was born in the little Swedish town of Umeo, on Botanic Bay, not far from Finland, in the land of the midnight sun, just fifty-five years ago. He could walk to the top of a hill near his home and watch the sun skirt the horizon, and he recalls having seen his father, Jonas Oland, read a newspaper at midnight without a lamp. His father and mother were of Russian and Swedish extraction, which accounts for the natural Oriental slant of Oland's eyes. Jonas Oland, half Russian, half Swedish, was a state forester and little Warner spent much time with him in the woods. Warner Oland could read both Swedish and Russian at the age of four years and at five began skiing to school, for in that country everything is levelled by the snows, even the fences are hidden, and skiing is the customary mode of travel.

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT WARNER OLAND

He was a noted stage star 25 years ago.

Made his picture debut in June, 1915, in the role of John Bunyan in "Pilgrim's Progress."

Could very easily qualify as one of Hollywood's "oldest inhabitants," having been lured to Hollywood in 1916 to become the "heavy" in Theda Bara's productions. Has been in pictures ever since.

Was the "menace" in the famous Pearl White serials.

Uses no makeup for his characterization of Charlie Chan. Not even grease paint. The mustache is the one he wears day in, day out, with the ends turned down; he grows the goatee before each picture.

Lives in Santa Barbara, 109 miles from the studio, where he owns one of the show places in a community of social register millionaires, with whom he plays golf and hobnobs.

Has made eight Charlie Chan pictures and is under contract for six more, the first of which, "Charlie Chan in Egypt," was released this summer.

Is a naturalized American.

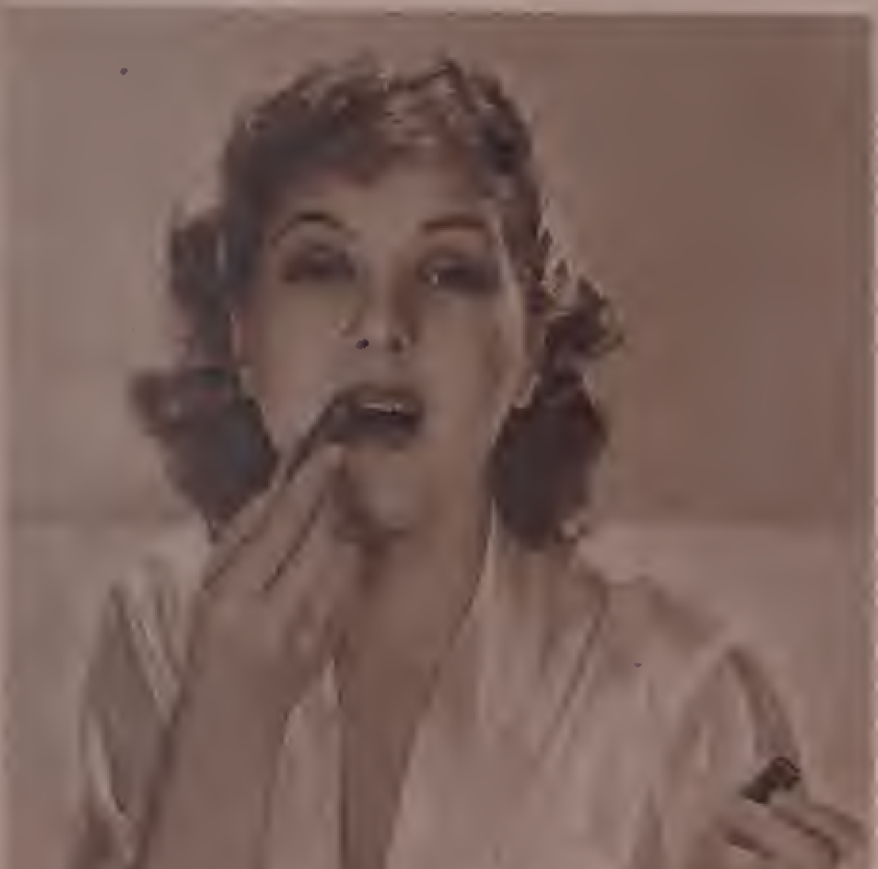
Owns 7,000 acres on the Isle of the Little Pine off the coast of Mazatlan, in tropical Mexico, where he spends much of his spare time experimenting with cocoanut trees and cross-bred cattle.

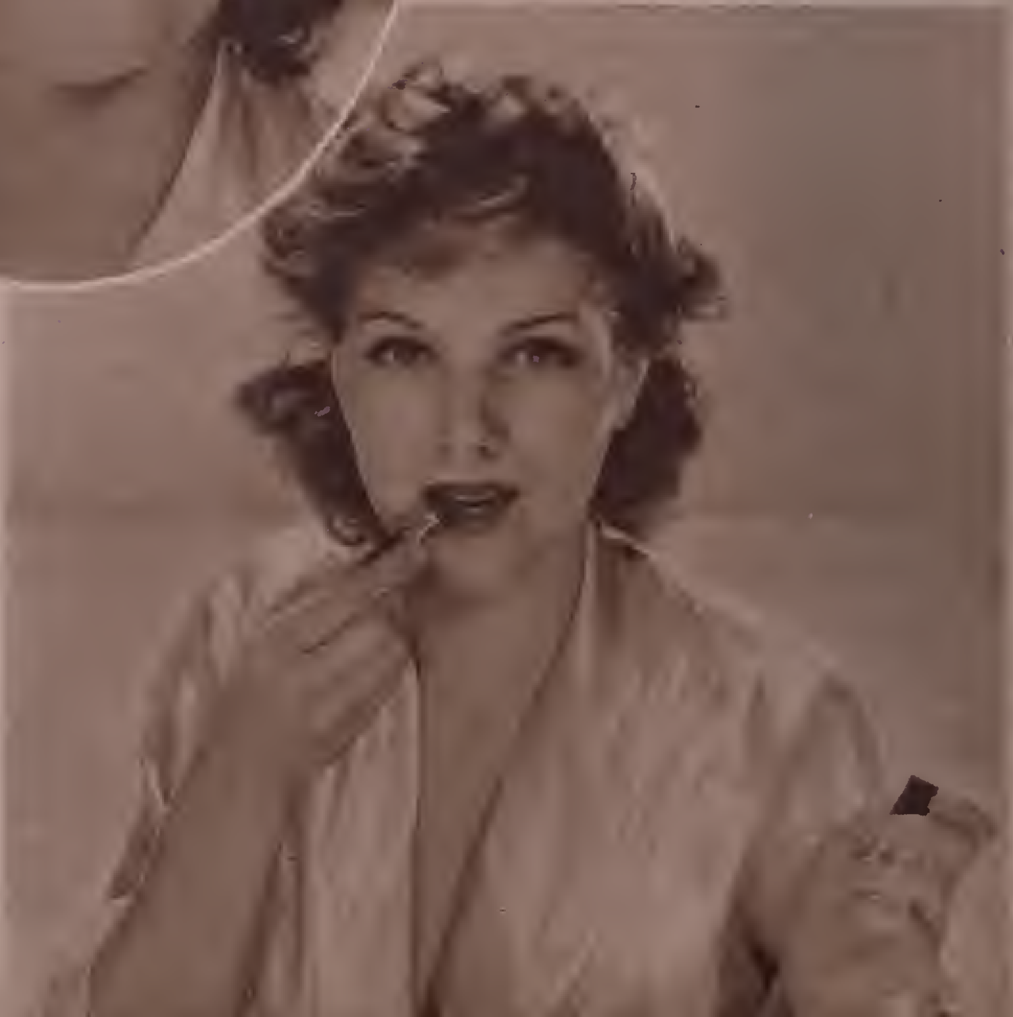
"WOULD you believe that I am fifty-five years old?" Oland asked as he sat in his bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel, on a recent visit to Hollywood. "I don't feel over thirty, yet forty-odd years have elapsed since that day in the fall of 1893 when I first saw New York City. I was just thirteen when we landed. My father had been dreaming of that event for many years and before we went ashore from Ellis Island he turned to my mother and said: 'We are not going to some Scandinavian settlement. We are going to settle among real Americans and rear our boys, Warner and Arvid, as real Americans.' A few days later father bought a small, wind-swept farm in Connecticut, to which we moved. The very next day there was a blizzard and we boys felt very much at home.

"We started in grammar school, but could speak no English, and father decided we would be better remaining away from school, working, and (*Continued on page* 87)

Choosing Your LIPSTICK for Beauty

By Gloria Mack





Jean Parker, M-G-M's lovely little actress, shows you the three steps in applying lipstick—(1) outlining the upper lip; (2) transferring the color to the lower lip; (3) filling in the lower lip and inner edges of the mouth.

Gloria Mack will answer you personally. Write her about those besetting beauty problems. Find out how to clear your skin, reduce your weight, highlight your hair, or anything else that's on your mind. You'll also want to know the names of the splendid lipsticks she mentions; and learn how to use them expertly. There isn't any charge, you know, for this confidential exchange of letters, but do please remember to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write Gloria Mack, Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California, for her advice.

HAVE you found it a real problem, this matter of getting the lipstick which is absolutely right for *you?* I'm sure you have, for no girl of refinement will be satisfied with anything short of perfection in her make-up. She knows that a successful make-up depends on buying the right cosmetics and using them with skill; that such a make-up attracts attention to her because she has added to her charm, and not because an ill-chosen or misapplied color is causing people to stare at her.

Make-up should be "looked at but not seen," and if that sounds like a contradiction, ask almost any man you know. He will tell you it is perfectly true.

The wrong powder or rouge can ruin the effect you are trying for, but I think, and I know you'll agree with me, that the wrong lipstick, inexpertly used, is the most *conspicuous* make-up mistake.

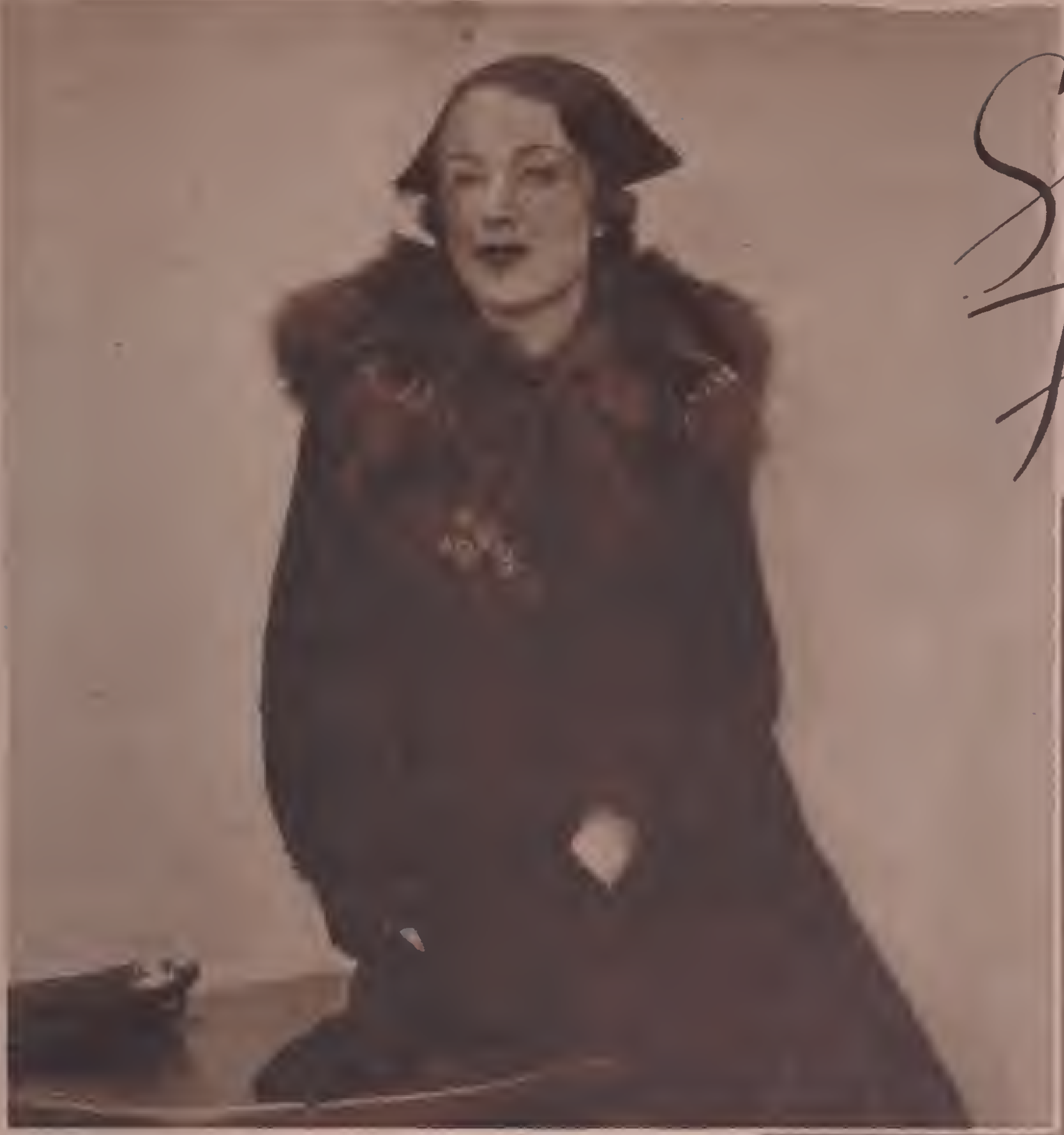
How are you going to avoid making this mistake; to choose, from among the bewildering array of excellent lipsticks on the market, the one which you should be using?

It really isn't so confusing as it may seem. The first principle (and it comes first in choosing all cosmetics) is to consider your lipstick as part of your make-up, never just by itself.

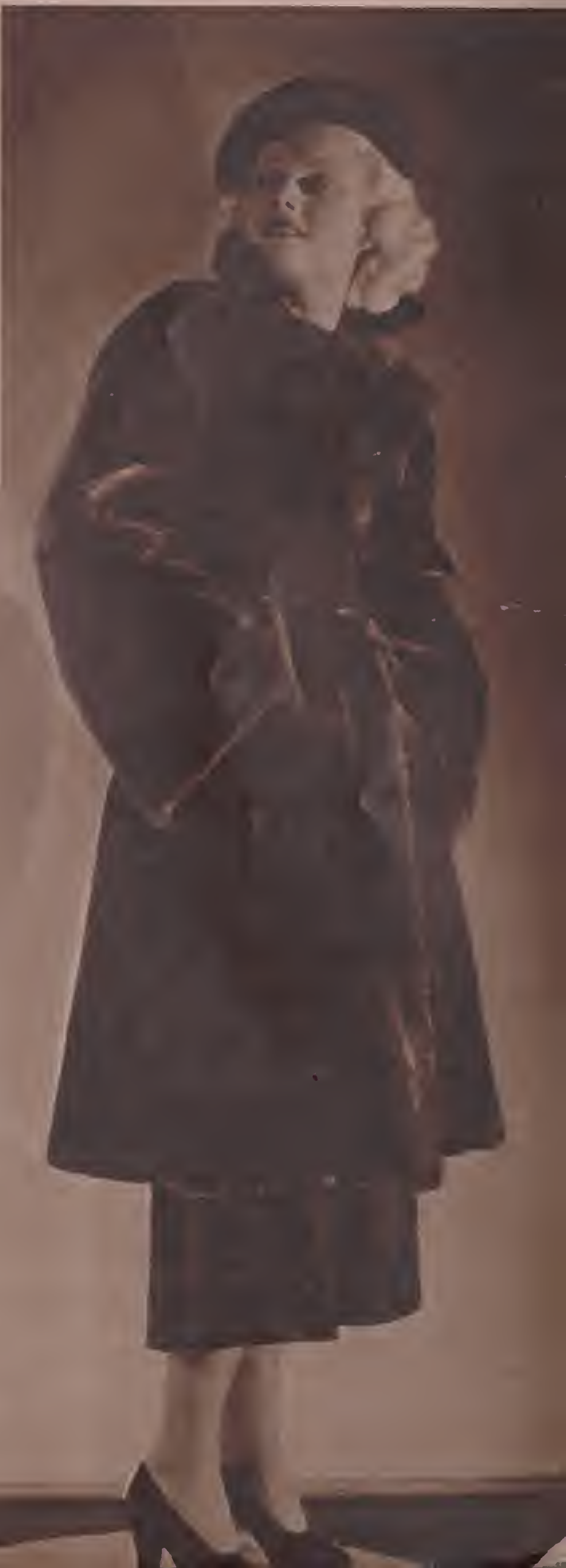
You know how disastrous it is to buy a hat just because you like it, without thinking about the rest of your wardrobe. You get it home and it doesn't go with anything else you own. In desperation you wear it, anyway, and it (*Continued on page* 90)

Star Fashions

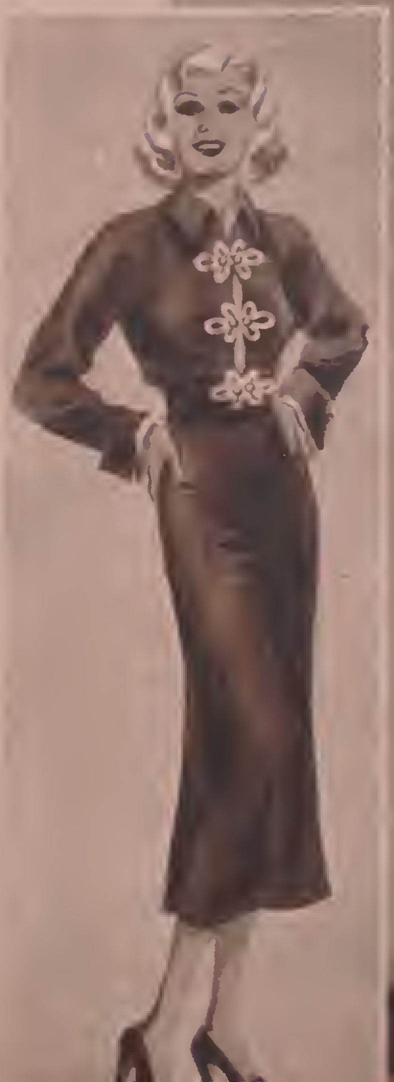
By GWENN WALTERS



Fall wardrobes are in the making and here are contrasted the originality of Hollywood and the age-old chic of Paris. Fay Wray selected her costumes from Schiaparelli, while Jean Harlow made her choice at Bullocks-Wilshire, Los Angeles. Fay's very Parisian dressy coat of black caracul wool has a bow to fasten its fan collar of silver fox. The full sleeves are neatly caught with wide cuff-bands. Note the filmy, pointed veil on her hat.

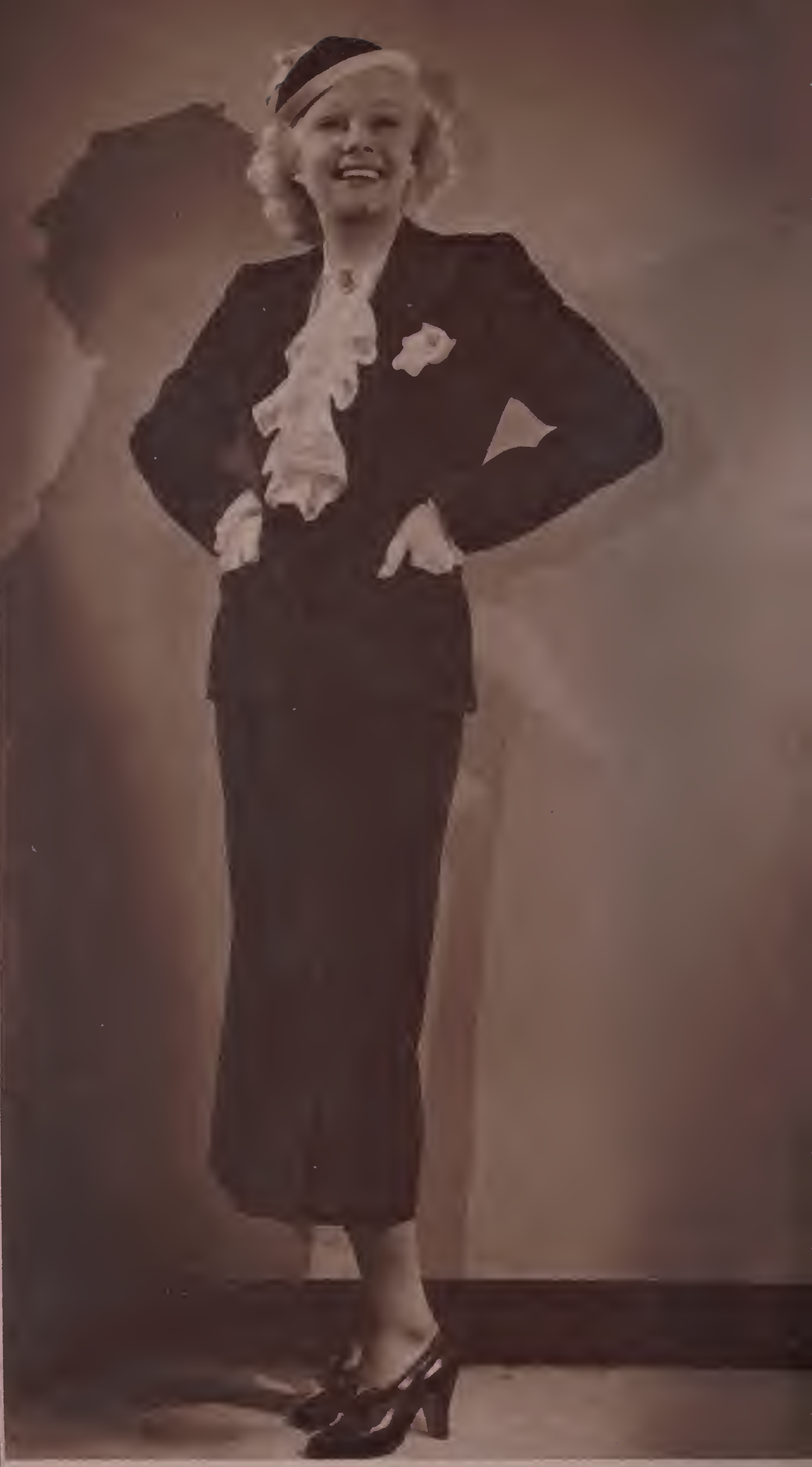


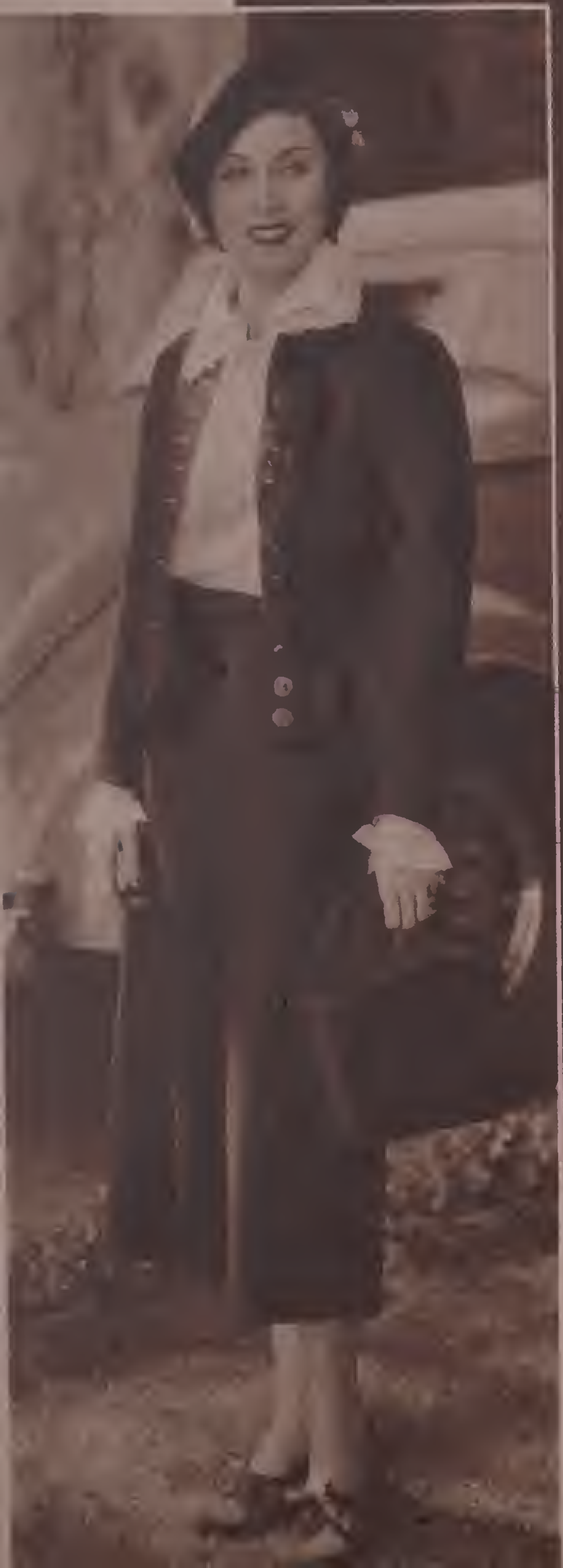
In Hollywood, Jean chose a knee-length coat of nutria. Its full, swinging lines are held in place by a wide belt of suede, while its collar is thrown open wide and its sleeves spread generously at the wrists. The frock beneath (shown in the sketch) is of velveteen in deep blue, the shade of the sea. Burnished gold peeks out under the cuffs and through the front opening. Its four-gored skirt, raglan sleeves and standing shirtmaker collar assure ease and comfort for the wearer.



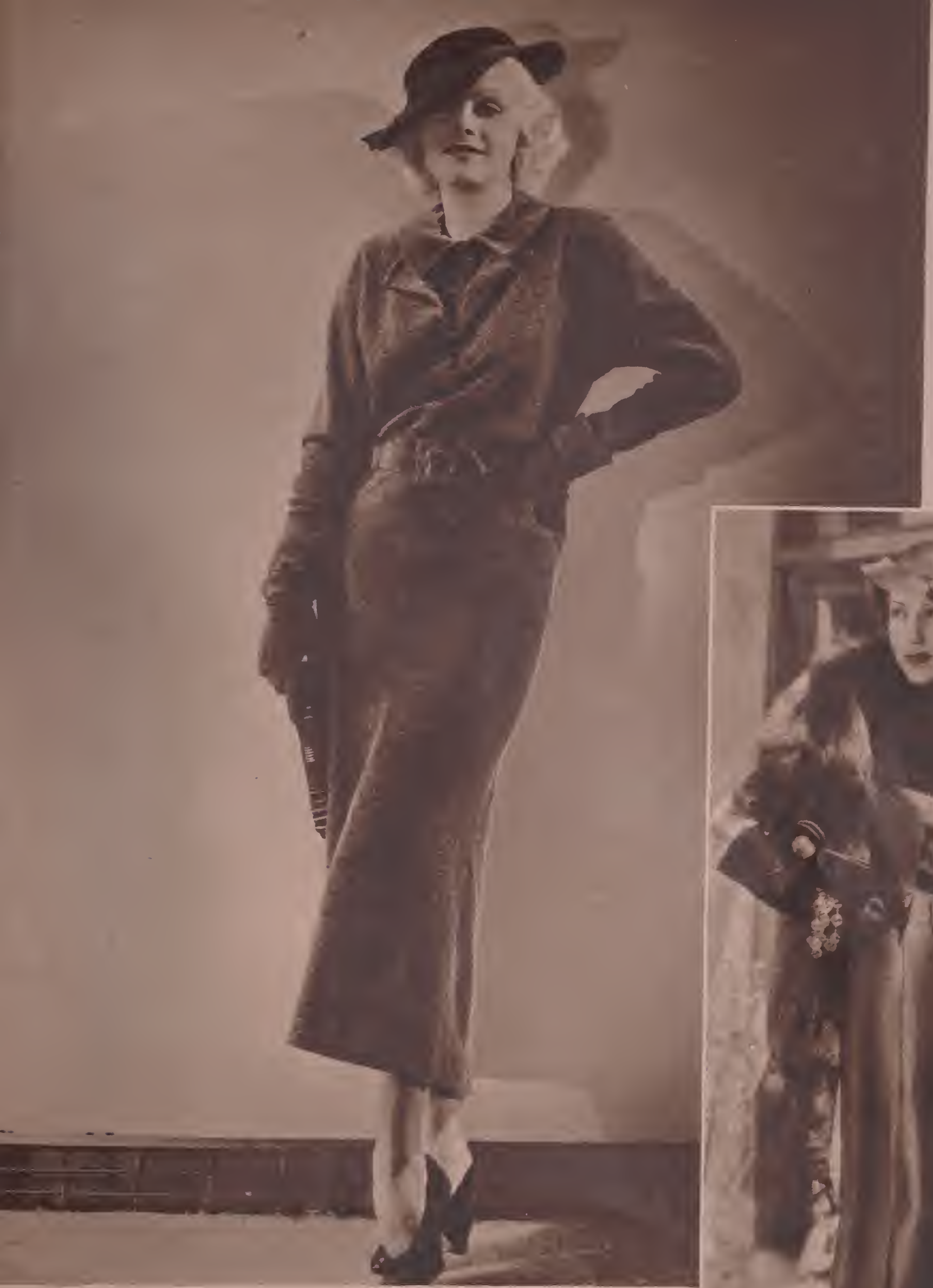
Jean Harlow will appear next in an M-G-M film tentatively titled "Riff Raff."

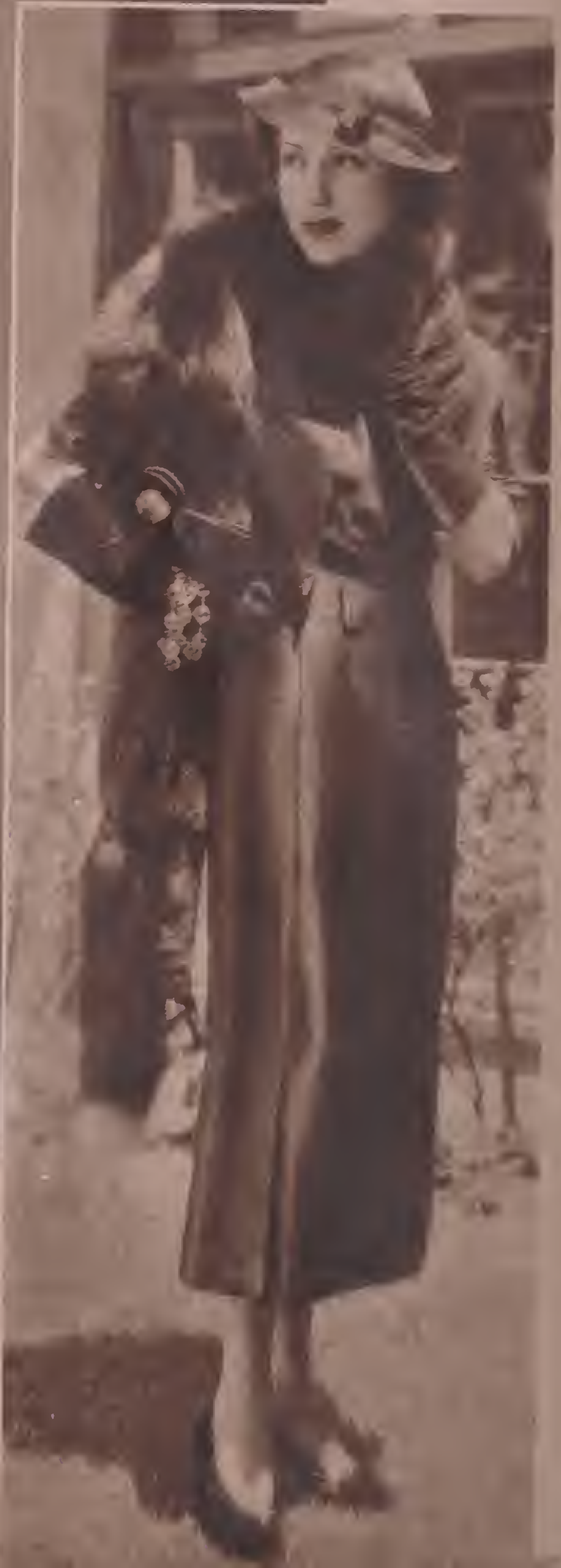
Fay Wray will be seen next with Jack Hulbert in GB's "Alias Bulldog Drummond."



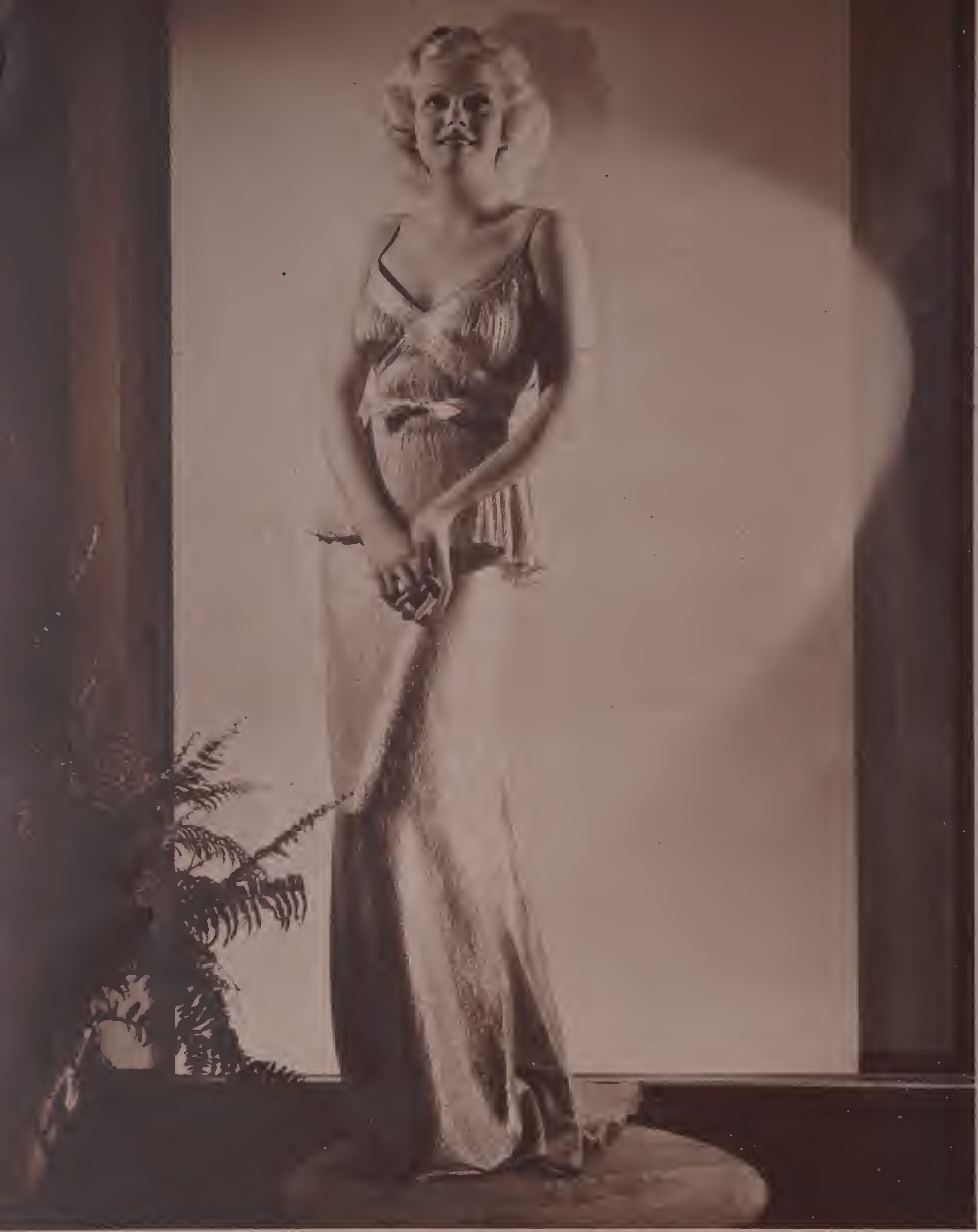


Neatly tailored, Jean goes to town in this single-breasted suit of bright navy worsted and a blouse of sheer white handkerchief linen with a jabot of handwork and fine lace; her hat is navy and white felt. (Left) In decided contrast is Fay's suit, tailored also, but in dressmaker style with short box coat and flaring skirt. Tailored buttonholes, in alternate red and green, give cheer to the deep navy suiting. Her becoming blouse is Italian linen trimmed with hand-made lace and a little heart emblem, initials and date worked in red cross-stitch which quickly recall the intricacy of detail so prevalent in French design. Natural and navy felt fashion her hat.





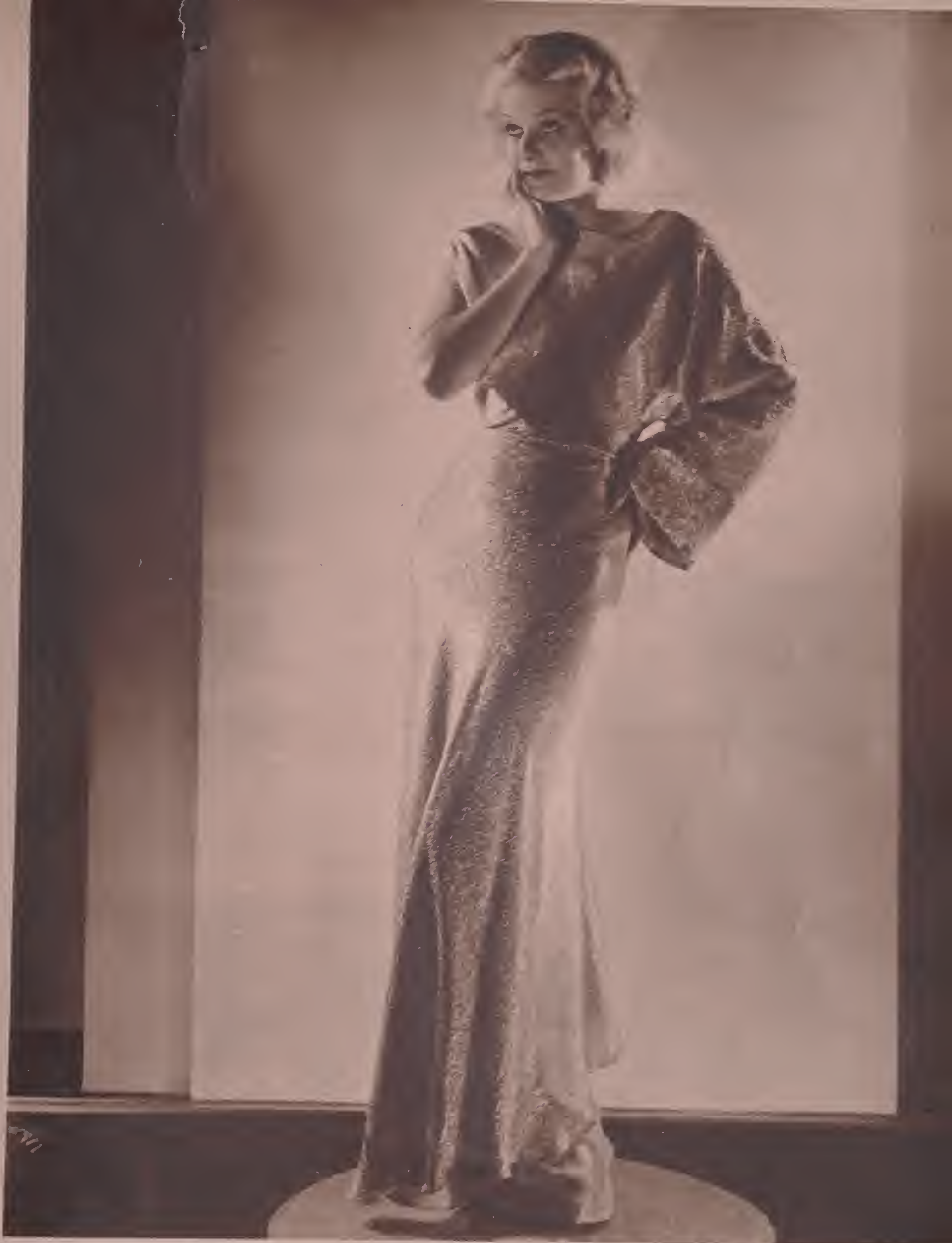
There are freedom and action for Jean in this brown wool street frock. The green of the almost invisible plaid is repeated in the vest, belt and hat; the skirt is bias and the sleeves are dolman-style. (Right) Black, ever the chic color of the French, is strikingly used in Fay's afternoon frock of heavy satin. The very long, pointed, heavily-quilted collar fastens with a cluster of white carnations hidden by the double foxes. Glance at the wide band on the skirt—it's padded, stitched and weighted; the design on the front panel is neatly stitched, as are the sleeve edgings and belt. Fay's hat is also of black satin, beautifully stitched and trimmed with matching grosgrain ribbon.



This classically beautiful evening gown of silver lamé is Jean's favorite for the season. The direct opposite of her tailored street costumes, this creation is feminine in every detail. Trick bands mould the accordion pleats into a bodice which is held by tiny shoulder straps. The peplum continues around the entire waistline, over a graceful skirt with back fulness. Jean's sandals are silver.

Miss Harlow's photographs by George Hurrell. Her clothes by Bullocks-Wilshire, Los Angeles. Her shoes by Huggins-Delman.

Miss Wray's photographs by Irving Lippman. Her costumes and hats specially designed for her by Schiaparelli, Paris.



Would you like to know which type of these clothes you should wear? Send a complete description of yourself, together with a self-addressed, stamped envelope, to Gwenn Walters, MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

Lamé is so popular for the coming social season that it also fashions our unique and interesting version of Jean's dinner dress. One long full sleeve is a decided contrast to the soft draped cap sleeve of the opposite arm. The soft gold lamé of this gown drapes exquisitely into a wrap-around skirt. To add still further to the luxuriousness of her costume, tiny gold sequins adorn her white satin sandals.

Hollywood's Hidden Past

Continuing the fascinating reminiscences of one of Hollywood's greatest personalities—Cecil B. DeMille

By WALTER RAMSEY

FROM its hazardous beginning in 1913, the Jesse Lasky Feature Play Company, founded by the gamble of the Three Bright Young Men—Jesse Lasky, Samuel Goldwyn and C. B. DeMille—had become within four short years the most prominent producing unit in the thriving movie industry. Not only was C. B. DeMille creating star names with each successive picture he directed, but a merger with the Famous Players Company had brought such box-office sensations as Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks into the fold.

"FILMS were in the process of pioneering; a conquest that was later to make the motion picture industry the fourth largest business in the country," Cecil B. DeMille continued his reminiscences. We were seated on the lounge-deck of his beautiful yacht *Seaward*. Our first meeting had revealed DeMille the business man, the financier. But today, during an interview that took place while his own family was aboard to help him celebrate his birthday, I was to find DeMille, the host; DeMille, the family man, known to his intimate friends. It was a magnificent day. The *Seaward* rocked quietly in the bay just off Catalina Island. The genial "Captain" continued his story:

"We were launched successfully in a new adventure that was already bringing about great changes in the policies of the business. Great technical discoveries were being made. The big companies were just beginning to turn their eyes

DeMille's production of "The Ten Commandments," in which Theodore Roberts portrayed Moses, was the first of the screen's tremendous religious spectacles. Right, the famous director has a conference with Wally Reid, Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter; all early stars.

in the direction of theater ownership. I viewed this with satisfaction because I knew it would mean better projection and a finer setting for the pictures."

Deluxe movie houses were beginning to spring up all over the country. America became movie-mad; movie magazines flooded the market; Hollywood gossip was at a premium and DeMille, the great idol-maker, furnished a great share of the glamorous star-dust of this idol-worshiping age.

Wallace Reid, driving his long, blue roadster through the pepper-tree-shaded streets of Hollywood, was the male sensation of the hour after but three pictures.

"To my mind," DeMille said, "Wally was the handsomest man ever reflected on the screen. He was an easy-going, likable boy without the slightest understanding of the word temperament. It is amusing to look back on those days and contrast the family-circle spirit of the times with the dollars-and-cents policy of today's production. For instance, Wally dressed in a small concrete dressing-room on the second floor of the wardrobe building—quarters so small, in fact, that they wouldn't even be good enough for an extra-player of today." And Wally was now the biggest male star of the screen. His popularity finally made it necessary for him to appear in more pictures than his original discoverer could produce and so Wally was launched on an independent starring career, making as many as eight or ten pictures a year.

But Wally was just one of many glamorous personalities waved into stardom under the wand of DeMille magic; for, with the coming of the famous domestic dramas, replete with bathroom scenes, the greatest feminine star of the day was DeMille-ized: Gloria Swanson.

"If I had depended upon my first, personal impression of Miss Swanson, gained during the introductory interview, I doubt if Gloria would ever have gained the big chance for stardom—at least with me," smiled C. B. "This girl was later to earn the title 'Best Dressed Woman on the Screen,' but she showed none of the startling glamor that was to make her the feminine pace-maker of all women stars."

But DeMille did not trust that first impression. He insisted upon seeing one of the Mack Sennett Comedies in which Gloria had played a small part. There was one scene that caught the great director's eye; in fact, he found it utterly impossible to believe this to be the same not-so-good imitation of a "vamp" who had just left his office. He had faith in that screen flash and despite the protests of every associate on the lot the temperamental star-maker signed Gloria for the first of his series (*Continued on page* 70)

"Affairs of Anatole" was the first impressive all-star film and boasted such beauties as Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres, Gloria Swanson and Wanda Hawley (left, with Mr. DeMille). Below, Leatrice Joy, at that time the wife of John Gilbert, shares with la Swanson the distinction of being the bravest woman this director has known.

Speak for Yourself

MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted: $20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address your letter to "Speak for, Yourself," MOVIE MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

Anna Lee, English film star playing in GB's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," with Conrad Veidt, answers her fan mail.

$20 PRIZE LETTER

A Perfect Tribute

When but a child, led by a fond mother's hand to entertainments designed to encourage the love of the cultural arts, such a deep ardor was instilled in me that it has never abated. Ever since that time (I am ninety-five years of age), music, art and drama have been sources of pleasure.

A few days ago, I was privileged to witness that entertaining, delightful picture, "Becky Sharp." Of the wonders of Technicolor, I will say only one word—*marvelous!* but I must in all truth say that, while I have seen such noted actors as Edwin Booth, Emma Abbot, Joseph Jefferson and others, I have never witnessed more perfect acting in every detail than that of Miriam Hopkins.

Though "the bird of Time has but a little way to flutter and is on the wing," I feel the pleasure of that hour will ever abide.

Mrs. R. A. Hardin,
Birmingham, Ala.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

Who?

Who, when a movie I attend,
Feeling that I'm without a friend,
Leaves me with spirits on the mend?
Stan Laurel

Who, when I've time to while away,
Pictures a life that's bright and gay,
And what is smart to do and say?
Joan Crawford

Who, though a very little man,
Turns to my gaze a hard-boiled pan,
And socks a dame whene'er he can?
James Cagney

Who flaunts the very latest style,
Wears a sophisticated smile,
And makes life glamorous for a while?
Kay Francis

Who, when I feel a little blue,
Croons me a ditty light and new,
That tells of love both tried and true?
Bing Crosby

Who, when I'm in a sober mood,
Bears me away from all that's crude
Into a higher altitude?
George Arliss

Monica O'Dair,
Klamath Falls, Ore.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Revolt in Cuba

We Cuban fans would like to enter our protest against Franchot Tone's unimportant roles and against Rudy Vallee's making only two pictures.

Why don't the producers give Franchot Tone leading parts in pictures? In "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" he proved to be a good actor and surely he would make a great hit if only given a chance.

And what about Rudy Vallee? He is good-looking and his acting and singing are excellent. "Sweet Music" was really a success, yet he hasn't made more pictures.

Margaret Tonarely,
Havana, Cuba.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Justice for Barbara

I have just read your story about Barbara Stanwyck, entitled "Her Own Worst Enemy," by William French, which appeared in the September issue of MOVIE MIRROR.

The fair spirit and sense of justice displayed in the writing and printing of such a fine article shows your magazine to be one out of many. A magazine not fawning on the "high and mighty" of Hollywood, but one daring to expose the facts and forces which work against such a gallant star as Miss Stanwyck.

Needless to say, I am a Stanwyck fan as well as a MOVIE MIRROR fan, and I join with the many other admirers of Barbara Stanwyck in wishing her better luck.

Virginia Thomas,
Penfield, N. Y.

(*Continued on page 77*)

# Cooking Department

CONDUCTED BY PAULINE NELSON

PAULINE NELSON IS AT YOUR SERVICE! Write her for the recipes she mentions: Brandied Peaches, Sweet Crab-Apple Pickle, the special water-ice which isn't a dessert. Or perhaps you would like her suggestions for Afternoon Parties and Late Evening Snacks? She will help with special cooking problems, too, and will be glad to hear about yours. Address: Pauline Nelson, MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California. No charge at all, but please remember to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write her.

PLANNING a meal in some ways is like planning a costume and very much like it in the matter of "accessories," those little touches which make all the difference. You how how a clever bag or an interesting color note in the scarf can make a very smart outfit of one that wasn't really very exciting to begin with. It's the same with a meal. Well-chosen, extra tid-bits can dress up even a simple menu in an amazing way.

We've all served celery, radishes, olives and salted nuts, but even these improve when prepared skillfully and served with imagination. Begin with proper preparation for accessories must be as appetizing as they are pretty.

Are you sure your celery is absolutely crisp and cold? If you haven't learned the trick of getting it that way, mention it when you write me and I'll give you the details of how to do it.

In the picture, you will see I have included some stuffed celery. I used pimiento cream cheese put through a pastry-tube, and there are a number of other things which combine perfectly with celery in this way: anchovy paste, roquefort cheese moistened with mayonnaise, plain cream cheese with minced green peppers are a few of the good ones, and they can be prepared quickly.

When you are buying olives, don't forget you can get them stuffed with other things besides pimientos (almonds and onions for instance) and that the rich dark color of the big ripe olives will give color contrast on the plate. A different way of serving the smallest pimiento-stuffed olives is to put three together on a toothpick, so they can be lifted conveniently. In Hollywood, hostesses frequently serve olives California style, and here is the recipe, as I know you will want to try them for their spicy flavor.

Olives California Style

You may use any size ripe olives, which should be well-drained. Fill a pint-sized Mason jar with them, add three slices of lemon, four cloves of garlic which have been peeled and halved and one-half cup of olive oil. Cover tightly, turn upside down so the oil covers the olives and chill overnight, serving cold.

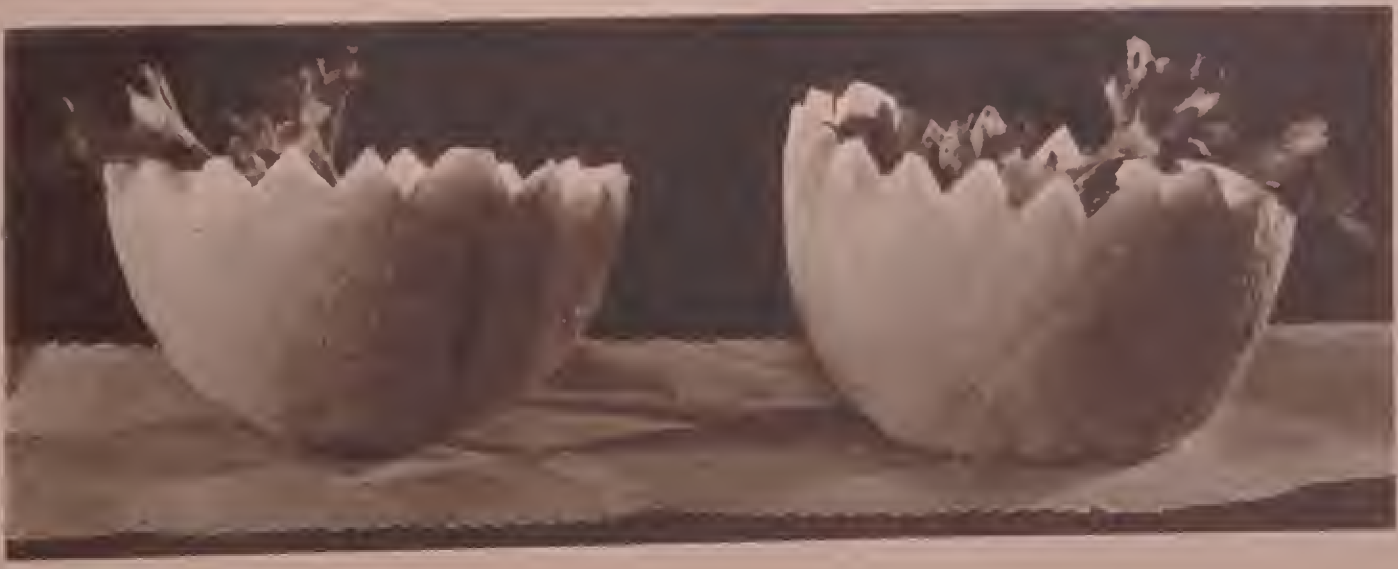
RADISHES, both white and red, can be cut into pretty shapes with a sharp knife, after they are scrubbed and their stems cut off. Green onions are served cold, too, so they belong in this plate.

And here is something very simple and really new—chilled, raw carrot straws! Use young, firm carrots fresh from the refrigerator. Scrape them and cut into long thin, pieces. Dipped in salt, as you would celery, they are crisp and sweet—and they are very good for you, too!

All these must be cold when served. if you wish, you may place them on a bed of chipped ice. For special occasions, an ice-plate, used by many of the swankier restaurants, will give your table a sosphisticated appearance. An ice-plate can be made

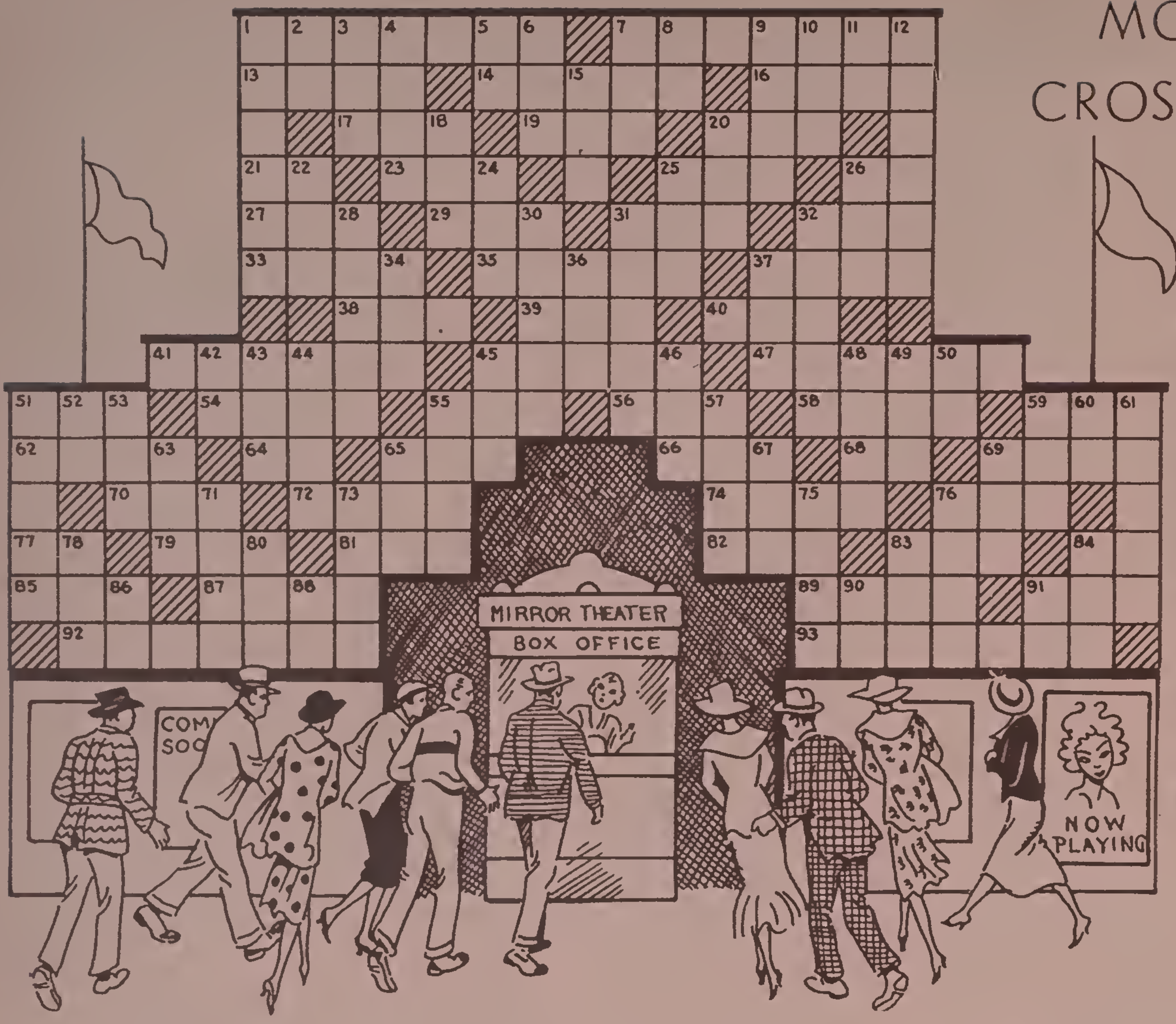
(*Continued on page* 95)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
R. A. WHITTEN
LOS ANGELES



Dress up your dinner with a real "star-turn," as above, by arranging stuffed celery, olives California style and carrot straws with your other relishes. Mint jelly lemon cups, like those at left, add a decorative touch to the roast of lamb.

MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE



MOVIE MIRROR awards $20 for the best original puzzle submitted in August to Mr. H. W. Hogle, 16 State St., Rochester, N. Y. Why not try your luck? You may win the same amount. You must create a new and original puzzle, although it does not need to be as elaborate as Mr. Hogle's. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. We cannot return puzzles. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

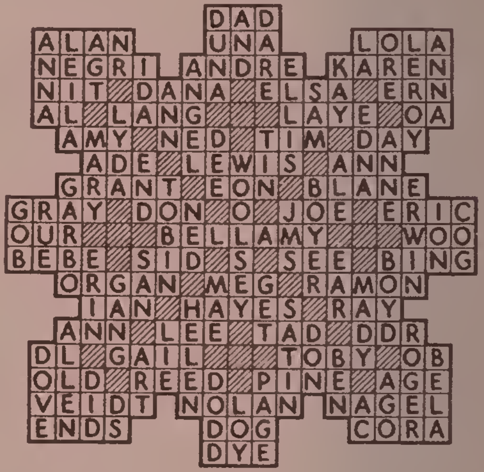
ACROSS

1. A Paramount star
7. She started her career in Keystone comedies
13. A scent
14. He has played in many M-G-M pictures
16. An instrument
17. An affirmative
19. Still
20. She is married to Rex Bell.
21. An Italian River
23. Gained in a contest
25. Curse
26. Linda in "Accent on Youth" (Initials)
27. Period of time
29. An old horse
31. A small river island
32. He was at his best in "Love Me Forever"
33. Star of "The Glass Key."
35. With Bette Davis in "Front Page Woman"
37. Betty in "Murder in the Fleet"
38. Sunburn
39. A unit of work
40. Impel with oars
41. The aunt in "No More Ladies"
45. A spirited horse
47. With Fred Astaire in "Top Hat"
51. He was with George Raft in "Stolen Harmony"
54. Above
55. Greek letter
56. Permit
58. Chair
59. "— Miserables"
62. Not shut
64. "Anne of Green Gables" was her first big picture (Initials)
65. She recently celebrated her seventieth birthday
66. Organ of hearing
68. Advertisement
69. Seth Dunlap in "The College Scandal."
70. Moisten
72. Russian Emperor
74. She kept a flower shop in "Orchids to You"
76. Martha in "The Daring Young Man"
77. Printers' measure
79. Father
81. Star of "The Flame Within"
82. Terminate
83. Period of time
84. Prefix
85. Strike sharply
87. Missing
89. He had a part in "Top Hat"
91. "— Frightened Night"
92. His First Name is Jimmy
93. The fish peddler in "Unknown Woman"

DOWN

1. He was in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"
2. Alleged force
3. She recently sojourned in Europe
4. To make liquor from malt
5. — — Jones designed the "Becky Sharp" sets
6. Attempt
7. Adjust
8. Indefinite article
9. An English school
10. "—— and Forever" featured Shirley Temple
11. Perform
12. Paramount character actress
15. Marry
18. Male child
20. Heavy club
22. Anglo Saxon coin
24. Seize
25. Metal mouthpiece of a bridle
26. "China ——s" is an M-G-M film
28. Later
30. Star of "Anna Karenina"
31. She is the wife of Ralph Forbes
32. Warden Alcott in "Public Hero No. 1"
34. Oily substance
36. Before
37. To strike slightly
42. Behold
43. The bugle plant
44. Waistcoat
45. Pig's home
46. She played in "Becky Sharp"
48. Close
49. Roam about
50. And (Fr.)
51. Our movie hero from France
52. She tap dances in "Broadway melody of 1936" (Initials)
53. Recent
55. Merit
57. Subdue or domesticate
59. She is Mrs. Bing Crosby
60. Half an em
61. Bennie in "Hold 'em Yale"
63. Comedian with a dead-pan expression
65. "The —— Who Knew Too Much"
67. Hurry
69. Star of "Stranded"
71. Lola in "Spring Tonic"
73. Satisfy
75. Mental image
76. Create
78. Peter Lorre's first American talkie is "—— Love"
80. River in England
83. Somewhat dark or hazy
84. With Franchot Tone in "One New York Night"
86. A shell
88. Street
90. Railroad
91. Old Testament

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE



DAD
ALAN UNA LOLA
NEGRI ANDRE KAREN
NIT▨DANA▨ELSA▨ERN
AL▨LANG▨▨▨LAYE▨OA
AMY▨NED▨TIM▨DAY
ADE▨LEWIS▨ANN
GRANT▨EON▨BLANE
GRAY▨DON▨O▨JOE▨ERIC
OUR▨▨▨BELLAMY▨▨▨WOO
BEBE▨SID▨S▨SEE▨BING
ORGAN▨MEG▨RAMON
IAN▨HAYES▨RAY
ANN▨LEE▨TAD▨DDR
DL▨GAIL▨▨▨TOBY▨OB
OLD▨REED▨PINE▨AGE
VEIDT NOLAN NAGEL
ENDS DOG CORA
DYE

Don't Get Him Wrong

(*Continued from page* 23)

in one of her productions. But I was never stage struck; I was always in the thick of it, and things theatrical were no novelty. Our house was always cluttered up with actors. The only thing that ever really stirred me was the pace, the timing, the direction and the excitement of a well written scene. That was always more violently exciting than acting."

But in the course of things, Aherne was sent to London to be trained for the stage. The school for child actors, at which he was matriculated, was conducted by Italia Conti, and at the time young Aherne was learning pantomime, diction, characterization and other facets of his profession, Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence were doing likewise.

"ONE year of that was enough," Aherne told me. "I refused to continue the studies and declined to become an actor. I told my parents that I wanted an education which would enable me to earn a living in a 'respectable' walk of life. So I was sent to a prep school and later to Malvern College and at the age of eighteen went to work for a mercantile firm of West African merchants in Liverpool. I learned addition and subtraction and to this day can give you a total on a column of figures as quick as an adding machine. I was being trained for a job on the Gold Coast of Africa. But, as I was being trained, I kept meeting the wrecks of men that were being returned from the Gold Coast and I said to myself 'What's the use of going out there and knocking yourself to pieces?'

"Finally, it came time for me to go and I was called into the office of the manager. I had no idea what I was going to say to him. I recall seeing a blue stack on a ship passing down the river. The manager gave me two weeks to think it over. I decided not to go, and lost my job.

"It was the year 1922, and it was plenty tough. The bottom had fallen out of everything. But I had a lot of friends, and I decided to call upon them. I got a grand welcome everywhere.

"My friends in the shipping business said, 'Great, old boy! It's time to get a *real* start in life, but *don't* try the shipping business.' My barrister friends said, 'Grand, old chappie—anything but the law.' And so it was, right down the business classification. I went to London. I found a boarding house. I had five shillings, but my business talents went begging. The fact that I had bent my back over ledgers for two years meant nothing. There wasn't a firm in London in need of a clerk.

"With the five shillings gone, I awoke one morning to a new sensation. I was hungry. And I had no job. My thoughts turned to acting as a temporary way of earning enough to keep me going until I could find a worthwhile situation. So I went to a theatrical agent.

"'Can you act?' the agent asked me.

"'A bit,' I answered.

"'Are you stage struck?' he inquired.

"'No, I am only here because I am hungry.'

"'Can you run?' he asked.

"'Like a hare,' I responded.

"'Then run to the Savoy Theater—there's a small role awaiting someone in "Paddy, The Next Best Thing."'

"I started for the door. He called to me.

"'How much pay will you ask?' he shouted.

"'Eight pounds,' I answered, because that was the first sum that came to mind.

"'Ask it, then keep your mouth shut tight,' he advised.

"I did, and I got it."

That bit, at eight pounds a week, was the beginning of Aherne's career. Soon thereafter he became a sensation in the play "White Cargo" and, if you recall the play, you will know, as I do, that Aherne built his characterization around the wrecks of white men that used to return from the Gold Coast of Africa to the office where he was employed as a clerk. Other London successes followed and Aherne went to Australia where he became the Number One matinee idol of the Antipodes.

MOVIE MIRROR IS ON THE AIR!

Attention; you folks who live in the East! Your favorite movie magazine is now on the air, every Friday night from 7:30 to 8:00. It's a great show which no movie enthusiast should miss—guest stars, latest news from Hollywood, and the finest musical talent available. The program is heard on the following stations:

WMCA, New York, N. Y.
WDEL, Wilmington, Del.
WOL, Washington, D. C.
WPRO, Providence, R. I.
WIP, Philadelphia, Pa.
WCBM, Baltimore, Md.
WMEX, Boston, Mass.
WLNH, Laconia, N. H.

Don't forget the time: 7:30 to 8:00 on Friday nights—so better be listenin'!

Returning to London he won new and greater glory.

Then Guthrie McClintic, New York producer, signed Aherne for the role of Robert Browning in his New York presentation of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," opposite Katharine Cornell.

Aherne was a sensation.

He turned a deaf ear to Hollywood offers, and signed for another role opposite Miss Cornell in "Lucrece."

Hollywood offers poured in by the dozen.

Aherne read and grinned, but at last, succumbed. He signed for "The Song of Songs," with Marlene Dietrich.

"That *was* an experience," Aherne said. "I took one look at the finished product and fled to England."

"Why?" I asked.

"Did you see it?" he asked.

"No."

"You were lucky," he grinned.

"What happened?" I demanded.

"Why speak of the dead?" he answered.

Aherne did not pause to read what the critics might have to say about "The Song of Songs," which is just as well.

But in that flop Irving Thalberg recognized a great actor, a future star. He set out to get Aherne's name on a contract.

"But he was terrible in his one picture," other executives pointed out.

"In *one* picture, yes," admitted Thalberg, "but he's a great actor. M-G-M needs him."

Aherne, however, wouldn't even listen to Hollywood offers. He returned to the London stage and then did the screen version of "The Constant Nymph" in London.

After that production every producer in Hollywood decided Aherne would return to Hollywood if he had to be shanghaied.

Thalberg got him.

He returned to Hollywood and did "The Fountain," which was quickly followed by "What Every Woman Knows," with Helen Hayes. Both productions were a bit lukewarm but Aherne was grand in both. Oddly enough, almost every member of the cast of "What Every Woman Knows," including Miss Hayes and Aherne, has played in stage productions of the Barrie classic.

NOW for a secret!

When Aherne arrived in Hollywood in 1927, fresh from a conquest of Australia, officials of the M-G-M studio met him at the pier. Scouts in the Antipodes had given them a tip off.

Aherne was urged to visit M-G-M for a screen test.

He accepted the invitation.

"I took the test," Aherne confided, "And caught the first train out of Hollywood after seeing it. Everyone agreed it was lousy. Even I did. I said I would never try films again. I even thought that after 'The Song of Songs.' So now here I am at M-G-M. All of which reveals something of my character, but just *what* I'll never know."

The important thing is—he's Joan Crawford's newest leading man—and that has meant cinema skyrocketing for many a man.

I have a hunch that Brian Aherne will—Well, I'll leave prophecies to you!

The Inside Story of Sneak Previews

(*Continued from page 27*)

the words "sneak" and "leak." Studio workers are a loyal lot, but they also like to help their friends.

Or it may be that theater managers, despite their insistent claims to rectitude, sometimes unbend from their confessional air of secrecy long enough to tip off a few pals about an especially big event.

But neither of these theories, whether true or not, conceivably would explain the habitual presence of those mysterious first night fans, numbering hundreds and unconnected with the industry, who unfailingly turn up at sneak after sneak. Surprisingly, the blame was found to rest squarely upon the moulting shoulders of that discredited and maligned blue bird which in 1933 took under its wing the movie industry and nearly everything else.

UNWITTINGLY the NRA eagle has been betraying super-secret sneaks to first nighters all along. And the old bird is still doing it, even though the highest tribunal has clipped his claws.

The NRA code of fair competition for motion picture houses stipulates that not more than two pictures may be shown on one bill. So when a sneak arrives with orders for immediate showing, the theater manager must withdraw one of his attractions to make room for it.

It is too late to remove the title of the discarded film from the marquee and lobby. And the manager must protect himself for he knows he can be forced legally to refund admissions if his billing promises a play which is not shown.

So up over the box office window at the last minute goes a sign—"Due to a preview, 'Honeymoon in a Balloon' will not be shown at this theater this evening."

The sign is the tipoff to the alert first nighters who keep a sharp watch for it. The word goes out by telephone, and eight-thirty (the desirable preview hour) finds the house thronged as usual with blasé and censorious previewers.

Because of this unavoidable code giveaway, some studios have grown resigned to advertised but unnamed previews. But here and there rugged individualists have arisen to find solutions to the problem.

Irving Thalberg of M-G-M is in the habit of tossing a brand new picture into the back seat of his car and driving a hundred or more miles away to escape the unwelcome first night crowd.

Universal executives took their new film, "Diamond Jim," all the way to Oakland, California, for a sneak showing.

One day not long ago word went out that "The Man on the Flying Trapeze," the W. C. Fields picture, was to be given a sneak preview at an Inglewood theater. Off to suburban Inglewood that evening trooped the expectant first nighters. But when the picture came on, it proved to be "Men Without Names," which had been previewed the night before. Too late, insiders learned that a last minute substitution had been made by studio officials because of the leaks. "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" showed that night to a one hundred per cent unprofessional audience at the California Theater, Huntington Park, miles away.

Extraordinary precautions were taken by the producers of "Becky Sharp," the pioneer color picture released lately.

When the canned creation finally left the studio no one was able to trace it. Reviewers prowled the preview houses, investigated dozens of tips without avail. And then while the baffled press still was wondering what had become of "Becky," the missing production was previewed simultaneously in five or six cities.

Just the opposite tactics were employed in presenting the animal picture, "Sequoia." In this case, the producers realized they had a meritorious offering that nobody knew or cared about. So they sent their press agents out into the highways and byways of cinemaland to drag reviewers to previews—by force, if necessary. "Sequoia" sold itself to the critics, received favorable publicity, and developed into a box office attraction.

The preview should not be confused with its spectacular big brother, the première. Only a very few of the season's output of pictures are released at these world-famous affairs. And always the premiere picture first must have its preview, sneak or otherwise.

The preview has an interesting technical side of which the public knows very little. For it is here that the two films which make up a talking picture are synchronized. Two machines are operated simultaneously. One unreels the film proper, the other its sound track.

IN the middle of the audience below sits a recording engineer with a little black box in his lap. By moving a lever he can increase or diminish the sounds and voices of the production. It is his job to "cue the picture"—harmonize it with the audible reactions of the audience.

Suppose, for instance, some bit of business that was not considered especially funny draws noisy and prolonged guffaws. Then the sound must be upped two points to be heard through the laughter. Or, on the other hand, a gag that was regarded as a wow on the lot fails to excite more than a faint ripple of amusement and the voices must be toned down a point or two.

The recording engineer notes the changes on a graph as he goes along and when the two films are put together his alterations are incorporated into the print.

Sound box manipulations occasionally produce startling results. During the preview of "One Night of Love," Grace Moore's first song emerged in a clear, high soprano. But the second number issued from the screen diva's lips in a throaty baritone about four tones lower in the scale. Then it jumped back to soprano and stayed that way.

Time and again the reactions of sneak and preview audience have been invaluable in disclosing producers' mistakes. Often pictures which seemed marvelous in the cold, analytical atmosphere of the projection room have been scrapped in entirety and made over when they failed to arouse the desired response, thus saving the makers the ignominy of a flop.

Such a film was "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," an M-G-M weepy and first starring vehicle of Helen Hayes. Studio experts pronounced it tremendous. But when it was sneaked up on an audience, not one tear was shed and the producers realized they had mistaken bathos for pathos.

M-G-M, who made "Laugh, Sinners, Laugh," a story based on Salvation Army life, were saved by a preview audience from a disastrous mistake.

Joan Crawford and John Mack Brown were starred in the first production, which was sneaked in Glendale, a Los Angeles suburb. Came a scene in which Miss Crawford, entertaining a handful of lively guests in a hotel room, did a most unspiritual hot-cha dance to a jazzed rendition of "Onward Christian Soldiers."

SHOCKED members of the audience gasped and snorted with incredulous disapproval. Patrons by the dozens rose and stormed indignantly out of the theater.

"Laugh, Sinners, Laugh" went back to the director. It was made over, stripped of all humor which might be regarded as irreligious. And Clark Gable, then the studio's still new discovery, was shoved into Brown's part.

When "Mad Love," starring Peter Lorre, was sneaked recently in Glendale, the audience began walking out during the final scene in which the star, his moonlike face twisted in mortal anguish, dramatically dies. Back to the cutting room went "Mad Love" to have several hundred feet of film clipped from this episode.

Rare indeed is the picture which reaches completion without one or more trifling mistakes creeping into the print. But while these inevitable bloomers sometimes may pass through the projection room undiscovered, they rarely escape the previewers' eagle eyes.

In "The Merry Widow," Jeanette MacDonald was shown picking up a little stray dog and taking him home in her handbag. After the preview dozens of "card critics" wanted to know why the dog she took out of the bag wasn't the same one that she put in. Close reinspection showed the fans were right. So out went the dogs.

No preview article would be complete without the following Mack Sennett classic. The picture, "Molly O," was too long and cutters found themselves unable to condense it into less than seven reels, one more than the usual picture length.

Came preview night and the head cutter dispatched the film to a Santa Monica theater. Later, when he was preparing to go home, he discovered with horror that he had forgotten to include the can containing reel four of "Molly O." Seizing it he rushed to the theater.

He arrived breathless just as the audience was emerging from the theater. He saw Mack Sennett approaching.

"Say," said Sennett, "you did a swell piece of work in cutting reel four. You did just what was needed to keep it in six reels."

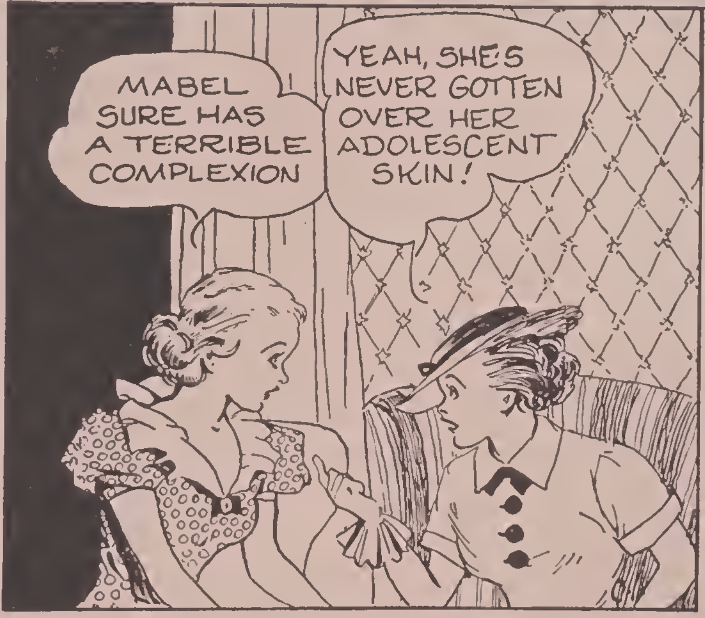
Then Sennett noticed the can of film the cutter was carrying.

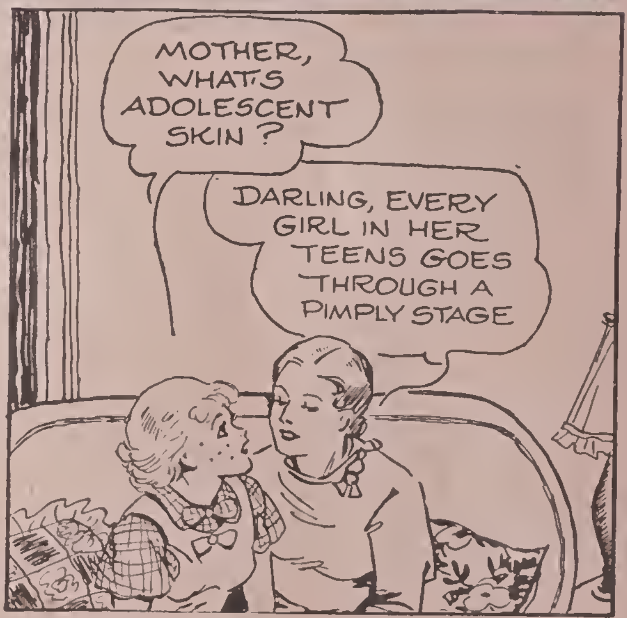
"What's that?" the producer asked.

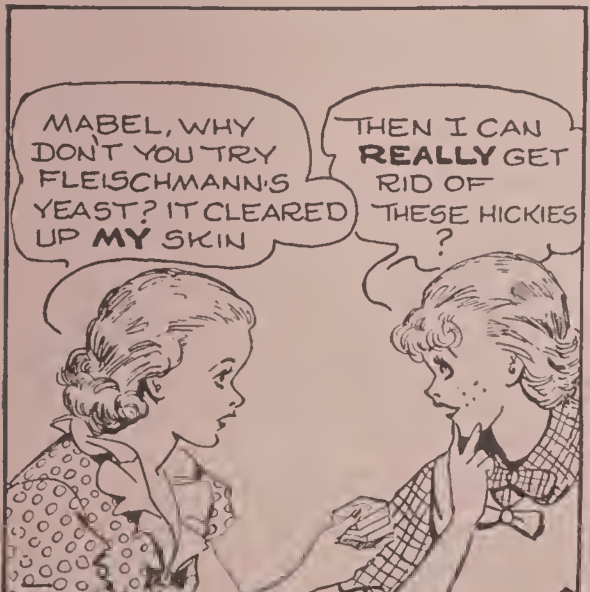
"Oh, this is another job," replied the quick-witted employee. "I'm taking it home to look it over in my spare time."

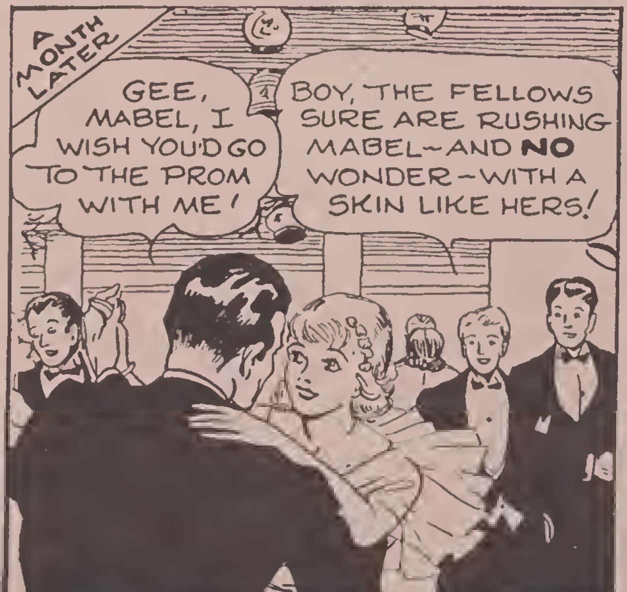
DON'T ASK MABEL— HER SKIN GIVES ME THE *WILLIES!*

Read how Mabel won lots of new dates


MABEL SURE HAS A TERRIBLE COMPLEXION
YEAH, SHE'S NEVER GOTTEN OVER HER ADOLESCENT SKIN!


MOTHER, WHAT'S ADOLESCENT SKIN?
DARLING, EVERY GIRL IN HER TEENS GOES THROUGH A PIMPLY STAGE


MABEL, WHY DON'T YOU TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST? IT CLEARED UP **MY** SKIN
THEN I CAN **REALLY** GET RID OF THESE HICKIES?


A MONTH LATER
GEE, MABEL, I WISH YOU'D GO TO THE PROM WITH ME!
BOY, THE FELLOWS SURE ARE RUSHING MABEL—AND **NO** WONDER—WITH A SKIN LIKE HERS!

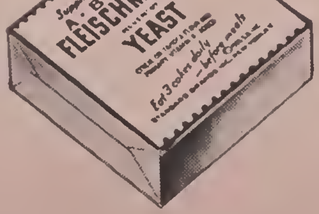
Don't let adolescent pimples humiliate YOU

Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the skin—and pimples pop out on the face, chest and back.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears those skin irritants out of your blood. And the pimples disappear!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear. Start today!

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated



—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Luise Rainer—as She Really Is

(*Continued from page 25*)

tion is comparable to a royal command and is a highly sought honor. Much to everyone's astonishment the sixteen-year-old girl refused the honor. She decided she needed more experience and even the great Reinhardt could not change her mind. Two years later, she decided she was ready and joined his theater.

If you were to meet Luise Rainer in person, you would find her quite a different sort of girl from the one you see on the screen. She regards her acting with a vehement earnestness, yet she confines her acting to camera range. During the filming of "Escapade," she abandoned the role she was playing the moment the cameras stopped grinding. Never, between scenes, did she feel the necessity of retiring to the sequestered quiet of her dressing room that she could continue to "live" her part or maintain her "mood," Instead, she clog danced to phonograph records, laughed and joked with the studio workmen, or asked countless questions concerning strange American customs.

ONCE in a mad dance, she cut her foot. She did not say a word until someone noticed it bleeding. "Yes, it bleeds much, but we go on," she said when urged to quit work for the day. Another time she suffered for three days with an ulcerated tooth and not until the swelling was too obvious to hide longer would she admit her pain. When the publicity department tried to make capital of the two show-must-go-on incidents, she protested, "Everyone does such things. It is not news."

Luise spoke a scant ten words of English when she docked in New York. Seeing her only five months after she began her study of English, I remarked upon her excellent pronunciation and astoundingly wide vocabulary. Infrequently does she ask for a definition of a word and then usually slang.

"Any language is easy if you know music," she explained. "I have had a good musical education to train my ear. Once you learn the sounds of a language, pronunciation is not hard if your ear is true. My study of Latin has also helped my English."

They tell a story that illustrates this. A neighbor boy broke his leg and the distracted mother asked Miss Rainer to call a doctor. The physician inquired the nature of the injury. Luise promptly answered, "fracture." She remembered the Latin *fractus* and correctly guessed what it would be in English.

Luise had, you see, the advantage of the best in European schools. Her family was once quite wealthy, but Europe had an even more devastating depression than did America. It may be assumed that a low ebb of fortune had a great deal to do with her going on the stage at the age of sixteen. One thing is certain. Had she not become an actress, she would have followed some other line of artistic pursuit. She is an accomplished pianist, dancer, and singer, paints very well and does a bit of sculpture. There was an amusing cast-iron horse on the library table which she admitted was her work.

It is extremely difficult to get Luise Rainer to talk about any intimate subjects. She is obviously embarrassed by inquiring reporters. "I do not like to say I am shy, but I know no other word.

"I am told," she continued, "that my pictures will make me conspicious, that people on the streets may stop me for the signing of my name. It will be like jail so, for I will not want to go out any more. I have had such fun since I came, standing on the corners looking at crowds. No longer can I do this. If they know me, they will say, 'This movie girl, she is crazy.'

"I like looking at things. Eyes were given to see with and I want to use mine, want to see everything."

Her eyes, by the way, are her most beautiful feature, proclaimed by many the loveliest eyes in Europe. They are nearly black and very brilliant, capable of flashing fire or melting with warm emotion. Surely her eyes are most expressive, yet I found her mouth even more fascinating to watch. It is the mouth of a little girl, full lipped and slightly turned down at the corners as though she expected a rebuke for stealing jam. So much is expressed by her mouth that it sometimes sets her chin quivering in unguarded moments.

Luise Rainer's publicity says, "she is a dynamo of energy." She probably is, for even when sitting down to talk she is not completely still.

This may have some bearing upon the number of speed tickets that have been handed her since coming to Hollywood. Luise, however, has another explanation. "It is because streets in America are so wide and well paved. I forget to watch speed. Europe has no such fine driving roads as America.

EVERY day I write a letter home. I try to tell what I see but I am sure they think I exaggerate. This view from my window. I want to describe its beauty, the sea and the trees and the glory of nature. For anyone who loves nature as I do, California is a paradise. Look for yourself."

As I obeyed, Johnny came back into the room, tail wagging and willing to be friends. Luise Rainer did not seem to be aware of us. She was talking to herself when she said, "I really shouldn't be paid for being here. The work I do is not work at all."

Then as quickly as it came, her abstraction passed.

"I was told to tell you something very intimate about myself. I am not sure I know what to say, but will this do? When I was fourteen I got drunk.

"My family had given a party, as you say. After everyone had gone, I left my bed, came downstairs, and drank all the remains in the glasses. I was very sick which may be why I have never taken alcohol since."

She had an inquisitive mind, then, at fourteen. She still has it. I think she always will.

EYES, Not Lips, SAY "KISS ME"

Men love seductive EYES *framed by long, lovely lashes*

WHY neglect your lashes? You can make them truly beautiful in 40 seconds—vastly improving your appearance—by merely darkening them with Winx Mascara.

One application works wonders, I promise—a magic change, giving your face a new and mysterious charm. You'll be admired as "the girl with beautiful eyes."

Make-up must begin with your eyes

I present Winx Mascara in two convenient forms—Winx Emollient (cake) and Winx Creamy Liquid (bottle). You can apply Winx perfectly, instantly, easily with the dainty brush that comes with each package. Each form is the climax of years of pioneering in eye beautification—each is smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—each is scientifically approved.

Buy whichever form of Winx Mascara you prefer *today*. See how quickly Winx glorifies your lashes. Note its superiority—refuse any substitute. And think of it—long, lovely lashes are yours so inexpensively, so easily. Louise Ross

WINX

Eye Beautifiers

Winx Cake Mascara—for years the most popular form of all. So easy to apply. Its soothing emollient oils keep lashes soft, silky.

AT 10¢ STORES

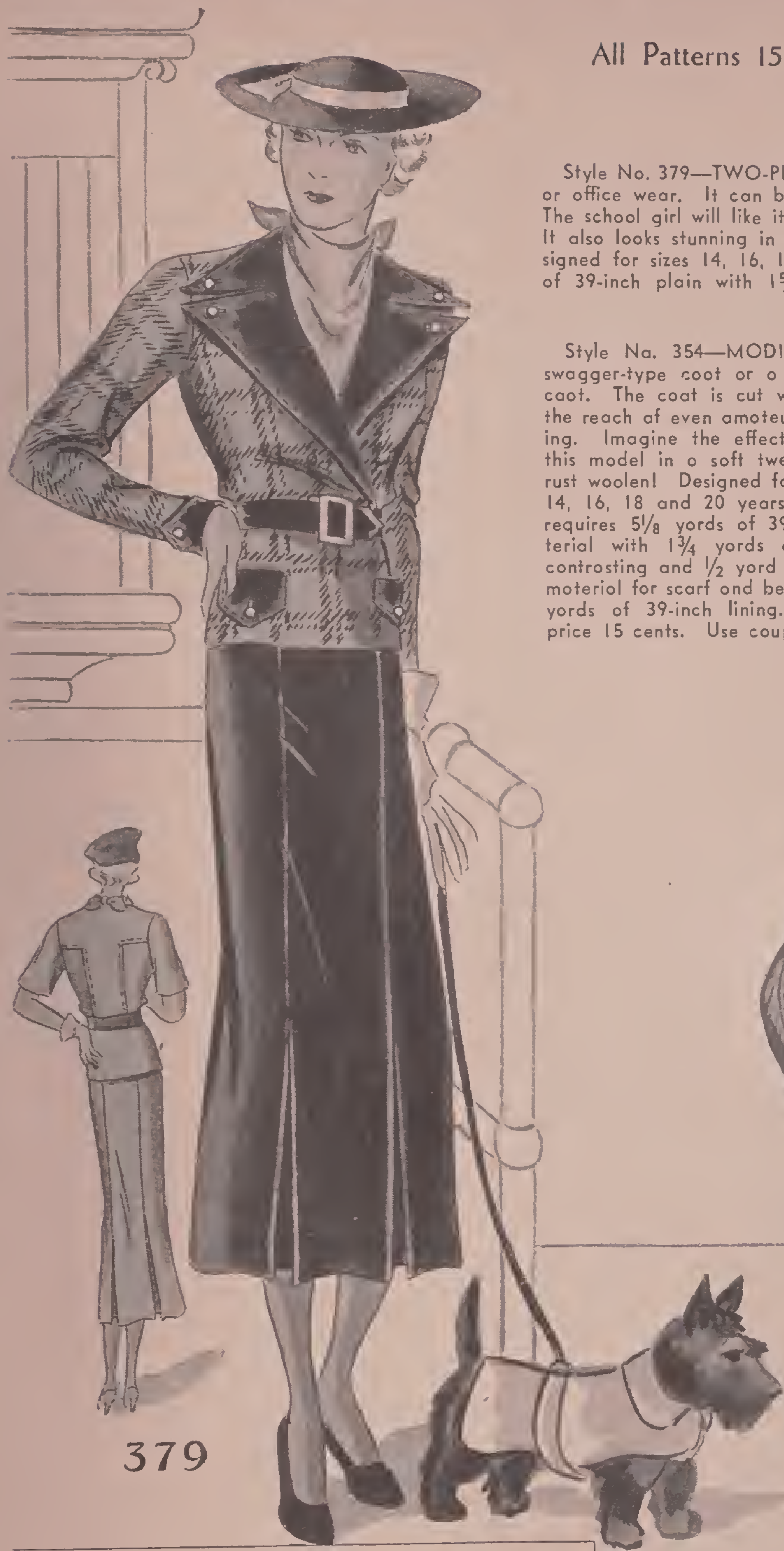
Winx Creamy Liquid Mascara. Absolutely waterproof. Ready to apply. No water needed. The largest selling liquid mascara.

MOVIE MIRROR'S PATTERN DEPARTMENT

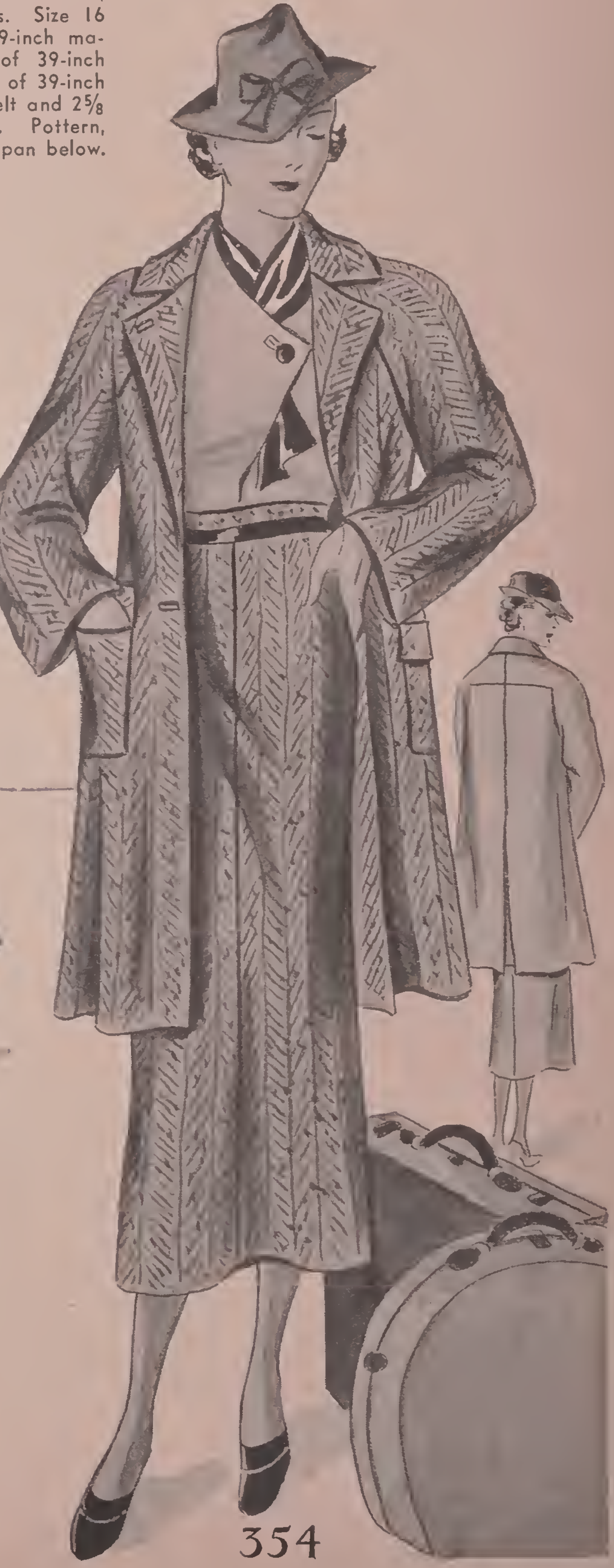
All Patterns 15c Each (In Stamps or Coin, Coin Preferred)

Style No. 379—TWO-PIECE DRESS. This model is especially nice for school, college or office wear. It can be developed as a blouse and skirt or as a complete dress. The school girl will like it as originally planned in checked and plain angora woolen. It also looks stunning in dull black wool-like silk with the scarf of white satin. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 39-inch plain with 1⅝ yards of 39-inch contrasting. Pattern, price 15 cents.

Style No. 354—MODISHLY "SUITED" FOR FALL. Whether you want a little swagger-type coat or a suit, here's your number. The pattern includes dress and coat. The coat is cut with easy-to-sew raglan sleeves, so this model is well within the reach of even amateurs at sewing. Imagine the effectiveness of this model in a soft tweed weave rust woolen! Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 5⅛ yards of 39-inch material with 1¾ yards of 39-inch contrasting and ½ yard of 39-inch material for scarf and belt and 2⅝ yards of 39-inch lining. Pattern, price 15 cents. Use coupon below.



379



354

Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City

Please find enclosed....................Send me

Nos.: Sizes:

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Name..

Address...

Hollywood's Hidden Past

(*Continued from page* 61)

of domestic dramas, "Don't Change Your Husband."

"It was a more or less popular impression around Hollywood that I was slightly mad, anyway," laughed my host. "Thanks to the interviewers and columnists, my reputation was a very fiery affair. But when I signed the comparatively unknown Gloria and engaged the cleverest designers, hairdressers and others to remodel her looks and personality, I believe this was the peak of my folly in the eyes of my assistants, though they didn't voice their disapproval."

Gloria was not launched with great press agentry. DeMille had decided to allow the public to discover his newest star and sound their own drums of approval. The reception of that first picture was all he had expected. The svelte Gloria was an over-night sensation. Her second picture, "For Better, For Worse," only added fuel to the bonfire of her popularity. Then came, perhaps, the biggest personal success of Gloria's career, "Male and Female." Not only was this one of the outstanding successes in DeMille's long list of hits, but it established as stars Gloria, Thomas Meighan, Bebe Daniels and Lila Lee. DeMille continued:

IN the first place, we embarked upon a very pretentious location trip, one of the first of many jaunts for authentic atmosphere the business was to know. Our destination, on a private yacht, was Santa Cruz Island and we carried several crates of wild animals.

"The water was very rough, and I shall never forget the first love scenes between Tommy and Gloria. The ship was rocking about as if it would sink any moment. Green water was breaking over the bow—but it was no greener than the faces of the two make-believe lovers. Gloria and Tommy were so seasick they could hardly keep their feet to gaze into one another's eyes for the camera. (While I couldn't use that scene, I printed it just for fun—it's the only pea-green love scene ever made!) At the end of the scene, Gloria collapsed on a bale of hay we were carrying for the donkey. At her side, rolled and moaned Hattie, Gloria's hair dresser. Unknown to me, the gila monsters had escaped from their cage and when I turned to look at Gloria, I saw this amazing sight: there, on the bale of hay, the most popular woman star of the screen, her moaning, colored maid and two sea-sick gila monsters lay side by side—all too sick to care.

"There were no doubles or stand-ins in those days," reflected DeMille. "The players did all the tricks reflected on the screen—at least in my pictures. Gloria and Tommy actually worked with wild animals in this and many other films and that is how I came to know the great personal courage of Gloria Swanson. She is not physically afraid of the devil or the deep. The only other woman I've ever known with the physical courage of Gloria was Leatrice Joy who once worked in a scene with two untamed tigers. They were supposed to be lying next to her throne during the scene but one of them became enraged by the blinding lights of the set and, breaking his bounds, made a savage leap for the camera stand. We finally placed him in chains and I looked, with horror in my heart, to see if Leatrice was still alive. There she sat on her throne, arranging the folds of her dress against the side of the other tiger!"

The terrific success of "Male and Female" heralded the arrival of the first truly "all star cast." Later, however, C. B. topped this when he put Wally Reid, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Wanda Hawley, Elliot Dexter, Monte Blue, Agnes Ayres and Theodore Roberts in the cast of "The Affairs of Anatole." The picture made independent stars of them all and, for years, these were the greatest names in Hollywood history. When Wally Reid died in January, 1922, his death was a national calamity.

It was about this time that Famous Players-Lasky merged with the giant theater and releasing company, Paramount. Other stars (some, like Valentino, with whom C. B. never worked) were brought into the company.

With Gloria advancing to independent stardom in Elinor Glyn's stories, following the "bath-tub cycle," the whole world waited for the "Chief" to find another stellar personality to feature in his pictures. A beautiful girl named Agnes Ayres, who had made an impression in "Forbidden Fruit," starred for three years and the next big DeMille discovery was Leatrice Joy.

Leatrice, then the wife of John Gilbert, had scored in a DeMille picture, "Saturday Night," and he believed that a great future was in store for her if he could only make her loosen up. Leatrice had a habit of tightening, in front of the camera. A naturally reserved girl, she was eager to succeed and the very prospect of failure in her big chance caused her to freeze.

"I was grooming Leatrice for the important role of the girl in 'Manslaughter,' my next important feature," said DeMille, "though I was afraid to tell her the news for fear it would make her more self-conscious."

BUT as the picture went on, C. B. realized that he needed a club with which to smash her reserve, some ruthless method that would break the shell of fear about her. One night, after they had worked very hard on an emotional scene in which Leatrice found herself unable to relax, DeMille released the company and ordered her to come to his office. He proceeded to tear into her with all the acting ability at his command. He stormed at her incompetency, he pointed with scorn at her lack of emotional sincerity and finally told her that he was going to have to get another actress to take her place.

Leatrice broke down, as DeMille expresses it, "magnificently." He sat in his chair watching, as by stages, she became worried and then hysterical. Suddenly she threw herself on the floor and began sobbing violently. C. B. waited until her emotion was well established, then he coolly handed her a mirror, saying, "Look at yourself! Look at your distorted face—your hair—your body! Look! That's what I want in that scene!"

The company was recalled, the scene was made. Leatrice Joy had become an emotional actress, in one grim lesson.

"Manslaughter" was a huge success and launched her on a career of popularity.

The story behind DeMille's switch from the sex-dramas of the Gloria Swanson era into the cycle of religious spectacles starting with "The Ten Commandments" is an interesting one. Mr. DeMille said:

"Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks and one or two other stars were the great box-office attractions Paramount had at the time and they got to the point where they demanded (and justly) sums of money for their services which were impossible for the company to pay. Mr. Zukor and Mr. Lasky were much disturbed over the star situation which threatened to give the star virtual control of the business. I told them I was confident I could produce a series of pictures which would equal the gross income of the famous Pickford-Fairbanks films, with unknowns in the leading roles. This, I explained, would require extra expenditure for fine stories and production, but even fifty per cent more for material would not come near equaling the saving in the stars' salaries. After much discussion, they advised me to go ahead with the series, which I have already mentioned—'Don't Change Your Husband,' 'Male and Female,' 'Why Change Your Wife?' and 'Manslaughter.'

THE box-office success of these films brought about an avalanche of similar products from other studios and I realized that, once more, it was time for a complete change. This gave me the chance I had been waiting for for years, the opportunity to do the first great religious spectacle. There was general belief throughout the industry that religious pictures were not commercial and were not box-office.

"After some effort, I convinced my associates that I could make a picture on a religious theme that would draw more people into the theater than any picture ever made. Now, I make no claims to being an infallible prophet (I once predicted to a room-mate at school that the 'horseless carriage' would never become a success!) but in this matter of religious pictures I was positive."

To DeMille, the artist, it may not have been a gamble to invest a million and a half dollars in "The Ten Commandments," but to the studio heads, it must have been a most courageous business move. To them, it most certainly must have been doubtful that the undertaking would be successful. And it was imperative that it be a success. Mary and Doug had already left Paramount to form their United Artists Company; Valentino was at swordspoints over his contract salary. There were rumors that Gloria Swanson had refused a salary of $17,000 a week so that she might produce her own pictures independently.

When DeMille lifted his megaphone on

the first scene of "The Ten Commandments," he carried the hopes of the entire organization on his shoulders. Not only America, but the whole world, trekked to this film which, to date, has earned over $5,000,000. Though it was made many years before talking pictures, it is still showing in many countries.

"The Ten Commandments" was followed by the DeMille production, "Triumph," starring Leatrice Joy and Rod LaRocque; "Feet of Clay," with Vera Reynolds and LaRocque; and "The Golden Bed," with Lillian Rich, Henry B. Walthall, Vera Reynolds and Warner Baxter.

One morning Hollywood was electrified to learn that C. B. DeMille had severed his relationship with Paramount and was launching on an independent producing career—taking over the Thomas H. Ince Studios.

Just what brought about this breach is not generally known and DeMille offers no explanations. It remained for some time a breath-taking topic in Hollywood because DeMille had been one of the founders of the company he had deserted. But he went ahead with his own plans. In January, 1925, his first independently produced picture, "The Volga Boatman," was premiered in gala fashion at the Carthay Circle Theater, near Hollywood.

EVER since the release of "The Ten Commandments," however, C. B. had wanted to produce another religious spectacle. He did not believe, as did many so-called wise heads of Hollywood, that its success had been an accident. Many who were too smart to call it an accident were quick to say that one religious picture was enough. Fate should be tempted no further.

Despite this, and with no powerful organization behind him, DeMille began his plans for making "The King of Kings," the drama of the life of Christ. But if "The Ten Commandments" had presented problems, his newest religious venture offered them in what looked to be insurmountable terms. The Christ figure was to be visualized (not implied as it always had been) and this visualization must be in such good taste that it would offend no creed. A Jewish rabbi, a Catholic priest and a Protestant minister were placed on the consulting board. But it was the problem of casting the figure of Christ that became the real menace to C. B.'s days.

After weeks of careful and painstaking search, H. B. Warner was signed for the role of Christ.

"His was the most amazing contract to which an actor was ever signed," said DeMille. "To my knowledge, it was the first time a Hollywood contract actually dictated and regulated the private life of a player during the term of a role. While he interpreted this role Warner was in practical isolation from the world under the terms of this strangest of all studio agreements!"

Read the details of the extraordinary life, the monastic existence imposed upon H. B. Warner during the making of "The King of Kings," how DeMille faced the coming of sound pictures, and other fascinating details from the memories of Hollywood's famous star maker, C. B. DeMille, in the next issue of MOVIE MIRROR.

How he became the *best-dressed* baby in town

(As told by Danny's Mother)

Little Judy was taking a sun bath with my Danny. That's how this thing started. Judy's diaper was so much whiter than Danny's, it made him look like a poor relation. *"How come, Hazel?"* I asked Judy's mother. *"I work harder than you, but your clothes are whiter"*

"Danny, you get Judy out of your hair," Hazel grinned back. "And tell your mother that she works hard enough, but her soap is lazy. It just doesn't wash out ALL the dirt. So her clothes are only half-clean—and that's why they have that tattle-tale gray look."

It sounded pretty sensible to me, so I took Hazel's advice and changed to her soap—Fels-Naptha. Glory, what a difference! That marvelous *golden* soap is *so chuckful of naptha* that dirt almost flies out. In no time at all, my clothes were a gorgeous white again.

And now look at Danny—he's the best-dressed baby in town. His clothes, and everything else in my wash, look simply grand. What's more, they're safely clean. Fels-Naptha is so gentle I use it for my very best silk undies. And it's wonderfully easy on my hands, too!

© 1935, Fels & Co.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

Any Woman can be Up to Date
(in her information)

A great deal of the talk among women, on the subject of feminine hygiene, had better be disregarded. Some of it is garbled, incorrect, perhaps even dangerous. And some of it is just plain old-fashioned. Here are the facts, for any woman to read, and *bring herself up to date.*

With *Zonite* available in every drug store, it *is* old-fashioned to think that poisonous antiseptics are needed for feminine hygiene. There was a time in the past, when certain caustic and poisonous compounds actually were the only antiseptics strong enough for the purpose. But that day ended with the World War which brought about the discovery of Zonite.

Zonite is the great modern antiseptic-germicide—far more powerful than *any* dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on human flesh. But Zonite is *not* caustic, *not* poisonous. This marvelous Zonite is gentle in use and as harmless as pure water. Zonite never injured any woman. No delicate membranes were ever damaged by Zonite, or areas of scar-tissue formed.

It is hard to believe that such power and such gentleness could ever be combined—as they are in Zonite. But what an ideal combination this is—for the particular requirements of feminine hygiene.

Also Zonite Suppositories (semi-solid)
Zonite comes in liquid form—30c, 60c and $1.00 bottles. The semi-solid Suppository form sells at $1.00 a dozen, each pure white Suppository sealed separately in glass vial. Many women use both. Ask for both Zonite Suppositories and Liquid Zonite by name, at drug or department stores. There is no substitute.

Send for the booklet "Facts for Women." This is a frank and wholesome booklet—scientific and impersonal. It has been prepared for the special purpose of bringing women up to date. Don't miss reading it. Just mail the coupon.

USE COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

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Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.
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The Days Ginger Rogers Can Never Forget

(Continued from page 37)

too busy climbing to perch on the ladder and look back over her experiences. She has been hustling too hard, swapping gags with Joe E. Brown, songs with Dick Powell, romance with Frances Lederer, wise cracks with Bill Powell and dance steps with Fred Astaire, not to mention marriage vows with Lew Ayres, to take time off to reminisce.

However, there are some things Ginger has never been able to forget, things that will always be fresh in her memory.

"One of those," admits Ginger, "was the time I went over to Dallas to win the state Charleston contest from a Dallas boy. For a Fort Worth girl to win from a Dallas boy was something to remember."

It was the winning of this contest that started Ginger on her professional career, as it brought her a four-weeks' vaudeville tour of the key cities of Texas. But her struggles had only begun.

ON this tour she acted as judge and mistress of ceremonies at a Charleston contest during each performance, and became such a competent little picker of winners that she was allowed to select two boys and a girl to go into her new act, "Ginger Rogers and the Red Heads."

As all Ginger could do was Charleston, this act was composed of seven versions of that dance, including the Spanish Charleston and the Adagio Charleston.

It was this act that started on the Junior Orpheum, or "Death Trail" time, and wound up in the mountains of Colorado. But even seven Charlestons could not keep the Rogers' fortunes going.

So, when Ginger had a chance to get $125 for a week in a Chicago cafe, they snapped up the offer. But it was a terrible place, and mother and daughter cried themselves to sleep every morning, after Ginger came home from work.

This was the experience that definitely settled the mother's mind on one point. Ginger was done with show business. Her mother had selected a college for her to attend, and had paid part of her tuition. Now she determined to take Ginger back to Fort Worth, return to her own work on a local newspaper, and then send Ginger to that college.

But they had been home less than two weeks when they received a long distance call from a cafe owner in Galveston. He said, "I want Ginger."

Ginger's mother explained that Ginger was through dancing; if he wanted her to appear in his cafe he would have to let her sing, and forget the dancing.

"But can Ginger sing?" he asked.

"I don't know yet," replied Mrs. Rogers. "That's what you are going to pay to find out."

So it was arranged that Ginger should sing, be billed top, and receive $100 a week and hotel expenses. And here is where Ginger's mother's sense of humor and shrewdness came to the rescue. She rewrote the lyrics of every song given Ginger, and rewrote them in such a manner the boys in the orchestra did about all the singing.

But Ginger took hold quickly. "By the third week," Mrs. Rogers said, "I got up courage enough to let her sing a song by herself."

Then Ginger sang "Chloe," and that little bit of a girl singing that great big song just knocked the patrons cold. Ginger was over. And during that song the boys in the orchestra played as they had never played before.

"I remember," recalls Ginger's mother, "how the manager of that cafe would sit there, night after night, listening to her, with the tears running down his cheeks."

Which brings us to another of the things Ginger will never forget.

"One night the cafe owner got word that some gangsters were coming to hold up his place," Ginger told me. "We watched the cafe employees mounting machine guns on the roof.

"The proprietor armed his waiters and placed guards at certain stragetic points, then told us to go on with the show.

"While I was doing my act the gangsters came in and sat down. They put their guns on the table in front of them. The proprietor told the orchestra to keep playing, no matter what happened.

"I wasn't frightened. Just thrilled and terribly excited. I think I wanted to hear the guns pop. But nothing happened. The men were served, watched our show for a little while, then drove away.

"The proprietor of that cafe was very good to us. He had an enormous diamond that he used to hock when things weren't going so good."

During the week following Galveston, Ginger had another great experience. Mrs. Rogers had wired the Publix Theaters head offices, saying, "Ginger Rogers open after 16th," and received a notice that the Publix scout was in their vicinity and would "catch" Ginger. He did, and signed her for a try-out in Memphis in a big presentation.

When the two left Galveston for the try-out in Memphis, they had just twenty dollars, after paying for their railroad tickets, and nowhere to turn for help.

IF their try-out was a success they would be signed for regular time, at a substantial salary. If it was a flop it would be too bad.

It didn't add to the mother's peace of mind when the manager of the theater asked her what was the matter, and told her he couldn't hear Ginger's voice.

During the first show that afternoon Mrs. Rogers sat in the back row, worrying. The manager stood in the aisle behind her. Ginger came on. She had hardly started when Mrs. Rogers heard the manager say to someone beside him:

"She's no good. I'm going upstairs and wire Chicago to cancel her out."

That was a jolt that seemed to crash the world about the mother's ears. She sat for several minutes, numbed. Then she suddenly remembered something. Jumping up she rushed backstage. She was determined to get Ginger out of that theater before the manager had a chance to serve notice on her.

Without telling Ginger what it was all about, she took her to a little Chinese restaurant and bought her some chop suey. She kept her there, telling her of wonderful plans for the future, and keeping her mind off what was happening.

With her eyes on the clock, she was figuring right down to split minutes. She knew the manager had to cancel Ginger out before the second show or let her finish the week. And how badly the Rogers exchequer needed that salary!

Another wait around the corner from the theater, and then a dash through the stage door. Whipping off the coat, Mrs. Rogers pushed Ginger through the wings onto the stage.

There had been only nineteen people in the theater for the first show (Mrs. Rogers counted them), but now it was crowded, and packed with kids.

As Ginger always did her best with kids, the place was a riot in a minute. The instant she heard their laughter, she gave them everything she had. And she went like a house afire.

That performance brought Ginger three years' work in the finest theaters in the country, and they managed to save enough money to take them to New York and keep them for six months.

Then followed months of visiting booking offices and giving auditions, two and three every week, week after week. And nothing came of those auditions. Finally, there was an audition for "Top Speed."

I WAS so fed up on auditions," said Ginger, "that it dunked my spirits to go out there on the stage and do it all over again. And there were so many gorgeous girls there I figured I didn't have a chance."

She clowned the whole thing, and then walked off the stage without even giving her name. But the producers called her back, and asked if she wasn't the girl who had been sent over from Brooklyn. When she said she was they told her they'd be over to catch a show. They caught a show, and Ginger caught a contract—the very time she hadn't taken things seriously. Another experience Ginger will always remember was the Christmas night opening of "Top Speed" when Walter Wanger saw her and gave her a Paramount contract.

"And here's one last one to put on your cuff," she grinned. "I'll never forget the time I started to press the peach colored velvet dress with the silver ribbons which was the pride of my life.

"I was in a barn of a theater, somewhere along the old 'Death Trail' circuit. Mother had gone out and I wanted to wear that dress for the next show.

"So I attached my iron to a socket I saw in the middle of the stage. I waited the customary three minutes and then set up the iron to pass my dress over it. You know, you don't press a velvet dress, you draw it across the iron.

"I guess that plug in the floor must have connected with a high power line or something, because it had such terrific voltage that the iron was red hot. The instant the dress touched the iron it went up in smoke, taking my eyelashes with it. All I had left were a couple of silver ribbons.

"It almost broke my heart, and as I sat there crying, mother returned and laughed till the tears ran down her face. You know, if it wasn't for that sense of humor of hers, I don't know what would have happened to us by now."

"You wouldn't hold out on my dolly, would you Mummy? C'mon, hand over that smoothy stuff while I give this child of mine a treat!"

"I think this is right but I'm not sure. Anyway dolly loves Johnson's Baby Powder no matter where I put it. It smells so good!"

"Hey, this dolly put ideas into my head. Now I need powdering—'cause I'm scratchy! Please take care of me, Mummy—I'm in trouble!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder — the kind that soothes away skin irritation just like that! For I'm soft as silk — made of the very finest Italian Talc. No gritty particles nor orris-root in me. And don't forget my team-mates — Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream!"

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EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Maybelline Eyelash Darkener instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.

Maybelline Eye Shadow delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.

Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream
A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.

Maybelline Eyebrow Brush
Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.

These famous preparations in 10c sizes mean simply that you can now enjoy complete highest quality eye make-up without the obstacle of cost. Try them and achieve the lure of lovely eyes simply and safely, but . . . insist upon genuine MAYBELLINE preparations . . . for quality, purity, and value. Purse sizes obtainable at all leading 10c stores.

Maybelline Co., Chicago.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 39*)

her husband is cheating and the husband—but why go on? Ginger Rogers dances divinely when she isn't slapping Mr. Astaire's face and Mr. Astaire dances divinely all the time which is more important.

The biggest dance number, "Top Hat," is superlative and Astaire, using a male chorus, proves that half-naked gals aren't necessary. Keep your eyes peeled for the "tapping" machine gun, it's a wow. The most tuneful of Irving Berlin's songs is used for the "Cheek to Cheek" number. We wish Ginger Rogers would always wear her hair that way—she looks gorgeous. Edward Everett Horton is his usual, funny self and Eric Blore is *his* usual, funny self, too. Helen Broderick, as Horton's wise-cracking wife, is great.

Once you've left the theater, you realize that the whole complicated mess could have been unraveled by two seconds of conversation, but then you'd have missed the "Sand Man" number—and a lot of swell dancing.

Your Reviewer Says: See it, even if you *have* seen it before!!

✓✓ Broadway Melody of 1936 (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Jack Benny, Robert Taylor, Eleanor Powell, Una Merkel, June Knight, Sid Silvers, Frances Langford, Vilma and Buddy Ebsen, Robert Wildhack.*

It's About: *The high school sweetheart of a very successful New York producer and how she crashes his newest musical revue, set to music and dancing.*

Wow! This is the swellest musical picture we've ever seen and we want to take back all we've said about M-G-M not being able to produce a musical—this one is sure the TOPS!

You'll go absolutely berserk about the dancing of Eleanor Powell, honest! She taps 'em out so you can almost taste the rhythm and you'll be begging for more when this picture suddenly ends. Jack Benny, playing a "Winchell," gets all the laughs allowed to one man and his aid-de-scandal, Sid Silvers, will throw you in the aisle as soon as you get back in your seat. Robert Taylor, as the youthful producer, plays one of the few straight parts and adds another rung in his ladder of stardom; June Knight is the wealthy socialite who attempts to gain the leading role in his revue by her financial backing, until Miss Powell makes this idea slightly comical by her mere presence. You'll love the dancing of Buddy and Vilma Ebsen, too, and we don't have to tell you to laugh at Robert Wildhack as the "snoring expert"—he'll let you know.

And, as though we hadn't raved enough already, the story is excellent! We won't spoil your enjoyment of the picture by relating the plot here but rest assured you'll be as interested in that as you are in the grand singing, dancing and comedy.

We can't recommend this picture too highly. It has everything a music comedy should have and then tops it off with Eleanor Powell! You'll miss the best show of the season if you pass this up!

Your Reviewer Says: Run, don't walk, to your nearest theater.

✓✓ The Crusades (Paramount)

You'll See: *Loretta Young, Henry Wilcoxon, Ian Keith, Katherine DeMille, C. Aubrey Smith, George Barbier, C. Henry Gordon, Joseph Schildkraut, Alan Hale, others.*

It's About: *The 12th Century fight of the kings of Christendom for the Holy Lands.*

Stupendous in the scope and sweep of its power, exceptional in its driving, crushing reality and unusual for its fine performances, C. B. DeMille's newest epic arrives on the screen. Costing a fortune in money and no little agony in broken bones, this spectacle should prove excellent fare for those who like spectacles. The story, itself, however, is fairly weak.

Combining all the Crusades was a problem; gaining "romance" for the march was perplexing. By dating the story in 1190, when infidel King Saladin sacked Jerusalem, the problem is simplified somewhat. A hermit vows to unite all the kings of Christendom to regain the Holy City. All the great countries of Europe join the Crusade. Once they arrive, the picture takes on a tremendous sweep of battle reality which should keep an audience in cheers. Hundreds of charging horsemen meet head on with a crash that is stupendous and thrilling. The battle scenes around the walled city of Acre are real and terrifying. That the love story of Richard the Lion Hearted and his bride, Berengaria, gets a bit lost is little wonder.

The long and distinguished cast is, almost without exception, steeped in the DeMille tradition of historic reality at any price.

Your Reviewer Says: A perfect "spectacle" thriller.

✓✓ The Dark Angel (United Artists)

You'll See: *Fredric March, Merle Oberon, Herbert Marshall, John Halliday, Janet Beecher, Claude Allister and Fay Chaldecott.*

It's About: *A girl and two men, and how she finally chooses between them.*

The most poignantly beautiful, charming and altogether lovely picture to reach the screen in years. It combines the finest acting of Fredric March and Herbert Marshall with a delightful, new and exciting Merle Oberon; exceptional direction by an ace-director, Sidney Franklin; a production worthy of Samuel Goldwyn's patience and lavishness and perfect camera work by Gregg Toland. Truly a picture that will go down in motion picture history.

Once again "The Dark Angel," the story that made stars of Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman in the silent days, comes to stir you. The story concerns an English girl and two boys with whom she has been in love since childhood. The war comes and they answer the call. *Alan,* the final choice of *Kitty,* is blinded and allows them to think him dead. The final scene is one of the most triumphant pieces of acting ever seen on the screen.

Fredric March has never given such a fine performance. Merle Oberon, changed so that you will hardly recognize her, will become one of the biggest names in the business. Her *Kitty Vane* is an almost perfect characterization. Herbert Marshall carries off the role of *Gerald* with consummate skill and the whole cast wins applause for sincere ability.

Your Reviewer Says: See it—it's one of the greatest!

✓ Here's to Romance (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Nino Martini, Genevieve Tobin, Anita Louise, Maria Gambarelli, Schumann-Heink, Reginald Denny, Escudero.*
It's About: *A handsome young singer who refuses his great chance when he discovers his rich patroness has attempted to buy his debut.*

An important picture that is destined to make a star out of opera-singer Nino Martini in his first big effort! Gorgeous singing, exceptional and faithful recording and the advent of a great singer make this a picture you should not miss.

The story concerns a wealthy wife (Genevieve Tobin) who decides to emulate her husband (Reginald Denny) by becoming a "patron of the arts"—if the man is young and handsome. She finds Nino Martini who is studying with Mme. Schumann-Heink and sends him to Paris. Once there, he falls in love with a dancer (Anita Louise) and begins to feel like a gigolo. When he learns that his rich patroness has bought and paid for his chance and his audience at the *Opera Comique* he runs away to America. He gets a job singing in a five and ten cent store.

Nothing unusual about that story? Right! The singing, however, is so terrific that it overshadows and overpowers the story in every way.

Miss Tobin and Mr. Denny play the rich young couple with a good deal of charm and Anita Louise continues to be to us the most breath-takingly beautiful girl on the screen. Mme. Schumann-Heink draws a round of applause by her very presence and another for her singing.

But the story, the cast, even the settings and the capable direction of Alfred Green, are as nothing compared to the voice of Martini.

Your Reviewer Says: Hear this gorgeous singing by all means!

✓ Alias Bulldog Drummond (GB)

You'll See: *Jack Hulbert, Fay Wray, Claude Hulbert, Ralph Richardson, Gibb McLaughlin and others.*
It's About: *The adventures of a harebrained but courageous Englishman in outwitting a gang of jewel thieves and saving a damsel in distress.*

Here's another of those gay, improbable adventures for which the British have a particular talent. Jack Hulbert, who looks like a cross between Victor McLaglen and Fred Astaire (he dances, too, but not in this film), plays the part of a happy-go-lucky playboy who is led to impersonate a great detective. Fay Wray, who falls into the clutches of the arch-criminals, has a lot to do with his desire to be helpful.

The plot has many ingenious twists and there are hilarious scenes in the staid British Museum, where the gang robs a

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Your Reviewer Says: If you like Wodehouse novels, you'll love this film.

✓✓ Alice Adams (RKO)

You'll See: *Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray, Fred Stone, Evelyn Venable, Frank Albertson, Ann Shoemaker.*
It's About: *What happens when the rich boy of the town falls in love with the social-climbing daughter of a poor family.*

What a grand picture! Simple and realistic, this latest starring vehicle for Katharine Hepburn is easily among the best pictures of the year.

When Alice Adams is invited to the Palmer party, she reaches one of her goals in social climbing. That her father is a humble clerk, that she must pick her own corsage in the park, that her brother must act as her escort are beside the point. She made it! But when the rich boy, *Arthur Russell* (Fred MacMurray), falls for her, *Alice* is in seventh heaven. She entertains him on the front porch until her mother demands that she invite him to dinner. What a dinner! A maid is hired and a meal is planned. If you don't have to hold your sides during that dinner, you aren't an average movie fan. It's the funniest scene ever filmed. Complications, including a glue factory and a stolen $150.00 by younger brother, almost ruin the romance.

Katharine Hepburn gives as fine a performance as we've seen in months, rising almost to genius at times. Fred Stone in his film debut gives such sincerity and pathos to his role of her father that we look for him to become a real standby of the movies. Frank Albertson shows a delightful ability at characterization as Alice's brother. Hattie McDaniels, (the colored maid) will wow you.

Your Reviewer Says: If you can afford but one picture a month wait for this.

✓ Harmony Lane (Republic)

You'll See: *Douglass Montgomery, Evelyn Venable, Adrienne Ames, Joseph Cawthorn, William Frawley, Cora Sue Collins, Lloyd Hughes and many others.*
It's About: *The life and music of Stephen Foster.*

After all the pictures and plays about Schubert, we finally have a worthy film about America's own immortal melody-maker. Starting with "Oh! Susanna," and winding its way through "Swanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground" and a half-dozen Foster compositions almost as famous and beloved, the life-story of Stephen Foster is skilfully interwoven with his songs. It's the story of a tragic but undramatic life, however, so the development is slow but touching.

Although Douglass Montgomery, starring in the role of Foster, sings and acts very effectively, the music itself is the hero of the piece. The finest tribute that can be paid to the well-chosen cast is that it forms a harmonious background. Evelyn Venable and Adrienne Ames play the rival loves in Foster's life, Joseph Cawthorn enacts another of his dialectic music-masters, and you'll get a great kick out of William Frawley in a costume role.

Your Reviewer Says: Tearful and slow-moving, but you'll love the melodies.

✓ Charlie Chan in Shanghai (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Warner Oland, Charles Locher, Irene Hervey, Keye Luke, Russell Hicks, Halliwell Hobbs and Frederick Vogeding.*
It's About: *A murder in Shanghai, how Chan and Son solve it and uncover the opium smugglers at the same time.*

Charlie Chan at his best. This is easily the best of the Chan series and thus you fans of mystery will like it.

Once more, Chan is teaching his son the detective game. Chan and son find themselves at a dinner in Shanghai, held to welcome Charlie home, when a murder is committed. Warner Oland, as Chan, is anxious to solve the crime but he sees a chance to give Keye Luke, his son, another opportunity. Before they are through they uncover other crimes and all is solved in time for the fade-out.

Warner Oland is even more delightful than usual because of the comedy element that has been injected into this latest film. Keye Luke, Chinese artist of Hollywood, plays Chan's son and rates a rave in his own right. Irene Hervey gets very little opportunity as the only girl in the cast but she does very well indeed.

Your Reviewer Says: Easily the best of the Chan dramas.

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(*Continued from page 62*)

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Nosegays for Newcomers

New faces! New faces! It is the producers' insistent cry. Well, it seems to have been answered satisfactorily—we have three utterly charming new personalities:

First—Charles Boyer. It's rather hard to describe his charm, it's so subtle. He has a quiet fascination, a deep, intriguing voice, a handsome Gallic face. He's a superb actor who doesn't rely on his physical attributes to put him across.

Second—Nelson Eddy. He, like Mr. Boyer, has rather taken the citadels of women's hearts by storm. With his glorious voice. With a *real* masculinity—a superb physique and a rather devil-may-care attitude. He has an exceedingly engaging grin, a twinkle in his eye, and a gallant elegance.

Third—Luise Rainer. She is a naive, adorable, wholly engaging young person, with a delicious sense of humor, a lovely voice, a beautifully balanced and restrained timing of her histrionics. Her piquant face is entirely, refreshingly different. (I hope she plays in another Powell picture.)

Barbara Jones,
Ames, Iowa.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

A Plea for Gable

One of the best male actors Hollywood has ever produced, but does he get the chance to prove it? No! Clark Gable has been a leading man ever since his discovery. Here's a man who possesses a dynamic personality. Virile, good-looking, wears clothes of any fashion—be it evening, street or camping wear—and can still retain that manhood trait. I've read many stories and articles of his personality and character, but it doesn't do Gable's fans any good—and for that matter, doesn't do Clark any good—to fortify his position or attempt to *star* him.

I refrained from writing because I was mollified at the time he won the Academy Award with Claudette Colbert. I still feel mollified, but that does not stop me from writing my opinion that it's about time that Clark Gable was starred in a picture of his own.

Michael Peca,
Philadelphia, Pa.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

More About Those Navy Movies

You printed my letter in your August issue, in which I told about movies in the Navy. And that started something! Since that issue appeared for sale, I have received dozens of "fan" letters from your readers—mostly from females. I have received all sorts—witty and goofy, sincere and flattering. One blonde in California even asked me to send her a dollar so she could buy some false eyelashes.

But it did surprise me how many people did not know about the Navy's movie shows. And it brought another thought: How great a subject of conversation the

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And here's a pleasant surprise. You pay *less* for it than if you bought all the different sauce ingredients plus the cost of cooking them. And isn't the *time* you save worth something, too? Ask your grocer for Franco-American today. A can holding three to four portions is never more than ten cents.

movie industry is. Take any group of people, for a short while, and automatically their talk will swing to the movie stars or some function of the movies. Same in the Navy. It is the world's greatest topic!

I will be pleased to answer questions regarding movies in the Navy for anyone desiring this information. So send in your questions—but nothing technical or about statistics.

N. Clancy Bradt,
Photo Lab., Naval Air Station,
Pensacola, Fla.

Honorable Mention

There ought to be an Academy Award for the best picture-stealer of each year—R. M. Mutulo, Pittsburg, Calif.

No more opera tickets for me. For only forty cents I hear Grace Moore in the flesh, I see Leo Carrillo in the bath tub!—C. D. Ray, Los Angeles, Calif.

Hollywood has gathered every big name in the writing world to its sunny shores. But what are they doing—playing solitaire?—Myrtle Hughes, Brooklyn, N. Y.

How much longer will we Kruger fans be misled in hopes of his being given better roles?—Wanda Grant, Endicott, N. Y.

If an actress can't sing, why put her in a musical?—Elsie Edgar, Decatur, Ill.

Fred MacMurray—at last here's an *actor,* who can mix up suspense, drama, comedy, danger and love and come out on top—Harvey Helen Lewis, Sioux City, Ia.

If we are to have grand opera in pictures, let's have it. Otherwise, the continuity of the story suffers greatly while we are offered generous slices from "La Boheme," etc.—John W. Dunn, Norman, Okla.

LAST MINUTE NEWS

Jackie Cooper has signed a new contract for $1100.00 weekly.

Poet Eddie Guest has signed a dialogue and acting contract with Universal.

They're actually using a double for Rubinoff's rare Stradivarius violin on "Thanks a Million."

No sooner did Rochelle Hudson get her first starring role than the Hays office banned the title, "Snatched!"

Loretta Young's doctor demands that she rest for two months, thus delaying the production of "Ramona," in which she is to star. The picture was also held up by the expected "blessed event" in the Joel McCrea-Frances Dee menage.

Ida Lupino's mother has landed an acting job with Hepburn in "Sylvia Scarlett."

On account of hard movie work, Lily Pons dropped to ninety-nine pounds, and now eats every four hours.

Helen Gahagan refuses to sign a long-term contract because she gets restless for travel.

W. C. Fields recently took his first automobile ride since his dangerous illness.

M-G-M proudly announces that it would not take a million dollars for its Eleanor Powell contract.

Gladys Swarthout's contract has been rewritten as a long-term one, with her first picture only half done.

Helen Vinson still has Fred Perry trouble—they met at the dock and journeyed to Hollywood together.

Hepburn is doing the night spots for the first time—and wearing the boy's clothes and haircut from "Sylvia Scarlett" as a masquerade (it works!).

That star sapphire set which Franchot gave Joan cost twenty-five grand.

Lillian Gish has been visiting Mary Pickford in Hollywood.

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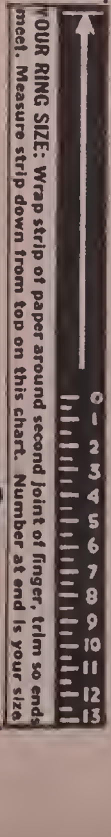
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The Stars Live Drama

(*Continued from page* 31)

walked into the small hospital room.

"I'll be happy," his father said, "if I think you're on the road to success. Tell me the good word."

Bob smiled. "Everything is wonderful, Dad," he lied. "I'm up for several parts in Hollywood."

His father was troubled. "Then you shouldn't have come to me. You should be on the ground when they call you. You'd better be going right back."

"No, no, it doesn't matter. The truth is," and it was just what the truth wasn't, "that before I left Hollywood I signed a big contract. They're holding off on the parts until I get back. They can't break their contract."

His father smiled and the next day he showed marked signs of improvement. The doctors said there was a good chance of his getting well.

Bob's brave lie had worked a miracle. So Bob returned to Hollywood. And now he *must* make good. He *must* get a contract. Driven by this great necessity, he did land a contract. He had made good the lie.

The evening of the day he signed the contract, just as he was preparing to go out and celebrate, a boy appeared with a telegram. Bob did not need to open it, for some far-away voice seemed to speak the terrible news it contained.

His father was dead!

THE tried and true dramatic device of strange chance meetings is a real life incident in Roger Pryor's life. When he was a kid of seventeen he got a chance at his first Broadway production. In the cast was a well known and distinguished actor who, for some reason Pryor has never been able to figure out, took an intense dislike to him. Perhaps he saw in the newcomer a formidable rival, perhaps he was just naturally a mean man. At any rate he seemed to take special delight in bedeviling the boy, doing everything to make his life miserable.

Then Roger was engaged for the film "Moonlight and Pretzels." On the second day of shooting Roger's eyes wandered across a crowd of extras being used in a mob scene and there was his enemy, threadbare, down at the heel, a three-fifty-a-day extra! For one dramatic moment their eyes met. Once he had been high up in the theatrical profession and Roger had been a struggling newcomer. Now Roger was playing a lead and this man was in the mob. Roger lowered his eyes for a moment, wondering what he should say to the man, and when he looked up he had disappeared. He did not come back during the remainder of the film. When the picture opened Roger received a note of congratulation from the man and an apology for his behavior so long ago, but there was no return address and Pryor has never been able to locate him.

So, our skeptical friend is wrong. The scenario writers need not tax their imaginations so violently; for real life drama they need not go far afield. Right in their own Hollywood they can find it in the lives of their own friends and co-workers, in the Hollywood stars.

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MOUTH HEALTH—As a bonus, you receive with Dentyne the wherewithal to a healthy mouth—to white, sparkling teeth. For chewing Dentyne is the finest kind of mouth health promotion. Its firm consistency exercises the mouth muscles and helps the mouth to clean itself—naturally, normally. It helps prevent flabby mouth and chin muscles, too. Many dentists, orthodontists, and physicians recommend its frequent use.

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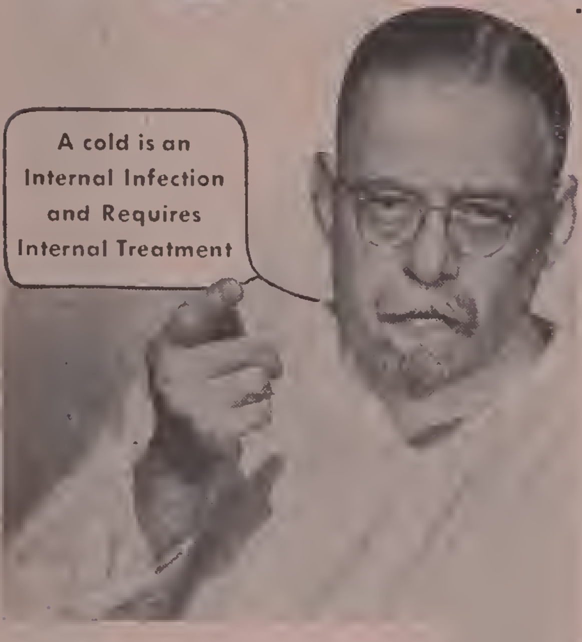
A cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

Every Four Minutes Some One Dies from Pneumonia, Traceable to the "Common Cold!"

DON'T "kid" yourself about a cold. It's nothing to be taken lightly or treated trivially. A cold is an internal infection and unless treated promptly and seriously, it may turn into something worse.

According to published reports there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the so-called "common cold."

Definite Treatment

A reliable treatment for colds is afforded in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It is no mere palliative or surface treatment. It gets at a cold in the right way, *from the inside!*

Working internally, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does four things of vital importance in overcoming a cold: First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

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GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

The Will Rogers I Knew

(*Continued from page* 33)

big kids, too. It was pretty deep when the tide was in and we had fancy diving contests. Bill came over one day and decided to practise a few fancy dives. But the tide was out. He landed on his right shoulder and his right arm "went dead." When I came home, I said to him, "Didn't you know the tide was out, Bill?" "What do I know about a tide?" he answered. "Back where I come from, a swimmin' hole is a swimmin' hole!" His right arm was useless. In vain we begged him to see a doctor or an osteopath. "I'll be all right," was all he would say. But every roping trick he knew he learned to do with his left hand. Patiently, painstakingly, he practised. Ask any roper what that means! His indomitable will, and courage—or was it his FAITH?—finally brought back the action in that right arm.

He never grew up. I was working late in the theater and my wife liked me to sleep late in the mornings. Bill would come riding under my window, winding his rope, and singing a cowboy song. I'd open the window, he'd grin sheepishly, and taking less than no time to dress, I'd swallow my breakfast, hustle down and join him. Like two cowboys we'd ride and rope all day.

TIMES changed but our friendship didn't. Bill became a personage. An international figure. He wore the mantle of his fame as simply as he wore his old cowboy clothes.

Sentiment was nothing to be ashamed of in his lexicon. He arrived in New York while I was playing in Washington. My mother had had a stroke. He tore out to the house, ran breathlessly up the stairs and into her room. With tears streaking unashamed down his face he joshed her. "Hello, Bill," she said. And then she died, smiling.

They notified me. I was heartbroken that I hadn't been there. Bill put his hand on my shoulder and we cried together. "I was there, Fred." It was consolation.

Demands, demands from everywhere stalked his life. He met them all. But he was tired. He wanted to get off the beaten trail. But he couldn't write news in an isolated spot. He couldn't keep faith with his readers, roping calves, twirling a lariat, lying nights on the plain. He had to go places and see things so he could write about them. Maybe if he had gone away to watch the sun rise and set across his plains, his busy brain would have made him discontented. He'd gotten the habit of thinking . . . thinking.

One thing I know. He lived as he wanted to live. Gave as he wanted to give. Had what he wanted from life. Love and laughter and work.

A man's man. A warm friend. Yes, he was a one-man show and a real trouper.

God, how we loved him. And while they will build monuments, his shrine is in the hearts of all of us who know the show is over. There will never be another. Sadly, proudly, through our tears we realize that "Curtain" has been called.

God bless Will Rogers.

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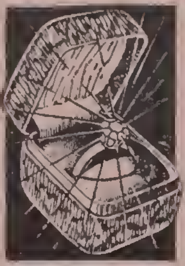

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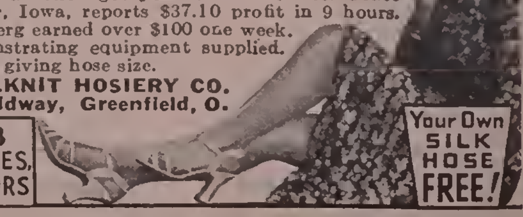
68 STYLES, COLORS
Your Own SILK HOSE FREE!

Temptations of an Actress

(*Continued from page 29*)

that Mr. Producer was putting in one of his own girls but for me to keep on coming to the theater, to wait. I waited. The girl was awful. He tried another girl of his and she was even worse. At the end of the week he sent for me again and offered me my job back. Jeanette had advised me what to say. I said it. I demanded a raise in salary and a contract. He tried to argue with me but finally laughed and told me I was pretty smart, adding, 'How did you get that way?' I answered that I didn't get that way, that I had been told what to say. He laughed even harder, then, and I got the contract and the raise.

"I remained with that show until it closed and then I was at the Greenwich Village Theater for a time. And still no man had sent me diamonds concealed in roses. No man had deposited a shiny Rolls at the stage door for my benefit or undoing. One man did send me a bottle of L'Origan perfume in a box of flowers, and I haven't been able to bear that perfume since! I thought, 'At last! I shall find a little gem from Cartier's or Tiffany's.' But no!

"Then, when I was in the Henry W. Savage show, 'The Magic Ring,' I had my next—well, it was a near disaster.

THERE was a certain dance director connected with the show. We had worked together for several days and one night he came over to me and said, 'You need some special coaching, my girl. Now, I've just called my sister and told her that I'm dining at home tonight. Won't you join me and after dinner we can work?'

"I answered I'd be glad to. We drove to an apartment uptown. There was no sister visible. He asked me what I'd like to have for dinner, saying he'd have it sent in. I said, with a stab of premonitory fear, 'But, your sister—I thought you told me you had called your sister to tell her you were dining at home?' He replied that I'd misunderstood him. He had told his sister that he was dining at home. And he was. But his home was not his sister's home. Did I mind? I tried to laugh it off, said it was quite all right, though of course I wouldn't have come if I had understood. We dined. During the first part of dinner he was very casual. But as dinner drew to a close he began to grow more and more personal. He asked me questions about myself and my life; whether I had ever been in love, what my emotional experiences had been—you know! Finally, with a great show of reluctance and sympathy, he told me that the producers were not quite satisfied with me, were debating as to whether they should keep me on in the show or not. They felt, he said, that I lacked warmth—there was that warmth again! He said that he felt he might give me the depth and fervour I lacked. He was very fond of me. He was a man of the world. He promised me that I need fear no unpleasantness as a result of allowing him to make love to me. He begged me to give him one kiss.

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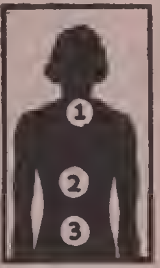

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"I told him that I couldn't kiss him, that I didn't want to kiss him."

"He ignored my words. I knew that he didn't really hear me. He kept saying, 'Look into my eyes—concentrate on me—just look into my eyes—my eyes—my eyes—' I knew that he was trying to hypnotize me. I managed to get up from the chair on which I was sitting, only to discover him *standing with his back to the door.* He began again, this time angrily, to insist that I kiss him—just once; look into his eyes—only once. I told him again that I didn't like him. I finally escaped what might have been a really disastrous experience. Do you wonder that I'm glad these things did not happen to me when I was too young to know how to handle them?

"I'll tell you of another adventure," Jeanette said, "and this time it happened in Paris. There was a certain English nobleman visiting there. He had been very kind and hospitable to me and to my party. We had gone to the Opera, to the races, to the theaters and cafés, all of us together. He had sent me gorgeous flowers and books and bon-bons. He was flattering and courteous and gallant.

One night we were waiting for Mr. Ritchie and my mother and one or two others in a café. He asked me, point-blank, to leave what I was doing—for him. He could secure a divorce, he said. But in the meantime he could give me the things I had never had before—social prestige and more money than even a picture star may dream of and excitement and play and love.

"I told him that I was in love with Bob Ritchie. He refused to take that for an answer. They always do. I told him that social position meant nothing to me, that I made quite enough money for my own needs, that I preferred to make my own choice of love and my own way of life. He reminded me that he had great influence with some English film companies, that he had great power which he would put, unreservedly, at my command. He could make for me in six months, he said, a career that it would take me six years to achieve. I said, 'I prefer to work as I am working, to take the parts that come to me. If I had been willing to sell my personal charms instead of my professional abilities, I would have done so a long time ago.'

"And there, again, honesty served the purpose. He had nothing to say to that.

"And so," said Jeanette, "here I am. I am extravagantly happy over the result of 'Naughty Marietta.' I might have made such a play or such a picture five or ten years ago if I had listened to the not-very-still and not-very-small voices which 'tempted' me, but I'm glad that I never did. I would have had a past, no doubt, but precious little future!

"I've never, or very seldom, known the advances of men to do much to advance an actress. Or for very long. And I think the extent to which those advances go is, definitely, up to the girl. No one has asked me for my advice but if anyone should I'd say, 'Laugh at a would-be but undesirable lover if you can. If you can't laugh at him *be honest with him.* There is nothing like honesty to cut out the heart of a would-be betrayer.'"

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I Want to Be a Star

(*Continued from page* 52)

minutes before the Mitchells joined us.

They were correctly dressed even if Papa Mitchell's suit was greenish with age. Mrs. Mitchell wore one of those black beady things with net sleeves to hide her thin arms, and brooches that were Mr. Mitchells' tangible tribute to the wife who shared the days of prosperity.

Hazel just missed out being smart. She was well dressed and back in Boston must have stood out in a crowd. In the light of Hollywood, however, she would be fairly ridiculous.

Dick I didn't notice. I tried not to look at him. It didn't matter if he was smart or measured up to Bert and his British tailoring.

Sonya greeted us in the patio of the "big house." Immediately it happened. The Mitchells went mute. They were over-embarrassed by the largeness of the place and by the utter magnificence of Sonya. I felt sorry for them. A number of people had already arrived and I steered the Mitchells into Victor's enormous living room and introduced them laboriously, bringing them from one group to another. Presently Sonya swooped down on Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and took them off to meet a novelist; and a moment later Bert came to the rescue and asked Hazel to dance.

THE time had come. I was alone with Dick. I felt his fingers pulling at my skirt like a small child demanding attention.

"Let's go somewhere and talk," he said. "We won't be missed."

I might be afraid of it but there was no denying the look in his eyes. I nodded and led the way out through the breakfast room across the beautiful and fragrant gardens and down to the swimming pool near Sonya's own studio.

"Now," said Dick, "let me really look at you."

I stood very straight under his scrutiny.

"There's such a thing as reincarnation," he smiled.

"I have just been put through a roller, Dick. Every caterpillar becomes a butterfly out here or dies."

"I wish—" he said, and then turned away.

"What is it you wish, Dick?"

"I wish I had been out here. I wish I had been with you as you were going through it. I wish I had known you as you really are. Your letters gave me no clue. They sounded like the Judy I knew."

"And what was the Judy you knew?"

As he hesitated I shrugged flippantly, "Sweet, simple and girlish?"

"Yes," he said rather fiercely, "and I wish you were still that way. I don't like to think of you sophisticated."

"What makes you think I am?"

"Well, it's obvious, isn't it? They all say—that Englishman—"

"So that's it," I flared. "And who are 'they all?' Your narrow-minded mother-

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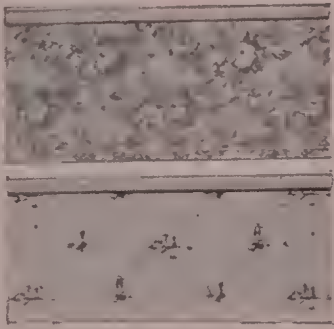

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in-law? What right have you to make snap judgments and pick up gossip?"

He caught hold of my hand.

"Judy, it isn't so?"

I didn't need to answer him. He drew me closer to him.

"Then drop him, Judy. You are playing with fire, don't you know that? You will get in head over heels before you know it, to say nothing of being talked about. You are too sweet for any of that. You don't realize what you are up against."

I tried to push him away but he wouldn't go.

"What are you trying to do? Save my soul?" I snapped. But I couldn't carry it off. In a moment my eyes met his. My own filled with tears.

"Oh, Dick," I whispered. "Oh, Dick, Dick, why did you get married?"

He held me close then and kissed me. Over and over he murmured into my ears. There was no denying the sort of love that drew us together and yet we had been such fools not to recognize it. There had been so much to stand between us and only this to bring us together.

The sound of laughter drifting lightly across the swimming pool brought us back. We stumbled to our feet. Without speaking we went along the path toward the house.

I NOTICED a light in Sonya's studio and I hesitated. I knew that she wanted to keep the crowd away—keep the party in the "big house." Without a word I headed for her studio. As we approached I saw Sonya's figure standing in the window. She looked around as if something dreadful were the matter with her. And without any thought for Dick I started running. I opened the studio door and stood on the little balony looking down into her room. There, standing beside the main entrance, was Victor. He looked up apprehensively as I entered.

"Hello, Victor," I called. "I'm glad you are back in time for the party."

"Shut up," he snapped. "I'm busy."

It wasn't possible that Victor had been drinking. He glanced up at me again.

"Maybe you can help us out," he said. "Maybe you can help Sonya's memory."

My eyes sought Sonya's frantically but she didn't look at me. She stood frozen in an attitude of defiance but her eyes were haunted as she watched Victor.

Behind me I knew that Dick had come up and joined me. I wanted to tell him to go away but I knew he had some idiotic idea that if there was trouble he wanted to be beside me.

"Where were you Wednesday night," Victor yelled at me.

"Wednesday—Wednesday—" I stammered helplessly.

"Yes, Wednesday," he thundered.

In the open door behind him there appeared a group of giggling guests seeking out-of-the-way spots and private moments who had no doubt been attracted by the light. When they saw Victor with the crestfallen look of a child they started out again.

"You needn't go, any of you," Victor said. "Nobody here seems to want to tell me what's been going on and I'm going

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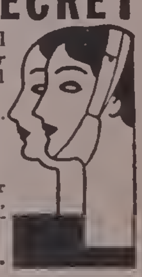

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to find out if I have to ask every person in Hollywood."

I had started down the balcony and headed for Sonya. I felt if I could just get as far as her I would help her through, but Victor strode in front of me.

And then I saw Bert Brothers. He was in a chair behind Sonya smoking a cigarette. His eyes never left Victor.

"I am waiting for your answer, Sonya," Victor repeated.

"I'm not going to be cross-examined," Sonya's voice was cold and harsh.

"Oh, yes you are," Victor snorted. "I was in New York and I telephoned from eleven to two. I even phoned Judy here and I phoned Bert so I decided you were all on a party. I started again at five in the morning and kept it up until noon the next day."

Wednesday, Wednesday. I tried to remember the day out of the confusion of the mind. On Wednesday I had gone to Sonya's and got the note, "I have gone to my grandmother's funeral." I bought ties for Bert and found him out. He had gone to Arrowhead.

Suddenly Bert stood up.

"Don't you think we could tell you without causing so much diversion at the party?"

"I'm waiting," said Victor. "I want to know about Wednesday night."

"I was at my camp in Arrowhead," Bert said.

I HAVE already found that out," Victor said coldly. "I'm not an utter fool. I know what's going on. I know you weren't there alone, either."

"No," Bert said. "There was a lady with me. I'm not going to name her."

"Then I'll name her," Victor said.

Sonya threw her hands up in the air. "Bert, tell him," she cried hysterically.

I couldn't bear it another minute. I felt sorry for her, whatever happened, but I felt even sorrier for Victor. Certainly I never knew how completely Sonya went to pieces when they were separated or what devil she fought while alone, but they loved each other.

Victor was watching her now, bitterly.

"Go ahead, Bert," I cried despairingly. "Why don't you tell him, if he must know?"

Bert swung on me, his mouth opened, and Sonya started up, her eyes glazed with frozen tears.

"Judy!" Vic's voice was low. All the fight had gone out of him. He stared at me and moistened his lips.

"You?"

I lifted my head and suddenly my eyes found Dick beyond Victor. I saw the hurt incredulous stare.

Someone touched my arm and I turned in a daze to Bert Brothers.

"Now that Victor has had his fun," he said kindly, "shall we dance?"

What will be the result of Judy's sacrifice for her friend, a sacrifice that will destroy her reputation and happiness? Continue Judy's dramatic career in Hollywood in the December Movie Mirror, *out October 25.*

THERE'S A GIRL I'D LIKE TO MEET!

Yet 3 weeks ago they laughed at her skinny shape

I'M SO SKINNY EVERYONE LAUGHS AT ME!
HA-HA!
I GAINED 15 POUNDS IN A FEW WEEKS. LET ME TELL YOU HOW
FOLKS TELL ME THEY GAIN 10 TO 15 LBS. WITH IRONIZED YEAST
A FEW WEEKS LATER
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE I PUT ON 12 lbs. IN 3 WEEKS WITH IRONIZED YEAST
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Posed by professional models

NEW "7-POWER" ALE YEAST EASILY ADDS 5 to 15 LBS.—*in few weeks!*

NOW there's no need for thousands to be "skinny" and friendless, even if they never could gain before. Here's a new treatment for them that puts on pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh—*in just a few weeks!*

Doctors now know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight, and suffer with indigestion, constipation and a blemished skin, is that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of men and women have put on pounds of firm flesh—*in a very short time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normal good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special ale yeast imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process the yeast is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This special vitamin-rich yeast is then ironized with 3 kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add wonderful energy.

If you, too, are one of the many who simply need Vitamin B and iron to build them up, get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Skin clears to natural beauty, digestive troubles from the same source vanish, new health comes—you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only don't be deceived by the many cheaply prepared "Yeast and Iron" tablets sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. These cheap counterfeits usually contain only the lowest grade of ordinary yeast and iron, and cannot give the same results as the scientific Ironized Yeast formula. Be sure you get the genuine. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2211, Atlanta, Ga.

For Years I Suffered *in Silence!*

AN AFFLICTION THOUSANDS SUFFER, BUT FEW TALK ABOUT!

HEMORRHOIDS or Piles are one of the worst afflictions. They not only harass and torture you, but they play havoc with your health. They tax your strength and energy, wear you down physically and mentally and make you look haggard and drawn.

Piles, being a delicate subject, are often borne in silence, and allowed to go untreated. Yet, no condition is more desperately in need of attention. For Piles can, and often do, develop into something serious!

REAL TREATMENT

Real treatment for the relief of distress due to Piles is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo almost instantly stops the pain and itching and restores grateful comfort. It is effective because it is threefold in effect.

First, Pazo is *soothing*, which tends to relieve sore and inflamed parts. Second, it is *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and also to make passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts and to stop bleeding.

Pazo is put up in Collapsible Tubes with special Pile Pipe, which is perforated. The perforated Pile Pipe makes it easy for you to apply the Ointment high up in the rectum where it can reach and thoroughly cover the affected parts. Thousands of persons have used this method of applying Pazo and found it highly effective.

TRY IT!

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Movie Mirror, Junior

(*Continued from page 6*)

and over a hundred children attended. Many of the famous child stars were there, including Virginia Weidler, Baby LeRoy, Dickie Moore, Betty Holt, Gloria Anne White, Billie Lee, and a lot of little orphans from a Los Angeles orphanage. There's a story about that I'll tell you. It goes back to the time when David was trying to get his start in pictures.

David's mother had a hard job making both ends meet. She and David were living in an unoccupied office building in Hollywood. Money for food was very scarce. Soon, even the manager of the building in which they were staying refused them further credit.

After many hours of disappointed search for a new shelter, David's mother decided to put little David in an orphanage, while she endeavored to get some kind of work. Then came the news that a studio would use little David as an extra the next day. He would get $5 for the day's work. What joy that message brought! David's mother rushed back to the orphanage and got her son. They made arrangements to stay in their old home for another day or so, and David went to work. Jobs came more often after that. David secured three week's work in a stage play and while acting in this Harold Lloyd saw him and gave him a chance in his picture, "The Cat's Paw." David's work was so good in this that Paramount signed him to a contract.

But those hours at the orphanage brought David Holt many little friends. Upon leaving the place, David said to the other children, "If I ever have a big party, I'll invite you to come."

SO, despite his success, David didn't forget and the orphans were invited to his eighth birthday party at the studio.

Jacksonville, Florida, where David was born, is very proud of him. So the ice cream for David's party was sent all the way from Jacksonville by airplane. A local Hollywood bakery furnished a huge birthday cake, enough for one hundred and fifty children.

From the many letters received, I take it that Movie Mirror Juniors like to write letters better than do the cut-out puzzles for prizes. All right, we will have letter contests then. Here is one for this month:

What story or book that you have read, or had told to you, not already made into a motion picture, do you think would make the best picture for your favorite child star to play in? And why do you think this story would make a good picture?

That's all there is to this interesting new contest. Simply write me the answers to the above two questions and send them to MOVIE MIRROR, JR., *7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.*

For the best letter received a prize of $10.00 will be given. The next best will receive a $5.00 prize. The ten next best will receive prizes of $1.00 each. Letters will be judged on the basis of clearness, logic and suitability of the story to motion pictures presentation. So hurry up and write your letter! It must be received on or before November 5, 1935.

What made their hair grow?

Here is the Answer

"New Hair came after I began using Kotalko, and kept on growing," writes Mr. H. A. Wild. "In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."

Mary H. Little also has luxuriant hair now after using Kotalko. Yet for years her head, as she describes it, "was as bare and as bald as the back of my hand."

Many other men and women attest that hair has stopped falling excessively, dandruff has been decreased, new luxuriant hair growth has been developed where roots were alive, after using Kotalko to stimulate scalp.

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Exposing Charlie Chan

(*Continued from page* 53)

studying English. So we bought some English primers and hired out as woodsmen, cutting yellow birch trees, trees so beautiful that it seemed a shame to fell them.

"We got up long before daylight and started for the woods, taking sandwiches and our primers. We studied as we worked, speaking only English. Our food was always frozen, and our hands and feet were only a jump ahead of the frost, but it was fun. Continuing our studies at night, we quite suddenly discovered we could actually speak English and, with the coming of spring and the thaws, I realized, for the first time, that Connecticut was a most beautiful spot. I shall never forget the first thrill of the farm houses, the ancient churches with towering steeples, the stone fences and the old graveyards, revealed to me, for the first time, when the snows melted.

"I remained on the farm, and in school, for three years and then went to Providence, R. I., where I became an apprentice in the tool works of Brown and Sharpe, where I labored for twelve months, learning a trade. During this period I had dreams of being a singer or an actor and I finally succumbed to my dreams and went to Boston. I arrived in Boston with $9. I got a room on Beacon Hill for $1.25 a week and found a voice teacher in the old Steinway Hall who was willing to give me lessons for $1 each. Then I found a job in a machine shop, drilling holes in steel for paper presses.

AFTER I got my bearings in Boston, I became acquainted with the late Dr. Curry, a fine old gentleman who, with his wife, conducted the School of Expression. Dr. Curry was instructor in voice and pantomime for Harvard University. Dr. Curry took an interest in me and, because I was willing to work, devoted much of his idle time to my education; so did his wife. I paid them what I could.

"When the machine shop closed I got a job as an attendant in the sanitarium away out in Arlington Heights, going to and from my work and my studies by street car. I was now eighteen years old and, having an ear for languages, spoke without an accent.

"One winter, during my studies, when times were very hard, I worked on a farm for $6 a month and board, returning to Boston in the spring. Eventually, I went to live at Dr. Curry's school, paying for my room, board and instruction by doing all his clerical and menial work. I was up at 5 A. M. each day, ate an orange, and studied until noon; then I cleaned up the school, practiced voice, had my dinner, cleaned up again, and studied until midnight. This continued for four years and during this period my motto was 'never despair.' My reward, at the end of four years, came when Dr. Curry arranged for me to play one of the gay Gascons in a Sarah Bernhardt production! I was so eager and so well behaved that the old French manager permitted me to stand in the wings and study the performers, night after night.

"Soon after this Dr. Curry got me a

Small
FOR HER AGE
AND
UNDERWEIGHT
TOO

but you ought to see the way Betty is shooting up now!

EVEN ON tiptoes, Betty was smaller than the smallest playmate of her own age. While other youngsters shot up, filled out, gained in height and weight — Betty remained thin, scrawny, small for her age — because she did not drink enough milk.

But you ought to see Betty now! How she has added inches to her height—how strong, sturdy, well-proportioned she has become. And the reason is that Betty is now drinking every day, *a quart of milk mixed with Cocomalt.*

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My Training is famous as "the Course that pays for itself." The day you enroll I start sending you Extra Money Job Sheets which quickly show you how to do Radio repair jobs common in every neighborhood. C. N. Heffelfinger, R. F. D. No. 1, Temple, Pa., makes $15 a week in his spare time. Anthony Yeninas, 269 Vine St., Plymouth, Pa., made over $300 in spare time while taking my Course.

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part in Hall Caine's 'The Christian,' and I sang the song, *Jesus of Nazareth*, so well that the manager offered me $15 a week to go on the road with the company. I held out for $18 and got it. Soon thereafter I was made the understudy of Edward J. Morgan, who created the role of the 'Christian' and every night I played bits such as the messenger and the leader of the mob. It was great training. That was along about 1901 or 1902 and the following year I was paid $25 a week for my work in Caine's 'The Eternal City.' Viola Allen was the star and we were in New York City and on the road for two years.

"Then Miss Allen engaged me for a part in 'Twelfth Night,' and after that I had a season with Sothern and Marlow A lot of other plays followed, I saved some money, and in the spring of 1908 I produced Ibsen's 'Peer Gynt' and it was successful enough to get me bookings at Proctor's for two acts of it. This was followed by 'The House of a Traitor' and during the run of this piece I met Edith G. Shearn, a lovely lady, and in the summer that followed we began painting together and she assisted me in the translation of several Swedish plays. We were married in the winter of 1908 and, strange as it may seem at this very late day, we are very happy, painting together.

I'M not going to bore you with many more intimate details. Following my marriage I appeared with Nazimova, made a lot of money, and having long had a craze for the so-called 'little theater' movement, started one of my own. I rented the old Hudson Theater in New York and opened with my own translation of Ibsen's 'Love's Comedy.' I lost my little fortune and went on the road as the heavy in 'Under Two Flags.' Mrs. Oland went with me. About this time I got a big check from the publishers, royalties on my book containing the translation of eleven Swedish plays, and we quit the play, bought a farm near Southborough, Mass., and decided to settle down. Instead, I returned to New York, leased another theater, translated and produced 'The Father,' Strindberg's greatest tragedy, and was going good when the *Titanic* disaster caused so many cancellations that we closed down. After that disaster the public was in no mood for tragedies. One thing followed another and in June, 1910, I made my motion-picture debut, getting $25 a day to play John Bunyan in 'Pilgrim's Progress.' We made the picture at Ft. Lee, N. J. I had to climb the Palisades in full armor and in the end was almost drowned in the Pool of Despond which was a mud hole.

"You can guess what followed. I had plenty of money and, quite naturally, another little theater followed. With the end of this venture my wife had to return to the home of her parents. I lived at the City Club in New York until I was posted for a $90 debt. The soles of my shoes were gone and my clothing was shabby when I finally got a part in the play 'A Fool There Was,' at $125 a week. I obtained a $300 advance, paid the club, bought some necessities, borrowed $200, sent for Mrs. Oland and joined the company in Grand Rapids, Mich. I got her a small part and we continued with that

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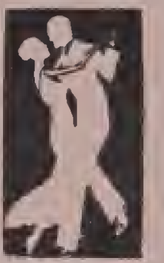

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production throughout 1912-13 and in 1914-15 I was starred in 'The Yellow Ticket.' In August of 1915 I accepted Walter Hamden's invitation to play with him in 'Benedict Arnold' and, having no time to learn my lines, carried them under my coat and read them. Then came motion pictures again.

"There was a sensational young actress in Hollywood by the name of Theda Bara and I was asked to do a picture with her called 'The Jewels of the Madonna' which was released under the name of 'Sin.' I was paid $100 a week. I played the heavy in five more pictures with Theda and I've been doing my stuff in Hollywood ever since, or, in other words, for some nineteen years."

We sat in the bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel. At last, after weeks, I had cornered Charlie Chan.

"What is your greatest interest in life?" I shot at him.

"Mrs. Oland," he answered, blandly.

"And next to her?"

"The south end of the Isle of the Little Pines, in the Pacific Ocean, off the coast of Mazatlan, which I own. I have a mystery there."

"And what is the mystery?"

"For years I have been planting a certain variety of the cocoanut palm on my island, but the trade winds blow it down."

"What's so mysterious about that?"

"We have no trade winds."

"Well, then, what's the answer?"

"I have been making my own quiet investigation. It is my humble opinion that, due to the fact that the roots of this palm are as ice cream to the natives, the said natives have been assisting the imaginary trade winds in blowing down said trees."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Quit planting the palm trees and limit my activities to the cross breeding of Brahma bulls from India with Texas cows."

"And the purpose of that?"

"By the cross breeding, eliminate the ticks, fevers and other evils of cattle raising in the tropics."

"What will happen when you bring about this perfection?"

"The natives will become experts in the fine art of barbecuing, with hot sauce and everything."

"And what will Charlie Chan do about it?"

"Return to the little theater movement."

And that was that.

MOVIE MIRROR'S CHILDREN'S PICTURE CONTEST

These are the children whose photographs appear on pages 48 and 49

(1) Floyd Wesley Addington, Phoenix, Ariz.; (2) Don Alan Moses, Seattle, Wash.; (3) Robbie Robinson, Indianapolis, Ind.; (4) Gordon Wollesen, Oakland, Cal.; (5) Ronald Gene Schultz, Mack, Colo.; (6) Jack Wagner, Zanesville, Ohio; (7) Teddy Johnson, Youngstown, Ohio; (8) Robert Harvey Collins, Millville, N. J.; (9) Phillips W. Shuler, La Canada, Cal.; (10) Bill Fetch, Powell, Ohio; (11) Norma Jean Ross, Wichita, Kans.; (12) Billye Jo Drake, Berryville, Ark.; (13) Diane Marie Moore, Huntington Park, Cal.; (14) Ninette Mouton, Lafayette, La.; (15) Audrey Audette, Hartford, Conn.; (16) Christina Ann Cameron, Chippewa Falls, Wis.; (17) Patricia Ann Moore, Los Angeles, Cal.; (18) Joan Fox, Baltimore, Md.; (19) Joan Parle, Excelsior Springs, Mo.; (20) Joe Anne Sweet, Waynesboro, Va.

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to stay that way!

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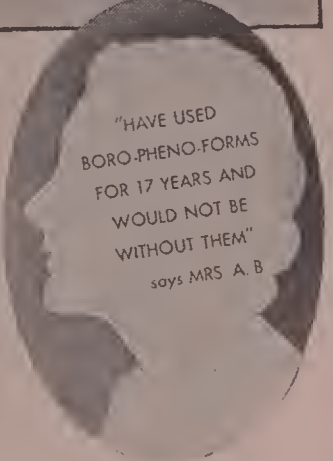

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Name ....

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Choosing Your Lipstick for Beauty

(*Continued from page 54*)

looks tacky because, even though it's a pretty hat, it bears no relation to the rest of your costume.

That's what happens when you buy a shade of lipstick because your best friend uses it or because you like the case, or some such trivial reason. Always choose your lipstick in relation to the rest of your make-up.

Because this is so important, the manufacturers have made it easy for you. You will find, almost always, that the powder, rouge, and lipstick made by the same firm have been worked out in groups which belong together. As a general thing, it is safe to follow this grouping. You can't go very far wrong, since hundreds of experiments—months, sometimes years, of testing—have gone into the manufacturers' selections of these colors. And what beautiful colors they are, with such fascinating names.

Colors are graded from light to dark so, when you are buying, ask to see the complete color range. One firm makes as many as eight shades and almost every firm offers at least three.

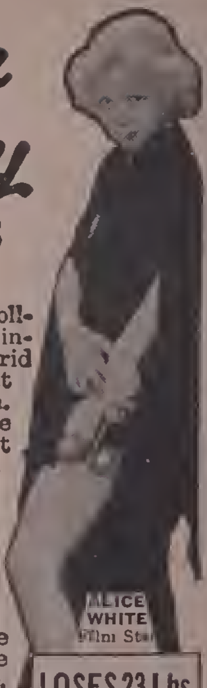
THE lighter shades are for the extreme blondes; then the colors suitable for the darker blondes, the light redhead, the medium brown-haired, and the black-haired girls. But right here I want to give you another very important buying guide. Don't go by the color of your hair alone, for the basic color of your skin must be taken into account.

Your hair, for instance, may be very dark, but you may have a clear, pale skin against which the darker lipstick would be most unbecoming. In other words, you can follow the conventional color selection just so far, and then you must use your individual judgment.

If you find it difficult to get a satisfactory shade you will appreciate the lipstick which is made on an entirely different and very clever principle. It is made in one color only, a pale pink shade, but when applied to the lips it changes to a lovely warm color that blends with the skin. It lasts an unusually long time, too. You'll have fun experimenting with this and I'll be glad to give you the name of it when you write me.

While a lipstick is, naturally, always some shade of red, don't forget there are many kinds of red. Some verge on the purple wine shades, becoming to the girl with an olive complexion, whose skin has creamy tints in it. The orange reds are better with pink and white skins. But *any* shade of red is conspicuous, so watch out—oh, please watch out—for your lipstick when you are wearing red clothes! A lipstick color which is right for you may be all wrong when you wear a bright red dress, hat or scarf, which may clash with the red on your lips!

The clever girl never ignores the fact that her appearance and her mood change, and that she should follow this change in her make-up. When feeling dull and pale she uses a brighter shade of lipstick, but when her natural color is high she puts just



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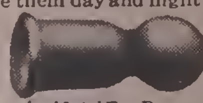

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a dash of color on her lips. This is particularly important to remember if lipstick and powder are your only daytime cosmetics. In fact, many of the movie stars here in Hollywood use only lipstick during the daytime.

At night, under artificial light, you need a brighter color, of course, and there is even a lipstick made especially to be worn under the glare of lights in theaters and restaurants. This lipstick completely obviates the possibility of your lips looking as if you had bitten into a blackberry pie, which is the unfortunate effect bright lights sometimes have on certain shades of red.

If you still have a remainder of your summer tan, watch your make-up carefully while you are bleaching out in the autumn. I find many girls are careless about this and continue to wear the same dark powders and deeper lipsticks long after they should have shifted to lighter shades to match the lightening skin. Here again the manufacturers have helped you, as you can generally use the same type of lipstick but in the next paler shade.

BY all means make a good color selection, a becoming one; but when you choose a lipstick, match your temperament, too! One of those beautiful bright shades is charming on the dashing type of girl, and she should use it. It belongs to her. The more conservative girl will rightly prefer less brilliant colors, and will be enthusiastic over a lipstick which is such a natural color that it defies detection. This is made by a nationally known cosmetic expert who calls it her "request number." So many women asked her for a lipstick which would do just this, that she experimented until she found a shade which blends perfectly with the natural color of the mouth. I've recommended it to many of you, so you may already know the name, but if you don't, do ask me about it. I know of another thing which is going to appeal to a lot of you—a coloring for the unusually sensitive mouth. Some girls have such delicate skins that they must be particularly careful and these colors are made for them—delicate pomades of specially chosen, soothing ingredients.

Whatever your coloring, temperament, or type of skin, there is a lipstick for you. Carry it like a little wand of beauty. Make it your talisman of glamour and romance. Let the very wielding of it give you confidence in yourself. Only be sure it is the *right* talisman and that you use it properly.

I am always so glad to help with beauty problems and I shall be delighted to send you suggestions on how to use your lipstick to best advantage. Tell me, when you write me, that you would like to have this information, as well as my personal answer to your own personal beauty problem, and I'll make sure it is sent you.

HOW WOMEN LOSE MEN!

Hollywood's most famous screen lovers tell you—in next month's MOVIE MIRROR on sale October 25

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The "over-night" test has convinced many girls that Coty Lipstick is every bit as remarkable as we say. Just put on a tiny bit of the lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning — rejoice! Your lips are smooth and soft as camellia petals!

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in 5 indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c. A revelation! Coty "*Air Spun*" Face Powder . . . with a new tender texture.

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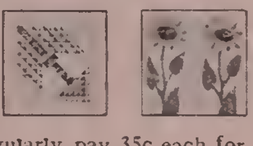

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The Amazing Life Story of Elisabeth Bergner

(*Continued from page 47*)

It was not a promising prospect. Herr Reucker saw a colorless little girl, with the undeveloped body of a child of twelve and a tomboy mop of hair, her only good feature her enormous, expressive eyes. However, he talked with her, listened while she read several parts for him, and recognized her undoubted talent despite her undramatic appearance. Perhaps he could develop her gift, he admitted, as he offered a contract only slightly better than the one under which she was then working.

At that time, with the handicap of her "figure," or rather lack of one, and following her first disappointment at Innsbruck, Elisabeth herself must have seen little hope for a brilliant future.

"I suppose," she said bitterly to Herr Reucker, "you will try to cast me as an ingenue. Well, I am not one. I am a character woman!" Perhaps she wished to save herself, and him, another disillusioning experience.

With Reucker she played that season a dozen roles. But he failed to develop her to any extent, for the very good reason that she already had that illusive something of which star material is composed. This distinctive quality, searching and sure, combined with the intellectual energy she possesses, led her slowly but unfailingly to the recognition that was her due.

THE opportunity to go to Marienbad came to Elisabeth some months before her twentieth birthday. If we should mention here the year it would be evident that the woman who made so convincing a *gamine* in the role of Gemma Jones must admit to more years than those who write of her today usually assign to her. It is recorded that she saw her first play at the *Burgtheatre* in Vienna. It was "Joan of Arc" (she still treasures the program) and she was most impressed by the voice of the King when he shouted in anger. Josef Kainz played the king, and he died several years later, in 1910.

But of Bergner's exact age we shall not speak again. She is one of those ageless persons whom time seems in no way to affect. Off the stage, as on it, it is difficult to believe she has been playing so long that many European boys and girls who worship her today believe she must be the daughter of the Bergner their parents claim to have seen in famous roles before they were born.

We do know that Elisabeth was well established as an actress before she made her first pictures, and pretty poor ones they were, too, from the standpoint of photography, for the art of the screen was not very well developed in Germany a dozen years ago.

Bergner, in reality, has had two separate and distinct rises to glorious fame—first, in her youth in the great capitals of Europe where she played all the famed parts of the best playwrights of her own and earlier times; second, as a mature woman, who still can look a child when she wishes, under the inspired directorship of her husband, Paul Czinner.

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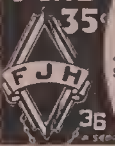

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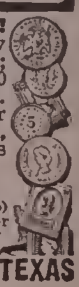

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she went to other small cities, slowly gaining headway in the business of establishing her name and reputation. In a few years she was playing in Berlin, but only in secondary parts. Then she went on to Munich and Vienna. But the first time the public really acclaimed her as a great actress was when she returned to Berlin playing the lead in a Chinese drama.

Following her necessity of living a role on and offstage, while playing this part Elisabeth *was* a Chinese girl. A friend tells of meeting her for the first time at the home of Thomas Mann, the author. Bergner was dressed in the Chinese fashion, in a costume buttoned closely around her throat. Her hair was piled high in Chinese style and her eyebrows were pencilled slantingly.

At this party, as at many that Bergner used to attend, she was surrounded by men. Their wives sat in an adjoining room pretending interest in other affairs and hoping desperately that all the rumors they had heard concerning the actress and her power to enslave those who admired her were not true!

Bergner was then approaching the height of the first of her two climbs to fame. In her next role, still in Berlin, she won even greater praise as Rosalinde in "As You Like It." She followed with the leading part in Shaw's version of "Jeanne d'Arc" and it was then they called her the greatest living actress.

It will be interesting to see if she is awarded the corresponding screen title —the greatest of all motion picture actresses—when the pictured version of that play, Shaw's "St. Joan," Miss Bergner's next role, is released.

AFTER Berlin, where she played later several times under the sponsorship of Max Reinhardt, Elisabeth appeared again in Hamburg and other leading cities, but now always in leading roles and as the supreme star of the Continent. It was in Hamburg that the students mobbed her carriage and pushed it through the streets. Later, when next she returned to Vienna, she took a little house and bought a small car, and crowds of students would follow her on their bicycles each day when she drove to rehearsal. Bergner, with a shy childish smile of appreciation, would wave to them through the rear window of her triumphal coach, then, remembering her position, would draw herself up regally and pretend not to notice the crowd of adoring followers.

Here, in this little home of her own, she was able to indulge her own tastes. She is a passionate lover of animals and now she acquired three big dogs, a turtle for the pool in her garden, and a monkey who was never far distant from her shoulder when permitted in the house.

At this time, too, her collection of books began to grow to respectable size. She has always loved fairy tales and collects those of every nation. She likes mystery stories, too, and works of a serious nature on subjects in which she is interested.

It is likely that Bergner, now an exile from the land she loves, often remembers fondly that first little home of her very own, although she has owned others more pretentious in many other countries since those early years. Today her favorite retreat is her estate in the mountains of

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Eau de Cologne	28¢, 55¢, $1
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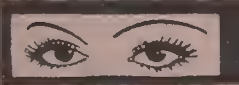

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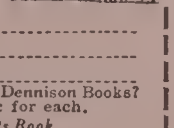

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..New Showers and Announcements Book
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Dennison Crepe

Italy. There she and Paul Czinner hasten whenever they can steal a few weeks away from active work.

It is not true that Bergner was forced to leave Germany for political reasons. Even before the Revolution she had determined to work in France, to build there a career and a reputation as great as the ones she enjoyed in purely German speaking countries. She went first to Paris to perfect her French. It was there that most of "Ariane" was filmed. Today Bergner, gifted far beyond the average person as a linguist, speaks Italian, French, and English with great beauty of inflection and almost no accent.

To return to Bergner's early pictures, the first was "Nju," in which she played a character part less important than the roles of the two leading players, Emil Jannings and Conrad Veidt. Even then her work was noticeable because of her marvelous eyes. The picture was a masterpiece for its time, but it was banned in England and has never been shown in this country.

Next she played a young girl in "Geiger von Florenz" (The Violinist of Florence). It was a somewhat mediocre melodrama but Elisabeth earned comment for her work. "When she plays the violin," one of the critics said, "she is pure music. When she dances, she is the dance itself."

BUT Bergner herself did not like either the work of making these first pictures or the results she saw on the screen. After the first she swore she would never make another. Then a dear friend was very ill and without funds. Bergner, who had already made and distributed several small fortunes, made the second picture to buy hospital care for the friend she loved.

It was about this time, approximately ten years ago, that Elisabeth met Paul Czinner. He was then just beginning to be known as a rising young director. He saw distinct possibilities in Bergner's work which he felt had not been made the most of on the screen. He directed most of the pictures which he later persuaded her to make—"Dreaming Lips," "Ariane" (recently shown in America although in a much cut and censored version) and finally the marvelous "Catherine," filmed at Elmstree, near London. This picture was to bring nearly the whole world to Bergner's feet, a great public that awaited eagerly the promised "Escape Me Never" which Czinner, of course, also directed.

In Czinner, whom she married about six years ago, Elisabeth found the perfect combination of understanding artist (he extracts the last drop of perfection from her work by his direction), loving husband and passionate protector from the limelight of publicity she so abhors.

Together they work, he coaching her within a small canvas enclosure on the set, when a picture is in the making, until she is ready for the camera. At night he guards her sleep, seeing that she gets the eight full hours she requires and that nothing and no one is allowed to break into her hours of rest. They are separated only when absolutely necessary. On one occasion when he had to be in another city while she was playing in London, a friend reports that she heard them talking on the long distance telephone for almost an hour—most affectionately, although they said practically nothing of consequence.

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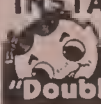

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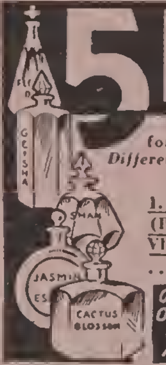

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Unloved

I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face . . . unloved . . . discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids . . . even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 184, Chicago.

Czinner is probably one of two or three people in the whole world, except Elisabeth's parents who are still living in Vienna, who know every detail of her life, the complete story of her past and her struggle to reach the top of the ladder not once, but twice. He alone today knows always where she goes and what she does. He helps her guard the secrecy which seems so essential to her peace of mind. They are probably one of the happiest couples in the world of the theater, but it is a happiness based on mutual understanding and one which cannot be shared with the world or even with close friends.

And so those who admire the great art of Elisabeth Bergner must be satisfied to know very little of the everyday activities of their heroine. She is a great genius, but she must remain apart from the world. Not that she feels superior to it. She is prone to underestimate her own gifts and her own fame. It is simply that, even today, she retains much of the intense shyness which has characterized her from childhood.

She is not only one of the greatest actresses of our time, but also the most unapproachable, as are all who know her intimately. Their revelations, brought out in this and the first installment, were therefore most difficult to gather; the writer is greatly indebted to the statements and interpretations of Miss Berger's biographer, Arthur Alloesser.

Movie Mirror's Cooking Department

(*Continued from page* 63)

easily at home, and I'll be glad to send you directions for it.

The picture on this page is just a suggestion for arranging these chilled things, but you'll be able to invent a dozen pretty ways for yourself.

With your main course, don't forget that relishes and sweets will make your roast or fowl taste better. You probably have your own favorites for these, but here is an unusually delicious and inexpensive relish.

CELERY RELISH

6 bunches celery
16 tomatoes
1 red pepper
2 cups sugar
2 tbls. salt
1 tsp. mustard
1 tsp. clove
1 tsp. allspice
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. celery seed
1½ cups vinegar

Clean, wash and chop the celery. Wipe, peel and chop the tomatoes and the peppers. Combine the sugar and the seasonings, add the vinegar and mix thoroughly with the vegetables. Bring to a boil in a preserving kettle and let simmer one and a half hours. Fill jars clear to the top and seal.

Since we are coming into the winter season, when cranberries are available, you

Millions use Medicated Cream to Promote Rapid Healing

...to relieve irritation and reduce pores

YOU CAN dress smartly—you can have lovely features—but if your skin is marred by Large Pores, Blackheads or Pimples, much of your charm is lost.

Today, *millions* of women use a famous medicated cream as an aid to quick healing—to improve their complexion by eliminating blackheads and reducing enlarged pores. That cream is Noxzema Skin Cream.

Prescribed by Doctors

Noxzema was first prescribed by doctors to relieve itching Eczema, and for Burns, Scalds, Chafing and other skin irritations. Today over 12,000,000 jars are used throughout the United States, in Canada and other countries!

If your skin is Rough and Chapped—if you have Large Pores or Blackheads—if you have Pimples resulting from dust, face powder or other external causes—then by all means get a small inexpensive jar of Noxzema. Use it and see how wonderful it is.

Noxzema is not a salve—but a dainty, snow-white, medicated vanishing cream. It's so soothing, clean and easy to use.

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. Use Noxzema until skin condition is entirely relieved.

Wonderful for Chapped Hands, too

Relieve them overnight with this famous cream

12,000,000 jars sold yearly

Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on *one* hand tonight. In the morning note how soothed it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter *that hand* is! Noxzema relieves hands *overnight*.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Noxzema is sold at almost all drug and department stores. If your dealer can't supply you, send only 15¢ for a generous 25¢ trial jar—enough to bring real comfort and a big improvement in your skin. Send name and address to Noxzema Chemical Company, Dept. 1011, Baltimore, Md.

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At your nearest drug store, buy the nipples with the blue band. (Sold in Canada only without the blue band.)

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will be interested in this labor-saving cranberry relish.

Uncooked Cranberry Relish

Wash three cups of cranberries and dry well. Peel an orange (saving the peel) and remove as much of the white inner skin as you can. Grind together the orange, the outer peel and the cranberries. Add a cup of sugar and pour into jelly glasses. Cover with paraffin.

If you are serving lamb, instead of using an ordinary mint sauce with it, make individual mint jelly lemon cups, like the ones photographed. You can put one on each plate, or group them on a serving platter and pass them as you would a vegetable.

Mint Jelly Lemon Cups

Choose lemons of the same size and shape, and cut in half. Scoop out the pulp. With a pair of scissors, trim the tops in small points. Fill with mint jelly. If you have fresh mint, place a little sprig of it, or of parsley, across the top and let stand till the jelly sets.

Salted nuts must be crisp, but not necessarily hot. For something out of the ordinary, use devilled nuts. These are especially good with a fish course, and with cold meats.

Devilled Nuts

2 tbls. olive oil
⅔ cup almonds
1 tbl. chutney
1 tbl. Worcestershire sauce
¼ tsp. salt
Dash of cayenne
2 tbls. minced pickle

Heat the oil in a saucepan. Add the nuts and fry for three minutes. Stir in the other ingredients and cook for three minutes more, serving hot.

While many delicious crackers are available in the market, for special occasions, use these home-made cheese tidbits with a salad course.

Cheese Tidbits

½ lb. soft American cheese
¼ lb. butter
1 cup flour
Dash of cayenne

Grate the cheese and cream with the butter. Add the flour slowly. You may not need the whole cup, but stop when you have a stiff dough which can be formed into balls. Bake for about ten minutes in a hot oven (425° F.) and serve while hot and crisp.

Don't forget how refreshing a simple, not too sweet water ice can be when served with the main course of a dinner. Write me for an appropriate recipe for this ice which is not a dessert.

Did you ever make sweet crab apple pickle, which is perfect with cold meats, or brandied peaches, or pear chips? I haven't room to give you these recipes, but I'll be glad to send them on to you when you write me.

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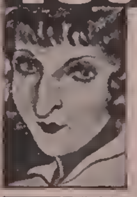

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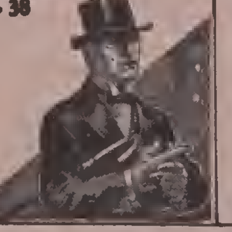

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Just Off Hollywood Boulevard

(*Continued from page 4*)

Hollywood? Mostly because she refused to let that fall ruin her life! Ella Wickersham fought her fight from a wheelchair until she became the assistant society editor of a newspaper. That's why you always see her at the parties, smiling at everyone. Smiling because she is everyone's friend and all Hollywood loves her. And every time I see her in her pretty party dresses, I pray a little prayer that Ella can dance at parties again some day.

YESTERDAY, I read a letter from a chap who used to live in Hollywood. He was lonesome for the Boulevard, he said, but the only thing he could remember vividly was "that traffic officer named Reed who stands at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine."

Yes, I guess he's the best-known cop in Hollywood. His fat, smiling face has been turning to a leer (at traffic violators) for almost twenty years, and there's hardly a star in the colony who hasn't had a ticket from Reed.

He said, "Movie stars? They're all my friends. But I don't let friendship stand in the way of my duty. Long time ago I started collecting their alibis—they always have an alibi—and I'm still at it. Sometimes they have a good one.

"Let me tell you this: I get my pension soon and then I'm going to write a book of *Movie Star Alibis.*"

SHE has the most beautiful legs in Hollywood, a gorgeous figure, long eye-lashes shade her black, deep-set eyes and she has enough beauty of face to make half the male movie stars turn and stare. But she isn't in pictures.

Maxine is a cigarette girl at the famous Hollywood late spot, the Café Trocadero.

I went in early the other night, just to ask her about the cigarette racket. She said, "It's all right, only I get tired of picking up cigarette packages off the floor."

I smiled at that one. Maxine wears the shortest skirts on record and ever since that night she bent over to retrieve a dropped package, the pranksters have been dropping cigarettes all over the Trocadero! Maxine wears frilly, white panties under the short, black skirt—just like a dancer on the stage.

"You have to be fast on the up-take, too," smiled Maxine. "This Hollywood repartee is awfully fast and you have to be quick with a good answer. You've got to smile a lot; sometimes I get tired in the face, I smile so much."

Smiling helped one of the girls at the Troc right into a wealthy marriage and another of the ex-cigarette girls is trying her face at pictures. I asked Maxine "Why don't you try movies?"

"Can't afford it," she said. "I have to have a regular job."

Later, I found out that she needs the regular job because she's supporting her invalid mother. Working as an extra in pictures isn't secure enough for Maxine. She'd rather stoop, to conquer.

SEARCH YOUR SKIN

FEEL FOR LITTLE BUMPS!

They Indicate Clogged Pores, the Beginning of Enlarged Pores, Blackheads and Other Blemishes!

By Lady Esther

Don't trust to your eyes alone! Most skin blemishes, like evil weeds, get well started underground before they make their appearance above surface.

Make this telling finger-tip test. It may save you a lot of heartaches. Just rub your finger-tips across your face, pressing firmly. Give particular attention to the skin around your mouth, your chin, your nose and your forehead.

Now—does your skin feel absolutely smooth to your touch or do you notice anything like little bumps or rough patches? If you *do* feel anything like tiny bumps or rough spots, it's a sign usually that your pores are clogged and may be ready to blossom out into enlarged pores, blackheads, whiteheads, "dirty-gray" skin and other blemishes.

A Penetrating Cream, the Need!

What you need is not just ordinary cleansing methods, but a penetrating face cream—such a face cream as I have perfected.

Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates the pores quickly. It does not just lie on the surface and fool you. Gently and soothingly, it works its way into the little openings. There it "goes to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt—loosens it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable.

When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you get more dirt out than you ever suspected was there. It will probably shock you to see what your cloth shows. But you don't have to have your cloth to tell you that your skin is *really* clean. Your skin shows it in the way it looks and feels.

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and flexible. Thousands of women have overcome dry, scaly skin, as well as enlarged pores and coarse-textured skin, with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream.

The Proof Is Free!

But don't take my word for the cleansing and lubricating powers of this cream. Prove it to yourself at my expense. Upon receipt of your name and address, I'll send you a 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free. Let the cream itself show you how efficient it is.

With the free tube of Lady Esther Face Cream, I'll send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, so you can see for yourself how the two go together to make a beautiful and lovely complexion. Write me today for the free cream and face powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (18) FREE

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*________________ *State*__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

"WHAT'S the use of denying it, every young man wants to get married! The thing that usually holds him back is —*money*. I played the hunch that *more* training meant *more* money. I was right! That coupon I mailed to the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton really opened the world of romance to me. I recommend it to any other young man who wants his dream to come true."

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☐ Sheet Metal Worker
☐ Welding, Electric and Gas
☐ Civil Engineer ☐ Toolmaker
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Tips on Talkies

(*Continued from page 40*)

Freddie Bartholomew, Roland Young, W. C. Fields, Edna May Oliver, Lennox Pawle and Frank Lawton.

ESCAPADE (M-G-M). The whole M-G-M lot gets behind Luise Rainer in her first American film. Bill Powell for the lover. Lovely Virginia Bruce and Frank Morgan in assistance. A story of arts, intrigue and romance set in a Viennese background. Luise Rainer is causing a lot of talk.

✓✓ESCAPE ME NEVER (United Artists). This sad and very sentimental little tale is made entirely credible by "Queen" Elisabeth Bergner's magnificent performance as the child-mother. Hugh Sinclair, of the original English stage production, plays the weakling husband who goes astray.

✓✓*FARMER TAKES A WIFE, THE (Fox). A beautifully photographed tale of the Erie Canal in those colorful days when it was the last word in transportation. A new sort of picture for Janet Gaynor, who is given fine support by Henry Fonda, Charles Bickford and Jane Withers.*

FRONT PAGE WOMAN (Warner). Bette Davis and George Brent, rival reporters, try to scoop each other on a murder yarn, complicated by a bet that if George wins Bette will marry him. Fast paced, with good dialogue and performances.

✓*GINGER (Fox). Jane Withers laughs, cries, quotes Shakespeare and mimics Garbo and will win your heart completely as the hoydenish girl of the slums who tries to keep her uncle, O. P. Heggie, out of trouble. Excellent cast.*

✓GLASS KEY, THE (Paramount). Plenty of fast action, mystery and suspense when a senator's son is murdered and the big boss of the city is suspected. George Raft, Edward Arnold and Claire Dodd are swell.

HARD ROCK HARRIGAN (Fox). He-man stuff in which the muscular George O'Brien is an adventurer who takes a job on a tunnel, then finds that his worst enemy is the construction boss. A loosely fashioned story with occasional moments of excitement and fun. Irene Hervey is the gal.

✓*HOORAY FOR LOVE (RKO). There's music, singing and dancing that you'll like in this. Don't pay any attention to the old, old story of how the show must go on—and does! Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond are the romance; Bill Robinson dances, as does Maria Gambarelli.*

✓*IN OLD KENTUCKY (Fox). A tale of love, race horses and the South and one of Will Rogers' funniest climaxes. Will is seen as a horse trainer who needs a muddy track to win the big race. How he gets it will keep you laughing for reels. Bill Robinson, the dusky dancer,*

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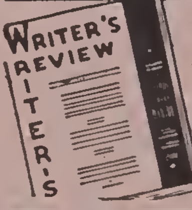

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and Etienne Girardot, the rainmaker, are great.

✓✓INFORMER, THE (RKO). A truly artistic triumph in which Victor McLaglen, a tiny mind, is ruled by Wallace Ford, a great brain, during the Irish Revolution. The theme is definitely of masculine appeal, but we think women will go.

✓✓*IRISH IN US, THE (Warners). Jimmie Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh as three Irish brothers in a picture that offers the top in laughs. Mary Gordon is superb as the mother of the disorderly brood, while Allan Jenkins is at his best as Cagney's punch-drunk fighter.*

JALNA (RKO). A leisurely and sombre screen version of Mazo de la Roche's famous novel of the Whiteoak family. Story centers about an outsider who visits the Canadian farm family and changes the peaceful life into a battle of emotions. The entire cast, headed by Kay Johnson, Ian Hunter, Molly Lamont and David Manners, is acceptable but the story may be too bitter for many.

✓LES MISERABLES (Twentieth Century). Victor Hugo's ponderous work appears on the screen with Fredric March as Jean Valjean and Charles Laughton as the police inspector who never forgot a face or his duty. If you like to cry, go.

✓LOVE ME FOREVER (Columbia). Following the smash success of "One Night Of Love" this comes as a distinct disappointment. Not enough of the lovely Moore voice and too much of Leo Carrillo. A weak story, all about a gangster with a heart of gold, doesn't help matters any.

MAD LOVE (M-G-M). Peter Lorre, the screen's newest hair-raiser, in a garbled horror story about a concert pianist whose hands are mangled. Lorre, playing a surgeon, grafts the hands of a knife thrower onto the musician. The musician starts throwing knives. You'll throw fits if you pay good money to see it.

✓*MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, THE (Paramount). A stretched out two-reeler gives the inimitable W. C. Fields elbow room for his comic cutups. This one has him as a hen-pecked Mr. Milquetoast who skips work to see a wrestling match. The ensuing complications make this a satisfactory, if not outstanding, Fields' item.*

✓✓*MEN WITHOUT NAMES (Paramount). Paramount's contribution to the current "G" man vogue. Fred MacMurray does an effective job as the federal agent who traps a gang of murderous bank-robbers. Full of inside peeks at detective technique. David Holt, Madge Evans and Lynne Overman give excellent support.*

✓MIMI (Alliance—B. I. P.) Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Gertrude Lawrence in a gentle and charming version of Henri Muger's "Vie de Boheme." Fairbanks, not so thin any more, gives a sparkling performance. The supporting cast is ex-

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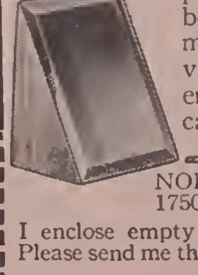

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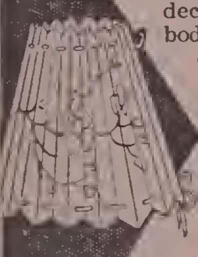

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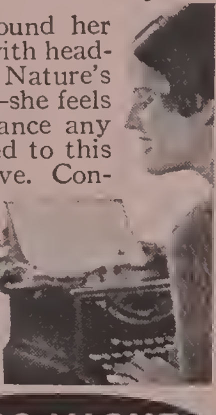

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cellent and Miss Lawrence displays an original personality. A woman's picture.

✓MURDER IN THE FLEET (M-G-M). With its full share of murders, thrills and mystery this little picture is quite up to standard. Robert Taylor and Jean Parker supply the love interest. If you like murder mysteries go.

✓✓MURDER MAN, THE (M-G-M). Spencer Tracy in another of his beautifully restrained performances in an air-tight murder-mystery. Set in a realistic newspaper background, the picture is loaded with suspense, action and sound dialogue. Lionel Atwill and Robert Barrat head the supporting cast and Virginia Bruce takes care of the tragic romance.

✓✓NAUGHTY MARIETTA (M-G-M). Victor Herbert's undying music is more poignant than ever when sung by Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in a picture abounding with romance, beautiful backgrounds, adventure, and above all, the lovely familiar musical score. See it!

✓NELL GWYNN (United Artists). A slight, lively and seemingly authentic biography of the infamous English flirt. Anna Neagle handles the title role in an unrestrained manner that most Hollywood stars wouldn't dare. Charming settings and costumes make this importation another worthwhile offering from Britain.

✓NO MORE LADIES (M-G-M). A funny, not very satisfying story about the ladies' man who got married only to find that he couldn't work at both jobs. Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery, Franchot Tone, Edna May Oliver and Charles Ruggles give their usual fine performances.

✓✓OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA (Warner Brothers). Pat O'Brien, a virile idealist, finds it romantic to supply backward China with oil in spite of the fact that his wife, Josephine Hutchinson, must suffer untold hardships with him. An interesting vehicle.

✓✓PAGE MISS GLORY (Warner). Marion Davies' best picture in several seasons. A fast, funny, mixed-up farce about a girl who takes the place of a composite photograph to win fame and fortune. An excellently mounted movie, with Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh and Patsy Kelly helping the laughs.

✓✓PUBLIC HERO (M-G-M). A swell picture about the "G" men who cleaned up "The Purple Gang" and got the leader as he emerged from a theater. Lionel Barrymore, Chester Morris, Joseph Calleia and Paul Kelly all give fine performances, but Jean Arthur's work is outstanding!

✓RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE (RKO). Lionel Barrymore, Helen Mack, Georgie Breakstone and an excellent cast in a cheery little piece about the dead and the dying. It may be too realistic for some of you. The famous story features a ghost who returns home to straighten left over affairs.

✓SCOUNDREL, THE (Hecht and MacArthur for Paramount). The most controversial picture of the year, with Noel Coward doing a magnificent piece of acting in the title role. Julie Haydon is superb as the betrayed girl. See it.

SHANGHAI (Paramount). Charles Boyer gives a heart-breaking performance as an Eurasian in love with an American girl (Loretta Young), with marriage impossible because of racial animosities. See it for performance, but don't expect a happy ending. Alison Skipworth and Warner Oland give excellent support.

✓SHE (RKO). Never believeable, but full of horror, fantasy and impressive sets. About a five-hundred-year-old but ever youthful queen who rules supreme in a land hidden beneath the Arctic ice. Randy Scott, Helen Mack and Nigel Bruce are the hardy adventurers who visit the eerie country. Helen Gahagan is superb as the cruel queen.

✓✓STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND (Fox). Will Rogers' best picture in a career of good pictures. Full of warmth, beauty and hilarious comedy, it's a thoroughly lovable tale of Mississippi riverboats. Irvin S. Cobb, Berton Churchill, and Anne Shirley and John McGuire, as the love interest, assist in making this something you shouldn't miss.

✓THE 39 STEPS (GB). Another mystery thriller from the same company and director who made "The Man Who Knew Too Much." In beautifully photographed out-doors scenes of the Scotch Highlands, Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll enact a gay and interesting story of intrigue and spies. This one will keep you guessing.

WE'RE IN THE MONEY (Warner). Glenda Farrell and Joan Blondell in a nutty little item which races about showing what a hard life process servers have. Hugh Herbert and Ross Alexander seem to have a lot of fun in this offering, which is satisfactory for Farrell-Blondell fans.

✓WOMAN WANTED (M-G-M). An exciting mystery-gangster story with Maureen O'Sullivan as the girl up for murder and Joel McCrea as the man about town who befriends her. Adrienne Ames, in an unsympathetic role, complicates the plot and suave Lewis Stone does his usual smooth work. The gangster element isn't overplayed.

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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

The Women in Bob Taylor's Life

(*Continued from page 35*)

on me was a nineteen-year-old beauty who lived in a small town near Beatrice, Nebraska, where I was born. I was seventeen. No, there hadn't been any puppy-love crushes in my earlier school days. I had been too busy with football or baseball to even realize that girls existed (except as minor pests) until I reached that fatal Tarkington age. Fatal is really the word!

"I suppose it might sound better to say that we were drawn together by our mutual love of studies, sports, or a sympathetic interest in music, but she was neither the outdoor type nor the intellectual. She was, in fact, an American version of Lupe Velez and ten minutes after we started to dance she asked me if I wanted to kiss her!

"I guess I wanted to, but I couldn't stand there and tell her I'd never kissed a girl in my life! But I could, and did, step on her feet and become very jittery. I got up courage to ask her to let me take her home in my new Pontiac phaeton and on the way (right on the main highway and in the middle of a bridge!) I stopped. I left the motor running—for a quick getaway, I suppose—and after a quick peck on the chin I threw the car into gear and slammed on the gas. My face burned with shame all the way to her home. I had sinned! But I felt daring! I don't suppose anyone ever felt quite so 'experienced' as I did that night.

"THEN I met my first blonde. Of course," Bob laughed, "by this time, I had myself down as a man-of-the-world, which made me a perfect set-up for my second romantic interlude. She was a very naive kid and in her sixteen years I don't think she'd ever been out of sight of her father's front porch after dark. Her 'innocence' intrigued me and she was also a swell audience for my glowing tales of my 'past,' such as it was. But in time, I got tired of my pose; or maybe it was her father's insistent lament to my flame: 'Come now, it's ten-thirty and time for you to be in bed!' She is still living in that same small town and working in a delicatessen.

"About that time, my family forestalled any further romantic development on my part (in Nebraska) by moving to California. During the next year I fell in love and had my heart practically broken for the first time in my life. Let's call the charming lady Elise. It will serve the purpose quite as well as her own. She was a student at Scripps College, this first, on-the-level love of my life. I don't suppose I shall ever completely forget her.

"Elise was an Irish type, which is just about the loveliest coloring for a woman: dark hair and blue eyes. I met her and almost immediately I knew, at last, what the poets had been penning sonnets about. It's a funny thing about the average kid's development in love. During the first couple of flaming romances, he is so busy admiring himself that he is hardly conscious of the object of his affections. But there does come a time and a love (whether real or imagined) when he is completely sunk in the smiles and whims of a woman. Everything, including his digestion, depends on whether she smiles, or telephones when she says she will.

"I suppose you've guessed the outcome of this one?" he grinned. "Yes, I asked the lady to marry me. Her answer was a very sudden and unexpected marriage to another man! For about three months I thought I was going to die. I told myself that I was through with women forever! There is, however, one thing to be said for my romance with Elise. She knocked a lot of my Nebraska-built romantic conceit out of me. I'll never be sure again!

"And I didn't fall in love again for one whole month!

"I was appearing in a college play in Pomona when I got my first fan letter. It was signed, 'Marie.' It was such a thrill, that first fan letter, that I answered it immediately and asked Marie to meet me at the corner drug store after the performance the following day. I didn't know what she would look like and I didn't much care. I just wanted to thank her for the grand encouragement. Sure, I know what the usual 'blind date' turns out to be, and I guess that's what I expected when I sat waiting for her that night.

"When she walked in at the appointed time and place, you could have knocked me over with a feather! She was the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen! In fact, she comes pretty close to being the most beautiful girl I've seen to this day. Marie is a platinum blonde. I don't know whether my love was returned or not, but at least our meeting developed into one of the grandest friendships I've ever known. The play she saw me in was 'Camille,' and to this day she sends me a single camellia on my birthday each year and at Christmas and on the opening day of each new picture. She is one of the loveliest girls I've ever known.

"And now," said Bob, "the scene changes to Hollywood." Which is quite a jump for any romance career to take, even though Pomona is but a few miles from the town called Hollywood.

IT was while I was appearing in a play at the Hollywood Playhouse that I met my first actress! She was of the stage. Tall, dark, exotically beautiful. She was Russian and talked with a delightful accent. She had been married and divorced twice. I suppose I must have amused her very much, real sophisticate that she was.

"The first time we dined together at the Russian Eagle, she ordered caviar and champagne. So I ordered caviar and champagne. It was the first time I had tasted either, and she knew it. Thus, for some reason or other, I shall always have her tied up in my mind with the sophisticated things of life—even food and drink.

"To this day, I'm not sure what my feelings for her were. Of course, I thought I was in love with her, though awe and admiration are two very similar emotions to a young fellow and his first actress. Yes, admiration is the word. She really helped me so much. She taught me the quality not only of clothes (though she even went so far as to advise me what to wear and where to buy it) but in mental equipment and character as well. She put good books at my disposal and then made the reading of them an exciting adventure into her world. She taught me how to order dinner correctly; showed me that it was possible to interest an intelligent woman for an entire evening without flirting with her or even flattering her. I've met a few women who have attempted to imitate her type—the college widows at Pomona, for instance—but they are only imitations. She was the real thing, authentically herself and always a charming, delightful and exciting woman.

"One night I tried to tell her just how much she had meant in my life, how fortunate I was to have known her. I remember she was sitting on the floor, playing a guitar and humming Russian folk songs. When I had finished, she replied:

"'Perhaps it has not been so fortunate for you. When our romance ends, as it will, you will find that I have spoiled a great many things for you—particularly women! Some day you will be with another woman who will say or do something that will cause you to think of me and whisper, *"She* would not have said that; *she* would never have done that!"'

AND she was right! Each time I look back to her, I realize that she had the uncanny faculty of doing just the right thing at the right time—never the wrong thing. She still writes to me and advises me about my career. She has returned to Europe now.

"Then, for the next few months, I was so busy getting a foothold in pictures that I didn't have much of a chance to indulge in the social life of Hollywood. I met few people. I was alone a great deal. The few girls I did meet at the studio were just as career-conscious as I was and most of them were more anxious to retain their beauty for their work than they were to go out to night clubs. Of course, the most important stars didn't know I was on earth, and besides, I'd be scared to death of so much fame in a girl!

"After the first few months in pictures, I did meet a girl who was a grand tennis partner and a swell pal for swimming. We had a lot of laughs together, but I didn't need a pair of glasses to see that she was no more interested in me than she would have been in a number of others she knew. We had a lot of fun; but when the laughs began to wear thin, so did the romance!"

I thought about the insistent reports that linked Bob's name with that of a very lovely brunette actress on his own lot, Irene Hervey. One columnist had gone so far as to say they would be married very shortly and that Irene had announced their engagement at a Hollywood party. The next day that announcement was denied by Irene. All of Hollywood knows that the young couple met on the M-G-M lot about a year ago and that they've been seen together a great deal ever since.

But when I asked Bob if he was planning to climax his cycle of romantic adventures with a Hollywood marriage, either now or in the near future, he merely smiled and answered:

"In Nebraska, where I come from, one has to ask the lady."

And, so far, the lady has denied it!

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page 21*)

El Dorado!"

The same day, she married a well-known Los Angeles attorney whom she has met since coming to Hollywood.

After the first scenes of her first picture were shown to the executives of M-G-M, she was handed a new long-term contract!

That all took less than eight months.

* * *

Question Box

The wife of what famous screen lover asked a friend of the family to escort her to the Hollywood Bowl Concert because "My husband is on location," when he was up at the Clover Club the very same night having himself a TIME?

What is the real reason for the "huff" between Bing Crosby and Dick Arlen after all these years of close friendship?

What is the reason behind all the "additions and alterations" on Joan Crawford's house?

Who is the beautiful (though romantically unlucky) actress who recently went all the way to London to see her favorite tennis star only to have him choose another actress while she was there?

Which handsome lover of the films recently stated that he would quit pictures in 1940?

Which star didn't?

Can you name the two married stars who haven't an intimate friend in the world and what's more don't want any?

Who is the famous actress who can boast that she is the only feminine Boy Scout in the U.S. and actually is?

Can you name the star who, when she arrived in Hollywood weighed one hundred and fifty-two pounds and now weighs less than one hundred and twenty and is said to have one of the most beautiful figures in the world?

* * *

THE shoemaker who made Joan Crawford's latest sandals must have got tired of "plain perforations" so he spelled the word "Joan" in perforations on the tip of each bootie. Quaint?

* * *

BABY LE ROY is going to talk for the first time in "From Little Acorns" and his first words will be "Rockie's got his pants off!"

* * *

WHEN Charlie Farrell was vacationing in the Austrian Tyrol last year, he played golf every morning with a tired little fellow of uncertain age whom he knew as "Karl."

This week, Charlie is proudly displaying a fan letter signed "Wilhelm Hohenzollern"—the dapper Ex-Crown Prince of Germany—who, Charlie now knows, is the same tired little fellow in the Tyrol with whom he played golf. The Crown Prince always uses the name "Karl" as his incognito.

* * *

DIXIE LEE is taking secret tennis lessons and hopes to be able to beat Bing when he finishes "Two For Tonight."

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WHO CARES FOR WEALTH OR HIGH POSITION
I LOVE YOUR CAREFREE DISPOSITION!
ROMANCE PAST!
3 YEARS LATER
HEARTBURN'S MADE YOU JUST A LOUSE—
NOT FIT TO HAVE AROUND THE HOUSE!
"TUMS" SAYS FRIEND... 3
DON'T TAKE YOUR WOES TO RENO, DEAR—
GIVE HIM TUMS—AND STAY RIGHT HERE!
HAPPY END!
YOU'RE PERFECT NOW—WE WILL NOT SEVER—
I LOVE YOU, DARLING—MORE THAN EVER!

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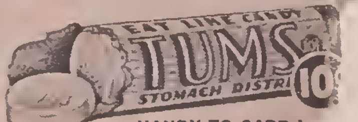

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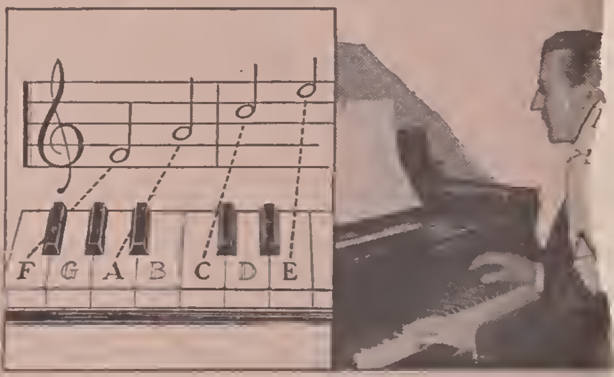

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The HIDDEN HOLLYWOOD

Each month the intimate, human story of daily life in movieland is brought to you first

By Ruth Waterbury

ON another page of this magazine you will find Fred Stone's beautiful tribute to his friend Will Rogers.

I can add nothing to that. But here are a few little stories that I doubt got out of Hollywood.

The story about Emile, for instance. He had been the Rogers butler for years. He was also their friend.

Emile was sick in the hospital when Will was to start on that final flight. Will had a thousand things o do, to get away. There vere his writings, and the ew contract with Fox he had just signed, and the ans for the family's vaation—scads of things.

Will got them all done, ugh, so that he'd have time, his way to the plane, to by at the hospital and chat Emile for awhile—wished luck and told him to hurry up get well.

* * *

he night the news came to Hollywood arranged a national broadcast in l's memory. Paul Whiteman, Fred tone, Ruth Etting and others gave eir services. Every one of them went rough the entire broadcast with tears reaming down their faces.

* * *

At the funeral services, a whole row the church was reserved for Indians. ey had been Will's friends during his ly Oklahoma days. In death he didn't forget them.

* * *

ND for sheer courage and honest thinking, there's Will Rogers, Jr., taken off an oil tanker, where he was working for the summer, to get the dreadful news of his dad's eath in an airplane accident

So many kids would have collapsed with grief. So many ould have blamed it all on aviation.

Will, Jr., showed he was a true son of his father. He nt no time coddling himself. He got into a plane and w to his mother and sister who, he figured, needed him.

* * *

There wasn't a preview nor a party in Hollywood from time of Will's death until the funeral services. There no polo played. The whole industry stopped during the e of the funeral services. It was a tribute such as no tor has ever had—such as few men will ever have.

* * *

On the Fox lot, in the café, Will's favorite table is coved daily with flowers and marked most simply, "Reserved."

Claudette Colbert's method of making her marriage last in Hollywood was the direct opposite of Joan Blondell's—and now both families have met the same divorce fate.

They are going to keep it that way.

* * *

CLAUDETTE COLBERT gave me permission some weeks ago to announce the filing of her divorce papers recently in Mexico. But so fast are Mexican divorces, that the decree was handed down before I could get this news in print.

Thus another modern "fifty-fifty" marriage breaks up.

Characteristically, Claudette is neither defending herself nor condemning herself.

You will probably hear the the wedding bells pealing for Norman Foster and Sally Blane.

Which is no one's fault, either. People do fall out of love and in again.

Claudette tried to make her marriage a success by living apart. Joan Blondell tried to safeguard hers by never being separated from George Barnes for a single hour.

Both failed. Which is probably a good argument for trying the happy medium.

* * *

I STOPPED by a Hollywood hosiery shop the other morning and ran into one of our glamour queens. She, too, was buying stockings.

She wanted, however, size 7½. The shop said they could give them to her if she'd pay the cost of altering the knitting machine, which would be $35, and the cost of the stockings, which would be $5.50 the pair.

"Okay," said the star. "I'll take fifty pairs."

I wish you'd seen me slinking out of the place with my bag of three pairs hidden under my last summer's coat!

* * *

THE story behind the making of "Broadway Melody of 1936" fascinates me. The order came down from the powers-that-be that if this production wasn't successful it would be Metro's last musical picture. This company, so outstanding in other lines, just hasn't been able to make a go of song-dance films. And although a million dollars was spent on the show, there wasn't a single big box-office star in it—until after the preview when three big stars were born—Eleanor Powell, Bob Taylor and Jack Benny. And besides, Metro had made a wow of a picture which should net them two million dollars. And strangely enough the famous crystal scene, which was to be the smash number, was just nothing when it was run off!

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